

# Christmas Eve

My poem for Christmas

Will Santa come for me?

May you all feel the excitement of Christmas.

WILL SANTA COME TONIGHT?

“Will Santa come? Will Santa come tonight?”

“He might. He might.

If you are good, he might.”

“Can I stay up and see?”

“No. He will not come for you or me

if we do not sleep . He’s too busy to meet us all.”

“And will he come for us?

If you go to sleep – he does not like fuss.”

Tonight, by the lights of the tree,

there is, at last, some grown up time for me.

The cake is iced. The wine is spiced .The carrots diced.

The pudding’s steamed. The brandy butter creamed.

The turkey prepared awaits. And yes, I did clean the plates.

The tree is up, the table laid,

the cards are out , though the credit card’s unpaid!

So shall I soon with gifts a plenty

mount the stairs to deliver twenty?

Do I dare to tread the stair?

And will it creak?

And will it make a noise that upsets all those Santa ploys?

I need to know if they slumber before I arrive with my lumber.

If they are still awake what dreams will go?

Or do they know? And is their belief just all for show?  
So tonight by the magic tree there is need of more time just for me.  
I will wait – and struggle to keep open my eyes  
And wrestle with the morality of eating Santa's mince pies.  
My adult mind is full of Christmas chores  
The cooking times, and the cards through neighbours' doors  
Drinks with friends to come – but not that cheap red  
Which would give me a headache as soon as I got to bed  
I was once a child too excited to sleep with a torrent of thoughts about what  
I might be given  
Hoping that it was a toy beneath the wrapping  
Should I peep? –Not more socks or hankies, preferably something to be driven  
So could Santa still come for me? Drowsily I dream as if I were eight  
Hoping that Santa would not be late  
Like every little boy there is of course a much wanted toy  
So will Santa come tonight? He might, He might.  
If you sleep well and if you believe  
Only if you believe. And only if in your family Love fills the hours you will  
be spending.  
It could be the true Santa on the stair  
Or it could be someone from an empty chair.  
So will Santa come? He will. He will.