

Will Santa come for me?

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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?

Yes if you 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 creak? When can I take a peek?

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

If they are still awake what dreams will go? What heart might break?

Or do they know? And is their belief just all for show?

So tonight by the magic tree there is need of 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
The parties on zoom with friends we cannot meet
Those little things that for loved ones are a treat
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 look? –
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.
An updated version of my Christmas Eve poem