



For our December meeting this year we were tasked with writing a short Christmas poem.
Here is a selection of members' offerings.

He'd just seen Father Christmas *by Andrew Stock*

He'd just seen Father Christmas
He knew that it was true
He'd heard a bump from way downstairs
The bannister he'd looked through
The flash of red from his long fur coat
And the white of his great big beard
He shouldn't have looked for being caught
Was everything he feared

No presents on Christmas morning
Just nothing in his sack
No chance of saying sorry, Santa never would come back
He lay deep in his duvet with eyes scrunched mighty tight
He'd been a good boy all this year
But ruined it in just one night

I'm sorry Father Christmas, I didn't mean to look
I left you a drop of sherry and mince pie that I cook
I've been so very helpful a good and honest boy
Please don't be cross with me and perhaps
Leave me just one toy

From way down stairs in whispered voice
Daddy spoke with care
I'm sure I saw him looking through
The bannister just up there
Mummy smiled a lascivious grin and raised seductive hand
He's fast asleep, the land of nod, I'm certain all is grand
Now come over here my Christmas elf you
Must be more stout hearted
I'm laying here as sexy Santa
Now let's finish what we started

Christmas, by *Caroline Coleman*

Christmas is coming
And people quake with fear
They know the list is growing
And the shopping must be done.

Christmas is coming
And budget's getting tight
But a child's wish is everything
And parcels there must be

Santa is coming
In his eco-friendly sleigh
You can even map his progress
On your Samsung Galaxy.

And now excitement mounts
As the great day arrives
Wrapping paper everywhere
And extra sprouts for Nan.

Christmas lunch is over
And it's time to watch the King
Or maybe fall asleep instead
As darkness falls again.

Christmas is over
Though the fridge is full of cheese
I swear I'll be more ready
When Christmas comes again

Christmas Eve by *Joan Lightning*

Santa had a problem, as he circled round the town.
No matter where he hunted, there was nowhere to set down.
On every rooftop in the place, large solar panels lay,
And he didn't want to break them, with his heavy sleigh.

There was nothing he could do, but then inspiration struck.
He rummaged in the big red bag, moved dollies, phones, a truck.
Ah there they were. He pulled them out, they'd work, but only just,
But, if he tied one to each shoulder and used some fairy dust...

Action followed thought, and he grabbed a smaller bag of toys.
Sprinkled dust upon his stomach, pressed a button, heard the noise.
Then, he floated upwards off his seat, propelled by whirling blades,
The drones lowered him into the chimneys, and Christmas was saved.



CHRISTMAS *by John Broadhouse*

Dark, cold, crisp, and windy the Northerly gale whistles its lament,
Windows glow and flicker the festive warmth of a united family.
Outside the white tentacles of snow grip the barren landscape,
Inside voices recapture poignant moments to be shared
The fruits of summer, long past, adorn the table of fulfilment,
Laden with attributes bestowed on those worthy of praise,
Another year has passed, another chapter in the book of life,
Time to reflect the love and happiness a family brings, in a changing world.

The Real Christmas? *By Joy Wilkinson*

Britain

Dismal November
Misty dawns and dark grey clouds
Warm coats, hats, and scarves

Bright lights shine in town
Christmas markets in full swing
Money no object

Shelves groan with glitter
And shiny golden baubles
Celebrations start

Have you made a list?
But have you been a good girl?
Expectations rise

Weekends writing cards
To forgotten relatives
And long distant friends

Final posting dates
For Australia, Europe,
First class, send it now!

December arrives
Advent calendars opened
Wine and chocolate flows

Black Friday presents
Wrapped in green and red and gold
Sleep under the tree

Christmas Eve at last
Look there's Santa on his sleigh!
Stockings hung in hope

Christmas morning mess
Discarded paper, presents
Excess food abounds

Afternoon slumber
As the King drones on
Same again next year?

Thailand

The sun is shining
A gentle breeze fills the air
Children play outside

Christmas day arrives
Family and a few friends
Crowd our living room

Someone says a prayer
Others read from the Bible
Together we sing

Dad hands out presents
New flip flops, books, paper, pens
Wrapped in newspaper

Joyful laughs as we
Gather for a simple meal
To celebrate Christ

Sincerely Up North by *Matthew Goodwin*

'Sbeen so long in the Pole,
And it's taking its toll,
Elves a bit clannish,
They keep to themselves,
'Sno way to live,
But at least it's a living,
And what's better than giving?
Sold out of everything,
Sore to the Soul.

A very green Christmas by *Rosemary Ostley*

The jolly old man in a sleigh
Set out on his Christmas foray
But his schedule was wrecked
When his reindeer were decked
By protesters he met on the way

'But my Rudolph is perfectly green'
He cried to the activists mean
'His herbivore diet
Keeps him gentle and quiet
And all of my reindeer are lean'

'It isn't their diet that offends
And their sensible food we commend
But the problem you see
And I think you'll agree
Is emissions from their rear ends'

Poor Santa sat weary and glum
He feared there'd be no Christmas fun
'I have the solution', he cried
As his reindeer took to the skies
Every one with a cork in its bum!