

Alexander's First Christmas

Will it snow on my first Christmas?
Will the moor be wrapped in white?
When I peep out my small window
will I see a deer in flight?
Will an angel visit Moreton?
Will the tidings all be glad?
And will Santa grace our chimney –
or will it turn out to be Dad?

I hope I get a lot of presents:
I hope I haven't been too bold
asking for a little myrrh,
frankincense and lots of gold.
I hope some wise men come and visit
and pay their homage at my feet;
I hope it won't just be my daddy
in plastic crown and tattered sheet.

I know I won't get real oxen,
lowing, watching over me;
like the shepherds, they're endangered*
and mostly dead from BSE.
All the same, I like an ox
but, somehow, I suspect he turns
out to be (on all fours) Daddy,
with strap-on udders and plastic horns.

One thing at least I know is this:
there's one part Daddy cannot face.
He won't accept the swaddling bands
and manger thing. But just in case,
I've chosen him a special prop:
White (predominantly) and with two
Flaps which hold the parcel sealed –
A Christmas pudding full of -----

Happy Christmas 1999
From Ian