

How the angel achieved her prominent position

(2011)

Santa was all dream-begone, Oh! He was in love –
Kissed all of a sudden by an angel from above –
She pointed to the mistletoe hanging overhead
Beckoned him come closer... but then, as he went red,

She cried ‘Oh Santa, dearest, you’re cuddly and cute!
Although I’m not so mad about the colour of your suit.
What’s wrong with charcoal grey? Why don’t you wear a tie?
People will admire you as you fly across the sky.’

‘As for all that facial hair, it’s really got to go.
Every time I look at it I think of freezing snow
And dear, oh dearie me; about your bobble hat:
I can’t let you make love to me with headgear like that.’

‘Let’s call a spade a spade. You’re somewhat overweight.
How can you expect to fit a chimney in that state?
And that old mangy Rudolph – he isn’t speedy, is he?
Why not trade your reindeer in for a Mistubishi.’

At Christmas, Santa Claus arrived at number forty-three
Ford Street, Moretonhampstead (the Mortimers to see).
He parked his new spacewagon, with a big sack in the boot,
And knocked, dressed in bowler hat, tie and pin-striped suit.

Ian promptly answered with Sophie by his side.
‘Who are you?’ They asked. ‘I’m Santa Claus,’ he cried.
‘You don’t exactly look the part. In fact we’d like to see
Some proof of your identity. Come, show us your ID.’

‘No,’ cried Santa, much alarmed. ‘Can’t you see it’s me?’

'Look, I've brought you presents: wine, whisky, a CD ...'
Ian shook his head. 'Santa's got a double chin,
But you – you stink of after shave. And you're much too thin.'

The door was firmly closed. And Santa's heart did melt.
A tear rolled. He blew his nose upon some fuzzy felt.
'What have I done?' he wept. 'That angel told me lies –
What is there to live for without Rudolph and mince pies?'

Beneath a little Christmas tree Santa Claus sat down
The angel flew up to him, and asked him 'Why the frown?'
She giggled. Santa grabbed her, and, Lo! It came to pass
He shoved that little Christmas tree up the angel's ...

Happy Christmas 2011

Ian Mortimer