

## **Does Santa visit policemen?**

(2012)

Step away from the sleigh please, mister,  
Place both of your hands on your head.  
Do you realise how fast you were going  
In your suit, so unfashionably red?  
In all of my years as a copper  
I've never seen such a high reading –  
Seventeen thousand miles an hour.  
In my book, that's *certainly* speeding.

I might add that you were weaving  
Like a demon, from side to side,  
With hardly a care for anyone else –  
On your mad, irresponsible glide.  
What on earth did you think you were doing  
As you sped down the frozen lanes  
And through the back streets on Christmas Eve?  
I'm taking control of the reins.

I'd like you to breathe into this, please:  
It barely takes more than a minute  
To determine if you have been drinking  
And if so, are you over the limit...  
*Bloomin' Hell!* It's really no wonder  
That you're really quite fat and so merry –  
This says you have had seven million mince pies  
And ten million glasses of sherry.

Now give me your name and address  
And also your telephone number;  
I need to warn folk a madman is loose  
At night, as they peacefully slumber.

But what's that black mark on your shoulder?  
You've given yourself away:  
You've been climbing down people's chimneys.  
*This is a getaway sleigh!*

You deny it? Well, what's in the boot?  
Ahah! You have to admit that's a lot  
Of presents for your own personal use –  
Just how many friends have you got?  
There's enough here for each boy and girl  
Throughout the whole British nation.  
Drunk driving and clearly light-fingered –  
You're coming with me to the station.

But what's this approaching at speed?  
Another fat man on a sleigh!  
Except that his beard is twenty feet long  
And all of his reindeer are grey;  
His face is decidedly wrinkled  
And his suit is as torn as can be;  
As for his sleigh, I really don't think  
It'll get through its next M.O.T.

*Stop there, policeman, don't trouble  
This good-hearted, hard-working man.  
I strongly suggest you release him  
And help him as well as you can.  
Millions of children want presents  
What's more, they want them quite fast.  
I know, for it used to be my job:  
I'm the Ghost of F. Christmas Past.*

Oh my god! And here comes another,  
But faster, with neon rear lights;  
His red suit is made out of lycra

And his reindeer have go-faster stripes;  
He's wearing a pair of sunglasses  
And his superman pants are quite lewd:  
He claims to be kin of the suspect:  
*'I'm the Santa da Future Dude'.*

*Hey, brother, just think for a minute.  
You can't stop this Santa in red.  
If you do, you disappoint millions  
Of slumbering kids now in bed.  
They'll wake up tomorrow morning  
See their stockings, and peek within –  
And when they find out they are empty  
I'd rather not be in your skin.'*

The copper said, 'it's a fair cop'  
and watched as the three Santas rode  
Away into the twinkling night.  
Then he hit his own homeward road.  
At home he saw three stockings  
In a row above the flue,  
and he whispered 'Not for the millions –  
but just because of you.'

*Happy Christmas 2012*

Ian Mortimer