

## The New Santa Clauses

Santa was relaxing with a drink beside the pool  
in his fur-trimmed swimming trunks; he thought he looked quite cool.  
He'd taken off from Lapland with his reindeer in the snow,  
then stopped off at Jamaica, and was 'going with the flow'.

Christmas was a doddle. He didn't need the sleigh  
since Amazon could guarantee delivery next day.  
They didn't need a chimney; they knocked on the front door –  
Santa wondered why he had not thought of that before.

No need to fly all through the night. No need for the big sack.  
Amazon now did the work. They even kept a track  
of when and where each parcel went, to whom it was delivered.  
When he remembered Christmas Past, Santa simply shivered.

As for all the Christmas lists, he didn't need to look.  
Automatically, they were uploaded from Facebook,  
and then the quick deliveries went out across the world,  
satisfying every wide-eyed hopeful boy and girl.

Just then a group of men rolled up and took the best sunbeds  
surrounded by some pretty things with nothing in their heads.  
'Another fifty billion!' and they laughed and passed the punch.  
'Once again, our Christmases have all arrived at once.'

'Let's drink to the free market! Our world-wide domination!  
Online moguls do not have to care about taxation.  
All we want is profit. You can keep your noble causes.  
We're Zuckerberg and Bezos – the new Santa Clauses.'

'For we don't care if you're a thief, miscreant or sinner.  
Whether you are good or bad – the market is the winner.  
From fascists to jihadist thugs, everyone gets presents –  
that's the way we make our dough, fleecing all the peasants.'

Santa gulped at what he heard. The sight disturbed him too.  
This challenged, fundamentally, everything he knew.  
*Only those who have been good deserve to be rewarded  
but these men think that naughty boys and girls should be applauded.*

Up jumped Santa Claus, as if directed by Fellini.  
Our noble hero stood there in his red fur-trimmed mankini.  
'Rudolph! Fire up the sleigh! There's just sufficient time  
to tell the world that virtue's not available online.'

Santa slipped into top gear, he flew to the North Pole  
and picking up his trusty sack, he filled it full of coal.  
Then, visiting each moguls' house, he placed it in his stocking,  
together with a note that every man found just as shocking:

*Oh, profit and morality are far from the same thing!  
Don't get me wrong: I do not think morality is king –  
I just think awful things occur when men put profits first,  
and those who then avoid their tax, I'd say, are even worse.*

*And so this Yuletide, think about what money cannot buy –  
I know it's hard for moguls but I urge you each to try –  
for Santa Clauses you are not! My gifts I do not track.  
True giving is just that. You shouldn't ask for something back.*