

The Coronavirus Christmas

“That’s it,” said Santa, “it’s the end.
I’m all alone, without a friend.
I’ve had my last mince pies and sherry.
I can’t be seen appearing merry.
Since Covid came, the whole world dreads a
man like me, a super-spreader.
Two hundred countries in one flight;
a billion households in one night.
Even though I’m not to blame
this Christmas will not be the same.”

“And so I’ve chosen Santa-cide.
The problem is, I can’t decide
how to do it. Beachy Head?
I’d fold my hood and suit of red
and leave them neatly at the top,
then close my eyes and off I’d hop.
But, damn and blast, I bet that I
would promptly fly across the sky.”

“So maybe I should find a noose.
I’ll put a piece of rope to use.
But hold on... I’m extremely fat:
no rope is going to cope with that.
It might be best to use a gun
but that would turn my cleaner’s tum
to have to pick up bits of red
and mop the floor where I have bled.”

Just then there was a creak somewhere.
Santa’s cat ran up the stairs.
Santa looked around in fear.
Someone – *something* – was coming near.
There was a sound of wails and moans
and clanking chains and broken bones.
Then he saw it... and was aghast!
It was the ghost of Christmas Past.

“Fear not!” said it, for mighty dread
was filling Santa’s heart and head.
“I’ve just dropped by to let you know,
you *must* keep up your ‘Ho Ho Ho.’
I know it’s tough when everyone
turns against you. It’s not fun
when stockings are locked up in drawers
in case they’re *touched* by Santa Claus.”

“Believe me, I was once like you:
popular, and handsome too.
I’d ride my medieval sleigh
giving gifts along the way
until the day I caught the plague –
’twas Christmas 1348.
When both my face and beard turned black
I had to give myself the sack.”

“Oh, woe was me! But only then
did I begin to see again
how life itself goes on and on –
as if it’s an eternal song.
Our days are not all fear and grief
with flashes of short-lived relief
but constant joy and golden years –
just sprinkled with a few sad tears.”

“Besides all that, you have a gift –
for you are FICTION! You can shift
yourself around without infection,
passing on our great affection
to all of those close to our hearts
who find themselves in foreign parts.
That means you’re indestructible
And, frankly, indispensable.”

“So think ahead and know it’s true –
the past *can* tell us what to do –
for it’s the source of all our hope
for the future. Forget your rope.
Think of all the girls and boys
to whom you will, one day, bring toys.
And though that may yet be a while
you can at least still bring a smile.”

Merry Christmas 2020