

Nose Against The Glass

My football sock hangs over the fireplace
Red and white stripes leaving plenty of space
To fill with nuts, satsuma and a car
He'll come down the chimney, how bizarre

The room fills with 'Jingle all the way'
From the wireless the festive songs will play
Tinsel on the lampshade, lights on the tree
Hot chocolate and biscuits, just Mum and me

Our late night visitors will need some eats
Carrots, mince pies and beer, the usual treats
Before bed another plea for the red truck
Sent up the chimney with coal for good luck

In my bedroom, before the curtains close
I scan the sky, glass cold against my nose
Not a sign of the reindeer nor the sleigh
But I have no doubt that HE'S on his way

Mum whispers, "Settle down now, time to sleep"
The hot water bottle warms my chilled feet
Good old Teddy snuggles into embrace
I start to drift into a pre-sleep space

Through the curtains a faint red light blinking
I hear a distant noise, sleigh bells tinkling
I know Father Christmas is flying high
Reindeers, sleigh and presents in the night sky

Hoping the truck and chocolate will appear
And that Father Christmas enjoys the beer
The edge of sleep, the best place to be
Was it real, or maybe just fantasy?