

# Remembering SANTA ...

By Connie Woodring

**WHY I LIKE IT:** *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... I adore Ms. Woodring premise. She strikes me as a soldier of fortune telling, inciter of the intuitive, combating the cognitive with conjuring; and prefers feeding her imagination with provocative thoughts rather than filing her taxes and sorting her socks. An as-wise woman once explained to me that we have untold, unexplored senses other than our sorry few five...What's worse, we salt are food, hold are nose, speak when we could be listening; and now we wash are hands whenever we can't avoid touching anything...Time to embrace a few more non-senses...Read Constance's 'Remembering Santa' and get her drift.*

## Remembering Santa

How does Santa get into houses that don't have chimneys?

How does Santa have enough time to get to all the houses in America?

Does Santa go to houses all over the world where Christians live? Like in Iraq?

How does he know where all the Christians live?

His sleigh doesn't seem big enough to carry toys for millions of kids.

Does he go back home to re-supply?

These (and so many more) are questions I, being an un-inquisitive child, never asked.

Life was magic to me because of Santa, and that was fantastic enough for me.

At the ripe old age of seven, my father gave me the news that there was no Santa, tooth fairy or

Easter bunny.

That meant there was no magic in life. I knew henceforth I would live a dreary, mundane, empty life.

In fact: life was over for me.

I would struggle with telling other children younger than myself the tragic news, but I didn't want to be cruel like my father.

As an adult, I discovered to my ecstatic delight that life is full of magic after all.

Vowing to never be fooled again, I ask hundreds of questions.

Why was it that at 6am on 9/11 I awoke with the word DEATH written in white on a black background rushing toward my eyes?

I'm not schizophrenic, so why did I hear a commanding voice say to me, "Look out the window."

I was intrigued, and so I pulled back the curtain of my office window and saw an old friend I hadn't seen for 15 years walking across the street toward my office building.

Why did I have a vision of two puppy hound dogs walking down my driveway with leashes dragging behind them two days before that happened?

For that matter, how did fish, insect and animal camouflage come to be?

What came before the Big Bang?

And the proverbial: "Which came first, the chicken or the egg?"

I'll never forget Santa because he is at the heart of all unanswered questions.

**THE POET SPEAKS...** *The inspiration for 'Remembering Santa' was from a conversation I had with my husband about our childhoods. He wasn't the least phased by the grim news that there was no Santa. Although I haven't used 'wonky-ass' formats of late, I love e. e. cummings and the beat poets. I'm very old. A certain kind of poetry is important to me—the kind that raises our consciousness, takes us out of ourselves or helps us remember our buried past.*

**AUTHOR BIO:** I am a 76 year old retired psychotherapist who is getting back to my true love of writing after 45 years in my real job. I have has 37 poems published in over 30 journals including one poem nominated for the 2017 Pushcart Prize by *Dime Show Reviews*.