

Andrew BZ Williams
www.AndrewBZAdventures.com
46 lines

I've never believed in Santa Claus

When I was a boy my parents told me
they had been the ones
who worked hard and saved the money for those Christmas gifts,
not some fake fat man.
They gave me Jesus, though. I had to give him money
all year
and his naughty list was the hell list. And he did check it twice.
He checked it every waking and sleeping moment.
Why deliver coal when he could just drop me in the fire?

Years serving my best for my invisible boyfriend
I was alone watching the Thanksgiving Day Parade.
There were toy soldiers, marching,
and even more elves, dancing,
as if angels
Preparing the way, ushering in. Then excited bells in an orchestra of counterpoint
When Santa appeared.

It was a party. Santa laughed deeply and his whole body waved.
And there was no joke on me, or on anyone. This was Christmastime,
He was Santa.
It was like the whole parade was expecting
something good to happen

And then it did.

I grew up with my Judge over my shoulder,
but I never had Santa.
Never got to see him
or tell him
what I wanted for Christmas.
It's easy to laugh at a man who's a fool
But no one would do that to a boy—that would be sick.

If I could be a boy again,
for just one moment,
I would go

I would find him,
I would wait in line as long as it took. Then
Finally, someone with nowhere else to be, nothing else to do,
He would smile at me,
I would sit on his lap,
And I
would just

Cry.

But it's too late.
And Santa's not real.
And who would hold a man to cry?
But I've always had religion, so maybe,
just maybe,
once I'm dead someone will have the time to hold me.