

A Christmas Memory



We lived in the poorest projects
Way back when, when I
was seven
And when Christmas time
came around
I found myself praying
to heaven

That my Mom and Dad
would reunite
Because they just couldn't
get along
And it really made me sad
But I just carried on with a
Christmas song

Christmas morning would
come and I hoped
That my Dad would walk
through that door
But it always ended up
being Santa
Leaving the presents on our
linoleum floor

And of course it brought
great joy
For this boy at seven indeed
And who still believed in Santa
And all he would ever need

But still my mother was sad
And that made me sad as well
Because there was always a
trickle in her eye
And that had told the tale

Now in thinking of those
Christmas mornings
Till this day I realize and see
That my Mom despite my
father's absence
Made sure there were
presents under that tree

Rachel Ann Bovier
(Xmas Cards Welcomed)