

Poem Pentatonic Christmas Day

364 non Christmas Days a Year

His lookalikes have been in window displays 24/7,
And posing on the front cover of magazines,
For a month now...
But my Santa, the one and only, is waiting in the wings
Of the theatre that opens for just one night a year...

Neither gold nor silver,
Nothing can replace the dry sound of a match being lit,
To scorch the cork,
To rub a bit of soot
On the tip of my Father Christmas's nose...

So, this evening,
Though his eyes shine a little too brightly in the countdown to the twilight,
Just forgive all high-spirits ...
As if he's just emerged from the chimney...
My Champion of Love...

And from tomorrow,
The understudy covers the 364 non Christmas days of the year...
Thank you Dad for the almost 33,000 nights
That you've lit the stars in the sky on the horizon of my sleepless nights,
Unwavering sentinel to the cradle of my fears...

Thank you Dad for the almost 33,000 mornings
When you made every effort
to waken the sun
To draw rainbows
Over my battlefields...

Thank you, my Champion, for the almost 33,000 days
You've been a perfect substitute for Father Christmas,
Thank you for the kisses in your messages...
Thank you for all our happiness still to come
I love you, my Champion of Love...