

I went upstairs last night to hide more presents
And saw a man who wore a silly suit.
He didn't seem concerned about my presence,
And put some gifts beneath the tree, to boot.

I asked him what the hell he's doing here.
"I have to do my job sir," he replied.
Though startled, I said, "do you want a beer?"
He didn't say, but negative implied.

"I have to hide this present for my daughter.
So should I put it here behind the phone?"
He said, "You do with what you did you bought her.
Now go away and please leave me alone."

I asked him if behind the couch was fine.
He said, "You do your thing, and I'll do mine."

In this one, a subsequent poem implied that Santa had already been here, so I had to plug that plot hole. I wrapped up a beer in Christmas paper and put it near the wireless station with an envelope addressed to myself:

Dear Kevin, Here's a note from Santa Clause
I hid it near the router just because
Your poems, though inordinate,
Your clauses are subordinate,
And go against the rules of grammar laws.

But if you will agree to
Accept this gift, I'll see to
My elves forgive you all your many flaws.
For Christmas is a joyous time to be.
Love, Santa. Hoist a happy one for me.

In the microwave

Pasta, Pizza Ravioli,
Sausage, meatballs, holy moly
In this place we'd cook galore
Now we don't, not anymore

Now it's time to get back to it.
This should be a quick one, do it.

Go upstairs and get the gift
Behind your mother's closet door.
Even though it's just a token
Of those feelings seldom spoken,
Just remember you're our little
Girl for ever more.

Under a lamp

Now she looked 'round the room for a while
And she lit up the place with her smile
Then she centered her bright
Shiny eyes on the light
Where she knew was the gift all the while.

Of people in the world, all who inhabit it
There's none but us who'll ever love you more
So go and get your gift inside the cabinet
And think of us, 'cause that's what family's for.

Not that one, it's where Daddy keeps his stuff,
His tools and wires, you know, all those things.
If all the world were there, it's not enough
To match the joy that just your presence brings.

OK, so this is not the greatest poem
And life will still be difficult sometimes,
But if we stick together we will show 'em,
And if you read this fast, it almost rhymes.

To wife, with \$20 in the envelope:

I'm sorry daughter, this one's not for you
Please go upstairs and give this to your mother
And tell her that whatever deeds accrue,
We take delight in helping one another,

And tell her that a gift remains, while wrapped,
It might be in the TV room, perhaps.
Of all that we've been through, it's kind of funny
Or maybe not, but you can keep the money.

Once upon a Christmas, nearly
All the gifts were open, clearly
Something else was brewing, really,
Other presents? Yes, indeed.

Suddenly, behind a curtain,
Like a lady, gently flirtin'
Showing little, she was certain
There's a note she had to read,
So, the other gifts desertin',
Now she made for there with speed.

Behind the printer

Down the stairs Amanda bounded,
At the bottom, there she rounded
Left and looked a bit astounded,
That no gift at first appeared

There's a printer, and behind it,
There's a gift, she hoped to find it,
Narrowing her search, refined it,
Though there might be none, she feared.
Ah, but then she was reminded
In this house, she's most endeared

Under the coffee table:

Back upstairs with eyes of wonder
Through the kitchen with the under-
Standing that her search would take her
Almost to the Christmas tree.
Though she still had doubts about it
"Where's the Gift? (she shouted out it).
There, it's low, and probably a little hard to see.

Yes, our dear, it was a year
With many highlights in it.
Ticket stubs, the lousy Cubs,
Too bad they didn't win it.

Maybe if you mosey to
A place behind the printer
Maybe then, you'll see again,
The love we share this winter.

I told you mother, "This one's in the drier
Or should I put it here behind the door?
She said, I'd put it just a little higher
She'll never find it there, I bet, for sure.

I said, I'd rather it's not elevated
'Cause as you know, I like to be a sport
Of Christmas poems, those that I've created,
And as you know, our daughter's kind of short."

Your mother said, "But maybe she'll discover
The one you hid so well that's on the shelf."
I said, "But then she'll miss the glaring other
And that, you couldn't find it there yourself.
So, I don't know, I'm leaning toward the drier.
Or else another gift we'll have to buy her."

Well, let us start this Xmas morn, let's do it.
The first one isn't much to shout about,
There's other gift ahead, so let's get to it.
We still have things to do, you needn't pout.
So get your present, right there behind the shreader,
And don't complain, I know it could be better.
You shouldn't hesitate, get off your keester.
Or else we won't get out of here 'till Easter.

Dashing all about
Like a crazy girl on fire,
Searching, in and out,
For a gift behind a wire
Leading to a lamp
With a duck who hates the rain,
Mandi., she rushed over there,
"My Dad is so insane." So,
Mandy yelled, Mandy yelled, "I will not refrain,
Saying it and saying it, my Dad is so insane."

The last one isn't big in pound-per-pound
It's isn't small, but easl'y tucked away.
Around the printer station might be found
Another gift this happy Christmas day.
Our love, it isn't measured by the ounce
And just remember, it's the thought that counts.