

He'd once promised chicken for every lean belly
From platforms as firm as a bowl full of jelly.
He'd been chubby and charming, a magical elf
Who laughed at the people, believed in himself.

A wink of the eye and a nod of his head
Would end this fool nightmare, this feeling of dread.
If that didn't do it, oration would work.
He mouthed flowing phrases with never a jerk.

A beggar who heard him was thumbing his nose.
From his squat at the foot of a chimney, he rose;
With dignified manner he started to whistle
While snow swirled about like the down of a thistle.
He tweeted a dirge as he faded from sight,
And left the Old Boss to the bitter cold night.

--Glenna Holloway