The night before Christmas

It was Christmas eve, no Molly or Duke to be heard,

Not even a little bird,

My vision completely blurred,

Feeling like a nerd.

It was Santa really Santa,

In his big read coat,

And his bright fluffy hat,

With Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, Vixen, Comet Cupid, Donner and Blitzen, waiting afloat.

I swept to my feet ,

Just to see him sat on my seat,

Eating his cookies and milk !

It was him, really him,

But the lights were so dim,

The only thing I could see was his chin!

I got a bit nearer,

And everything was clearer,

I got my camera out,

But I started to pout,

Because gone just gone !