

Santa Claws

Clare Lockhart

Perhaps you've heard of Santa's dog?

The one as white as snow.

He hides in Santa's garden,

Where the tree-tops glisten and glow.

The elves get very angry,

As he bites upon the sleigh,

The reindeer all fall, clatter and crash,

As he trips them on their way.

He plays with all the presents,
So, there could be tiny tears,
And hides in the snow,
So perfectly so,
That Santa isn't aware.

