



(Robert S. Donovan)*

Christmas Presents

by NICK ROBINSON

Christmas doesn't make sense without snow.
I would rather push it off
Until the flurries fly again
And the white stuff sticks to the ground.

Something about the gray-dirt frozen slush,
Clutching at the curbs and sidewalks
And spraying everywhere with each passing truck,
That's just depressing. Just wrong.

It was on one of these Christmas's
That she pulled up in a big pickup;
A girlfriend coming to see her man
And to celebrate the day when we shouldn't.

I greeted her as she clambered down,
And the first thing she said as I held her close
Was not that she loved me,
But that she had forgotten my gifts.

I wanted to wait and celebrate later,
Especially considering the present state of the snow,
But she persistently pushed and prodded
And clawed open her presents as I sat back and watched.

It finally snowed the day she left,
And I was given my gifts a few weeks later.



But a few months since, she showed selfish again,
When she clawed the love from my heart.

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