on Christmas Day

strange Christmas time in the sun . . .
I'm thinking of home . . . of old Christmases in London . . .
Sawn off conifer branch with coloured glass balls . . .
stuck in a bucket of earth . . . wrapped in crepe paper . . .
every year the same . . . the old white paper fairy on the top . . .
held on with the hand made Gypsy clothes peg . . .

the shape of my mother . . . moving between the oven and the table . . .
wearing an apron . . . sleeves rolled up . . . sweating . . . worn out . . .
I never get a moment's rest . . . not even on Christmas Day . . .

round the table . . . roast beef . . . baked potatoes . . . brussells sprouts . . .
Yorkshire pudding . . . gravy . . . Christmas pudding . . .
a stick of mistletoe with pearly berries . . . Bird's custard . . .
me and my sister do the washing up . . . eat mince pies meant for later . . .

round the fire . . . pulling crackers . . . wearing paper hats . . .
reading lousy jokes . . . eating oranges from our stockings . . .
opening the box of chocs . . . my father first . . . my mother second . . .
then me . . . my sister last . . .
we sit close together round the fire . . .
watching the flames burn blue and green . . .
listen to carols on the wireless in the dark . . .
burst out laughing when over eating makes us fart . . .