

Talking Turkeys

— Annabel Sheila

A squeak on the stairs.
Could Santa be here?
Better pull my blankets
Up to my ears.

He comes down the chimney,
That's how he gets in.
Santa uses magic
To make himself thin.
I better keep still,
Can't make a peep.
He doesn't leave toys,
Unless you're asleep.

My door just opened.
Someone's by my bed.
It wasn't Santa after all,
'Cause Mom just kissed my head.