

Time
Love from Wayne

DEAR Santa, Now I'm six, I'd like
A sort of bigger mountain bike,
A new computer and a set
To get me on the Internet:
I think it's time that I found out
Just what the fuss is all about.

If what Mummy says is true,
God is just as good as you,
But I think that He's inclined
To have too many things in mind.
I wouldn't say that He's a dunce,
But if Class Two all pray at once,
Just before we go to bed,
How will God know what we've said,
And who said what? Well, He might think —
'specially if He's had a drink —
That my computer has to go
To Charlotte Smith or naughty Joe.

I think it's better written down
For you to read and bring to town —
Although I don't know what you'll do,
Because we haven't got a flue.
Just do your best, and don't forget
To put me on the Internet.
Mum says she'll leave mince pies again.
Happy Xmas. Love from Wayne.

PS. To keep God sweet, I'll say,
“*Happy birthday*”, Christmas Day.
