

THE DEATH OF FATHER CHRISTMAS

Bob Crew

Father Christmas lies dead
in a festive pool of blood,
having been shot in the head
by a policeman who understood
that he was a dangerous terrorist,
the reason being that he was carrying
a rucksack! He will be sadly missed,
will Santa, and the seasonal conveying
of the Christian message this yuletide
will, in view of his untimely death, be wide
of the mark. It will sound distinctly hollow,
as the bells ring out, not in joy, but in sorrow,
not only for the terrible deed so tragically done,
but for the rule of law by such an incompetent gun.
So many things will never be the same again
without Santa, as we hang our heads in shame,
as should London's despicable terrorists also, not that they will,
since they delight in murdering the innocent whenever they bomb to kill.

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