

10th Christmas

It

was

Xmas,

I was only ten

I'd been bad, once again

No presents under the tree

At least, there weren't for me

All month long I'd felt depressed

I would have nothing, I'd felt unrest

But on the day when Christmas came

There was a box labeled with my name

It was the biggest box under the Christmas tree

Gift wrap didn't cover it all, and it was just for me

I tore into the box, ripping, destroying trying to get to the prize

And buried within was another box, covered with fully and smaller size

I tore into that box to tell, my discovery of another box and another box as well

Box after box I found each time, until I found only a cardboard tube concealing within

It was

A pen