

Those Haunting Memories

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The scene
Had the scent
Of peppermint
Interlaced
Was the taste
Of wintergreen
And the sack
Held a snack
Of cinnamon
While I dove
For the clove
And tart lemon.

The anise
And the lime
Was sublime
And stashes
Of molasses
Was fine
And each piece
Of licorice
Was a snack
The chocolate
I did gawk at
In the pack.

All those snacks
Came in sacks
That were brown
Were the types
With red stripes
Up and down
But my best
Remembrance
Of these
Was when they
Held full sway
On Christmas trees.

Their wrappings
Were trappings
Of revelations
In all ways
Through the days
Of Holiday vacations
And their stripes
Like the pipes
Of barber poles
In each end
Did extend
Some tiny holes.

And real fixtures
Of pictures
Such as a strawberry
On that isthmus
That was Christmas
And life was so merry
From an end
Each did suspend
On a colored string
Like romances
From the branches
Of a spruce.
They bring
Back such memories
As Christmas trees
And such happiness
That will never be
Any more for me.
I must confess
Oh! Those days of youth
Ere I guessed the truth
About Santa Claus.
How I yearn for them
And return to them
In fantasies pause.
For that candy
Was simply dandy
In the stick.
Such a puzzle then
When we'd nuzzle them
To take our pick.
Oh, those days are gone
And the years are long
Since I was a kid
But in December
I remember
All those things we did.
We hadn't much
But that touch
Of Christmas joys
Was looked forward to
All the whole year
through
By girls and boys.
And those candles
In their holders
That clamped on the limbs
While our mother
Played the organ
And we sang Christmas
hymns....



We still sing them and they bring back thoughts
of those great joys

When we still believed in Santa--as wee girls and boys