

Santa

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My reindeer can swim, but it's cold in this river;
now Donner's exhausted, poor Blitzen has a shiver."

"We'll never make it now, and your kids will be heart-broken,
to find nothing from Santa — not even a token.
No clam gun for Maria, no beach ball for Joy,
no Liberty Theater tickets for Roy."

"And I don't need to tell you I'm taking a risk
by heading back home without lutefisk.
It's Mrs. Claus' favorite, and what about the elves?
I need more smoked salmon to replenish their shelves."

"And then there's me, and I know this is selfish,
but this part of the world has the very best shellfish.
Without Willapa oysters I'll just be a mess —
forget about cookies, I crave Dungeness!"

I could see in that instant he was more than forlorn,
which is when I remembered: Our Coast Guard's airborne!
"Don't worry Santa, you can still please the whole flock,
we'll call Air Station Astoria—they'll send the Jayhawk."

"And as for the reindeer, while you're on your adventure,
they can rest up at the North Coast Wildlife Center.
It's a little last minute to find hay in a bale,
but the Astoria Co-op can donate some kale."

Then the old man grew lively, and he danced and he raved,
and he said to us, "Friends, I think Christmas is saved."
And in less than five minutes the helicopter came,
and Santa whistled and he shouted and he called out by name:

"Off to Oysterville, Ocean Park, even Long Beach!
Neither Seaview, Ilwaco, nor Chinook's out of reach!
We'll go to Skamokawa and also Altoona,
cross the river to Alderbrook, and hit the laguna.
Down to Warrenton, Seaside, then around Haystack Rock!
Don't forget Manzanita—we won't miss a block!
And down near Nehalem, I'll show you just where to park—
you know I've been at this since way before Lewis and Clark."

Then I heard him proclaim as they flew out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

