

A Christmas Poem

Ho Yi Yeung

Christmas is a winter festival,
Loved by many, it's the best of all.
There's lots to do at this time of year,
A holiday filled with joy and cheer.

A season that is ever so cold,
But lots of fun for the young and old.
We build snowmen and have snowball fights,
Houses are covered with fairy lights.

The angel is on the christmas tree,
Tinsel and baubles for all to see,
Homes are adorned with pretty holly,
The Christmas spirit makes us jolly.

On Christmas Eve our stockings are hung,
The Christmas magic has just begun.
We leave a snack for Santa and friends,
Whilst wishing that Christmas never ends.

Now Saint Nicholas is on his way,
Eight ravishing reindeers pull his sleigh.
Saint Claus is coming to our town,
Christmas gifts are waiting to be found.

As he arrives, the bells are jingly,
Father Christmas climbs down the chimney.
In a flash he leaves without a trace,
Off into the night at a fast pace.

On Christmas Day the children awake,
To open their presents, they can't wait.
People eat roast chicken with stuffing,
Yummy mince pies and Christmas pudding.

Pull Christmas crackers at the table,
And tell a joke or Christmas fable.
But that's not all, there more we can do,
Like sing a Christmas carol or two.

Or send greetings cards, or play some games,
Or toast marshmallows over the flames,
The great entertainment never ends,
The best time spent with family and friends!