

## SANTA'S SUPPER IN SUNLAND

Olga Coleman

It was Christmas Eve, and the air was so hot  
In a land far away where it rains quite a lot.  
Santa looked at his watch, and then said with delight,  
"I'm early, but thirsty, and crave for a bite."

He stood on a tropical beach all alone,  
The moonbeams shone on a sand-made throne,  
And he merrily mused as the glittering waves  
Playfully bounced to some nearby caves.

He sat on the grass, 'neath a palm, tall and round,  
Then opened some coconuts, there on the ground.  
He drank and he drank, and enjoyed every drop,  
He tried and he tried, but he just couldn't stop.

By chance, that same day, some campers had sat  
On the very same place Santa used as a mat.  
A bunch of bananas they'd left in their hurry,  
When down came the rain and made them all scurry!

He picked off a few, with a grin of delight,  
And had a good feed, as they were quite ripe.  
Midnight came all too soon for his rounds to begin,  
So he hastily left, feeling full, but not thin.