

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Secret Santa

by Paul Hunter

The long awaited memo
came down to us from high.
For it had been a tough year
I read it with a sigh.

They'll be no Christmas parties
or social gathering.
The carol concert is cancelled.
There is no need to sing.

Management in their largesse
permit some festive fun.
Secret Santa with ground rules.
Who is pleased? No-one!

No smut or innuendo,
a message clear to see.
Secret Santa sanitised.
A step too far for me.

The bosses were taking liberties.
To that we all agreed.
A plan to get our own back.
Is what we really need.

A full hour was allotted,
to enjoy our festive fun.
As we filed into the ante-room,
Everyone kept schtum.

We all sit in silence,
As the bosses unwrap their treats.
“Oh what is this?”
“A lovely tin of sweets.”

“Humbugs!” We shout.
To emphasise our view.
That bosses who kill Christmas
are bad for me and you