

Yuletide 1903

To Nellie Dolan

I brought some stories
called from the brains of little men
and women that lived long ago.
They were an odd folk that dreamed
during the day-time; and told their
dreams at night-time to the great
wonderment of those folk who never
had dreams. And strange as it may
seem those Dreamers thought their
stories true, and prevailed on Truth
to take them under her wing and save
them to the memories of the Children of
all time. So I came tonight and hid
behind your Chimney, slid down the
roof, hung from the gable, hoping
to find an open window to let my
stories in. But the window screen
like some peoples head-screen would't
let my stories in.

Saint Santa