

## SIDEWALK SANTA

we are driving into the fog's white curtain of bright daylight  
and I remember nothing except that I am Santa Claus  
destinations under my elbow marked "certified delivery".

I wonder if it's the same with vampires:

Do they drive (behind matched huskies, horses or motorcycle valves)  
directly out through the fog from nowhere,  
arriving into the specific moment, hungry?

a squirrel runs by on the lawn,  
this, the same squirrel or descended from previous  
squirrels who ran by on summer lawns  
or the future squirrel a look-alike for  
the rabid one neighbors trapped last year  
leaving tiny cubs alone in the tree.

first, as I emerge from the fog  
you do not know me and then you call my name,  
recognizing somehow my face in the watery clouds  
although, at first, I do not remember why I came,  
realizing then (of course) that it's your gift  
I carry balanced awkwardly in my hands,

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I present to you the wrappings and ribbon  
forgetting what's inside  
as the fog closes gently around us  
some are singing as they circle the fire.