

The Flight Before Christmas

By: Alfred Bregoli

On Christmas Eve the stars are bright
Not a trace of snow in sight
How can Santa get in gear
Without snow for eight reindeer?
Santa's on his rocket bright
Waiting for his Christmas flight.
When only a whisper you can hear
No more choices. Countdown's here!
Four, three, two, one, with a loud boom
Santa's riding what looks like a broom.
It fires! It hums! 'Toys wobble on it.
Within moments, Santa's in orbit.
Twisting and turning without any snow,
Santa is off on his "Missile Toe."
He's going to Venus, then to Mars.
Spreading his magic to all the stars.
Give him a cheer for setting this pace.
'Cause this year Santa's in outer space!