**Cookies for Santa**

I baked a dozen cookies  
and I put them on a plate,  
and I set them out for Santa Claus,  
except for one I ate.  
  
That cookie was amazing  
and I couldn't quite resist...  
so I ate another one  
that I was sure would not be missed.  
  
I knew it wouldn't matter  
if I only ate one more.  
Then I gobbled up another one.  
Why not? That's only four.  
  
I accidentally dropped  
another couple on the ground.   
I knew Santa wouldn't want them  
so I swiftly scoffed them down.  
  
Another couple disappeared.  
I may have eaten those,  
though I couldn't say for certain,  
but I guess that's how it goes.  
  
I figured four was likely more  
than Santa Claus would need  
so I polished off another few  
with unexpected speed.  
  
Before I knew what happened  
all the damage had been done,  
and I realized I'd accidentally  
eaten every one.  
  
I guess it's best, since Santa  
sort of needs to watch his weight.  
When he visits us this Christmas  
I hope he likes the plate.

--Kenn Nesbitt