**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