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Christmas Scotch

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Christmas Scotch

by Jeffrey Hassman

Of course, Mother's late again!
The winter air is biting down,
coals dying without a sound.

Father drinks his Christmas scotch, watching
brothers savor new favorite gifts.
She'll find her way, I hope, I wish.

*

"She'll find her way." I hope. I wish.
Brothers savor new favorite gifts.
Father drinks his Christmas scotch, watching
coals dying without a sound.
The winter air is biting down.
Of course Mother is late again.