

HIS CHRISTMAS NOSE

Whose presents lie beneath the tree?
Which gifts for him? And which for me?

Relying on his Christmas nose,
I watch him as he swiftly goes
to sort by scenting——error-free.

It's deep dark mystery to me;
for him, an easy nasal quiz.

He passes over all of mine,
then with his "Can-I-Have-It" whine
he points to every one of his.

by Lee Netzler