

Electric



Broadsheet

publishers of semi-literate doodlings, scraps, & snippets

presents

Vomit for Santa

poetry by Calvin O. Xavier

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is distributed by **Poetry Ink Productions**

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Vomit for Santa
Calvin O. Xavier

Christmas, 1989

dear santa:

i am sick, fucking miserably sick
and the vomit drool of breakfast
is laying on my plate
full and steaming and
chunky green and festive
like the holiday decorations
at the local hallmark store.

santa, if you're reading this,
there will be no treat on
a clean white plate,
no warm sour milk
in a glass by the fireplace
because i am sick
and it sucks to be sick on christmas.

so don't bring the bubbly blonde
i asked for earlier this year,
as i wouldn't enjoy
doing the old in-out and the new
up-down with her in my present
fucking miserable condition.

no, you old fat farty goat, bring
me a bottle of maalox and a box
of puffs, bring me a good thick
book to read while i shit out
my guts, bring me something,
anything, to reduce the swelling
in my nuts and the fever in my brain
and something nice and alcoholic
to settle my system.

and santa, let me tell you,
you don't want to catch this
viscious fuck of a flu.
don't breathe the air
when you stop by my house.

sincerely,
calvin xavier