

## **The North Country Boy's Letter**

by George Vukelich

Dear Santa,

Yup, this was the year my folks had another,  
so I'm writing you now for my new baby brother;  
he looks like a puppy, all curled up and funny,  
he can't blow his nose and it's always real runny.

It's hard to know what he could use,  
he's so little he doesn't wear shoes.

He's just too tiny for skates or for skis –  
If we took him ice fishing, he'd likely just freeze.

Pa says one day I can teach him to shoot  
my shotgun for Canadas and mallard and coot.

Ma says plenty of time for the guns and the shells;  
she even looks happy when he wets and he yells.

Gramps holds him too and gets him to coo –  
When they get talking, you can't tell who's who.

It's really a strange kind of Christmas this year;  
Pa says it's because I'm getting right near  
to being a grownup.

Pa says you are really right near it  
when you understand that the Christmas spirit  
is wanting good things, not for yourself but others.

Brothers and sisters, father and mothers.

Pa say you get to love the whole world more  
and that's what Christmas is really for.

He says Santa lives in the heart and the head –

He says you're like Grandma, alive and yet dead.

Grandpa said that was right and true  
and yet said I should write to you.

Anyway, whatever present you picked out for me.

Mark it for our baby when you come to our tree.

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