



Sneaky – a Poem

by Alyssa Black

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He turns off the light and
I hear his feet on the kitchen tile.
The coast is clear.
I creak my door open
slowly so
he doesn't hear me.
I tip toe out to the hall closet. I
almost get caught. He is
in the kitchen, but he doesn't
see me.

The furnace burns loud
growling and angry
to have to
keep us warm
on this December night.

I've been here for hours!
Finally, he and she walk past.
They talk to each other.
They say,
"Santa doesn't come
for kids who don't go to sleep."

Terrified, I
fling the door open
and beg for forgiveness.

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Alyssa Black is a student at IU Northwest in Gary, Indiana, where she learned how to diagram sentences and write Italian sonnets. She's very bad at playing guitar.

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