



UNDER SANTA'S HAT

By Rick Ryan

Under Santa's hat, there is a curious little crop
His bottom may be fat, but he's been getting thin on top
The fuzz above his forehead's like a field that's underfed
It won't be long until there's not one hair on Santa's head

He knows how cold each winter gets, how every sneeze can freeze
So he searches on the internet for "bald head remedies"
Each remedy's a food or drink, some wacky, wild and weird
Soon he begins to rub them where his hair has disappeared

He starts out by spreading salsa onto every hairless spot
He knows he can't be careless, it's the only chance he's got
When he glances in his mirror the next morning after bed
He searches for some hair, but a sombrero's there instead

Well, Santa looks discouraged, but he doesn't feel defeat
He cooks up a new remedy and says, "Bon appetit!"
Across his bald head everywhere, he spreads a cheese souffle
But on those spaces he wants hair, now sits a French beret

Santa's never one to worry, so he sets a faster pace
In a hurry he makes curry and he plasters it in place
Now his goal is getting clearer, he's much nearer with each try
But one look into the mirror shows a turban two feet high!

Next, he rustles up some barbeque and spreads it with a smile
He thinks, "This'll do the trick, I'm gonna grow hair Texas-style!"
He's sure he's found a cure from all those remedies he's read
Till he sees a giant Stetson ridin' high up on his head

As he smashes up and pours on a puree' of squash and peas
Santa hangs out and prepares to shout "hooray!" at what he sees
When he gives his head a tough-guy stare and dares his hair to grow
The cutest baby bonnet's there, all tied up with a bow

Well, this gent they call Saint Nicholas is quite a sight to see
His results have been ree-dickle-us with each new recipe
In time, his tale will tickle us-- he doesn't have a doubt
But today he's got to find a way to get some hair to sprout

He can't resist those remedies, but the list goes on and on
So, he certifies this date "The Great Hair-Growing Marathon"
He gives it all he's got while mixin' fixins one by one
Whether he grows hair or not, it seems like Santa's having fun

He cooks up his cuisine, he's got a hungry head to feed
He looks like a machine with every move at lightning speed
For show, he throws on flour and dough, he's like an acrobat
But instead of hair, what sits up there's a great, big baker's hat

Then he squishes up and dishes up a hot dog on a bun
But an oldtime baseball cap appears the minute that he's done
He thinks that rum might grow some hair, so he rubs on more and more
Then a pirate hat is sitting there, like Long John Silver wore

When Santa serves up Irish stew and sprinkles shamrocks on
There's a green hat with a buckle, he's a lucky leprechaun
Then he tosses on some mystery sauce, across his head it roams
When a cool detective's hat appears, he looks like Sherlock Holmes

After mashing up a cup of maize to help his hairless cause
He wears an Indian headdress and becomes Chief Santa Claus
Then all those crazy cures start tickling Santa's funny bone
He thinks about a hundred other hats that he might own!

There's Merlin the Magician's from those great King Arthur books
Those floppy hats for fishin', crammed with tackle, bait and hooks
Those Viking hats from days of yore with horns designed to shock
Those funny hats the Pilgrims wore when they hit Plymouth Rock

Next, a quirky fez from Turkey with its tassle dangling down
From an ancient English castle he could have a kingly crown
Now, his bald head doesn't bother him at all, imagine that
Up there, instead of hair, he'd rather wear another hat!

So many hats--a helmet, a fedora or a tam
He's balder than an eagle, but he's happy as a clam
In just awhile, he'll have a pile of styles he's never seen
He's turned his hairless head into a hat-making machine

So, Santa's head keeps working till the sun begins to rise
He knew it had some skill, but still he can't believe his eyes
His hat-making machine went wild, there's not one space to spare
A thousand different hats are piled in places everywhere

Santa finally finds a way that his bald head has passed the test
It worked so hard and fast, now it deserves a little rest
He wanted something up there, but much more than hair has grown
The biggest hat collection that this world has even known!

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