

CHRISTMAS

GABBY ATTANASIO



The smell of cookies fill the air
as my mom prepares Christmas dinner,
and my dad starts a fire.

I look outside and see the soft white flurries fall;
it's so cold, yet I feel so warm.

The Christmas lights leave a glare on the tv.

The fire is popping,
the presents are spilling out
from under the tree.

I look around,
thankful for this feeling,
thankful for family,
for the anticipation of waiting.

I'm sitting on the couch
covered in blankets,
drinking my hot chocolate,
while watching *Home Alone*.

I'm thankful for this season:
to be able to have a home,
a safe, warm, loving home
that I never want to leave.

I never want this feeling to go away.