

## Love Song

## Santa Hates You

After all these years  
Of thinking out the forms of what you feared  
You lived all aspects through them, entirely!  
It's done, dearest child of mine.  
It's just you and me, speaking by being.  
Nothing's left for your anger to destroy  
Except yourself  
So, what do you want to do now?  
Is there something?  
Something you would like to say?  
Wait! This time I'll give you light first.  
Word!