

## Christmas Poem

The smell of gingerbread fills the kitchen  
with the heat of an oven reminding me, I am home.  
stepping outside to a shock wave of senses,  
the crisp smell of snow the wind leaves behind.  
The smell of a Christmas tree with needles littering the floor,  
filling the room with an earthy scent that makes my heart flutter  
Christmas is near.  
The taste of homemade sugar cookie dough  
with the hint of almond extract,  
that mom always swore by  
The taste of dad's eggnog with a little too much rum  
for chasing away the cold and leaving fireworks in your throat.  
I remember the feeling of gloves on my hands  
that never really kept out the cold  
or how snow feels on your skin  
and melts from the heat of your body,  
reminding you that you are alive.  
But most of all, I remember the warmth  
This is Christmas.

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