

## Plastic Santa

by [Greg Huteson](#) in the [January 7, 2015](#) issue

It's January and plastic Santa  
still plays his golden sax  
outside a store on Jinhua Lu.  
His mechanized twiggy legs  
are barely hid  
as they twitch in tandem  
in his thin flannel pants—  
Christmas red, of course,  
and his lips as brown as tofu  
hang a full two inches behind  
the sax's cracked reed.  
Poor man! Even the dogs—  
Pekingese, Chihuahuas and others—  
step around him as they snuffle  
for a swatch of sun to jazz their bones  
on this cold day.