

Twass the Month After Christmas

Twass the month after Christmas and all through the house
Nothing would fit me, not even a blouse.

The cookies I'd nibbled, the eggnog I'd taste.
All the holiday parties had gone to my waist.

When I got on the scales there arose such a number!
When I walked to the store (less a walk than a lumber).

I'd remember the marvelous meals I'd prepared;
The gravies and sauces and beef nicely rared,

The wine and the rum balls, the bread and the cheese
And the way I'd never said, "no thank you, please".

As I dressed myself in my husbands old shirt
And prepared once again to do battle with dirt--

I said to myself, as I only can
"You cant spend a winter disguised as a man!"

So-- away with the last of the sour cream dip,
Get rid of the fruit cake, every cracker and chip.

Ever last bit of food that I like must be banished
Till all the additional ounces have vanished.

I wont have a cookie-- not even a lick.
Ill want only to chew on a long celery stick.

I wont have hot biscuits, or corn bread or pie,
Ill munch on carrot and quietly cry.

I'm hungry, I'm lonesome and live is a bore--
But isn't that what January is for?

Unable to giggle, no longer a riot.
Happy New Year to all and to all a good diet!!