

# 'Twas The Month After Christmas (Dieting)

Twas 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,  
At 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 husband's old shirt,  
And prepared once again,  
to do battle with dirt,

I said to myself,  
as I only can  
"You can 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.

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

I won't have a cookie,  
not even a lick.  
I'll want only to chew,  
on a long celery stick.

I won't have hot biscuits,,  
or corn bread, or pie,  
I'll munch on a carrot,  
and quietly cry.

I'm hungry, I'm lonesome,

and life 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!