

'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!