

Tw'as the week 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't 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 winter is for?

Unable to giggle, no longer a riot,

Happy New Year to all and to all a good diet!

