

'Twas the Month after *Christmas*



Well, it's the New Year, and with all the holiday parties and celebrations in the period from Thanksgiving to Christmas – and food being a primary presence – weight loss is invariably high on the list of resolutions for many. YMCAs and fitness clubs across the country benefit from this personal commitment, be it long-term or temporary.

Here's a poem, author unknown, you may find comical, if not inspiring. Its style is based on that of the 19th century verse *'Twas the Night Before Christmas*, written by Clement Clarke Moore:

*'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,
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 remembered 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 only I 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 celery stick.
I won't have hot biscuits, or cornbread, 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!*

And you have about 10½ months before the Thanksgiving-to-Christmas party cycle starts again.

– Beecher Hunter

