

Twas The Month Before Christmas



Twas the month before Christmas
And what lies ahead?
Three weeks of parties,
The baking I dread

The cookies. The shortbread.
The candy I'm licking.
The fruitcake's not worth it.
But I can't stop picking!

When children are nestled
All snug in their bed
The pantry starts calling
Treats dance in my head

Pound cake seems light.
"I'll check it," I mutter
300 fat grams
In one box of butter!

Away to the mall

I fly like a flash
Through food courts enroute
To machines for more cash

The budget is tight now
I'll pass on my meeting
But how can I make it
All week without cheating?

The shopping and wrapping
I really don't mind
But that leaves less time
To plan and unwind

When what to my wondering
Eyes should appear?
The fat from my bingeing
Has stuck to my rear.

Each day I start with the
Best of intentions
But cravings win out
I've got water retention!

The parties are coming
At least two a week
Buffets and hors d'oeuvres
My weight loss looks bleak



One little cookie,

Than two, three and four
Now that I've blown it
I'll just eat some more

Those people who weigh me
Are just but a dream
And my leader, her name
Escapes me it seems

It's just not the time
To try this solution
I'll wait till the New Year
-- a fresh resolution

An order on-line
I sit down to send

When I find in my e-mail
A note from a friend

She's lost two more pounds
she's written to tell
She missed me at meetings
And hopes that I'm well

She says that I've helped her
So often it seems
When she wasn't feeling
Like she'd reach her dream

She knows I've been busy
But wanted to say
My health was more crucial
Than this holiday

I sit and remember
How far I have come
Thirty pounds, thunder thighs
Flabby arms, half my bum!

With firm resolution
I journal my day
Grab my keys, leave a note
And head on my way

I speak not a word
But go straight to the gym
I'll no longer skip it
Nor eat on a whim

The air seems much clearer
My world is all right
I'll get through the season
I'll finish this fight

And I think to myself
As I go to bed sighing
"I'll stop losing weight
The day I stop trying."

A Happy, Healthy Holiday