

How I Lost 1 lb Per Day

by Larry Strattner

Speeding on my bike on Monday
I fell off on a gravel street,
 shaving off about a pound,
 I rolled and rasped along the ground.
Gravel Doctors then picked out
of my shredded keister
Totaled up another pound,
maybe more or leaster.
I guess the gravel doesn't count
since I picked it up upon dismount.

Tuesday I foolishly insulted
a nasty gang girl slut.
Her pit bull chewed another pound
right off my hugeoid butt.
This loss did not take too long.
It happened as I ran along
screaming for a stupid cop
to drag the dog off, make him stop
while I did the mad dog Lindy Hop.

I dropped a few more ounces Wednesday
cleaning out the lawn mower blades.
It wasn't very pretty. Less said better.
Additionally to chewing down my sweater
it inscribed me with a cursive Scarlet Letter.

Thursday I stuck my head into the oven
to reach a TV meal.
This did not itself make me much thinner
but burned a pound of hair off before dinner.

Friday I grabbed an Ex Lax, thinking chocolate.
I keep them side by side, they taste the same.
I guess that's not a good idea.
I made a noise like Onomatopoeia.
But lost two pounds,
so it came out in the end.
Tee Hee, get the joke that I intend?

Saturday, I gave up, got a corset,
Now I'm svelte, don't even have to force it.
Bandaged from the pounds I've amortized
without the demon diets or exercise.
But I'm looking, I might say,
quite scrumptious and quite thin
I've squished my bulging blubber
from down around my waistline
to just beneath my chin.

So my advice my zaftig friends,
abstain from mathematica.
Switch your skinny-down program
to easy-on elastica.
Squeeze the pounds up toward your head.
Keep on eating sweet fried bread.
Scratch exercise and tasteless diets.
Eliminate your gut's disquiet.
Strike a course both happier and wiser.

