

PSALM OF FLESH

Tell me not my noble master—
That your stomach is a "moose",
That it grows and grows the faster,
As you labor to reduce.

Don't give up—to grease and sorrow,
Life is never out of joint
Even though: The meals tomorrow
May enhance the **embonpoint** (?)

Life is real, yes, somewhat somber,
So is fat, so-called, alleged,
And we sometimes pause to wonder—
How some people cross their legs?

But if you will deign to struggle,
I will deign to put you wise;
How to overcome this trouble,
In. Re. ornate paunch and size.

Court a judge—in strict attendance
(Paths of rectitude renounce)
He'll no doubt, slip you a sentence—
You'll feel lighter by an ounce.

Keep away from Doctor Stethes—
(Deacons wait, to ring the knell)
Frown upon perspiring methods—
Jail will suit you twice as well.

One by one the days are numbered,
Drop by drop the "wine" shall age,
And the soul quite encumbered,
Shall depart this magic cage.

Soon the paunch will fade diminish,
'Till you're down to skin and bone—
When at last your term is finished,
You will need no "arbolone."

This is not an empty vision—
(I will gladly swear to that)
Leavenworth or any prison
Beats a tub of Anti-fat.

Let it then: Be not forgotten,
When we fake a worthy peeve;
When we say a soul is rotten,
Not ourselves do we deceive.

Do not try to solve the puzzle,
Why you feel so strangely light?
Be content, to find a ruffle,
Where the skin before was tight.

Once, you're rid of 'borrowed' matter,
You'll be dis-inclined to shirk;
And perhaps we'll hear you chatter,
On the "healthfulness" of work?

Let us all, lay by our "squabbles"—
Help the master (with the "moose")
May, perchance, he'll join the
"Wobblies"

When he first learns to produce.

T bone Slim,

P. S.—Talk about your **charity!**