

## Slimming

Thursday night at eight o'clock  
I set out in total shock.  
Down the road I stealthily go  
Smiling at everyone I know.  
'Hello, hello' I hear them cry  
If only they knew I'm living a lie.  
My mind goes blank, what did I eat  
Will I be able to lie and cheat?  
Crisps, biscuits, wine and nuts  
I can't believe I've eaten that much.  
Chips, sweeties, cakes and buns  
I know it now, I've eaten tonnes.  
Fizzy drinks with sugar added  
It's really me I am not padded.  
Nearly there, will I make it  
I venture in, can I fake it?  
Take my ticket, smile at Kate  
Does she know I'm in a state?  
Take my seat, heart is thumping  
Listen to lecture, mind a-jumping.  
Get in queue, calm my breathing  
Now it's my turn I feel like leaving.  
'Come on next! How've you been.  
Had a good week? It'll soon be seen'.  
Step on scales, breathing in  
Try to remember, no food's a sin.  
Kate smiles at me, 'You've lost a pound'.  
I jump off scales, feeling sound.  
Jacket on, feel like singing  
Homeward bound, my head is spinning.  
Promise myself to have a good week  
Well maybe I'll just have one wee cheat!

**Ina Baxter**