

# November

The Month of November is my new found Lent

And no more money will be spend

As I now truly repent,

From my alcoholic tendencies.

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The search for fitness in Winter light

As I renew the eternal fight

For fitness and a body slight,

As my own toes I bend and see !

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And now I want to please my mother,

Whom I love like no other,

Sometimes she scolds and tries to bother,

For my soul's sake and eternity.

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But if you love life's great gift,

Wine will always give some lift,

To Love's lost souls as we drift,

To questionable celestial destiny.



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So now life fitness I do chase,  
Before the Reaper does erase,  
My smiling countenance from the face,  
Of Earth's eternal energy.

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The last lines given time,  
I will be svelte and so sublime,  
All the ladies could be mine,  
But for the virtue of Loyalty.

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