

# Guts

by Harry Dunn  
received 17/12/17

I'm surprised at the size of me guts,  
There aren't any ifs and buts;  
The last time I looked, before I got hooked,  
I was a size thirty four, when bellies were measured in inches,  
Then it blew out to XL, and you can certainly tell .  
So, you can see why I'm shock'd at the size of me guts.

When metrics came in, I was size eighty-four  
And enjoyed the occasional pie,  
My pants size grew to a hundred and two,  
And perhaps a little bit more,  
This happened, I swear, in the blink of an eye,  
This tightening of trousers, back, centre and fore,  
As my waist-line kissed me good-bye  
Along with the pants that I wore.

These big-belly pants are a pain in the butt,  
There's no comfortable way to suspend 'em,  
Should the belt go **under** or **over** the gut,  
That unsightly *abdomus distendum*;  
It cannot be both – it has be either/or,  
And adjusting that troublesome belt  
Is a low point in the daily agendum.

If you wear your belt up - up over your gut,  
You look like my old Uncle Cecil,  
And if you wear it below, you look Japanese  
Dressed for a Sumo wrestle;  
Your pants hang down at the crutch,  
There's no comfort, no style, no fitting as such,  
And no support for the old mortar and pestle.

So, how to get rid of this over-size gut,  
This belly, twice the size of my skinny old butt,  
Using something less drastic than suction (lipo, that is)  
Something legal and painless and quick-  
I wouldn't want to blot the family escutscheon.

Someone suggested a radical diet, and exercise daily with vigour,  
So I stopped eating parsnips and sprouts,  
And started walking the cat round the block, twice a week,  
But my middle-age spread got bigger.  
So I turned my attention once more to the diet,  
A most unattractive option, for sure,  
But I thought that at least I should try it:  
And did I just hear a cynical snigger?

I was told that all things sweet turn into fat,  
And so does that stuff they call liquor;  
They say that those sweets are full of white poison,  
And hard liquor will kill you, even quicker.  
The problem, of course, is knowing what to forsake -  
Stop eating bikkies and chocolate and cake,  
Or stop drinking beer and bottles of plonk,  
Which they tell me is good for the ticker.

Well, I took a short cruise to the Islands,  
To think this gut-busting over,  
We cruised to Fiji and to Tonga, and then on to Western Samoa,  
And found big bellies are there all the rage  
Considered chic and quite debonair,  
In the best of good taste for the young man-about-town,  
And the ageing devil-may-care.

Where pork-belly dinners are considered health food  
And to leave some uneaten would be awfully rude,  
Where a fat man can live till he's forty, or perhaps even older,  
Where kava's on tap night and day  
And nobody grieves when you cark it -  
'He had a jolly good innings,' they happily say.  
Then spend a few days feasting and drinking, to mark it.

So, I'm off to live in those islands, before the ice-cap melts,  
Where a big gut's not regarded as scary,  
And I'll discard my ill-fitting trousers and belts;  
I'll adopt the grass skirt, light and airy,  
And a fat man in a skirt looks really cool,  
They don't call him a poof or a fairy,  
Where large Comic Cuts are respected,  
And over-sized ladies are all known as 'Mary.'

Up there in Western Samoa,  
Where overweight blokes play rugby full-back,  
You won't find a skinny VFL rover,  
And the locals have no time for blokes without guts,  
They'll tell you to put on some weight,  
Eating mutton flaps, tapioca and coco - nuts,  
They'll insist that you take up a diet of good starchy food,  
If you want to be happy and fat,  
Live to forty or more, with a beautiful fifty-inch gut,  
And it doesn't get much better than that.