

## Changing Faces

It started with a straightening  
And whitening of his teeth  
His newly found ability  
To smile, a great belief.  
“But why stop at my gnashers?”  
He asked himself one day.  
“I’ve got the cash to carry on  
And go the whole damn way!”  
So, next it was his tummy  
Tucked and hard as steel  
Stripped of hair, smooth and bare  
From the upper-body peel.  
“But my pecs,” he groaned “now look so small  
They’re hardly visible at all!”  
So, he promptly joined the gym  
Who said they’d make a man of him  
But chests, of course, don’t come cheap  
And he’d need to promise that he would keep  
However hard that it might seem  
To the new, scientifically approved, regime.  
He did, and his chest now split his shirt  
And when he raised his arms, it hurt.  
But onwards and upwards was his cry  
To zap the bags beneath his eyes!  
Three hours under the surgeon’s knife  
Would surely guarantee a wife  
Or girlfriend at the very least  
For who could resist this sexy beast?  
But things, alas, didn’t go to plan  
As not all swoon at an action man:  
Swiping left she said, ‘I’m sorry honey,  
But you really should have saved your money,  
‘Cos for a fool you have been took,  
As we girls prefer...the natural look!