

## **I'm a Natural: Helen Lyne**

I was fairly average looking,  
some flab, but scrubbed up well,  
on my face a touch of makeup,  
in my hair a hint of gel.  
I chose my pants for comfort  
and wore my jumpers loose.  
Abstinence from fish and chips  
I labelled self-abuse.

I was galvanised a month ago,  
too late for any diet.  
Jenny Craig was far too slow  
I therefore didn't buy it.  
A change of shape could be achieved  
with strapping and elastic.  
My breathing was constricted,  
but not what I'd call drastic.

My hair dresser did wondrous things:  
my hair's no longer white.  
The beautician gave me Botox  
to make my skin look tight.  
With extra-long acrylic nails  
at meals I might seem rude:  
I can't pick up the cutlery  
to cut and eat my food.

My friends were all astonished  
to see this transformation.  
I didn't tell them that it had  
a Tinder inspiration.  
He asked me out to dinner.  
We made a perfect pair:  
he looked as young as I did  
with his dark and curly hair.

He ordered many things I like  
but most I couldn't eat.  
My breath was getting shallow  
and I couldn't cut my meat.  
I persevered and managed  
to drink my share of wine  
and gasped to him, 'The nearest'  
when he asked, 'Your place or mine?'

In the cold light of the morning  
when I looked across the bed  
I saw a stranger fast asleep  
with nothing on his head.  
A dark wig lay between us  
so I shook the rogue awake

and shouted, 'I'll not spend my life  
with a bald, deceitful fake!'