



## Exercise

by Vivien Wade

When I think about exercise,  
I'm inspired to join a gym class,  
Then after taking a short rest,  
That feeling from me seems to pass.

When looking into the mirror,  
To exercise I should make a start,  
But thinking about it at my age,  
It could be bad for my heart.

My teenagers need to exercise,  
Run at least a mile each day,  
Then at the end of two weeks,  
They'd be fourteen miles away!

An aerobics class may be fun,  
Moving to music, properly trained,  
But I heard reports of those classes,  
How often an ankle is sprained.

Having seen others at the gym,  
How they puff, grunt and perspire,  
Agony written over their faces,  
Leaves me free from any desire.

I'm happy for others to exercise,  
So long as it doesn't include me,  
I'd rather relax with my feet up,  
While watching sports on TV.