Whale

A whale is stout about the middle,
he is stout about the ends,
and so is his family,
and so are all his friends.

He’s pleased that he’s enormous,
he’s happy he weighs tons,
and so are all his daughters
and so are all his sons.

He eats when he is hungry
each kind of food he wants,
and so do all his uncles
and so do all his aunts.

He doesn’t mind his blubber,
he doesn’t mind his creases,
and neither do his nephews
and neither do his nieces.

You may find him chubby.
You may find him fat.
But he would disagree with you.
He likes himself like that.

By Mary Ann Hoberman