

Jake and his Cake

by Francis Clark-Lowes

Here's the story of one Jake
Who simply loved a piece of cake,
It did not matter of what kind,
He was never uninclined.
If Madeira or with cherry,
He was wont to get quite merry.
Marzipan and on it icing
Was especially enticing.
Chocolate, oh yes, and fruit,
Brought out in him his inner brute.
With Walnut cake, combined with raison,
He had a passionate liaison.

And this most probably is why
Jake's wife would never buy
Any of the genus gateau,
Saying this would make her fatto.
Jake himself just didn't dare
To face her angry or hurt stare
If he brought some titbit home
To guiltily consume alone.
So avoiding thus her frown,
He would slink off into town,
Where you'd often see him drool,
As his craving he'd refuel,
Standing long outside the bakers,
Or in the cafe at the Quakers.
There he'd stuff full-force his face,
As if to win an eating race.
But of course he'd later suffer
For being such a reckless stuffer.

At last his tum became quite bloated,
Seeing which his wife devoted,
Took him off to see the doc
Who pronounced to Jake's deep shock:
'From henceforth you must not eat
Glutinous barley, rye or wheat.
And if this rule you don't obey
You might not make it past next May.'

Jake was naturally bereft,
Without his cake what more was left?
Of course, he thought, there was still sex,
Thereon his thoughts were quite complex.
Perhaps he'd turn to intellect
The wider world he'd now inspect.
So he made a firm decision,
And set a date with due precision,
A day exactly one week hence
When he would bow to common sense.
But, aha!, before that date
He'd take ev'ry liberty with his fate,
He'd cram himself with every goody
And never ask the question 'Should he?'

Which is precisely what he did
Though from his wife it needs was hid.
Thus Jake's cake-life reached its end,
And thereafter he'd attend
To various other nice pursuits,
Which bore eventually many fruits.
Until one sultry summer's day
Jake quite suddenly passed away.

The moral of this story's clear,
When you've got it, drink your beer.
But when you see your glass is empty,
Find some other pleasures promptly.

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