

Wednesday is a wolverine who's gained a lot of weight  
She's at peace with the poundage that she's put on as of late  
'Cause though she made the effort to recapture her old prime  
Her waist continued inching outwards, wider every time

She had her big epiphany about a year ago  
And now she chows withchutzpah and she gorges with gusto  
She's left the slim and narrow path to walk a bigger way  
And she can feel its consequences every single day

It starts off in the morning, when she's laying in her bed  
She craves a Coke's caffeine to clear the cobwebs in her head  
She heaves herself up out of bed, whose frame emits a creak  
And then she lumbers to the loo so she can take a leak

When she goes through the bathroom door, she has some rotten luck  
Her hefty hips are so wide that she's very briefly stuck  
She spies her scale, wondering how high her weight now goes  
But she can't see the numbers on it, let alone her toes

Then it's time to shower, but she starts to question why  
She bothers, since no matter what, her legs will both stay dry  
Because her belly, hips, and ass already touch the stall  
And pretty soon she'll reach the point where she can't fit at all

She shrugs and figures just this once, her shower she foregoes  
And now it's time to waddle to her closet for some clothes  
Paralysis of fashion choice can haunt the fairer sex  
But Wednesday finds her options shrink as sizes add an 'X'

She settles on her normal fare: a buttoned blouse and slacks  
And reaches for her purse that's filled with sweet and greasy snacks  
And then her shoes (they're slip-ons; she can't reach her feet and tie)  
She grabs her keys, a can of Coke, and off she goes, goodbye

It might seem like a meal was missed as Wednesday drove away  
But she won't skip her breakfast, most important of the day  
Her stomach grumbles as it waits, but soon it won't complain  
For half of Wednesday's morning goes by in a drive-through lane

Some days, she swears she'll have restraint and not go stuff her face  
She'll order just one entree and she'll stop at just one place  
But one entree turns into two, and two turns into three  
And pretty soon she's going on a breakfast spending spree

When she pulls into work, there's no more food that one can find  
The bags have been picked clean, then crumpled up and tossed behind  
Wednesday pats her greedy gut and steps out with a smile

That meal should keep her satisfied for just a little while

She settles in her office chair, a brand new double-wide  
A fact that fills her with a smidgen of perverted pride  
She reaches in her purse to grab a snack and starts to graze  
It's full right now, but she refills it every couple days

When breakfast is digested, she has lunch; it's much the same  
She orders greasy fast food, piling pounds upon her frame  
There's burgers, hot dogs, tacos, subs, and chicken wings galore  
When she's all done, the wrappers cover all of her car's floor

Her coworkers all judge her, they all whisper and they glance  
At her displays of gluttony and her waistline's advance  
She knows about their gossip, but she frankly pays no mind  
If they don't like her, they can kiss her blubbery behind

At last it's five o'clock, and Wednesday gives a joyful shout  
She waddles to her car, gets in, and then she peels out  
She's eager for her evening plans and her excitement showed  
But first a couple fast food stops (a light snack for the road)

She gets to her apartment and she kicks off both her shoes  
She squeezes into sweatpants and she hunts around for booze  
She said that she's "just staying in," a statement rather mild  
But she won't need to go out to go utterly hog wild

For frozen margaritas, in a blender ice she'll crush  
And mix in simple syrup 'til it's sugar-ridden slush  
To cut all the tequila, she adds Sprite to make it sweet  
And then she gets out all the food that she will plan to eat

She's got some chips, some cookies, candy bars, and chocolate fudge  
And gallon tubs of ice cream she'll let turn to creamy sludge  
There's extra large meat lovers' pizza, her favorite foodstuff  
And any pizza's personal if you're just brave enough

She flops onto her creaking couch and turns the TV on  
And settles in for hours of a movie marathon  
Binging while binge-watching's her agenda for the night  
And she's dead set on chowing down on everything in sight

She gorges on some Cracker Jack to fit *Field of Dreams*  
She laughs so hard at *Spaceballs* that she bursts a couple seams  
She copes with tears while watching *Up* by chugging ice cream down  
And wishes she got egg rolls as she starts up *Chinatown*

God knows how many hours later, Wednesday's hit her goal

She eats the final pizza crust just as the credits roll  
She checks her phone and notices how close it is to dawn  
So she gets up and shuffles to her bedroom with a yawn

She strips down to her underwear and climbs beneath the sheets  
And falls asleep to labored breaths and overworked heartbeats  
She feels slightly nervous at the pounding in her chest  
But that's because she ate so much, it's taxing to digest

She ponders as she drifts off whether it was a mistake  
To let herself get massive with no limits on intake  
But then she thought of exercise and diets she'd despise  
And loathing the alternative, she shuts her weary eyes

Wednesday isn't sure if she'll sustain how fast she grows  
Until she meets an awful end or simply just plateaus  
But she can say for certain that until she hits that date  
That she's still living, fat and very happy with her weight.