**To eat or not to eat [his work is considered exceptional by our editorial staff.](http://www.teenink.com/Other-Teen-Ink-Goodies/Badge-Legend)**

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To eat or not to eat—that is the question:  
Whether ‘tis easier to indulge in temptations  
And face the risk of bloatation,  
Or to ignore the growls from within,  
And, by avoiding, prolong them.  
  
To not eat, to go hungry—  
No more—and by eating to say I face   
The heartburn and the thousand moans of the john  
That each morning faces—  
‘Tis a situation   
I do not yearn to face.  
  
  
To starve, to eat—  
To eat perhaps too much. Ay, there’s the conflict,  
For in overeating what emptiness of cupboard may come,  
When we are surrendering to the angry whims beneath  
Must make us halt and consider.  
That’s the idea  
That makes catastrophe of such pleasing indulgences.  
  
For who would bear the pains and scorns of hunger,  
The unbearable cravings of day,  
The regret o’er skipping spreads,   
The envy of whiffs neighboring,  
The restaurant’s early bird special,  
The overly vivid image of divine goods,  
And the drooling mouths   
That deprived persons send in my too-satiated direction,  
When they themselves may dine in  
Only a minute period free from tribulations?  
  
Who would dismiss the stomach’s rumbles,  
To moan and groan under a desperate appetite,  
But that the dread that pregnancy may be misconstrued,  
The superfluous calories incurred which  
The mirrors observe in disgust  
While we recline in an uncomfortably slaked daze  
Wishing we had properly paced and rationed  
Instead of succumbing to cuisines only to disappear as hastily as they came?  
  
Thus the peril of having to suck in does make dieters of us all,  
And thus the divinity of satisfaction  
Is diminished o’er with the insipid cast of health,  
And angelic envisions of bikinis and six-packs  
With this regard their appetites are terminated  
And lose the scrumptious last crumbs in favor of the toned anatomy.

**The Boozer's Soliloquy**

To pee, or not to pee -that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The stings and sparkles of outrageous urine  
Or to hurry up towards the neatest flowerbeds  
And by unloading burn them. To urinate, (i.e.)to pee,  
No more; and by a pee to say we end  
The bladderache and the thousand natural shocks  
That alcohol is responsible for. 'Tis a bodily function  
Devoutly to be wished. To urinate, to pee.  
To pee -perchance to be seen. Ay, there's the rub!  
For in that that piss of death what neighbours may come  
Must give us haste.  
There's the respect  
That makes street-shots of so short life.  
For who would bear the screams and shouts of wives.  
The husband's wrong, the proud man's despise,  
The pangs of incensed dogs, the dustman's delay,  
When he himself might his piss make  
In barely a moment??  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is gilded over with the bright cast of thought,  
And boozers of great piss and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry  
And leave the place of action.

**TV or not TV**

TV, or not TV -- that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer   
Vain Vanna's vowels on the "Wheel of Fortune"  
Or to raise arm against a sea of silly  
And by remote click, end it. To click, turn off --  
No more -- and by "turn off" to say we end  
The heartburn, and the thousand stupid schlocks  
TV has aired, too. 'Tis a termination   
Directed to my dish. Turn off, could sleep --  
Could sleep -- or eat ice cream; ay, entire tub;  
Though TV air "Macbeth", commercials come;  
But we can shut it off; ad portal, foil;  
Or "mute", or "pause". There's disconnect  
That helps us tolerate such inane ads.  
For who would bear the tips on stains from Tide,  
Soap sponsor's song, the limp man's Viagra,  
The Tang of ersatz juice, the time delay  
Re: incident of Jackson, and the urns  
That Janet offers, bared by Timberlake,  
When he himself might peace and quiet make  
With a mere "off" click? Who would farters bear,  
Who grunt and sweat in ads for laxative,  
But that the dread of something in "real life",  
The pesky world that's "out there": - in faked shows,  
Reality returns; scares us to still,  
And makes us rather bear such shows we have  
Than fly to real life that we know not of?  
Thus laziness makes cowards of us all,  
And thus the thousand lines of resolution  
Are sicker more with weak crew, cast, and plot;  
And enterprisers' putrid pitch and sales spiel  
With this regard, on sofa make us stay  
And sit in numb inaction.

