

# Ode to MW Yoga

Our city serves a million souls,  
[A little more - for the purists].  
And at its heart the downtown beats,  
Its arteries the city streets,  
As business flows, and cars compete,  
With shoppers and with tourists.

But Auckland's under stress it seems,  
[Arteriosclerosis?]  
Well so are we who work within,  
The workload's fat, the jobs are thin,  
The traffic's jammed; "I need a gin -  
to ward off my neurosis!"

Yet there's another, better way,  
For inner city dwellers.  
It's anti-stressful, anti-weight,  
Pro-awareness, anti-hate.  
You fitness freaks - just make a date,  
[For ladies and for fellas].

It's called "The Art of Feeling Good" -  
Athletic Hatha Yoga.  
Don't think of folks with shaven head,  
Or yellow robes, or well nailed bed;  
It's meant for you and me instead -  
In gym-gear, not a toga.

It matters not your present shape;  
We all could use improvement.  
For "fitties" we can raise the pace,  
For all-good health, control and grace,  
So open your mind, find your inner space,  
**And join the Yoga movement.**

Mande W