

To gain control of twelve of them, each fur ball full of pep,
We held a family meeting and took a major step.
Ribbons of all colors were found and cut to size.
We only found eleven, we came to realize.
Then twelve poodle puppies were sat into a row,
A ribbon placed around each neck and tied into a bow.



Now that they were gathered, sitting calmly in a line,
We had a happy feeling knowing things would work out fine!
The babies sat there quietly as mommy poo explained,
They seemed to like their ribbons, as not one pup complained.
“When your special color’s called, you’ll quickly learn to come,
Easy for the most of you, a little hard for some.
Practice will make perfect, as you’ll begin to see,
‘Cuz poodles are so very smart, as smart as we could be.”



As mommy poo attentively continued to explain...
“One thing more that this will do is keep our humans sane!
You’ll see this is a great way, the best way now of showing,
Just who you are and where you are as you continue growing.”
Like furry little presents with bows worn as a tag,
It seemed they liked their colors, as their tails began to wag.



“Now this won’t be your final name, but for now this will be it.
Later you’ll be named again with a better, perfect fit.”
With that in mind they trotted off to play a little more,
Like a poodle rainbow, running on the floor.

Bows of all the colors made the poodles look so cute,
A final finish touch placed on their poodle suit.
There they go, the yellow, red, and next the orange and blue,
Filing out the doorway, walking swiftly two by two.



Followed by the purple, the gold, the pink and white,
Leaving tied in little bows; they're such a dog-gone sight.
A bit behind, the last to leave, were silver, black and green,
While tugging on each others' bows, it's such a funny scene.