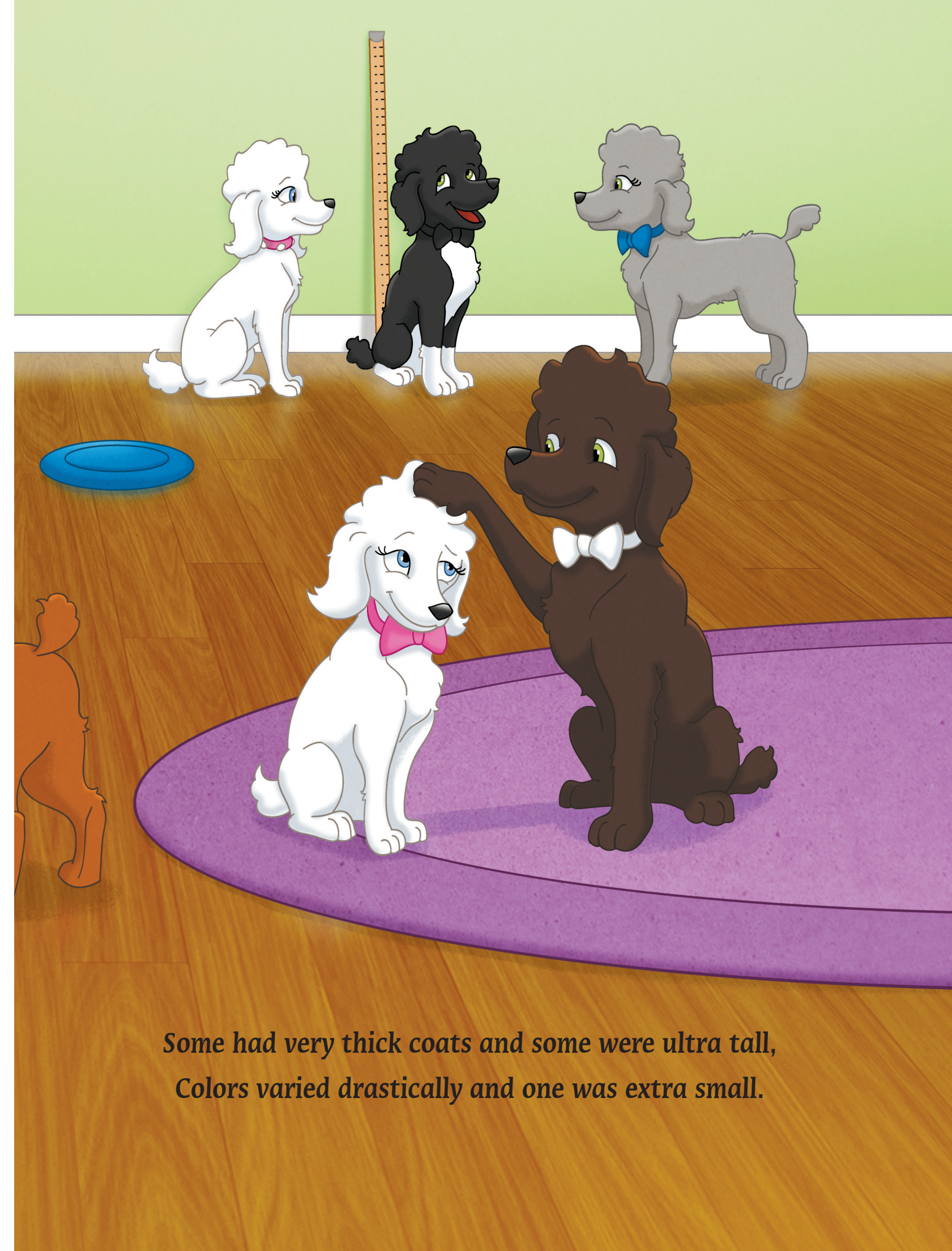


Now it's been six weeks since that day of April five,
The birthday of our twelve poo pups, the day they all arrived.
Their colored bows which now were snug and showing signs of wear,
Were replaced with larger bows that fit and wouldn't tear.



As children do, poodles too grow up with different traits.
The perfect choice of homes would insure their happy fates.
Just like you are so not like your sister or your brother,
Every single puppy here was different from the other.



Some had very thick coats and some were ultra tall,
Colors varied drastically and one was extra small.



Most of them accepting of anything that's new,
Searching out adventure or something new to chew!
The pink-bowed girl was a little meek, unusual for a poodle.
If startled by a noise, then quickly she'd skadoodle.





Most were very active, a few though not as much,
 All were loving cuddlers, fun to teach and walk and such.
 Some spent countless hours just playing ball outside.
 And some liked being on the go, always waiting for that ride.



Another seemed to feel content just lying in your lap,
 To calm your soul and make you smile and perhaps enjoy a nap.