

*The twelve poodle puppies, eleven in their bows,
Were all waiting patiently for a chance to do their shows.
The next poo to perform, was the girl who had grown meek.
From behind her curtain, as she shook, she snuck a peek.*



*She, the little pink-bowed girl, dressed in a leotard,
Had chosen for her act a dance for which she'd studied hard.*

*She wore a double set of matching pink tutus,
And, of course, upon her feet a pair of pink toe shoes.*



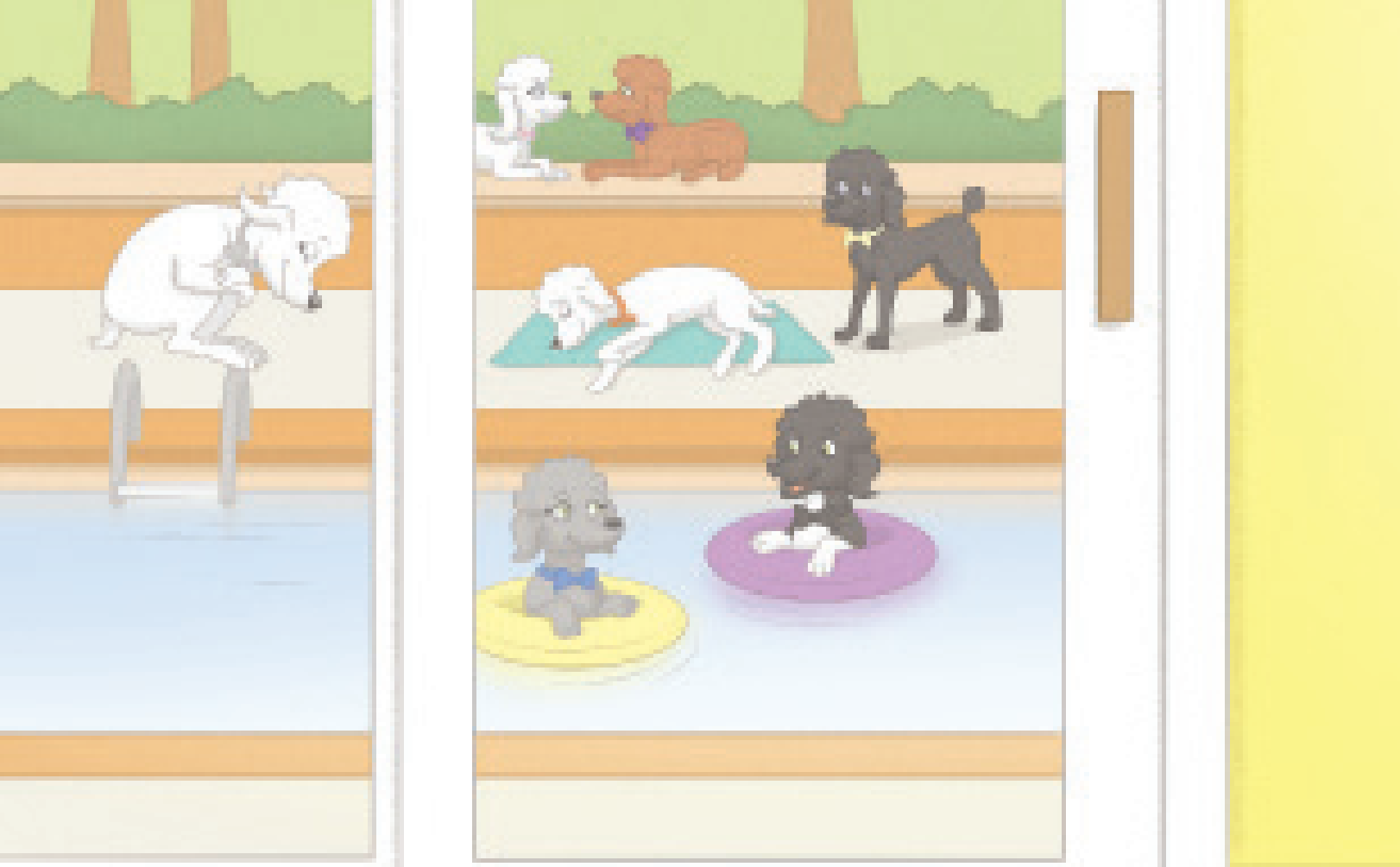
*She was a ballerina poo, the rarest poo to be.
And really think about it, how many do you see?
Should you get to see one, you just may want to be one,
As a well-trained ballerina makes this artful dance look fun!*



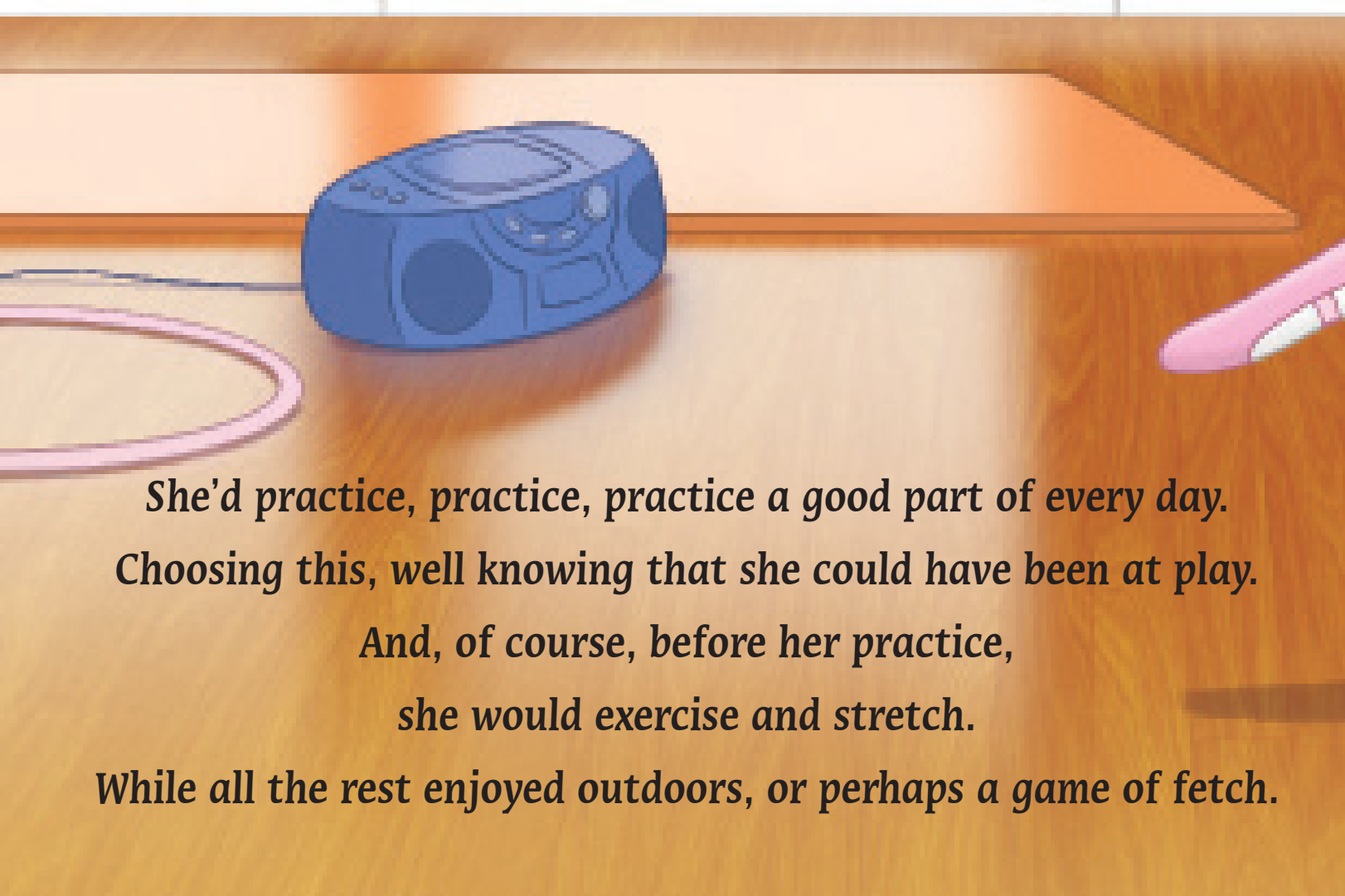
*A prima ballerina is first a strong athlete,
Who must maintain a diet that's both healthy and complete.
Absolutely no junk food for this little pink-bowed poo.
When the others enjoyed cookies, she had veggies and tofu.*



*She didn't mind and realized, what we eat is who we are.
She accepted it as what she'd do to be a ballet star.*



Although this poodle girl was young,
her commitment was extreme.
To be a ballerina poo would always be her dream.
Finally, it was her turn for her poo ballet debut.
She could hardly wait to show her friends just what
she'd learned to do.



She'd practice, practice, practice a good part of every day.
Choosing this, well knowing that she could have been at play.
And, of course, before her practice,
she would exercise and stretch.
While all the rest enjoyed outdoors, or perhaps a game of fetch.

