

I woke with such a fright when I heard Santa call...
"Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
I ran to the lawn and in the snowy white drifts,
those nasty reindeer had left "little gifts."

I got an old shovel and started to scoop
neat little piles of reindeer poop!
But to throw them away seemed such a waste,
so I saved them, thinking-you might like a taste!

As I finished my task, which took quite awhile,
Old Santa passed by and he sheepishly smiled.
And I heard him exclaim as he sped off in the sky...
"Well they're not potty trained, but at least they can fly!"

Merry Christmas!

