

Poem : My Puppy Makes Pizza,

by Kenn Nesbitt.

My puppy makes pizza.

He bakes every day

In his chef's hat and apron

he's quite the gourmet.

He'll roll out some dough

and he'll give it a toss.

Then spread on a generous

topping of sauce.

He'll heap it with cheeses

and mountains of meat,

But, still, it's not something

you'd probably eat.

For though he makes pizza

with obvious flair,

it all ends up covered

with slobber and hair.

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