

Twas the Night Before Christmas

A Fur Baby Holiday Poem



By: Traci Frees

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Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the house not a creature was stirring, not even a
bunny, lab, or mouse.



The stockings were hung by the bunny haven with
care, in hopes that Santa Claus soon would be there.



The bunnies were nestled all snug in their beds,
while visions of hay, carrots, and assorted greens
danced in their heads.



And Riley with his bone, and I on his back, had
just settled ourselves for a long winter's nap.



When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.



Away to the window I flew like a flash, tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the crest of the new-fallen snow
gave the luster of mid-day to objects below.



When, what to my wondering eyes should
appear, but all of the bunnies raiding the
refrigera-tor.



With their little bunny feet so quiet and quick, I knew in a moment it couldn't be St. Nick.



More rapid than eagles they ran and they kicked, and as each hopped by me I gave a gentle lick!



They thought they'd continue the raid just the same, but then I protested and called each by name. Now, Toops! Now, Bunny! Now, Cassey and Lillie Belle! Come on ye little bunnies, and put back the kale!



Get back on the porch! Don't hop down the hall! Now dash away! Dash away! Dash away all!



As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane
fly, when they meet with an obstacle, mount
to the sky.



So out of the kitchen the bunnies all flew,
with their mouths full of greens and carrots
too.



And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the floor
the sound of all the bunnies scurrying back out
the door.



As I shook my head, and was turning around,
out of the bedroom one of our humans came
with a bound.



He was dressed all in PJs, from his head to his foot, and his clothes were not tarnished, for where would he get ashes and soot?

He peaked in the kitchen and saw greens from the front to the back, then opened a garbage bag and began filling the sack.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head, soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.



He knew it was bunnies who had made all the mess; so I wagged my tail, for there was nothing to confess.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work and cleaned up the kitchen, then turned with a jerk.



And with a quick pat on my brow he then said, “Goodnight, good dog, I’m going to bed.”

When all was cleaned up and the clatter did cease, the bunnies relaxed, ate, and preened in peace.



They basked in the glory of their little green feast, then settled back in their beds fearing nothing in the least.

I went back to bed and to my Riley gave a whistle, then he laid down too, snuggling in like a thistle.



Then I softly proclaimed with a whisper of delight, "Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

The End

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BunnyNature.org
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