

Ode to Phoebe

'Tis said that color on chromosome is linked.
Was to stay in my room, just as she winked
A tortoiseshell beauty with talents unique.
Her personality and quirks were all quite boutique.

Perched on a shoulder, hours would stay.
Hide and seek with the poodle, the games they did play.
Her name was Phoebe, white patch on her chin,
As a princess, this Tortie 'twas pretty as sin.

Not much of a killer, the mice she would play.
Could hear a fly buzzing three rooms away.
A litter of kittens, half dozen in all.
Moved them daily, just down the hall.

The girl off the college, studied to be a vet.
Phoebe laid on the books, helping knowledge to get.
Along came a man, the husband to be.
Problems adjusting to in a household of three.

Salivating started, a tooth it was thought.
The vet dentist found cancer on the tongue she had got.
Medication for pain, like a trooper to end.
Buried near Pixie, her poodle and lifelong friend.