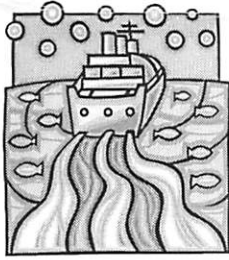HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO KATOOSHHHH

Katooosh has finaly reached year thirty three
Thirty three years of beauty and love we all agree

And unlike an oddysee which at 60k lost its tranmission
Each year katoosh is becoming more beuatiful one makes an admission

This past year, #32, katooosh finaly saw the caribean in a cruise
That is in addition to making chochalate duck and looking for shoes

Katooosh has many people in her life who love her so much
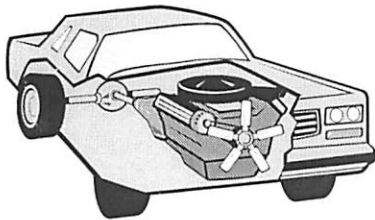Just like St. Marten is half dutch

First there the bug and the bean,
But don't forget to add Sepa and Tooky as that would be mean

But before you go out and run mile
Don't forget another love - her husband code named Kyle

And before you even blink
Don't forget your hubby's shrink

And from the bottom of the ship there is George and Mihai
although they are not allowed - they say hi

And also the folks at Honda Riverhead
Who love Katoosh and her car as much as Seppa loves to Shed

And before you tear out any buttons
Don't forget Katooosh is also loved by the ottons

On the flip side, this year katoosh fell in love with a PVR
she said it is even better than a chocalate bar

And from Iraq there is Muqtada al-Sadr
Who's name Katooosh loves to utter

A few things she did hate - lets not bicker
Katooosh could not stand the Summerfield sticker

The only people who don't love Katoosh are people she put on the do-not-call list
Although subconsciously they still love her they insist

So in summary - although it is hard to say in a poem
Katoosh is contributing to so many people lives like a cell phone to Verizon when you roam

As Katoosh moves on to year number thiry four
Who knows what may lay in store

It could be another kid, a cruise or a Summerfield ID permission
But please don't let it be another transmission

And this next year Kerry will be voted by katoosh
Although, it is sad, because her name does rhyme with bush

So HAPPY BIRTHDAYH TO KATOOOSH I want to scream
From your husband who loves you more than you like whip cream!!!!

I LOVE YOU!