

Poem for Two Voices: Reptile & Amphibian

Reptile

Amphibian

I have scales; my skin is dry.

Mine is moist; at least I try.

I've no warmth unless I find it.

Cool or shade: I never mind it.

Tough skin keeps that warmth within.

Mine lets water out and in.

Scales protect from burning sands.

My skin carries poison glands.

I lay eggs in sandy places.

Mine need water, lots or traces.

Mine are leathery and tough.

Mine are made of squishy stuff.

I hatch and grow, but look the same.

Changing shape's my claim to fame.

I get bigger all the while.

Metamorphosis: my style.

We're snakes and lizards; turtles, too.

*Frogs and toads are in our crew.
(Plus salamanders; newts are, too.)*

We're both so fine—no fur or feather.

In your nice warmth; in my cool weather.