

Green and speckled legs,
Hop on logs and lily pads,
Splash in cool water.

In a pouch I grow,
On a southern continent,
Strange creatures I know.

A breeze is blowing,
Crickets chirp and birds twitter,
My heart leaps with the sun!

Bellow the water,
Waits gold, silver, brass, and
more,
For someone to come!

Late showers falling.
Tiny blossoms open and
greet the new warm sun.