

## **Go, Salamander, Go!**

Written by Foster Brown © 2016

**Go, go, Sally! Go, salamander, go!**  
**Go, go, Sally! Go, salamander, go!**  
**Go as fast as your little ol' legs will go.**

Instincts drive them to a vernal pond  
To climb out of the ground to pass their gene pool on.  
Above forty degrees, on a rainy night  
In late winter or early spring they make their ancient plight.

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Male Jefferson and Small-Mouth are the first to go.  
Then Spotted will follow, even through the cold, cold snow.  
Arrive at the woodland pool, set up their courtship space,  
Then deposit spermatophores in this cold pond place.

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Females arrive; the males begin to dance,  
Attracting a mate, hoping for some salamander romance.  
She will choose her mate, pick up his deposit;  
Fertilize her eggs and lay a mass of salamander profit.

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*On this migration path, oh, be so very careful.  
There's danger near the woodland pond where you're trying to go.  
There are birds and mammals who'll eat you for an evening meal.  
Even people who'll collect you for a business deal. I say NO!*

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