

Perseverance

The Arms Race

Brave and adept in its field, a dangerous weapon it yields.
'Tis no arrow nor dart, but a deadly poison behind vibrant art.

A rare case where predators fear prey,
fleeing upon seeing its violet display.
Color means danger, brightness means pain;
one small bite can bring endless decay.

It's treacherously savage and wild around here,
"I must prevail and persevere."
To evolve is the art of reconstruction,
"I'll recolor my skin and develop a toxin."

Now the hungry stop in their tracks, finding another victim to attack.
Sticks and stones may break my bones, but I will certainly fight back.