**Dome Home**

By Stephen R. Swinburne

I’m a hermit crab who needs a home.

I’ve got to find the perfect dome.

I’m looking for a carapace,

A nice, new shell with lots of space.

Scuttle to the left, scuttle to the right.

In my new shell, I’ll scuttle all night.

A bigger shell would suit me more.

I’ll search across this tide-pool floor.

Let’s go crab-walk into town.

I’ll keep my eyestalks looking down.

Scuttle to the left, scuttle to the right.

In my new shell, I’ll scuttle all night.

Here’s a shell a crab could love.

Hey, it fits me like a glove.

I wave my claws in celebration.

Look at me—a chic crustacean!

Scuttle to the left, scuttle to the right.

In my new shell, I’ll scuttle all night.