The prairie fairy is real, you know,
I’m a man of faith, and I know it’s so,
So come and walk down the trail with me,
And I’ll try to explain prairie reverie.

The fairy and I went to the prairie,
And climbed down a flower the color of cherry,
And the fairy told me that this was a door
To a world of mystery and fanciful lore.

And then she took me to the roots deep down
To see the carbon being placed in the ground,
And I met the microbes and other living things,
Thriving on what the plants were manufacturing.

An earthworm I met said he doesn’t work for a living,
But simply lives off of what the plant is giving,
“The carbon comes down and into my snout
And then into the soil as I move about.”

In the spring the fairy gave me a ring,
Saying the time has come for me to bring,
Buyers of carbon stored by prairie roots,
She gave me a wink – we’re in cahoots.

And once the money began to flow,
The fair fairy reflected a golden glow,
Money for prairies bodes well for her,
And just like a cat, I can hear her purr.

The fairy and I need help with this vision,
To pull humans forward on this critical decision,
Carbon neutral requires creating a market,
A billion tons of carbon stored is our target.

The time is upon us to become carbon neutral,
We’ll heal the Earth, and make ourselves useful,
But we all must pay the farmer and rancher
To plant more prairies – now that’s the answer.
So welcome to Earth church
Let the prairie be your pew
Become one with the fairy
And help remove carbon too.