

Poetry by Jim Blackburn
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Virus Vigil



The Prairie Fairy

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 prairie fairy is of the Goddess Nut,
She always appears in her birthday suit,
She's not erotic, it's just how she is,
All about prairies, all about biz.

She moves about on the wings of a moth,
And she covers the land with her prairie broth,
Which rains down from the sky above,
She handpicks the seeds and sends them with love.

She personally looks after all of the seeds,
Seeking the right mixture of what some call weeds,
But she nurtures the plants to diverse ends,
To provide the variety upon which nature depends.

And when spring has sprung, she gives me a ring,
And tells me it's time for me to bring
The buyers of the carbon stored by prairie roots,
She gives me a wink - we are in cahoots.

And once the money begins to flow,
The fair fairy will reflect a golden glow,
Money for prairies means less work for her,
And just like a cat, I can hear her purr.

The fairy and I need help with this vision,
Of humanity making the critical decision
To become carbon neutral and pay dues to the prairie,
So join this journey with me and the fairy.

Love flows into me from the prairie estate,
I can feel the warmth - I can hardly wait,
The time is upon us to become carbon neutral,
We will heal the Earth, and make ourselves useful.

So welcome to Earth church
Pull yourself up a pew
Pray that the prairie fairy
Regenerates the air for you.