



THE LANGUAGE OF LIFE | FRANCIS S. COLLINS

HARPER

The Magic Prairie

One night the prairie fairy came to me
Saying "Come fly with me, I'll set you free,"
And as I had nothing else to do,
I took off with her with a big "wahoo".

We flew into the image by Isabelle,
A prairie rendering that is really swell,
And the fairy told me that this was a door
To a world of mystery and fanciful lore.

On arrival we met a huge bumblebee
Who flew up and carefully scrutinized me,
And then he was off with a mighty buzz,
And the fairy assured me that's just how he was.

And then I met a CO₂ molecule,
That said the fairies were conducting a school
For the idiot humans that could not find the way
To change their habits to nature's dismay.

And then she took me down below ground
Where we met an earthworm just hanging around,
Gobbling up microbes and other good things
That the roots of the plants were manufacturing.

"This plant just keeps on giving and giving,
As an earthworm, I don't really work for a living,
The carbon comes in and down and then out,
Right to my nose and down my snout".

Back at the surface we talked to the paintbrush,

Who was putting on make-up – rouge and blush,
She looked up at me with some flirt in her eye,
And said “You look like my kind of guy”.

And then I woke from my prairie dream,
And had to admit that was quite extreme,
But I’ll never consider the prairie boring again,
As I walked ‘round the house with one big grin.

So welcome to Earth Church
Pull yourself up a pew
Pray the prairie fairy
Will arrange a trip for you.