

These are the insects so fragile and shy
That buzzing and whirring bring pollen by
To all the plants that shoot for the sky,
Up from the roots that plunge so deep,
Down past the burrows where prairie pups sleep,
Alongside the critters that worm and squirm
Alive in the dirt so dark and thick
Under the prairie that nature built.
Some of the butterflies whir from so far,
They've traveled from Mexico — without a car!

