

***A Sonnet for the Goddess of Growing Plants
By Ben Scotch***

Wise Ceres stands atop the Golden Dome,
Surveying all that prospers in our fields
And flows in milking parlors. Hearty yields
From Nature's bounteous Earth reach every home.

Nor does Saturn's daughter need a lab
To better evolution's happy seeds
No artifice will satisfy our needs
For what is pedigreed and pure, our plate's not drab.

We all love progress, let our genius shine
In stanching global warming, quelling war.
But what is perfect science should ignore
What is, should be: Our table is divine.

So let us hail our Ceres – do it pronto.
She'll not retreat in favor of St. Monto!

