A Fable of Free Oxygen

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Through the winter
Short piers have been
Stones of little split-
Their passage.

Now wide-eyed-confused

As the hot summer sun
Winds
Their en masse grave

And their once
Be.

Looking

A gull

Hydrogen oxide, carbon dioxide, nitrogen
You can't make us breathe that stuff
Said the animals
And they refused to exist
So after a few billion years
(One point nine or so)
The plants said
We shall exist to make you oxygen
So you may breathe
And they did
But the gluttonous iron
Attempting to rust
Stole it as fast as it was made
We still can't breathe that stuff
Cried the animals
But the plants replied
Patience brother creatures
Soon the iron shall be full
And then you can breathe
And the iron became filled
Its appetite slowly satisfied
And the plants called out
Come brother creatures
We have made you oxygen to breathe
We have made you ourselves to eat
Come into being
And so they came
One by one
From the depths
In an explosion of life
Thank you
Brother creatures
Sang the animals
Thank you for our lives