

CELLS

I think no tongue or pen can tell
The riddles latent in a cell,
Whose gems precisely intertwine
To boast such intricate design.
Protected by a membrane thin,
To keep its treasures safe within,
This city filled with factories
Produces life's complexities.
While superstitious books advance
That DNA evolved by chance,
Each ribosome and organelle
Declares a Mind behind the cell.

— *David L. Hatton, 3/4/2016*