

Ode to ATP

Some scientists love chemistry.
Some doctors research prostates.
But I have eyes for none but thee—
Adenosine Triphosphate.

Thou livest in my every breath,
for Respiration makes thee.
And so thou shalt until my death,
unless my cells forsake me.

Thou art fairer than thy cousin,
whom I know as Adenine;
Indeed, thou art a dozen
times more dear than any gene.

Nor am I the least bit fond
of ADP, thy daughter;
My heart breaks like a phosphate bond
When thou art split with water.

O, why so cruel, Hydrolysis!?
Such breakage is abuse!
Does no phosphate bank exist
for endergonic use?

But ATP, thou art reborn.
Each day dost thou prevail!
Praised be the Catabolic Lord,
who mends thy threefold tail!

And so, in every living thing,
thou dost thy given duty.
But even while metabolizing,
I'll not forget thy beauty.