The treasure inside you

What if I told you that the most beautiful treasure, Whose value is so high the no one can measure, Is not in a chest, is not made of gold,

But it is inside you, whether you’re young or old? This beautiful jewel is made of two strands

They twist and they twirl in a helical dance To create a shape both charming and strong And sizable too: it’s two meters long!

“Why don’t we see it if it is so big?” That is a good question: there is a trick! To fit inside us it bends and it swirls,

It wraps around very valuable pearls. But that is not all, it folds up even more,

It becomes so compact you don’t see it anymore. It gets so small that, inside our bodies,

It’s present in -not one- but billions of copies!

You’ll say “Where it comes from? It’s a gift, I assume?” In a way, you are right, it’s a family heirloom.

“But why it’s so precious?” I imagine you’ll ask. The answer is simple, and lies in its task!

From the top of your head to the tip of your toes,

Your height, if you have freckles and the shape of your nose, Your skin tone, your hair, it’s all written there,

This minuscule book that makes us what we are.

“Is my book very different from yours or my friends’? We are all so diverse, it would make sense!” Humans are different, for sure that is true,

But the part of the book that makes me “me” and you “you”, Is only one page out of one thousand others:

It means that, indeed, we’re all sisters and brothers. We called it a jewel, a treasure, a book,

A very small item that gives us our looks.

What are we talking about, at the end of the day? You know it from science class: it’s called DNA!