**Tragic Error**

*The earth is the Lord's,* we gabbled,

*and the fullness thereof*

while we looted and pillaged, claiming indemnity:

while we preened ourselves, sure of our power,

willful or ignorant, through the centuries.

Miswritten, misread, that charge:

Surely we were to have been

earth's mind, mirror, reflective source.

Surely our task

was to have been

to love the earth,

to *dress it and keep it* like Eden's garden.

*That* would have been our *dominion*:

to be those cells of earth's body that could

perceive and imagine, could bring the planet

into the haven it is to be known,

(as the eye blesses the hand, perceiving

its form and the work it can do).

*Denise Levertov, The Evening Train*