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So What's Wrong?

Here it is, a green world, and all of these millions living in the dust. It's like a dog with a chain that's just as long as this worn path around the post. How the dog loves the hand that brings it water; the voice up there almost out of reach, that says, "Here is your food. Nice dog." While it eats, like a dream, the voice goes away, and there is the path around the post. Joyful dog, something, somewhere is so wonderful. And at night the dog lies down and its muscles remember the ferns, the hot smell of the field sloping down hill; the clouds breaking and that light, like mist, like smoke; the strange reflected light of a dead moon.