

I spent some time with Emily,
Her love for Nature, the gentleness displayed,
The simple "reverie" between the "clover and the bee",
Thanking God for this touch of heaven here on earth.

How sad to think, should she return to the
World as it is now,
That no longer could she describe Nature's beauty
Nor revel in God's art.

Should she return we would surely suffer
From the power of her pen.
How could we not have appreciation for the magnificence of Nature?
Nor learned that attempted domination would have irrevocable consequence.

I attempt an apology, Emily, for all of mankind.
We see with no vision, we act without care.
Destroy without rebuilding and toss respect aside.
We exist only for ourselves, in our goal to be "someone."

The reverie has been lost, the clover's now tainted and the bee can be cloned.
Your words are now haunting, as our destiny has been defined,
To "tell our name, the livelong day,
To an admiring bog."