

Ruth Stone

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.