

Martin Robertson

The Reckoning

We are part of nature. At least, we issue from nature—yet wreck the balance of things, the breath, the pulse, the natural interlocking of death and life, with our unnatural “I am”.

The extraordinary process of becoming man forces us out of nature, to upset, fight, break nature, defy her, defeat her. Yet only we, seeing her from the outside, can love her. Natural things in nature are blind to her beauty, dumb to sing of her.

We, though wrecked nature ruin us in the fall we forced, have had our vision. While we live we know we live, know nature. I believe our game was worth her candle after all.