on the bare ground, — my head bathed by the
and uplifted into infinite space, — all mean
vanishes. I become a transparent eye-ball; I am
I see all; the currents of the Universal Being
through me; I am part or particle of God. The
the nearest friend sounds then foreign and
I: to be brothers, to be acquaintances, — master
it, is then a trifle and a disturbance. I am the lover
stained and immortal beauty. In the wilderness, I
ething more dear and connine than in streets or
In the tranquil landscape, and especially in the
ne of the horizon, man beholds somewhat as
as his own nature.

Waldo Emerson, Nature
Does it matter what we think about nature? Does the environment need us?