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Are our tools better than we are?

Nothing is more beautiful than Northern New Mexico. So many beautiful shades of blue. There are huge mountains that seem to reach up and touch the sky. The pines seem older than the world as their reflection glimmers off the lakes that are smoother than glass. The bright green grass stretches out for miles at the bottom of the mountains. At dusk the sky seems to disappear one color at a time. You can see the most unique shades of pink and orange that stick out like bright fireworks against the midnight sky.

When I was younger on the drive up there you could see land going on and on, and lush forests stretching out for miles and miles until they reached the mountains.. You seemed like an ant compared to the huge mountains. I loved nothing more than seeing the herds of elk gather at dusk and dawn at the base of the mountains. There were dozens of them, their beautiful chocolate color stuck out against the sapphire looking mountains and fiery sky. It showcased nature's power and beauty. The mountains so high up and the rivers so down low were like a metaphor for life, there will always be highs and lows.

As the years passed by, the land seemed less and less. Where the beautiful herds of elk once rested there were now buildings and settlements going up. The pines taller than church steeples were now chopped up, lying on the ground, and being hauled off. Jackhammers and construction tools lay on the ground and workers laughed and talked as if they didn't care that soon there would be nothing left of the beautiful lush forests. Or no place for the herds of elk to feed and rest.

Tools are hurting nature. While they may be beneficial to us, they are killing the land. Year by year more buildings and apartments are going up and there is little to no land left healthy and unharmed. The balance of tools and nature is uneven, we should be living in harmony with the land but we are taking advantage of it and harming it. "Harmony with land is like harmony with a friend; you cannot cherish his right hand and chop off his left." - Aldo Leopold