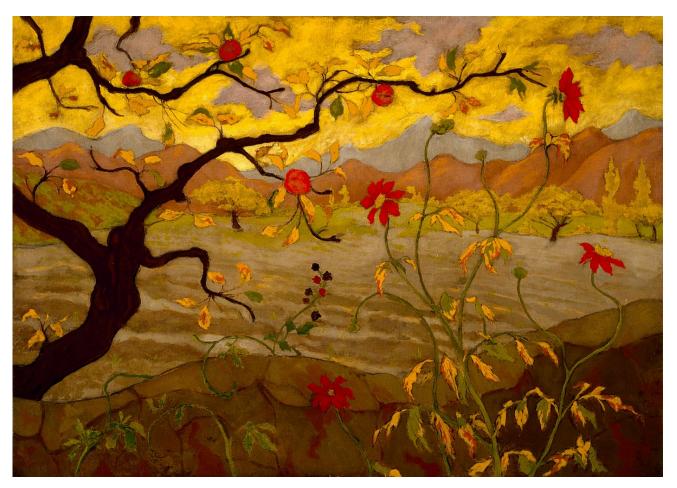
Yet the Fruit

by Michael Shindler (October 2019)



Apple Tree with Red Fruit, Paul-Élie Ranson, 1902

Yet the Fruit

Yet the fruit of a fallen tree Still tastes now as ever the same, Though it grew far across the sea In a garden guarded by flame. Whence came the fruit, what was its name, Which forced man and woman to flee, With want of fear and weight of shame, That home hidden from you and me?

Worse than the thief who steals a key To unlock every worldly aim Is he who steals a mystery That was never yet his to claim.

Yet the fruit of a fallen tree Still tastes now as ever the same, Though it grew far across the sea In a garden guarded by flame.

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Michael Shindler is a writer living in Washington, DC. His work has appeared in publications including *The American Conservative*, *The American Spectator*, *National Review Online*, *New English Review*, *University Bookman*, and *Providence*. Follow him on Twitter