

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.

«[Previous Article](#) [Table of Contents](#) [Next Article](#)»

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