

# 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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