

APPLES OF GOLD (Version 1)

Pluck now the blossoms you would give to me;
Wait not until I sleep – the mystery
Of death upon my brow – then my dead hands
Crowd with pale blooms mine eyes could never see.

Speak now, if I deserve the word of praise;
Let me not hunger for it through the days
Of future toil. If in your heart there glows
For me one spark, let it illumine my ways.

By Beth Slater Whitson

From: Appleton's Magazine
Vol. 9, No. 2, Pg. 228
February, 1907