

APPLES OF GOLD (Version 2)

Tomorrow may not dawn for me. The play
Of life and death goes on; and, friend, I pray
If you have aught of love and faith to give,
Withhold it not until another day.

Tell me if in your thoughts you hold me dear;
I care not for the rose upon my bier;
Its sweetness would not quicken the still heart
The broke with hopeless longing for it here.

By Beth Slater Whitson

From: _____

AND

From: Singing Wires: A Book of Poems – Page 17
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