

**WILD APPLES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649733804

Wild Apples by Jeanne Robert Foster

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**JEANNE ROBERT FOSTER**

# **WILD APPLES**



# WILD APPLES

BY

JEANNE ROBERT FOSTER

[Julie Olivier]



BOSTON

SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY

1916



COPYRIGHT, 1916  
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY

TO  
J. B. YEATS, R.H.A.





### WHEN I AM DEAD

*When I am dead,—*

*Do I wish for beauty remembered for aye as a sun-  
bright gem*

*To coronal me through all the years with a deathless  
diadem?*

*Do I wish my name to be as a Master-Word,*

*Whispered wherever the awe and terror of power is  
stirred.*

*No, none of this,—*

*Neither beauty nor power,— for the groping hands  
of men*

*Will scatter my dust from its quiet place, and re-  
create me again.*

*No, only this,—*

*The sound of my singing voice, far-falling on alien  
seas,*

*Telling the strange, wild ways of the heart,— of life's  
full cup, and the lees,—*

*Heard at high noon*

*As a note that compassed the gamut of earth and sky,  
That ran with the sweeping storm in the vault where  
the thunders die,—*

*Heard through the dawn,—  
In the throat of the brown peewits and sparrows that  
build in the eaves,  
In the hedge flower's bursting bud, and the trembling  
sound of the leaves.  
Heard in the wind,—  
With that unutterable sound of passionate breath,  
The gasp of a quickened life when love goes down  
unto death.*

## CONTENTS

### I THE GREAT SEA FIGHT AND OCCASIONAL POEMS

	PAGE
THE GREAT SEA FIGHT . . . . .	1
THE WILLIAM P. FRYE . . . . .	3
ROBERT LANIER . . . . .	6
W. B. YEATS — READING . . . . .	7
THE RESURRECTION . . . . .	9
THE FLIGHT . . . . .	12
MOTH FLOWERS . . . . .	15
WHO AM I! . . . . .	16
THE WOOD . . . . .	18
THE SEAS OF GOD . . . . .	19

### II SONNETS

THE SOUL'S DESIRE . . . . .	25
COME THOU WITH ME . . . . .	26
THE ASCENT . . . . .	27
THE END AND THE BEGINNING . . . . .	28
IRREVOCABLE . . . . .	29
THE END . . . . .	30
THE SECOND WIFE SPEAKS . . . . .	31
HEARTACHE . . . . .	32
HOPE LIES IN THIS . . . . .	33
THE ANSWER . . . . .	34
MY NEED . . . . .	35
MYSTERIES . . . . .	36
THE HIGHEST LOVE . . . . .	37
TO "NESITA, SWEET SINGER IN THE TEMPLE OF AMMON" . . . . .	38