

WILD APPLES

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Wild Apples by Jeanne Robert Foster (Julie Ollivier)

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JEANNE ROBERT FOSTER (JULIE OLLIVIER)

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BY
JEANNE ROBERT FOSTER
[Julie Ollivier]



BOSTON
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1916



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

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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.*

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