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The Spice Apple

Margaret Page Hood

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In Memoriam
R. W. AND M. McC.

By ALLISON ROSS

And if they died while there are those to mourn
They have but clung to laughter and delight.
Their promise is undimmed by age's blight;
They have escaped despair and hate and scorn.

Having fulfilled what tasks the gods require
And been relinquished from tomorrow's strife,
They are returned now to the source of life—
Unconquerable, whose aim was Ever Higher.

The Spice Apple

By MARGARET PAGE HOOD

Life gave her three apples—
One was too green and she tossed it away
Over the moon in her childish play;
One was too perfect, she held it so dear
She dared not enjoy it because of her fear;
But the third was wizened and wrinkled and old,
Such fruit as the autumn wind, ruthless and cold,
Searching the highest bough, might have found
And idly defiant flung to the ground.
This one she set on the fireplace shelf
And stuck richly full of the spice of herself;
The perfume of memories scented the air
And she dreamed that her youth and her love were
still there.