



## DETAIL

The ruined stone house  
has an old apple tree  
left there by the farmer  
whatever else he took with him  
It bears fruit every year  
gone wild and wormy  
with small bitter apples  
nobody eats  
even children know better  
I passed that way on the road  
to Trenton twice a month  
all winter long  
noticing how the apples clung  
in spite of hurricane winds  
sometimes with caps of snow  
little golden bells  
And perhaps none of the other  
travellers looked that way  
but I make no parable of them  
they were there and that's all  
For some reason I must remember  
and think of the leafless tree  
and its fermented fruit  
one week in late January  
when wind blew down the sun  
and earth shook like a cold room  
no one could live in  
with zero weather  
soundless golden bells  
alone in the storm

*Al Purdy*