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The Fruit

Lucille B. Reigle

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THE FRUIT

Lucille B. Reigle

As I bit into the cool, sweet
Sun-bloomed plum, I murmured:
Ah, it was not an apple
That toward knowledge of
 Good and Evil
Eve was enticed.
It was a plum.
 Forgive me
If I've judged her
The mother of
Tears, rancor, and distress.
I'd chance all that
For a second plum.