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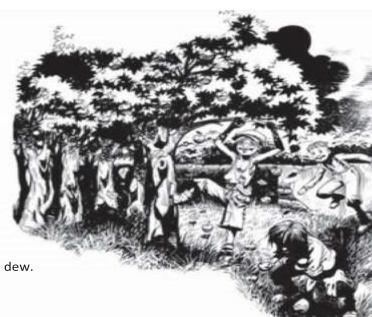
The Apple-Raid

Darkness came early, though not yet cold; Stars were strung on the telegraph wires; Street lamps spilled pools of liquid gold; The breeze was spiced with garden fires.

That smell of burnt leaves, the early dark, Can still excite me but not as it did So long ago when we met in the park – Myself, John Peters and David Kidd.

We moved out of town to the district where The lucky and wealthy had their homes With garages, gardens, and apples to spare Ripely clustered in the trees' green domes.

We chose this place we meant to plunder And climbed the wall and dropped down to The secret dark. Apples crunched under Our feet as we moved through the grass and dew.





The clusters on the lower boughs of the tree Were easy to reach. We stored the fruit In pockets and jerseys until all three Boys were heavy with their tasty loot.

Safe on the other side of the wall We moved back to town and munched as we went. I wonder if David remembers at all That little adventure, the apples' fresh scent.

Strange to think that he's fifty years old, That tough little boy with scabs on his knees; Stranger to think that John Peters lies cold In an orchard in France beneath apple trees.

'The Apple-Raid', Vernon Scannell