

The Apple Tree

Matt Monro

About the rich ripe round red rosy apples they call forbidden fruit

What I'm about to say is confidential

So promise you'll be mute

Because if every creature in the garden knows

They'll come around like hungry buffaloes

And in no time

There'll be none of those precious apples left for you and me

Now in the average apple you're accustomed to skin, seeds, flesh and core

And you'll find that these are special apples that give you something more

Why every seed contains some information you'll need to speed your education

The seeds indeed of all creation are here

Why be foolish my dear

Come with me

To that tree

With every sweet and juicy luscious bite of this not-forbidden fruit

You'll see your mind expand and your perceptions grow and more and more acute

And you can teach him plumbing and philosophy

New techniques for glazing pottery

Woodcraft First-aid Home economy

Madam, Adam will be overjoyed

When he becomes aware of your attainments he'll beam with loving pride

And he will say, "Oh Eve, you're indispensable, please, don't leave my side"

And with your nifty new-found education

He'll relish every conversation

While you'll be Adam's inspiration this way

Just an apple a day

Wait and see

Come with me

To that tree