



Mosaic artwork from 149th Street subway station by José Ortega for MTA Arts for Transit

from  
**Le Monocle  
de Mon Oncle**

**Wallace Stevens (1879–1955)**

From “Le Monocle de Mon Oncle,” section IV, by Wallace Stevens.

From *The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens*.

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This luscious and impeccable fruit of life  
Falls, it appears, of its own weight to earth.

When you were Eve, its acrid juice was sweet,  
Untasted, in its heavenly, orchard air.

An apple serves as well as any skull

To be the book in which to read a round,

And is as excellent, in that it is composed  
Of what, like skulls, comes rotting back to ground.  
But it excels in this, that as the fruit  
Of love, it is a book too mad to read  
Before one merely reads to pass the time.

**SubTalk**

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