

Lindon Cannery, November 12, 1982

Laura Hamblin

These are apples picked by the pure
In heart, end of the harvest apples,
Juice apples — but apples.
And if a worm, or mold or frost
Took three-fourths of an apple
To itself, that still leaves
A quarter of an apple. And the least
Of these will feed the least of us.

What started out with a conveyer bang
Has settled down to a run and rumble.
Hair-hidden handmaids pick
Through pocked and puckered apples.
Apples . . . apples . . . and apples.

Cans drop consistently with a clank
And tinny tick to catch the spray
Of the juice of apples. Sometimes
They miss — I consent to the baptism.
Sprinkled in juice, my faith is made
Whole: One's thirst can never be
Quenched by apples; the acid
From the juice will burn on one's lips.

Through the window I watch a sea gull
And mistake it for a dove. It lights
Upon a pole: A solitary Christ,
Arms spread through November's Lindon,
Asks for water and is given — apples.

Divorce

Laura Hamblin

With the heat at the end of August,
I am glad I sleep alone
And roll over on your side of the bed
Where the sheets are still cool.
I recall a December as I lay
Delicate and shivering,
Awake and naked on my wedding night.

LAURA HAMBLIN received an M.A. in English at Brigham Young University.