

# 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.

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