



2006

Hymn for Two Choirs

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Recommended Citation

Capps, Ashley. "Hymn for Two Choirs." *The Iowa Review* 36.2 (2006): 83-83. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6133>

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Hymn for Two Choirs

Best apple I ever had was three o'clock
in the morning, somewhere outside
San Francisco, beach camping, stars holding
the sky together like sutures. I was thinking
how I was going to get old and ask myself
why did I only live for one thing;
at the same time I didn't know how to change.
I thought I felt like my neighbor's huge dog—
every day stuffed into a small man's green T-shirt
and chained to a stake in a yard of incongruous
white tulips. Here and there a red bird, a train.
Way down the beach other tents glowed orange.
I heard a stranger call my name
and another stranger, laughing, answered.