

## *Nance Van Winckel*

### FIVE YEARS LATER, TALKING ABOUT THE DEAD WOMAN

The grandmother saying the daughter liked her eggs  
gooey, and the boy turning and smiling, not  
remembering this about his mother. Asking  
if she ever heaped on hot sauce the way  
he does. Me watching rain out a window  
and crying, the other two laughing, recalling  
how she could go throw up from one too many  
blue pills, then come back to the table  
and finish a meal. The boy calling, Aunt  
Nance, want cheese on yours? And when I nod,  
he flips both fried eggs in the air at once  
and pronounces *Perfectamente* upon  
the landing, the breakfast, and the whole day  
since finally he'll be wrapping burgers  
for another fifteen cents an hour.