

## *Nance Van Winckel*

### NO ONIONS

The gizzards and chopped hearts swirl.  
I make my husband's favorite soup, but he won't  
come in. I lift the lid so the smells waft

out the open window. I watch his nose  
turn, and turn away. All he sees: grey  
wings of fog pushing the birch back.

Peel and re peel. All's been skinned  
and husked in the half-dark. But what  
he loves most is missing from the brew.

It's my punishment to keep calling.  
It's his to watch the twilight down  
alone. To see the sun lose itself completely

to the mountains' gluttony. The high  
jagged jaws grind; a red drool drips.  
Night lays on its fringe of fire.

The soup needs a bone of tenderness, a white  
around the red marrow. Add the clipped  
talon, the snapped fang. The hurts of our hours

boil down. My calling echoes shrilly back,  
while in the yard a man watches  
the hills' full bellies roll down the dark.