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No Onions

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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.