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No Onions

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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 repeel. 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 snipped 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.