

# Dare Ye Not Say

*Nance Van Winckel*

---

:Your ram is but a baah  
in the meadow.

:Turn comedy's freakish page  
and come out on tragedy.

Light another wick in the mouth  
or bite your tongue.

The hand that once beckoned you  
now waves you away.

Across the jumble of gravestones, try,  
just try to pick the least gruesome path.

## Cause With No Effect

*Nance Van Winckel*

---

Or perhaps it's effect  
with no cause? No  
sorrow. No sun. And time  
blowing through.

*Come see*, my dead sister  
calls from dawn's fog  
which again today  
holds the lake in place.

Her tea steeps in my pot:  
little apocalyptic arc  
with a lion-headed lid.

Lift the mane: what's inside  
steams. *See*. With some  
exceptions, the deep water  
rounds off its denizens'  
rough edges.