

**NANCE VAN WINCKEL**

**Given Unto Ye**

I came upon myself in the dark—  
a match struck, the light flickering on,

and the proffered books set before me  
were red, leather-bound, and smaller  
than demitasse saucers.

But how riveting  
the stories therein. I turned pages  
with my pinkie nail, inquiring  
of the invisible bestower, Mightn't I  
peruse the whole set first? So hard  
to choose just one.

It was a poor light,  
but it was mine for the night  
and a night had been all  
I'd been granted.