

Testimony

by [Luci Shaw](#) in the [January 3, 2018](#) issue

Though my hearing is never
acute enough to detect
the soft script of the fly's footfalls
as it dances on the window,
and cleans its wings with its
hind legs, the glass knows. The air
records it in a single instant,
irreversible.

Like my mother's voice when she
spoke harshly. The whisper of
small roughage, and only crumbs
left on the table between us.