

## 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.