

Witness

by Andrew Stancek

I'll only take the violin.

When I was eleven, father got me an audition with the Maestro. After a few bars he frowned, hobbled to the door. The violin hung on the wall after that, a witness.

The ornamental mahogany furniture and Persian rugs were sold piece by piece to slake father's thirst. When I found him, his bulging eyes stared at the violin.

I unhook it, wrap it in an old coat, carry it out, hugged close.

