

# The Witness (Etsure's Challenge)

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A small girl witnesses the murder of her mother.



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Mommy whispered, â Go! Hurry hide!â  
It was close to evening tide  
and the sea gulls were all gone.  
The sun had turned the water red  
as down the porch I ran and fled  
in the season the sea bass spawn.

I watched him as he staggered by  
him with a limp and one good eye  
and my lips curled up to scream.  
But Mommy had said stay concealed  
so my nerves I calmed and steeled.  
I pretended it was all a dream.

The angry voices reached my ears  
and I saw Mommy crying those tears  
as the man slapped her on the cheek.  
I wanted so much to walk right out  
to beat his chest, scream and shout  
but I knew I was much too weak.

There was a glitter and then a flash  
her stifled scream, a piercing crash  
and then all went deadly still.  
He wiped his hands as he left to go  
and I walked to our house so very slow  
past the front door and window sill.

She lay upon the living room floor  
and on her chest the word read WHORE.  
He had carved it with his knife.  
The wooden slats they drank her blood  
and they tasted of my salty flood  
as I mourned the loss of her life.

I watched next week as the bar he left.  
My belly churned remembering the theft  
as the gun I raised and aimed.  
The shot rang out and down he fell  
to the welcoming arms of Satanâs hell  
but for the crime I was never blamed.

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