I dust off my voice, which is like the lid of an old upright piano, its varnish a webwork of cracks, its music still hanging in cold metal curtains far down inside. *Testing*, the word feels its way into the dark auditorium, over the empty faces of the seats, over their knees pulled up and clasped so a custodian can reach the notes dropped from whoever was speaking the last time, always the last time, the last chance, the last words. With hope I kiss the microphone’s cold knuckle, wanting its blessing, while my one frail prayer, *Testing, testing*, reaches out to the only generosity present, that warm yellow rectangle far in the back, that little window behind which an engineer sits doing his best to make me better, editing fear from my voice, adjusting the knobs on the front of my heart.