

GARRIN RIGGIN

Practice

“Our kid was kissing
the bathroom mirror.”
“No, no,” said the boy.
“Don’t tell me,” said
the mother. “I’d recognize

those lip prints anywhere.”
The boy tried to make
himself smaller by clenching
all of his muscles. He crossed
his thin arms over his belly to

hold his innards in.
“It wasn’t me,” he said.
The word *me* was barely
audible and his mouth became
as dry as a moth.