

*Nana was a smoker; her hair smelled like ash.*

Nana often hid me in the closet with a carton of chocolate milk. Joshua would hide in the attic and Nathan in the garage. She would rest in the lounge as we drank in silence, hour after hour gone.

It is difficult to describe the feelings instilled from a relationship so mislaid, yet so full of satisfaction. It is an affection that kept its family in an insistent test.

It was aged and refused change.

There was a familiar delight inside this apathetic world.

It wasn't love; it was fixation.