The afternoon coffee brewing in the pot. The smoke rising and disappearing in the air. The savours that always reminded me of my grandmothers drinking four or five cups of it a day but always falling asleep on the spot but never in their own bed. It is rotten that I was never able to prevent my sleep with it, however the yellow stains always persisted. The cigarette fumes going in the nostrils and out the mouth. Never too much, but always too little for a sleepless body of mine that inhaled the caffeine to stay alive. Greatness thrust upon me? I haven't the faintest idea what came to me but my brain always felt bruised and my stomach ached at all times, growling. Feeling as if I was in the everlasting state of vertigo that never went away, nor took my fatigue with it. Kindly descending upon me, like a very large and very heavy feather, looking like a light object with unfathomable strain to it that sat on my shoulders from time to time. Maybe it never left, I just learnt not to notice it. The coffee sliding down my throat, icy cold or warm (as I never drank anything that was too hot) often felt like a sweet little kiss that I admired the most. After all my fidelity has never been so solid with anything besides the morning coffee with a cigarette between my gaping lips. My mother embracing me at times, telling me that I reeked of the smoke. It never mattered too much or for too long did it stay with me but it felt a bit out of place, not very ordinary as I was never accustomed to being unruly. Maybe I was wrong to consider myself bad because of my habits that stayed with me for too long. Her arms clasping my back, knowing that I should not have minded and she did not mind either, however she always liked to point everything out, not that it counted, it never really did. She smoked too, but honourably. Once a month, when she was drunk and uninhabited. She was her primitive self again, sometimes all too provincial and sometimes too sentimental for her thoughts to have been easily discerned. She loved to drink. The day-drinking I would call it but it sounds all wrong when it comes to a person so delicate and put-together as my mother. She must have drunk a gallon of vodka to have felt a thing or to have flushed a bit. A tough broad – that must be the word. She was a staunch woman – never did it occur to her to have backed down a little. Never cared too much, never gave a toss. Brown-skinned, more like wheat, always glowing, with her hair either strapped to her side or let wild and loose, looking like an old broomstick first hour when awoken. I thought that she loved to sleep, reckoned it after she would spend hours and hours lying around in bed but she seemed to have spent her nights in lethargy, trying to beat her exhausted mind to

realm of dreams but seldom succeeding she would then stay in her bedroom until the late morning or even midday, not getting up, not sleeping but almost bedridden at times. That might be a little exaggerated but one never knows how a person of distant mental origin feels when she suppresses herself not to speak of her emotions or take them too far. Out of reach, out of sight – that is how I felt my mother's feelings to be described most perfectly. Sudden but rare outbursts that came with tears spoke ill of her mind, not in a deprecating way but told my little and uneducated soul how deeply she felt things around her. Consoling yourself must be very hard at times if no one is aware of the pain inflicted. Concealed sorrow is never taken into account, especially if a person is too rigid to speak of it even remotely. She was always detached, disenchanted to what feelings possessed her. Remorse was not unknown, not farther than her own fingers pointed at something she never grasped to understand – her head, filled with insects and replete with untold words, imitations of life that she was never let to live. Mothers are often too cruel but mine never was, not even a bit. After all, all the cruelty she had, she had for herself and no other. Tenderness was not familiar with her, nor was she indifferent, but I felt at times neglected and forsaken for I was not pampered. Should I have been grateful that she was not like other women who reformed their children in a way that altered their behaviour and made them indefinitely imprisoned with the phantom figure of their lovely parents looking down on them caringly. I did not imagine her beside me but that mundane attachment has always been in her scent buried in the pillowcases she used to handle. When she was not near, I could feel the smell. As every other child knows the sweet savours of women who raised them. I knew my grandmother's too but not as intimately. It was like a madeleine soaked in the tea but for me the pain and nostalgia did not go away with the act carrying itself into its core but rather intensified with every sniff I would take. Crying never did much for me but it was a relief for my senses, although, I was never understood by people close to me. I was in my own home, without a mother, so why would I weep and let my gloomy, dark eyebags swell up and become ugly at sight? I never knew how to respond to those indifferent, almost ugly claims that seemed so out of touch it enraged me and filled me with silent fury I never let out. Oh yes, mother's love is bitter but it never changes. Not in the child, neither the mother. I often thought of Maria and Marlene and the love unchanged. Love is not love, which alters when its alteration finds. Did I think

likewise? I believe that thoughts are never too rapid to catch up with feelings. Like the dwindling stars that shined upon me, dazzled me and the moonlight that lit up my face but never with jollity, but a bit of sadness engulfing my little face. Elation only came when she was around. Eternally, she and her laughter, filling the room that was ever so dark, ever so lonely without her in it.