

and it hangs across from my bed. She creaks open the frame and I clamber in after her, unsteady on the stretch of brushstroked sea she split from canvas. The sand is gray and unprinted where we step; my lip is flecked with sour acrylic. We don't need to breathe—we do anyway. The waves are open-jawed. When she was alive, I asked Nana if she believed in ghosts. I think her answer was one of comfort rather than clarity. *I'm making a series of terrible mistakes*, I tell her now. *So make something else*, she says, and pulls us into the prayer that shatters open every body but ours.