

Sisterhood

I often wonder how my older sister survived
without an older sister of her own.
I hope that the universe is kind enough to place her again in my path,
because once could never be enough.

I never had to ask my sister to be a good friend.
I never had to earn her approval or prove myself.
She showed me that love is not always perfect,
it is hard, but it is worth it.

Sometimes love steals your clothes and never gives them back,
sometimes it peels oranges to share,
and other times it gives you advice
even when you didn't ask for it.

Half of my childhood is written in the sound of her laugh.
I think about the day she'll leave this place,
our childhood rooms with their leftover laughter,
and the emptiness of silent echoes.

She moves through life exactly as she is,
a little messy, unapologetic and perfectly human.
My sister can bruise my ego in one breath,
but heal every little part of me in the next.

We've always been the complete opposite,
but maybe that's the point.
Maybe god split one soul in two
and gave each of us the piece the other one was missing.

I wouldn't be half the person I am if I didn't have her.
The mirror that reflects who I once was and who I want to be.

Being her little sister
will always be my favourite part of growing up.