

# Ode to my Sisters

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Hello my dear, annoying, loving sisters, one young, one old. Both sweet and sweeter. We fought like a pack of wolves over everything. Yes, those were the good ol' days. Screaming, running around the house; spankings, grumbling to ourselves, yes, these times were nice.

Now all we think about are snatching 'old' items, scattering them around the house, sending everyone on a free-for-all scavenger hunt. Yelling, tackling; wrestling; grounded. These days are... eventful.

In the future, we will grow. In the future, we will grow old, too old to fight, too old to wrestle, but not too old to love. We will always find a way to love. After everything has gone, our love will still be here. Flowing like the wind, from my house to yours, from your house to hers.

Anytime, Anywhere.

I love my sisters.