

Complicated

Having cousins is complicated.

On the family tree,

they are just

my mother's sister's children.

But

we drive to school together every day,

we swap clothes and share books,

and the day they got two dogs,

it felt like we did too.

We have sleepovers where

we make ramen at midnight,

and spend hours

talking

about our futures,

dreams,

hopes,

fears.

We share things

no one else will ever know,
and sometimes I think
they know me better
than I know myself.

When we're together,
suddenly everything is funny.
Life is easy,
and I wish that
even the simple moments—
like taking a late night drive
while singing along to the radio—
could last forever.

On the family tree,
they are just
my mother's sister's children,
our cousins.

But the word "cousin"
will never quite be enough
of a description