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## Sisters

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## Sisters

### Author Bio

Hannah Lindert is a current Senior here at Gettysburg College

# Sisters

HANNAH LINDERT

I.

There used to be a falcon's nest  
that sat at the edge of a branch  
of an old oak tree in my backyard.

One year, two eggs miraculously hatched,  
and I liked to imagine them as sisters  
brought into the world for each other.

Those birds grew up above me and my own little sister,  
fighting and yelling under that tree.  
Brought into the world for each other,  
but, at the time, completely opposed.

We used to fight over who got the good swing  
on our dilapidated swing set.  
The one that did not creak when you went  
really high.

We fought over who breathed the loudest,  
who got the last french fry,  
who got to sleep on the trundle  
versus the actual bed.

II.

I once stabbed my sister in the foot with a pencil,  
the newly sharpened tip breaking off perfectly  
into the sole of her four-year-old foot  
as she tried to kick me from the indoor swing.

She cried, and I laughed,  
and my mother wondered what she did  
to deserve this chaos.

I was scolded,  
was told that being the older sister  
meant letting things go,  
but I could not.

All the while,  
The falcon sisters learned to fly  
and hunt together.  
Working with each other  
To find food,  
to survive.

III.

You can always see Orion's Belt  
And the Big Dipper  
from the roof of my house.

I didn't know about it at first,  
until my sister told me.  
She used to go out there to get away from me  
and our fighting  
to look at the galaxy above.

One day she decided to show me.  
Pointed out each constellation  
as if it was a friend,  
introducing us to each other.

As the years went on,  
that roof,  
those stars,  
became what bonded  
My sister and I.

We sit out there,  
laughing,  
talking about how that pencil tip  
is still lodged in the bottom of her foot.

One time,  
after a bad day,  
my little sister and I  
sat out there, talking about the stars,  
and guessing the colors of the cars  
as they drove by.  
and as the hours passed, and the silence ensued  
the day's problems went away,  
and all that was left were those shimmering  
stars overhead.

And even though those falcons no longer live in our backyard,  
we still talk about them too.  
And we wonder where they are,  
and we hope they are still  
swooping through the air  
together.