Friends are Sisters We Pick

When you plant a flower
You don’t know how it’s going to turn out
You don’t know the height or the color
Or if it is going to sprout.

After I had planted my flower
I knew there was no turning back
All we can do is nurture it
Hoping that we don’t slack.

This is how it felt
When I picked my “sister”
I squeezed my hands in prayer
And it gave me little blisters.

She lives so far away
All we can do is Skype
Waiting for the day,
The day we don’t have to type.

Finally the day is here
Waiting in the airport
The nerves are at a high
As we wait in the food court.

It was such a relief
As they came through those doors
Running to that one girl
Even though there were more.

I felt like I’ve always known her
As we hug at instant sight
Not knowing what to say
We just smiled the night away.

Now we aren’t just “sisters”
But best friends for life
I know she’s always here for me
Even though she’s miles across the sea.

The day has come to say goodbye
No one wants to make the first step
For we know when we give our hugs
Back will come the nervous bugs.

I can see a single tear
Just resting in her eye
I gently grabbed her hand
And asked her not to cry.

As we heard the final call
We gave our last good-bye
Not wanting our eyes to fall
We decided to walk side by side.

Watching the plane be boarded
I thought, “I wish they could leave her,”
But as she always said
This isn’t a good-bye but a see you later.