

Love is one of those funny things. It's intangible, and yet it can be stolen, softened like glue, malleable like play-dough (or gold, if that's your thing and you're insufferable), or shattered and broken. It can be found in the groan of a not-quite-so-much-a-teenager-anymore throwing herself into her bed at 4pm (because sometimes 4pm is goodnight, or conversely, 2pm is good morning) and cuddling into a plush that has dark spots from settling into the crook of her arm for the same place for the past ten years. It can be found in the blades of grass stuck between one's toes, and the dirt splashed in dotted spots upon arms amidst faded temporary tattoos and the smell of childhood sweat while the sun goes down in a terrific triumph of the longest day of the year. It can be found in the comfort of a quiet book, picked up only for the purpose of reading to have something to do, only to look up and see that six hours have passed and there is a dull ache in her stomach because she hadn't eaten since 2pm (that was good morning, if you recall). It can be found in a text message from your little sister as she sends you memes upon memes upon memes without even realizing what half of them mean because she's 11, but just wanted to send you something because she's thinking of you and she misses you; so you chastise her instead and say she got you sick and you've been coughing in bed for hours because of her, but you don't regret a single second you spent with her because not a moment is guaranteed for the two of you. It can be found in the silence between the two eldest siblings who talk once every two business months, but when the conversation is sparked, it is warm and loud, rocket fire and tears, dreams of space and goals of books on shelves (one sibling is more realistic than the other, yet both are optimists). It can be found in the vibrations of air that hairs and liquid in our ears translate into sound and melodies and chords and music, and isn't that wonderful?