

Love, Family, & Fighting

I love my nephew, he is my family
I hate my nephew, I can't stand him being around
I love my nephew, he is very dear to me
I hate my nephew, he looks like a clown

I fight with my nephew during quarantine
We argue about everything with words
But that doesn't change what he means to me
Our fighting is sometimes preferred

Our arguments bring us together
We balance each other out
But I know that we will weather
Whether it be storm or drought

But through all the fighting, when push comes to shove
We will always care for each other and give one another love