**BSH 9**

**SISTERS**

My dear sisters…

Are covered in blisters…

They’ve got the chicken pox…

There’s Rose…

It’s on her toes…

There’s Abigail…

It’s on her nose…

There’s Peg…

It’s on her leg…

There’s Phoebe…

You can hardly see…

They’re as spotty as my socks!

All moaning and complaining…

Fed up because it’s raining…

All covered in calamine…

Waiting for the sun to shine…

They itch and scream…

“We want more cream.”

And are as angry as can be…

Because you see…

I don’t have one spot on me!

But I love them to bits…

With all their zits…

There’s Rose…

I borrow her clothes…

 There’s Abigail…

She taught our dog to beg…

There’s Phoebe…

She taught me to ski…

And as sisters we get along fine…

I’m so very pleased they are mine…

With their spots and their moans…

Their laughter band groans…

We’re sisters and as close as can be!...