

## Theme One: Who Am I?

### How do our favorite books about self-discovery help us navigate our life's journey?

My poem really was about who am I. I fight all winter and complain but have no interest in living elsewhere! There's no way I could pick a particular book that has influenced me. I remember crying as a teen as I finished "The Sun Also Rises". I remember staying up all night to finish "The Hunt for Red October". I've read so much before and after. I can't choose one.

### Winter

V. M. Scida

Icicles hang from roof edges, plunging farther downward with each crystal drip  
How long will winter's blowing wind hold us in its frigid grip?  
I have no desire to escape the cozy warmth of home  
But, at times I must, and brave the winter storm.  
The coldness creeps through layers of winter wear,  
While fingers fumble for keys or grip bags that tear  
And rip, spilling fruit and vegetables across my snowy path,  
Looking like children's toys floating in a foaming bath.  
The reds and greens and yellows are a welcome site,  
Actual still-life subjects on a winter palette of white.  
I gather them as quickly as cold and age allow  
Hoping none are bruised and swearing with a vow,  
Next year, next year, I'll find a warmer place to spend these frigid days,  
A lie I tell myself each year while coping with the icy glaze.  
The truth is that winter flowers every bit as much as spring.  
Each day's snow or melt creates sparkling images that bring  
An intake of breath, or a breathless gasp at scenes of stark, monotone delight.  
Snow draped on pines, tracks of animals that roam the yard at night.  
It's all of a piece, this cold, cold time. It completes my year,  
This frigid, windy, arctic, frozen, icy, frosted, soon-to-melt veneer.