

## Work by Katie

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### Abstract

*For WRIT 471, one of our requirements was to write a collection of poems. I chose to write a collection of twelve poems based on feelings of change throughout each month of the year, and how each of those months influence the narrator as time passes. This collection of poems was inspired by the emotions the narrator has as they move through different seasons and stages of their life. I selected four poems to publish here out of the twelve to help show the transformation of the narrator throughout a year as time passes.*

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### Creative Commentary

When tasked with this assignment in Creative Writing, I was instantly drawn to this idea of creating a collection of poems based on the twelve months of the year. I played around with the idea for a while and tried out a few different themes before settling on this idea of showcasing the emotions the narrator feels as a year of their life passes.

Our narrator, who was inspired by myself, has a difficult time with change and the idea of time passing them by. This was partially influenced by myself having always struggled with the idea that I was getting older, and there was never anything I could do to stop it. Change is going to come, and it is to be expected. I wanted to express the anxieties the narrator feels as they are anticipating and working through that

change, even if it is something they've known has been coming for a while.

As our narrator indicates the movement from winter to spring, we see that the poems themselves become a little lighter. While there are still fears and anxieties that come out, we can see the narrator attempting to push past them. However, once the summer turns back to fall, and we hit winter again, approaching the end of the year, we see our narrator begin to struggle once again with those more intense thoughts.

I decided to publish four out of the twelve poems with the journal. I chose one from each quarter of the year, which I think helps to indicate the movement and the rise and fall of our narrator's wins and anxieties. The January and December poems act as bookends, as they signify the beginning and

the end of the year. It works well that our narrator, myself, turns another year older every January, which helps to bring things full circle.

The May poem shows the joy the end of the school semester brings our narrator, as they look forward to three months of being home with their friends and family in a place where they've always felt comfortable. The September poem shows the unease of having left that place and attempting to resettle in their college life.

The other poems not included in this article show the changes the narrator moves through as well, but these four are some of the focal points of the work. Sharing these pieces does feel a bit personal, but since this is my first time publishing any of my creative work in a setting such as the journal, it also feels exciting.

**Poems**

january

the winters  
didn't used to affect me  
like they do now

i've always joked  
that i am a cold weather girl  
but recently  
the cold harms  
me in a way i didn't expect

and i've never been good with change  
so the furthering of the years  
seems insignificant on a daily basis  
but consequential overall

because thirteen days in  
i am another year older  
and feel that i am running out of time  
and i am only twenty-one

and instead of focusing on the next twenty-one years  
i can only seem to focus  
on the twenty-one  
i've already lost.

may

the semester is over  
so i head back  
to the only place i've  
ever called home

it is warm now  
but not yet ninety  
which means  
it is now my new favorite weather

there is anticipation in the air  
of what the summer months will bring  
and seniors are celebrating their graduations  
and i celebrate them too

there is a sense of loss  
of another year of this age  
being left behind  
another year closer  
to adulthood  
but life feels  
less scary now  
than it did in january,  
so i choose to move past it.

september

my brain thinks it is fall  
but the weather outside does not agree  
everything is orange but the leaves  
and the air smells like pumpkin already

the to-do list is growing  
as is my never ending index of  
future worries  
and everything is still new and unorganized

but there is a sense of freedom here  
that wasn't always there before  
and there are patterns to fall back into  
friends to see again

but a reminder  
that i am no good with change  
and so leaving behind  
a home i felt comfortable in  
for anywhere else  
leaves me with a certain level  
of unease.

december

as so many others do  
at my age  
i am longing for the feeling  
december used to bring

i miss making reindeer food  
and watching 'the polar express' in school  
and the anticipation  
that just grew and grew as the days passed

december now means  
finals and next steps  
packing up just to unpack  
to have to repack in a few  
weeks time

i am eating the same cookies  
but i am no longer the girl  
who had a list of american girl dolls  
and littlest pet shops

and i am still dressing up for christmas eve  
except my pajamas no longer have  
santa on them  
and instead are tartan

but this girl still opens her gifts  
at a painstakingly slow pace  
because she isn't ready for it  
to be over

and this girl is still enthralled  
by the lights  
on trees and houses  
hoping to rekindle the magic

and this girl  
still sits at the top

of the stairs  
waiting for her parents' okay

but next year is coming fast  
and this girl  
is still going to cry on her birthday  
as she fears  
that girl  
wouldn't recognize  
who she turned out  
to be.

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