

WINTER

Every January

my granddad says

Winter: under January snow  
the earth does not sleep,  
it churns with dreaming:

roots tingle at the prospect of May,  
woodchucks mumble,  
seeds jostle like people sweeping-

if you listen, you won't hear them:  
they'll go still-  
you can't eavesdrop on dreams

## My Journal, January 6th

My grandma and granddad gave me this journal to write in. I said, "What will I write?" and they said, "Write down all the things you like, and all the things you don't like." So here goes:

### Things I Like

baseball  
playing the trumpet  
swimming  
anything to do with water  
toasted cheese sandwiches  
broccoli  
crunching raw carrots  
fish  
numbers and lines  
dill pickles  
skateboarding  
singing  
kayaking  
drawing  
anything to do with snow  
spiders  
computer games  
chocolate cake

I like lists, too. And lemonade.

Things I Don't Like

liver

people getting angry

But not bears.

## Getting Grounded

Some days I'm all thumbs when I play the trumpet.

Some days the pictures I draw don't look like anything at all.

And some days, playing baseball, I seem to trip over my own feet.

When my brother plays hockey or bows the double bass, and when my sister plays soccer or pounds on the drums, they always seem to know where their hands and feet are.

Not me.

My mum and dad say not to worry. It's just because I'm growing, they say.

Getting stronger, too.

Except getting stronger sometimes gets me into trouble—like this week, for instance, when I was

throwing a ball outside,

I smashed a window—no place to hide—

I heard my dad thundering “WHO BROKE THE GLASS? WHO CAUSED THAT CLATTERING BATTERING CRASH?”

I forgot who I was.

“Not me,” I croaked.

He was holding the ball.

“Ida-Know. Just broke.”

I tried to look blameless.

I opened wide eyes.

Dad lifted an eyebrow.

“Maybe some guys?”

“Well,” he replied, “you can take The Guys with you,  
Ida, Not-Me, and Just-Broke,

and until you can find your way back once again to  
Yourself, You’re Grounded. Do I need to explain?”

No, he didn’t. At all. But I grumbled and groaned, and  
mumbled and moped like a sick saxophone.

“We love you,” he added, “all day, every night— and in  
darkness or light, when you’re You, you’re just right.”

My Journal, January 10th

"We love you," Dad said.

Yeah.

I still had to help him fix the window pane.

And I'm not allowed to do any fun things for Two Whole Weeks. I have to stay Close to Home. No treats. No Backtalk. No Computer Games.

Replacing the window pane was sort of interesting, though I didn't know that glass was made of sand.

And at least Mum and Dad aren't angry with me. Actually, I don't think they ever were. Just annoyed at me for trying to hide.

"When you're You, you're just right," Dad said.

OK.

But who am I? It could take me a whole  
year to figure that one out.

Maybe more.