

Tyler Fick
June 17, 2002

White Snow

By Tyler P. Fick

winds gone, wished away.
as i lift my head, there it went...
did you feel it?
cold blooms of a growing change.
winter, yes, it came
but how does the snow still remain?
WAIT! here it echo in and out?
seek it strong and true.
no, today it does not haunt you.
why today?
why this hour am i free?
will it strike again? or has it fled, ran, run away?
did i do it? did i tackle it?
wait; winds chill and yes, they freeze.
but they linger and quiver.
it is true?
winds gone, wished away.
the winter came and the snow will forever remain.

This poem was written about the need for control, but the knowledge that you never do have true control over the disease. Some days you may feel fine, but then others you may utterly fall apart and not even be able to get out of bed. The winter is symbolic for Cystic Fibrosis. Like the weather in the winter months, some days with Cystic Fibrosis can be beautiful, but then other days are just miserable and cold. I am the type of person that wants to try to have as much control over every situation as I possibly can. It is very frustrating to me at times, especially when I am sick, to become aware of the fact that I always don't have control. I wrote this poem as an outlet for my frustration. This is my life, this is who I am and I happen to have Cystic Fibrosis. I learn from my disease everyday. Yes, it is a constant battle, but it also is a blessing in disguise. The winter can be cold, but the snow on the ground can be beautiful.