"Icicles" by Janet Frame

Every morning I congratulate
the icicles on their severity,
I think they have courage, backbone,
their hard hearts will never give way.

When around ten or half past four
I hear the steady falling of drops of water
I look up at the eaves. I see
the enactment of the same old winter story
-- the icicles weeping away their inborn tears,
and if they only knew it, their identity.

Theme: loss, change, shedding identity

Subject: icicle cycle
- ice melts
- outside - winter

Janet Frame 1924 - 1963

Theme:
- Intensity, breakdown, death
- Loss of older & younger sister - drowned
- WWII
- NZ Great Depression
- Maori culture