Floating

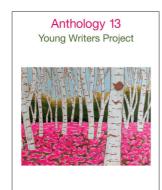
My head is in the sky with those puffy, white clouds of giddiness, and a foggy understanding of what is to come is all that inhabits my brain. My skin is warmed by hot star energy and the smile pulling at the corners of my lips, just waiting to get burned by the overwhelming twinkle of vintage music in my ears. My feet are floating with the tips of the deep-green grass blades, stained by their last shadowy, green death cries. My legs buzz with impatience and the future movement locked in my soft, summer-drenched muscles. My eyelids glow orange against the sun, and I keep them closed against all the pointless responsibility. Positivity gushes up through the ground out of the tips of the green leaves sleeping in the afternoon breeze. My mind will someday have to crash back to Earth, but today, I'll just let it float up there with the clouds.

- Addison Schnoor, 15, Weybridge



VTDigger features Young Writers
Project's writers and visual artists
every week, including poet Addison
Schnoor, above. Look for the YWP
feature here: vtdigger.org/category/
people-places

YWP NEWS & EVENTS



YWP's annual anthology of the best writing and art from the 2021-22 school year is coming soon. Watch the YWP website, *youngwritersproject.org*, for details!





"Divided," by Abrie Howe, 17, Stowe

Old gum

Dodie and Fletcher, the orange dreamcatcher. Unopened messages, Cinderella's transforming carriage. Crying in the shower, all I want are flowers! Buttons on my shirt, can I get any more hurt? Pictures bleached by the sun, I didn't think it was done. Beads on my shoelaces, who's supposed to fill those empty spaces?
Breadcrumbs, old, chewed-up gum stuck to the bottom of my chair, I don't think that's fair.

- Lucy Poduschnick, 15, Middlebury

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Who is Medusa?

Everybody thinks she's evil, but who is she, really? I've never met her, so I don't quite know. She could be the most delightful person in the world, for all I know. If I really think hard, I think she is sad, but please don't take my word for it. Maybe she is sad because she is scared of snakes, or because she turned an owl to stone. But really I think she is lonely – lonely because she only has snakes to keep her company. So, if you see her in the dollar store, or at the mall, or watering her garden, go up to her, make a friend, make her happy invite her to your house. Just make sure you don't look into her eyes.

- Minka Brooks, 11, Shrewsbury

What am I?

Any color.
Pictures or not.
Pages within.
Many go on shelves.
Must be handled with care.
No gum, no water.
What am I?

- LINNÉA CÔTÉ, 12, SHREWSBURY

ABOUT YWP

HOW TO JOIN: Young Writers Project (YWP) welcomes teens, ages 13-18, to join our free online community of writers and visual artists. Youth who are 12 may join YWP with parental permission. Teachers are also invited to join to submit work on behalf of younger students for publication. To join or for more information, go to youngwritersproject.org.

HOW TO SUPPORT: Young Writers Project is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit that relies solely on grants and donations for support. If you enjoy this monthly feature, please consider donating online at *youngwritersproject.org/support*. Or mail your gift to YWP, 47 Maple St., Suite 216, Burlington, VT 05401. Contact Susan Reid, Executive Director, *sreid@young-writersproject.org*; (802) 324-9538.