



YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT

Sister spirit

Dear sister mine,
with that fading light in your eyes,
don't let that spark you have die.
Keep your burning passion alive.
Though buckets of ice have chilled
your core, and horrible storms
have thrown you from shore
while terrible winds shook your bones,
the fire inside you can keep us
both warm.

It's sad other kids just don't understand.
They tore you to shreds every time you
looked for a hand.

Your hopeful nature and friendly face
was lost in humanity's cruel embrace.
Even invisible, I still see your
beacon's light.
Never mind the fact you don't know
it shines bright.

Your smile, it glows as you talk with
much speed,
ranting and raving and speaking at me.
Despite no response besides my eyeroll,
you carry on telling stories to me:
the Brick Wall.

Whether you believe I'm annoyed –
you keep going.

Under my mask, I'm grinning, just
not showing.

I know you think I'm crazy sometimes,
but you are a pyre,
fueled by curiosity and the smarts
you've acquired.

You're a lot wiser than you're given
credit for.

This potential you have, I hope you'll
foster and explore.

— MADDIE THIBAULT, 17, DUXBURY

Lady Luck

O, fickle Fortune! O, capricious Chance!
What an erratic tune
to which she makes us dance.
You cannot fully escape her,
yet may run far or draw close.
If Luck's absence you prefer,
it's pure labor you've chosen.
Yet a worse choice it is to
eat from her hand alone, and be stuck,
for 'tis better that Luck stands with you
than you stand with Luck.

— LIAM KELLY-THOMPSON, 16,
NORWICH



"By the Lake," by Charlie Gaito, 12, Burlington

Here, and there

Autumn city streets line my mind.
You are silver next to me, a reflection.
Falling leaves send me flashes, everything
leaves me pacing, breathless, missing
something I do not have.

I love going places, anywhere,
did you know that? Take me out west,
by car or train, get there fast together,
let's disappear.

Two a.m. and I'm wide awake, window
wide open, crisp air prickling the bad
dreams on my skin.

There's an apartment painted blue
in the corner of my vision, twisted iron
railings and a 7 p.m., orange-toned sky.
Ask me about hope and I will tell you:
quiet walks, little half-smiles, and what
only the moon has seen.

I remember when it was time and so
I went, hoping this time it would
be different, and knowing that it would
be hard.

They keep saying they're taking down
the fire tower. I can't help but picture
all the names and carved hearts dropping
and scattering among the leaves.
The roses in the garden have turned
to dust, and left the ground to become
stars in the sky. We lose one beautiful
thing to the other.

Lock pinkies in a promise and breathe in

relief that our secrets are safe.
Books all written with the same ending
line the shelves, and my eyes can
no longer meet yours. Words are painful
to speak...

The wind blows cold and yet it carries
the scent of fire, arguments brewing,
ashes we only think have gone cold.
This is called morning, bright light, or
perhaps it is mourning, unshed tears.
Dictionaries holding pressed leaves litter
your coffee table, and
pumpkins sewn with butterfly wings look
as if they're about to take flight to mingle
with the stars.

You're too far away for me to love
right here, right now,
and so I will love you from afar, until
someday, somehow...

I was always yours.

I hope you were always mine.
For now I can be nothing more than
a memory, but
I hope that someday you remember me.
Wheatgrass growing and dancing in
the night, the color turquoise keeps ahold
of my vision. I'll be there waiting,
watching the stars sort themselves,
an arrangement for heaven's doorstep.

— SIRI DUNN, 16, MORRISTOWN

Tower

We were at the top
of the trembling tower.
The wind was as strong as someone
blowing out a candle,
our breath was as thin as the smoke
of the wick as it emanated in the cold,
bitter wind.
The old wooden structure
towered over the horizon.
The wind ate away at my face
as I tried to hold onto the frosted-over
handle of the hatch that could free us
from our deaths.
As I struggled to open
the swollen hatch, no one said a word.
The silence was colder than the wind
that still had a hold over me...

— SIERRA COLLINS, 15, MONTPELIER

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@youngwritersproject.org; (802) 324-9538.

SPECIAL THANKS THIS MONTH

PC CONSTRUCTION

