

A short break

Billowing golden-peach
clouds and flowing blue
sky in the afternoon sun, laid as
the radiant backdrop
to a gliding falcon cutting
through winter's brisk air
like the little sailboat I rode
last summer. The lake is calm.
The wind runs her fingers
through my hair,
a reminder to my weary eyes
that summer comes and goes,
this trouble will not last.
And then,
back to work.

— EMMETT JARVIS, 16, MONTPELIER

In the night

There's this beauty in the unknown
outside my window,
dark and heavy.
As though miles beneath the water,
where everything is quieter,
slower.
Except for a few stars,
there is nothing.
I wonder,
if I were to climb down
from my room
and walk along the frozen stream,
what I would find.
Is there some secret
she hides from us in the night,
some unknown breath
causing mountains to silently shift
and trees to shake free
of their snow?
If maybe I would sink
down,
down,
down
into snow that would cover me
like a quilt,
and I could finally hear
her whispers
of the geese soon to fly home,
and the sun over Silver Lake?
She would wear the moon
draped over her shoulders
and walk among stars,
pondering
where it would rain the next day
and if she would send the winds
out to play.
As the world spun,
and we slept in our beds,
she would drift
here and there,
carrying the sun in her hands,
thinking of tomorrow.

— WILLA PELSCHOEN, 16, BOLTON



“Hands,” by Molly Quavelin, 12, Burlington

Pretend(ed)

We play(ed) pretend, you and I,
tangling our fingers together
and laughing softly,
fairy lights in cardboard boxes,
blanket fort over our heads.
We play(ed) pretend, you and I,
hiding in closets of old clothes,
our hair gathering dust,
our pinkies linked.
We play(ed) pretend, you and I,
hidden bottles and sparklers in the attic,
dancing in the midst of our youth.
Our minds wander and we let them,
sleep is irrelevant when we're
high on togetherness,
four square in the street, taunting
the 1 a.m. strangers.
We play(ed) pretend, you and I,
forgetting the sunlight and hiding
in sweatpants and hoods,
shadowing our faces.
Made an extravagant breakfast together,
spilling the orange juice everywhere.
You laughed when I kissed your nose,
sprawled on your lap watching YouTube.
We play(ed) pretend, you and I,
the day the trees filtered green sunlight
onto my car. Hugged you for five minutes
before I had to let go...

— SIRI DUNN, 15, MORRISTOWN
*Excerpted; read complete poem at
youngwritersproject.org/node/43511*

Sing it out

Sing it out.
Sing for the broken.
Sing for the free.
Sing for you and me.
Write a song for the sea
as she stares at thee.
Stars shall come,
writing her words
as she flees.
Show your love to the ones without,
or with.
Show your life to song.
Prong the past,
never fear,
it's not here.
Cast to me,
hear my song as I prove to you:
Nothing is wrong.
Fast,
let it out.
Have nothing to lose
if you're ready to choose.
Choose to love,
or to sing.
Let go of all the pain.
Sing for the broken,
sing for the free,
sing for the fire,
sing to not flee.
Sing for you and you will never lose,
promise me.

— EMILY VAN DYKE, 18, NORTHFIELD



Voices of young
Vermonters on
the issues that
shape their lives

Understanding

Somewhere in my past,
a sunny snow day haunts me.
The serenity
feels too cliché to enjoy.
I remember glances out the window
on a day that finally feels like spring,
because winter can be long and dark.
Yeah, I remember sitting
in the classroom, looking
at the perfect spring day,
and if someone says
things make sense,
don't listen.
They aren't telling you the truth.
And the clock and the fears
bury me,
because
nothing
makes
sense.

— LILY MEYER, 12, 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.

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SPECIAL THANKS THIS MONTH

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