



Voices of young Vermonters on the issues that shape their lives

# YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT

## Woman

Woman is fuchsia falling apart in October, softly humming lullabies through an angel's teeth. Woman is pomegranate seeds sliced into revolving stars, dissolving into marzipan, sweet honeydew hymn, silky skin pierced into a garden for plastic garnets. Woman is wind watching a sinking ship, mountain-slide counting bones, child eating crushed sweet peas in a thunderstorm, pushed into rolling door, running stairway, laughing streetlamp. Woman is bleeding gums, tongue. Woman sheds feathers like raindrops, drips tattoos from her skin in inky rivulets. Woman dances, woman cries, woman lies down with the lion, golden and asleep in a sunbeam, and dreams.

– AURORA SHARP, 18, MORETOWN

## 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](http://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](http://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](mailto:sreid@youngwritersproject.org); (802) 324-9538.

## SPECIAL THANKS THIS MONTH



## Marriage

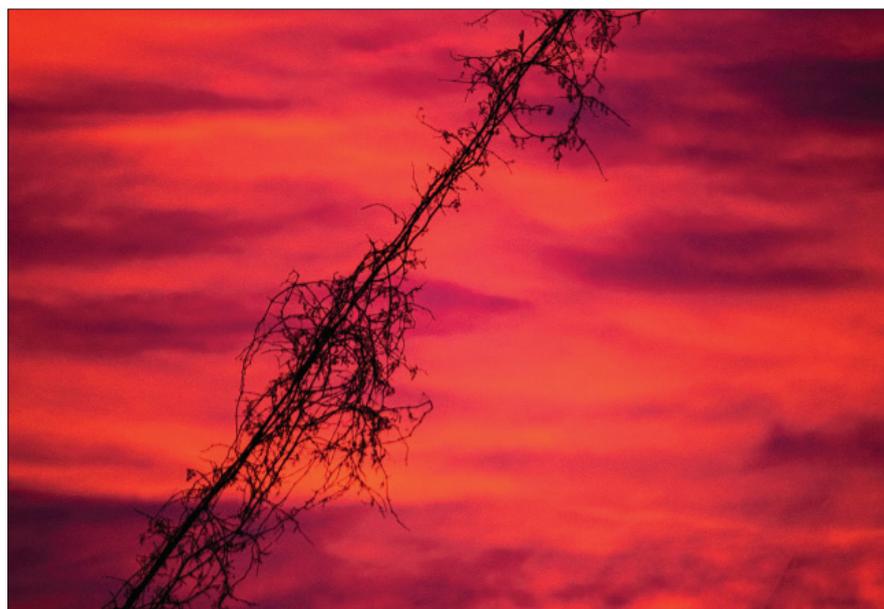
I am a child.  
I am only 16.  
I am not yet an individual.  
But I can still be married.  
I cannot legally vote.  
I cannot legally drink.  
I am still in high school.  
But I could legally marry.  
My consent is limited to people my age.  
But if I had a spouse that would be subject to change.  
I cannot make my own decisions – I still need my parents' permission.  
If they thought it okay, I could be married today.  
I'm considered a kid at the end of the day.  
The law should unconditionally see me the same way.  
My brain is still growing.  
What makes marriage for me seem okay?

– MADDIE THIBAUT, 16, DUXBURY

## I said I'd stay

One of those days when the clouded roof of winter begins to crack. Golden drops fall through the bending shingles; the sun's love begins to drip like melting snow. The falling drops feed the red flames of the horizon, burning with the half-promise of summer. Those promises I had made you, at the tip of my tongue, at the edge of my reach, also begin to melt. *Wait just a little longer.* But despite the begging of the clouds, I breathe the burning air and let the embers settle in my lungs. I refuse to recoil from the pain when your words burn through my frigid body like the scornful summer sun through melting snow.

– EMMETT JARVIS, 16, MONTPELIER



"Sunrise," by Lauren McCabe, 15, South Burlington

## Window of my imagination

I sit here thinking, digging my mind for something to write, staring out my window at the blue sky, wishing. Wishing I could make amends, thinking. Thinking of my next hour, hoping. Hoping for a better day, knowing. Knowing that in a few hours this will fly through my mind and out this window I am looking through. This window in my imagination, as I retreat to days. Days that were happier times. Times when I was younger, years. Years when I was oblivious to the world. This world that some days just lies upon my shoulders. Shoulders that can't hold what's being carried. Carrying a burden that needs to be lightened, when I get lost in this abyss of knowledge. As I try to find myself in a maze of wisdom. A labyrinth called consciousness. And I still am sitting, wishing, thinking, hoping. But now I realize I never really know where I'm going, lost in a window of my imagination.

– BENJAMIN WETHERELL, 15, MONTPELIER

## Commit to yourself

Committing – standing up to the task without a known outcome. But why is it so intimidating, waiting for a strike of good thought? Voices say, *Why try so hard for the bearers? Be unknown.* For you are each judge to another's court. So help them shine. Committing may not lift from here if teams divide. So please, grab a hand in light, to rejoice with them. Green flowers will bloom with determination. Want to live, not only in your soul is there human. We are all meant to rest, but for good reason, for drive. Rest your eyes on Nature's birds, we will greet her eventually. Committing means now – test those boundaries, or put cold air up. There is always gold, that's why we commit. Even if not lucky. The passion is still housed within your crown. Each trial is sacred.

– EMILY VAN DYKE, 18, NORTHFIELD