

YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT



Photo by Lauren McCabe, 15, South Burlington

The green-eyed girl

If you happen to come across the green-eyed girl and stare into her emerald eyes, you'll see they are two infinite holes of sadness and anger, but also passion and fire. You'll see that hidden behind the emerald layers she has secrets, and she's buried them deep enough that even she doesn't want to find them. The green-eyed girl might say she loves you, might even think it, but she knows deep down she doesn't, because she doesn't truly love herself. She hides behind those layers of eyes, not wanting the world to see her, not wanting to see herself. Nobody truly knows her; she barely even knows herself.

– PENELOPE ZYGAROWSKI, 14, BURLINGTON

Mirror, mirror

When I look in the mirror, all that I see is a tiny, little kitten staring back at me. But I know deep inside I'm a tiger with uncontrollable pride. My feet too big for my body to handle, I wobble, I hobble with every step I dare take. I must have control to be a tiger, deep and true. I crouch and I pounce, I'm as silent as a mouse. I've caught a fly – now I can hunt! Now when I look in the mirror, I see a tiger inside and out.

– PIPER GOODKIND, 11, ESSEX JCT.

Tapestry

I'm like a sewn-together tapestry of ripped-apart cloth, a mosaic of broken glass from past shattered plates. People picked me apart, but I had to put myself back together, left alone to learn how to sew. I'm like a tapestry hung high on the wall with the seams desperately concealed, a disco ball that shines so brightly for everyone else but is broken for herself.

– GRACE BATSIE, 15, JERICHO

ABOUT YWP



Young Writers Project is a creative online community of writers and visual artists, based in Burlington since 2006. This page features highlights of the writing, photos, and art submitted each week to YWP's website. We invite all youth, ages 13-18, to sign up for a free account on youngwritersproject.org. Youth who are 12 may also join with a parental permission form found on the site. Teachers of younger students are encouraged to open accounts and submit work on behalf of their students. Join us and experience the YWP community: Create and connect with other young writers and artists, be inspired, and get published!

Platinum clock

Tick-tock, tick-tock.
Time goes on and I can't keep up, as my mind goes blank with that ticking clock. God himself likes to wind it up to make our lives always end with *tock*.
Tick-tock, tick-tock.
The undying rhythm follows free. There's no time to waste, there's no time to lose. The metronome is attached to me. The beat is the same, I cannot choose.
Tick-tick, tick-tock.
Time is slipping out of my veins. Why is it fast? Why am I slow? The *tickety-tickety* burns like flames. How far will this rhythm go?
Tick-tick-tick-tick.
Why can't I stop the movement of life from going around to steal us again? "Time" stabs us with a platinum knife for souls that time will forever gain.

– ELLA POSTON, 18, ST. ALBANS

Love

I don't easily fall in love, I don't leave my tower often. Every time I speak to the sea, I bury my heart in a coffin. One day I spoke with a sailor, a day the wind was blowing hard. His words had done their job to bewitch me, and my heart played into his hands like a card. I fell deep into the salted sea as we explored the great, deep mines. The water dissolved my barriers away, and his mind wrapped around me like vines. Part of me was smitten, part of me was scared, part of me wished that I didn't, and I thought about if he had never cared. I have a lesson to learn about love: It may end in sadness and surprise, but the truth of sharing one life as two is beautiful when not waiting for lies.

– BELLA BAILEY, 17, MILTON

Monopolized

You always took Park Place, cobalt tile weighted by your viridian buildings and crimson hotels. Meanwhile I stumbled over the borderlines and railroad tracks, toppled over Baltic. Wheelbarrow balanced on one side, you skated seamlessly through the boulevards and avenues. Reckless pass while garish notes gathered under your corner, neat, muted stacks lined up bill by bill. Alabaster hills sliding beneath the couch, crumpled roseate you passed conceitedly as I reluctantly traded tangerine trophies and another accolade for an arrogant— I paid my dividend, dissidence dismissed by unofficial bank teller who slickly slid gilded notes under palms as you and I bickered over ownership, until a misstep cost you your capital, and I cheered gleefully as you claimed bankruptcy and I claimed Boardwalk.

– IRIS ROBERT, 17, BURLINGTON

Temporarily forever

Though I'm only 16, I feel 60. I feel as if I've been through wars. I feel as if I slept through the Depression, only to wake to find that I'm the president. I feel as though it were only last Thursday that I sailed to America with my great-grandmother. I feel as if I were once stationed in the Galápagos Islands in awe of the animals around me. I feel as though I've watched the world come and go, I feel as though I am endless. It's so tiring, but nobody knows.

– MIA MARINO, 16, HINESBURG



Another year awaits

Hundreds of days have passed, hundreds of seconds, of words, whispers, glances, since we were faced with trouble. Maybe more than that, for some. And we have been able to continue on through these troubles, no matter the effect on our lives. We have confronted every moment with questions, answers, emotion, and still, another year waits for us. Another year awaits, even though we have been chosen by challenges. Another year awaits, even though we have made mistakes. Another year awaits, even though we are tired of fighting so hard. And no matter how unsure or scared or exhausted some may be, we still have to keep going, keep trying, keep living. Because another year awaits, with the intention of fresh starts, resolutions, and perhaps the occasional stress-free night, just for us.

– SCARLETT CANNIZZARO, 14, ESSEX

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Or mail your gift to:
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SPECIAL THANKS THIS WEEK

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