

YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT



“Noah Kahan,” by Lauren McCabe, 16, South Burlington

Snowboarding

Everyone needs a hobby, something to do. We all need something to do to keep us from being blue. There are many ways to occupy yourself. Some examples are crafting, sports, dancing, and singing. There are tons of things to do on this giant ball of dirt and water. But personally, I like snowboarding. I live for snowboarding. It's my passion. I love the feeling of being wrapped in piles of cozy gear. The layers feel like a warm hug. I love the feeling of climbing up what feels like miles of stairs, with the hope of an amazing adventure. I love the sound of bindings clipping. I love chatting in the lift line and bumping into friends. I love the awkward waddle to the launch strip on the way to get on the lift. I love snuggling in my dad's arms on the windy ride up. Time feels still while I rest in his arms, listening to the wind blow and people zig and zag down the mountain. I love it when we finally reach the top and time un-pauses as I rush to put the lift bar up and slide down the unloading ramp. I love deciding what path we will adventure down at the beginning of every run. I love scooting and tripping behind my dad, and finding a spot out of the way to strap in. I love the sounds of snowboards and skis scraping on snow. I love the sound of the wind whipping through trees and valleys, making a powerful whistling sound. I love the feeling of gliding on the snow, faster and faster. I love lying in the snow while I wait for my family to catch up. The snow molds against your body, comforting every inch of your body like a hug. I love going through the woods. Flying past trees and stumps and rocks, being forced to pay attention so that I don't get my stuff rocked. I love slowing down and playing in the woods. My dad, sister, and I scavenge for stumps, logs, and rocks to jump or slide off. I love hitting the trick park! I love soaring off jumps. I try my best to put my fear to the side and go as fast as I can. I take off soaring through the air. My heart stops as I look for the ground, hoping I will land on the slope of the jump. ...

– KENDALL BATDORF, 13, WILLISTON

Excerpted; read complete poem at youngwritersproject.org/node/46080

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!

Fall

It's the smell of autumn I love the most – the damp decay of leaves and old undergrowth permeable in the air of every forest shedding foliage. I've spent hours with that smell, watching sunlight stream through brilliant orange and honey gold, spattering the earth like resin or paint in small brushstrokes. The weather's my favorite too – brisk enough for sweaters and soft, fuzzy things, drinking hot tea to fight off the crisp snaps of cold. It smells fresher in the mornings, that chill, and when the dawn breaks on the horizon, she smiles all the kinder on you in her warmth. And that's all not to mention the seasonal things: the lingering taste of cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves in every drink and dessert, the dazzle of fabrics and makeup and costumes galore, the decorations and atmosphere that come with Halloween. I love the other seasons too, don't get me wrong – each has its own pros and cons, has things that make it special – but fall holds a place in my heart as the one I await the most.

– GABRIELLE LINDENMEYR, 17, SHELburnE

World weary

Brittle boredom born in my bones. Soul aches from lack of breaks. Wish to wait in willful wanderlust. But time keeps on ticking. Sand keeps on trickling through the hourglass as short seconds pass. Slippery, sleepless slumber is sought not. Morose moods spring forth from innocuous air. Tis not just, tis not right, tis not fair. Alas, no cause to impart, no grand source of strife, that condones this weariness in my lovely lot in life.

– LIAM KELLY-THOMPSON, 16, NORWICH

September

I fell in love with you in September. Right as the leaves started to turn color and the sky became dark. Right as you started to need a light jacket and another hand to keep yours warm. Right as the seasons changed and the wind turned. The clear skies and the chilled air pushed on our cheeks as we walked home and I knew that it was the end. The end of summer. The end of us. A summer fling can't last into the fall. Through the changing colors and the frosty mornings. The seasons changed and so did we. Because summer can't last into fall.

So your hand let go of mine, the air nipping at the now-exposed skin. Because even though I fell in love with you in September, that doesn't mean you fell in love with me.

– ROMAE MARTONE, 14, WILLISTON

Teeth and tongue

Teeth tears through the enemy, searing past the layers, seizing its dense core, and shredding it. Tongue saunters over the problem, suave in its protest against the brutal violence that is seen daily. Teeth rids itself of childhood: soldiers abandoning innocence on the fatal battlefield. Tongue boasts its soothing voice and abundance of free will, it sings of charity and peace. Teeth grapples death by his throat and savagely rips the voice box from his almost unbreakable body. Tongue caresses life's rosy cheeks and pours its love into her like wine into a bottomless glass. Teeth despises Tongue and its glory to speak, as Teeth is the muzzle and abhors its blunt clacking sound. Tongue adores Teeth, though, pressing lovingly against its back, always there to bestow much praise. Teeth knows it cannot live without Tongue; Tongue knows it cannot live without Teeth. They know their time is short, so they love.

– SAWYER FELLOWS, 16, EAST BURKE

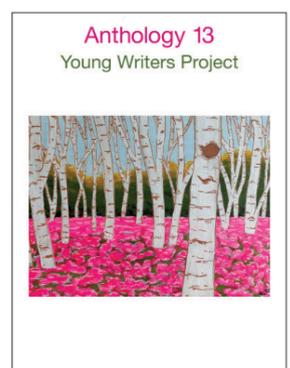


America

I am a child born in a nation of immigrants that hates newcomers trying to make it. I am in the melting pot that thinks land can't be crossed and shouldn't mix. I am part of a world where anyone can make it, that also believes no one deserves it, because it must be earned. I am witness to the country of riches that can't afford to house the homeless or feed the poor. I am from the nation of hypocrites that doesn't see the irony of its current existence.

– MADDIE THIBAUT, 17, DUXBURY

YWP NEWS & EVENTS



YWP's annual anthology of the best writing and art from the 2021-22 school year is published. Visit the YWP website at youngwritersproject.org/node/36674 to preview and order a copy!

HOW TO SUPPORT YWP

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SPECIAL THANKS THIS WEEK

