

YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT



“Spirit,” by Caris Gaito, 13, Burlington



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 an 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, attend online workshops and events, be inspired, and get published! It’s free!

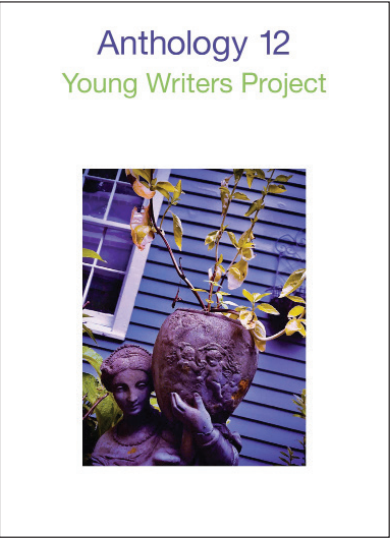
YWP NEWS & EVENTS

Online Photo Workshop



OCT. 14, 6:30 - 8 PM – Lauren McCabe, a South Burlington high school student and YWP photographer, leads a fun water photo shoot workshop. No photo experience required. All events are FREE for YWP members. To sign up for this online event, go to: youngwritersproject.org.

Just Published!



Go to youngwritersproject.org to order copies and to listen to a special Anthology 12 podcast!

HOW TO SUPPORT YWP

Young Writers Project is a 501(c)(3) nonprofit that relies solely on grants and donations for support.

If you enjoy this weekly feature, please consider donating online at youngwritersproject.org/support.

Or mail your gift to:
Young Writers Project
47 Maple St., Suite 216
Burlington, VT 05401.

Contact: Susan Reid, Executive Director,
sreid@youngwritersproject.org;
(802) 324-9538.

THANK YOU!

SPECIAL THANKS THIS WEEK

THE
*Rona
Jaffe*
Foundation

Coming of age

Life, the fair blue light,
to me was quite the sight.
Amid my world
there is wonder and laughter and love.
Time flowed through my veins
as I played in the plains. I found myself
feeling happy, without any flaw. But then
it came to me that I was not enough.
I thought that I would never be
strong and tough. I couldn’t find a way
for me to run out of the rain.
I couldn’t find a way for me to ease the pain.
Like a foreign fable
behind those silvery doors,
below those nail-bitten floors, I wonder how
we are here, we are now, we were then.
My loss of innocence came through,
my life which I must pursue: a coronation
for my coming of age.
Now and then I wonder
if I could’ve made a change.
My life I desperately wish to rearrange.
I know now that I was born
with the perfect flaw,
but sometimes I wish I didn’t have it at all.

– ELLA POSTON, 17, ST. ALBANS

The sunrise

Houses line the lonely streets,
and the sun is gradually rising.
Beautiful flaming rays of gold
dance across the barren streets and cast light
across the cobblestones and bricks.
Birds fly in formation toward the south,
and the empty streets come alive.
I feel like a cold blanket smothering my heart
is letting go and flying.
A light snow shower drizzles me
with cold cotton balls. The sun melts them
and warms both my body and heart.
I stick out my tongue to taste the cool
balls of white, and look up to the sun,
its brilliance, oh so bright.
I smell sweet lavender candles
and feel the cold snow on my bare feet.
I inhale through my nose
and stare down at the street.

– CAILIN FITZGERALD, 10,
SOUTH BURLINGTON

Sonnet of feathers

Can I describe this thing that beats like wings,
that steps with every fall of my feet,
that sits in my ribcage and sings?
What is this thing that flutters when I sleep?
Can I describe this thing played out in keys
that fills my mouth with everything
but words?
With a breath it has brought me to my knees.
What is this that has turned me to a bird?
I cannot describe it. I’m drunk on this,
with every fall of your sacred limbs, oh.
I can’t stand the temptation of your kiss,
and so I am far away from sorrow.
Today, tomorrow, she takes my hand, and
every pulse of my veins is at her command.

– WILLA WHITAKER JACKSON, 14,
MARSHFIELD



Without words

I had a long childhood.
My innocence was protected and I didn’t see
the world for what it is.
I smiled a lot, and I cried too,
but only over the little things:
scraped knees and spilled ice creams.
The big things didn’t scare me for awhile.
Now I’m older and I see the world
for what it is.
I listen to my friends’ stories about
what men have done to them,
and it hasn’t happened to me yet,
but I’m so scared.
I am a woman, so I am never truly safe.
I sign petitions and have hard discussions
and sometimes I pray,
even though I’m not religious.
I don’t know who I’m praying to,
but someone has to hear me.
I started watching empowering
YouTube videos,
and I cry and cry, because we’ve come so far
but we are still not even close.
I have to listen to them alone in my room,
because the world will laugh at my tears.
They just banned abortions
past six weeks in Texas.
And I don’t live there, but other people do –
and what is going to happen to them?...

– KATIE BRENNAN KEECH, 15, CHARLOTTE

Excerpted; read complete poem at
youngwritersproject.org/node/41803

I can find no words

There are some moments
when I know just
what to say.
When I know just
what to say
to make someone feel
less doubtful, less put down, less afraid.
But while there are
words of positivity, words of clarity,
there are lots of times
when my lips do not move,
they do not make a sound.
They seem to detach from
my body altogether,
leaving me with my thoughts,
my thoughts that wish to escape,
my thoughts that wish to be heard,
my thoughts that get stuck.
And so, when I get scared,
when I become embarrassed,
when I seem overpowered by something,
someone else,
I must learn to strengthen these words,
these feelings,
into sentences that can be heard,
even by those who always speak,
and by those who never listen.

– SCARLETT CANNIZZARO, 13, ESSEX