

YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT



“By the Lake,” by Charlie Gaito, 12, Burlington

“Okay, love you, bye”

In my house, the phrase “I love you” is said more than anything else. It is used interchangeably with hellos and goodbyes and “Thanks for dinner,” “I’m going to wear this sweater all the time,” “Let’s end this fight,” “Let’s end this conversation,” “Hey, anyone there?” We use it in every single way you can imagine. We say it dramatically at the kitchen table like we forgot my brother yelled it from the bathroom two hours ago. It is not a phrase we save for birthdays, messily written cards, college drop-offs, or near-death experiences. We use it so much, it almost feels like it’s lost its meaning. It’s not so much about the sentiment of appreciating every aspect about someone. It’s said so many times that it’s just accepted as a part of everyday speech. Used like some aspiring Southerners use “y’all.” But by saying this more, we are not hindering its meaning. We are enhancing it. The more ways a word is used, the more things it means. This makes it somewhat confusing, but that’s what love is: confusing, multifaceted, and something that means a different thing to every person. I like to think about it like, love is something we have long established in our family, something I know we have for each other, so why not remind each other as much as we can? Why not remind the people we care about most why they got out of bed, why they are important, and why they matter? If there is one word that is not spoken enough, it’s “love.” We all have it for someone – let’s remind them of it.

– MIRA NOVAK, 15, CHARLOTTE

Nature is art

Little green, red, and orange trees paint the bottom of the canvas. Mountains and hillsides too, paint the bottom of the canvas. Rivers, ponds, and lakes scatter across the Earth, like cracks in a sculpture. The ocean waves crash against the shore, like music played in a band. Clouds are clay: They shift and mold into shapes. The seasons paint different scenes of a story. The sunset colors the sky with purples, pinks, oranges, and blues. Nature is art.

– RILEY BERNATCHY, 14, CAMBRIDGE

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!



Three things

There are three things in this world I might know for certain. One may start with knowing that you can’t live behind the curtain. The more you might pretend to be, the more that they might add. You cannot live in fear, my dear, for that just makes me sad. The second is an easy one: It’s okay to make mistakes (you might’ve heard that, here or there, but it’s only true if it takes). Don’t live in regret of what’s been done, look forward after back, or you might end up, if not forgiving, following a repeat track. The last thing I might really know, and only lived to learn, is that it might just be okay to stand between a herd. Everyone is different, so no matter what they say, stand strong against the altered you, and be your truth for yet another day.

– BELLA BAILEY, 17, MILTON

Always close

We were like love and hate. We coexisted even though others thought we would burn each other to bits, because what they didn’t know was that we fed each other’s flames. My love for you twisted and twirled, all while your hate for me stayed still as it blazed. We moved in a dance that only we knew, one that was slow and methodical, laying all our cards out on the table. We collided like two shooting stars, destroying ourselves and everything in our path.

Our beauty was too much for some to take, because we think of love and hate as two different things – but in the end, we are only a breath away.

– ROMAE MARTONE, 14, WILLISTON

Music

Inspired by Amanda Gorman

There is music in the world. In every breath, in every word, in every place, in every face. There is music in the world. In every country, in every state. There is music in the trees. In every maple and every pine, from every oak to every birch. There is music in the wind. From the billowing sails to the forest smoke, with every whistle, another note. Music is a trap like sticky sap. Every note grows like a vine, with every song another rhyme. Music is a dance and every dance a song. With every twist and every turn, another movement flows on, another breath keeps it going. Another leap to win them all, another step, keep standing tall. Music is a staple life does not work without. There is music in the world. In the rivers, in the mountains, in the lakes, in the hills, in the rocks, in the valleys, in the trees, in the clouds. Music is not manmade. Music is natural. Music is in the air we breathe, it is in the words we speak. Mankind has perceived it to be what we know today, but music has been here throughout all time. Do we not sing when we speak? Do we not dance when we move? There is music in the world that gives us life and feeds our soul. There is no life without music, for those who do not sing the song of life have never really lived at all. Have they?

– ADDIE NEVITT, 16, HINESBURG

Human

The brain is finicky. Complex, volatile, constantly changing. The extent of the human flaw – too easily shaped, yet when it grabs something and holds, it’s impossible to pull away. A sticky web of intertwined logic and fantasy, tinted by perspective.

The heart beats tirelessly, oblivious, almost unfeeling. It never stops, never pauses for a breath, never sleeps. Almost machine-like, yet somehow it is wise to its world in a way the brain could never be.

The brain is aware of the possibility of its demise. It struggles against its web, trying to find a way to disconnect from the very things that make it tangible. Instead, it only gets more caught up in the jumble of perceived notions.

The heart knows nothing, it seems, and still it beats on – or does it? Is it maybe that the heart knows more than the brain ever will, purely because it does not wonder?

Simplicity versus complexity. A constant struggle between two stubborn forces that will keep going and going until one overtakes the other or they both go down in flames.

– PHOEBE GRESHAM, 13, RICHMOND

I dream of you

I dream of you in primary colors. Red is for jokes and evil smirks. Yellow is for happy laughs and glowing eyes. Orange is for freckles on sunburned cheeks. Blue is for pouty lips and missing you. Green is for walks in the woods. I dream of you in primary colors.

– AMELIA VAN DRIESCHE, 16, BURLINGTON

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SPECIAL THANKS
THIS WEEK

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