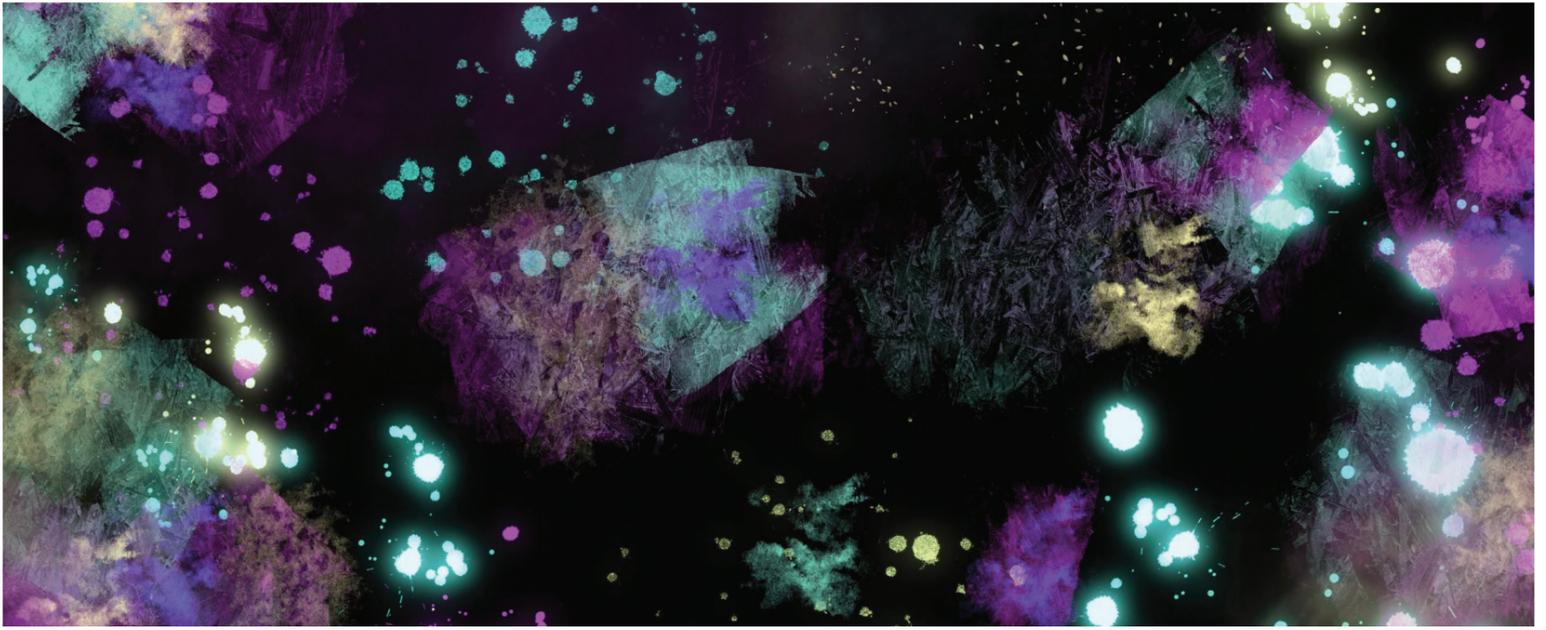


YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT



“Paint Splatters,” by Evie Crowell, 12, Burlington



Lunchroom verse

Lunchroom table.
Monday's pile of lost souls.
Me – among the missing.
Seconds walk me by,
dragging their feet
on the cold, square tile.
Not boredom –
these people
carry the visage of indifference
and insomnia's face paint.
I've been here before.
I will be here again.
I will forget this place –
eventually.
My gaze runs wild,
runs from me,
from my mind –
runs from this place.
Me – scribbling
mangled verse
into my frantic phone
as if it were a time bomb
ticking down the seconds
until I explode
into freedom.

– EMMETT JARVIS, 16,
MONTPELIER

Fleeting love

How do you fall in love
with a shooting star?
A tail so blindingly white,
but if you blink,
you miss it.
Here for only a moment,
seen only by those
who are looking for it.
Beauty so exquisite,
exhibited by a streak in the stars.
A flaming gem for a select few
to witness,
a private symphony for all those
who watch to marvel at.
A fallen angel,
a fallen dove.
A fleeting moment,
a fleeting love.

– MOLLY MARINO, 13,
HINESBURG

Old theater

The back row of the old theater,
where the velvet chairs are
mostly dust, and the wooden arms
are weary-wrought.
Under carvings of trees
that have lost all definition,
carvings of eyes that I'll never see.
Under lightbulbs that'd welcome
the hint of a flicker, and old
chandeliers that have rusted alone.
Where music can't reach my heart
and tutus cannot brush my eyes.
Where anything and everything
else has drifted off to sea.

– ZOE BERNSTEIN, 16, 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!

Flower-pressed snowman Stepping onto the ice

There was no time to think –
the sun was searching
for something to kill.
So I grabbed my snowman
by his scarf
and dragged him to the single
shadow
shaded from the midday sun
by the pointed roof,
and we sat
on the last island of winter.
I told him to hold on
(he was getting all mushy),
and I pulled my journal
out of my coat pocket.
The shadow was folding back
and the sun smiled wider.
I felt warmth on my nose.
I put my journal down on the snow
and the snowman wobbled
as he lay down on a blank page.
And then,
as I crossed my shaking fingers,
I flower-pressed my snowman
between the pages.
Just in time,
the sun found me hiding there
and blinded me with yellow lips
and white teeth,
but I was already running
up the steps and into the house.
When I finally sat down
on the edge of my bed,
I couldn't bring myself
to open the book,
and stuffed it into a drawer.
It was midnight when it woke me,
the sickening sound of
my snowman
dripping through a hole in the desk.
I turned on the light
and there he was,
running down the desk leg and
gathering between the floorboards.
With unblinking eyes,
I opened the drawer
and found my journal.
It was with shaking hands
I had closed it, and it was
with shaking hands that again
I opened it.
I did not find my snowman,
only wrinkled pages
falling out of the binding.
And my socks were wet
as I stood on the carpet
soaked with my snowman.
I laid the journal on the desk and
slipped back into bed,
my cold socks a wordless reminder:
I had not saved him.

– AVA ROHRBAUGH, 16,
CHARLOTTE

As her eyes
skim the silent ground,
the icy ground,
she waits for fear.
And from her cracking lips
escapes a
suffocating breath,
while her heart beats on steadily.
She waits.
She waits for the
voice in her head
telling her to stop,
telling her to be careful,
to be cautious.
But as of this moment,
this frozen, quiet moment,
nothing is speaking to her.
Not the gossiping trees,
not the whispering wind,
not even the birds
shivering from the chill
of the biting frost.
It is time for her mind to move,
time for her limbs to move.
And as she steps onto the ice,
her breath catches.
This pause in reality,
this moment in which
her mind questions everything,
is the moment that makes
her foot slide.
As she steps onto the ice,
she's wondering what will happen.
As she steps onto the ice,
she's afraid.
As she steps onto the ice,
she doesn't want to go any farther,
so she stops herself,
and she falls.
But fear comes around like this,
time
after time, after time,
and she will never outrun it.
And so she stands up,
recovery flooding her thoughts,
and as she steps onto the ice
once more,
that fear is what pushes her
to glide.

– SCARLETT CANNIZZARO, 14,
ESSEX

Colors

Warm yellow, soft pink.
Wise purple, fierce red.
Smooth orange, lively green.
Flowing blue, bright black.
Still white, calm gold.
My rainbow of colors.

– MOLLY QUAVELIN, 12,
BURLINGTON

I dare

The scraping of my board
on the sidewalk,
the rustling of leaves in the air.
The pounding of my feet
on the pavement,
the wind whipping through my hair.
I skid to a stop
at the top of the hill.
There's one thing in my head –
I dare.

– MOLLY SILVIA, 13, SHELBURNE

YWP NEWS & EVENTS

MARCH WRITING WORKSHOP:

THE LUCK OF LONGER DAYS



What do longer, brighter days mean to you?

Join poet Reuben Jackson and arts educator Alex Muck for our next *free* writing workshop, in celebration of the light, energy, and creativity spring has to bring.

Respond to prompts, listen, share, and offer supportive feedback.

All formats (prose, poetry, plays, lyrics, etc.) are welcome!

When:

Thurs., March 17, 2022
6:30 – 8 p.m.

Where:

Zoom link sent the day of,
after prior sign-up:
youngwritersproject.org/node/43722

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

SPECIAL THANKS THIS WEEK

