

YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT



“Late Afternoon by the Lake,” by Quinn Sunderland, 15, Charlotte

Abstract art

We are all art in the process of being made – some final drafts, some rough sketches. I was hurting, feeling alone, feeling pained. I tore up the canvas, ripped through marker and cloth, did and didn’t realize how it would hurt. I sat there covered in the paint and ink feeling nothing but regret, all the colors everywhere. At first, all I saw was the mess. But slowly my perspective shifted, and I saw a beautiful masterpiece, abstract art, easily misunderstood, taken for simple and messy... But it is beautiful – not despite, but because of the chaos.

– SOPHIE MORTON, 12, HINESBURG

Oatmeal raisin love song

Loving you is like trying to float on eggshell rafts when the adrenaline rush is over and I have to sweep up the vase. Vases. Loving you is very easy when I don’t love myself, but when I do, it’s drinking water from a cactus as pricklers stick out of my thumbs. Loving you is that thing lactose intolerant people do because ice cream seems worth it before an hour passes. Loving you is baking oatmeal raisin cookies and then having to eat them so they don’t go to waste, because the raisins aren’t chocolate. They aren’t even close. Last week I ate three dozen oatmeal raisin cookies, and each bite reminded me of you.

– ZOE BERNSTEIN, 16, JERICHO

He...

Two meters away you sit at your seat, across the aisle from my stationed feet. Felicity sparks a fire within me, burning with passion, I feel, but does he? I could watch you for hours, with dreams filled with flowers, red roses in hand, dancing to the beat of the band. Gentle, kind, and extremely sweet, yet you’re flirtatious with others, and I can hardly compete. Your very presence is the treasure I seek, yet your lack of apprehension continues its streak.

– WHITNEY DYKSTRA, 15, MONKTON

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!

Tomorrow

Today I asked if I could borrow your pen. You asked, “Black or blue?” I wanted to tell you that I like your pencil case and your fleece, and how you do your hair. Today I wanted to tell you that I like everything about you. I wanted to ask if you like me. But instead I said, “Black,” and went back to my desk. I tell myself that tomorrow I will tell you, tell you that I hope all your wishes come true, that I hope you are free and happy. I wonder if you notice me. And the next day I tell myself I will do it tomorrow.

– LEONA SUNDERLAND, 13, CHARLOTTE

The concert

Eventually the song has to end, I kept telling myself. The man up on stage would just not stop strumming his guitar. The way that he effortlessly moved his fingers along the strings was almost hypnotizing. The way that the light caught his face and his guitar, the way you could see that his eyes were closed and that he was smiling – he was not playing a song at that point, he was playing what his heart said. The audience realized this; none of them spoke a word. They remained dazzled by how effortlessly the man’s fingers breezed along his guitar and played a tune so beautiful it would put even angels to sleep. The man was young and bursting with enough energy that he would’ve been able to light up an entire room of lightbulbs. The light shined off him, and he absorbed all the warmth that contrasted with the darkness of the others watching the show, as he continued playing his soul...

– NOAH CARMONA, 16, COLCHESTER
Excerpted; read complete story at youngwritersproject.org/node/44001

Authorized entrance only

Inspired by Charles Simic

There is no twilight in the city. Only time we collect in our mouths, sun peeling color off the streets, rats skittering down sidewalks. The fire escape has been painted gold. It shimmers at night, casts shadows on my wall, golden stains where the studs should be. Under the weight of a trash can, the cobble-stoned alley echoes like gunshots. We cover our ears, put our knees to the floor. There are ghosts in our hallway, footsteps thudding off the steel stairs. We have lived here for years. We still forget to lock the door.

– SAM AIKMAN, 18, RICHMOND

11:18 p.m. rhyme

The outfit I’ve chosen is past compare. It matches right down to my underwear. All who behold it break into song. Their admiration is far from wrong. I walk down the street to a chorus of praise, the beauteous subject of everyone’s gaze. I’m less than what is called “average” height, but this doesn’t diminish my dazzling light. Wherever I travel, I draw a crowd of people pointing and gasping aloud. But little do they know that beneath the clothes, I’m really 10 rats and a kakapo!

– KATHERINE MORAN, 16, BRISTOL

A poem

A poem is the thing that floats up to the ceiling on a single string as I wait for it to fall back down to me.

– AVA ROHRBAUGH, 16, CHARLOTTE



City of Peace

Smooth, tan stones cover the ground where merchants sell jewelry and people stroll through the city. Pomegranates are piled in baskets and Armenian pottery shimmers under the sun. The smells of fresh pita and fried falafel waft through the warm air. As the golden hour approaches, schoolchildren skip out of school to their homes or to their friends. The city hum settles, and their busy day comes to an end while the sun sets behind their ancient buildings. And the twinkling lights illuminate the sky, from the Golan Heights to the Dead Sea. Our neighbors are with us, together again.

– ANNA DAUERMAN, 14, SHELburne

I am

I am making a fire made of words. I am letting that anger waft into the night. I am screaming that fear into the warmth. I am crying that loneliness into the smoke. I am punching the air as if it were my enemy. I am howling my pain into the dark. I am kicking my worry in the bud. I am running through my mind, finding all the words to be burned.

– AMELIA VAN DRIESCHE, 15, BURLINGTON

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**SPECIAL THANKS
THIS WEEK**
**LISA SCHAMBERG AND
PATRICK ROBINS**