

# YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT



“Poetry,” by Molly Quavelin, 13, Burlington

## Sunshine serenity

The sun slowly sinks down  
behind the mountains,  
casting faded orange  
and yellow rays.  
Wispy clouds drift overhead,  
pushed by the wind.  
A single cricket’s chirp fills the air  
with a quiet song,  
more joining to make  
a simple harmony.  
Laughter echoes through the valley,  
along with shrieks of joy.  
Picking wildflowers and weeds,  
tied with grass to make a bouquet.  
Rolling down the hill,  
hair coming undone,  
becoming a dizzy mess.  
Writing letters to our future selves,  
with our hopes and dreams  
sealed in an envelope.  
Holding hands as we walk,  
wishing time would stand still.

– LUCY PODUSCHNICK, 15,  
MIDDLEBURY

## Right back down

The summit where miles  
become minuscule  
is a blue fade of a pinprick from  
fresh-cut grass and gravel home,  
as you stand there and ponder  
that you stood atop  
said such dome,  
burning muscles to reach  
something breathtaking  
to be back at the bottom by noon.  
How the view is unstoppable,  
but that afternoon  
the view is your room.  
How you cherish that moment  
only after you’ve grasped  
that it’s real,  
because now you’re in the car  
listening to radio  
and it’s becoming no big deal.  
But spend hours inside  
at a desktop,  
or a summer of hot tubs  
and wealth,  
and you’ll never reach the top  
of that feeling of pushing yourself.  
And there is that stubborn expanse  
of prickly pine trees  
who wonder why we come and go,  
come and go,  
when the view from the top  
is a daily show –  
you could just stay here, you know?

– VIVIEN SORCE, 15, HINESBURG

## Alphabet fruit

See this world fold into the next.  
Dog-eared mountaintops.  
Shaded spine valley.  
Page an unending,  
unheeding landscape.  
Rich, fertile soil  
bearing alphabet fruit,  
picked, eaten, digested, divulged.  
A path opens in the foliage –  
a beginning, a title.

– EMMETT JARVIS, 16,  
MONTPELIER

## 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](http://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!

## Hourglass

She promises to remember him  
once the time has ticked away,  
once the lights go dark,  
once the clocks have stopped,  
when she can’t recall today.  
And he swears to her  
that her shining eyes  
will never leave his mind,  
once his hands are gnarled,  
once his legs are weak,  
and his vision has gone blind.  
They promise to wear rings once  
the jewels are scratched and faded,  
once the gold goes black,  
once the band comes loose,  
once their memories  
become shaded.  
They promise that they will stay  
as one once their bodies are gone,  
when their bones are dust,  
when their clothes are threads,  
once the final line’s been drawn.

– ZOE BERNSTEIN, 16, JERICHO

## Syd

My good old Pontiac Grand Prix,  
the first thing I’ve owned,  
my first big thing –  
my car, Sydney.  
No matter how many people  
tell me  
she’s worthless or old,  
she’s priceless to me.  
I remember the first day  
I bought her,  
cash in hand,  
listening about her past,  
biggest smile.  
The first pothole I hit,  
the sorrow and pat on her dash,  
asking for forgiveness  
(and she did).  
The long nights driving,  
crying,  
laughing,  
sharing,  
killing time,  
just venting to her.  
Yep, that’s good old Syd,  
Syd because she kind of looks like  
Sid the Sloth (just look it up, 2004),  
but she knows me better than  
anyone.  
She’s more than I ever  
could’ve asked for –  
a first car,  
a life lesson,  
a window into the best  
and the worst moments,  
a memorable ride.

– BELLA BAILEY, 17, MILTON

## I think the rain likes me

I think the rain likes me.  
The way she manages to quiet  
everything down for me,  
I can finally hear my mind  
and feel my heart  
beating.  
I think the rain likes me.  
The way she covers me  
head to toe  
with her blanket of water  
born from the sky,  
that blanket that  
never fails to drench my clothes,  
bringing them closer to me.  
Now,  
they’re hugging my skin;  
now,  
my skin is hugging me.  
I think the rain likes me.  
The way she keeps everyone inside  
without having to say a word,  
and when I step out my door,  
I’m alone in this small town,  
in this world.  
Or so it feels like.  
I think the rain likes me.  
The way she dances with me,  
entirely effortlessly,  
so uniquely.  
Powerful yet immensely gentle,  
she is.  
I think the rain likes me.  
But then again,  
I thought that only  
when I began to dance with her  
rather than despise  
her unannounced presence.

– ELLA BEERWORTH, 17,  
CHARLOTTE

## Apples

Your leaf is the color of the clovers  
that cover my lawn,  
the same shape as the parabolas  
I see in math.  
Your fruit is the size of the ball  
of yarn on my desk,  
the same color as the blood  
that falls from my skin.  
Your juice tastes of acid and sugar  
and wind,  
reminding me of cinnamon and fire.  
I will use you in pies,  
or wrap you in caramel,  
have you with waffles  
in the morning, in slices with lunch,  
or in cider, with spices,  
right before bed.  
I will only gather you in autumn,  
but I will remember you all year.

– ORIN PAXTON, 17, BURLINGTON



## Star of the show, without any credits

As the day turns to dusk, the night  
skies bleed all colors birthed from  
the singular, joyous, cosmic star.  
However, the star no longer smiles  
in all colors tonight, for the star  
has gained consciousness of  
what lies below. The ungrateful  
Earth smokes and coughs on  
the star, for the star witnesses the  
fumes come up to the night skies,  
stabbing its eyes and making it cry.  
The star of the show  
ponders, wonders what the world  
has done tonight, for it has not  
fumed this much anger without  
a valid reason. However, the star  
realizes the world has been burning  
for a while, running off any  
fuel it can burn. The upset star  
spreads its tears across the dying  
night sky until it is no more.  
No credits.

– NOAH CARMONA, 17,  
COLCHESTER

## Pale green

Pale green, the color  
of a luna moth’s wings at night  
as it flutters on a soft breeze  
under the brightly shining stars.  
The color of lichen  
growing on rocks,  
resilient in the most barren places,  
finding a way to survive.  
Pale green, like moonlight  
shining against the leaves of a tree.  
It reminds me to create my own  
little fantasies, and to wonder –  
but most importantly,  
it reminds me to dream.

– ASTRID LONGSTRETH, 12,  
JERICHO

## 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](http://youngwritersproject.org/support).

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

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

## SPECIAL THANKS THIS WEEK

