

# Week 5: Young poets, authors keep writing in season

## Ode to a summer's day:

By Amie Schiller

BRATTLEBORO UNION HIGH SCHOOL,  
GRADE 9

Those marigolds so fluffy and bright,  
the dew drops still fresh on the ground,  
birds chirping, dogs barking,  
happiness is all around.  
The sun is warm and yellow,  
I wallow in its heat,  
I feel the warmth all around me  
especially around my feet.  
And then I hear that constant  
summer beat,  
the sound of people happy,  
happiness that only summer can bring.  
The sound of a sweet mockingbird,  
feeling obliged to sing,  
Then finally I hear something queer,  
everything has stopped;  
uh-oh is it really what I fear?  
Is it something that I hold dear?  
Is it coming near?  
And it finally hits me:  
Today is the last day of summer.

## Three on autumn

By Audrey Jones

LELAND AND GRAY UNION  
HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

Autumn is a season of beauty.  
The sun shines brightly upon the  
gardens of ripening fruit and blossoming  
flowers.  
Summer's thin green pumpkins  
swell to autumn's plump orange  
pumpkins.  
Birds sing songs of magnificence.  
No clouds are in sight.  
Then, hour by hour, the soft-dying  
day turns into night at last.  
The wind blows leaves of brilliance  
across the town, asleep from an  
exhausting day.  
The rivers and brooks flow lazily,  
with a soft sound.

By Bridget Walter

GEORGIA ELEMENTARY AND MIDDLE  
SCHOOL, GRADE 4

Crisp autumn air  
Wafting into my nose  
A vehicle comes speeding  
Down the road – vroom  
The leaves under my feet  
Crunch  
crumble.  
The moist ground under my feet  
goes  
Squelch  
And I look down.  
Often I stop  
And look at the brightly colored  
leaves.  
And move on.  
I make haste to  
Pick some leaves off the trees  
To bring home.  
In a nearby church people are  
singing a hymn  
I stop  
And listen  
And start walking again.  
The feeling of autumn softens my  
feelings.  
I doubt I will ever have this feeling  
again, so I savor it.  
If I could design the world, autumn  
would be every day.

By Quinn Darrow

LELAND AND GRAY UNION  
HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

Songs of Spring have left the earth  
The fumes of poppies set drowsi-  
ness in the air  
The trees bend with apples for the  
cider press  
As fruitfulness hangs in the air  
The hedge crickets sing a lullaby to  
Mother Earth  
As she gets ready for the long cold  
blanket of snow  
To help her to sleep.

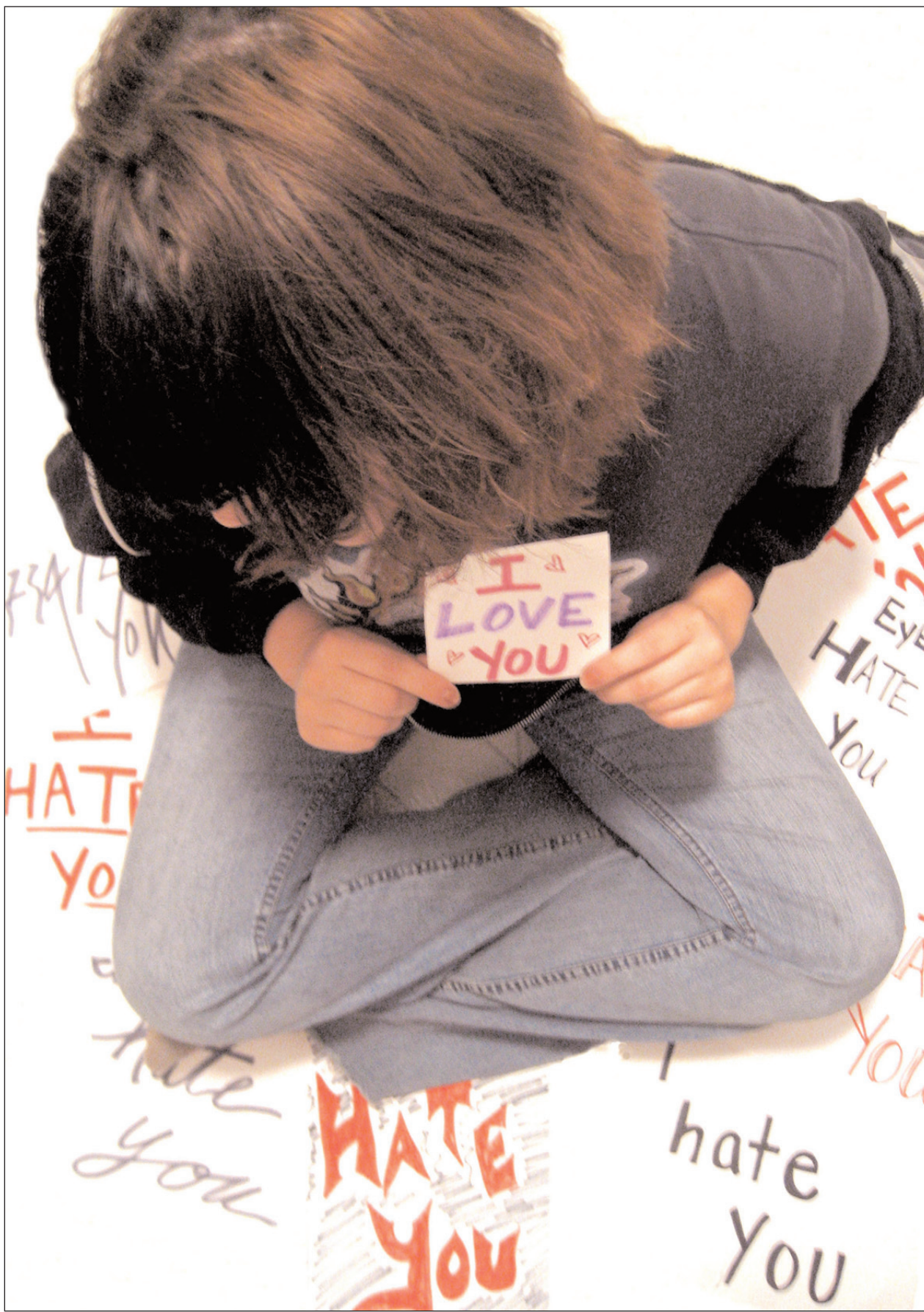
## Sweep me away

By Chauncey Jones

LELAND AND GRAY UNION  
HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

Sweep me away  
off my feet  
tell me some secrets  
that I can keep.  
Twirl me 'round  
let's dance through the night  
as long as you're here  
everything is alright.  
My world is safe  
when I'm in your arms  
but I'm jolted awake  
by my alarm.  
Another fantasy  
another day  
show up soon  
and sweep me away.

## EMOTIONAL OUTLET



Cherly Sudol, a student at Essex High School, says this of her photograph: "I like to take pictures of people and find ways to express emotion with a little mystery. I try to take photos that immediately catch your eye and make you think about what's going on in the picture. I do this by using different lighting, different backgrounds and even through cards. For example, if I have an emotion that is dark or sad, I try to portray that someone is deeply hurt, and I will write "hurt" or "broken" on an index card and have my models hold the card. I do the same for brighter and happier moods, except I try to make the pictures inviting and warm. I enjoy bringing out emotions that many people try to hide."

The Young Writers Project would love to have more student art to publish on these pages and on its Web site. Send jpg images, at least 200 dpi and 5"x7" to [ggevalt@youngwritersproject.org](mailto:ggevalt@youngwritersproject.org). For more information, go to: [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org)

## Butterfly

By Maggie Sullivan

MILTON HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 9

I sit in the cramped seat of a cafeteria table surrounded by people I've known for years, silently chewing. I notice, slightly, the havoc of all these students on the periphery. I wonder why so much amusement is found from playing keep-away with someone's food, or throwing an empty bottle around that no one wants to put away, or making snide comments about every other girl in school.

People say my name like they've said it too many times before, and I know they probably have; I think we all have. They want to know what's wrong with me, why I'm so quiet. They're not used to not having someone to tell to shut up.

I make up lame excuses instead of saying everything on my preoccupied mind. I don't want my friends to know that I don't understand their entertainment that once made so much sense. Being rejected is what I fear the most.

All of a sudden I feel stuck, stuck like a fly on flypaper. These people don't know what they're doing and they don't know why. They're talking about things they don't really care about because they think it's right. Deep down inside, I'm sure no one cares if you wear black and brown together, or if you wear white after Labor Day, yet we all know remarks will follow like the people themselves follow each other. I sit here with them, laughing along to things that aren't funny because I don't know any better. I don't want to be one of those people, going with the flow just like everyone else. I want to be my own person that can do what I truly believe in without feeling self-conscious, but the pressure is just too overwhelming.

I want to get out, meet someone new. I want to start over in a place where I have no expectations or standards to go by, a place where my name is as foreign as my face. I don't want to be stuck to this uncomfortable flypaper surrounded by people who care too much about nothing. I don't want to be stuck to people that haven't changed since kindergarten or the people that force me to laugh at a dying cause. I want to escape,

be free, be me, but I can't. I'm stuck to the glue of self-consciousness.

Every day, I get up at the same time, shower for the same amount of minutes, wake my brother up, get ready for school and walk across a big empty field to get there. It's all the same, except one day that empty field is a field hockey home, the next it's covered in snow and the next it's a softball haven.

Why is a field so simple and easily changeable while I can only walk across it without feeling? Why can't people change that easily? Why can't we wake up one morning with new ambitions and new appearances and new reasons? Why are we still amused by the same things, the same jokes again and again? That field would rot away with boredom if it stayed a place for field hockey lovers forever. And you know, not everyone is a field hockey lover. So where do the people who are sick of field hockey go? Where do they turn when they need someone, something to comfort them, support them, help them through the rough times? If you already know all the players on the team and none of them speak your questioning language, who can teach you? Who can help you? Who can be there for you, be your friend? If a field can change, why can't we?

Sitting here at this table, I feel paralyzed, like I've just been struck with the lightning of reality. I need to tell someone, let it all out, but I can't. If I do, I wouldn't belong at this table anymore. I wouldn't belong at any other table. I already know who everyone else is and what they do, what they say and mean. There's no escaping, no way out of this. I'm in a glass box, watching the world around me, watching the field change, watching the grass grow. I'm locked inside; I can't escape. I'm trapped with no one to run to because opinions are already made, judgments are already decided, and I am not someone new. More than anything, I want to escape this frustration, but I must remain here in a glass box until my metamorphosis is through.

## How to submit

One of the goals of the Young Writers Project is to publish students' great work, either online or in our partner newspapers (for students from Vermont or greater Lebanon, N.H.). Works can be in response to our prompts or gen-

eral writing; the work can be fiction, nonfiction, essays, poetry — any genre.

To submit work for potential publication, register at [www.youngwritersproject.org](http://www.youngwritersproject.org), and follow the instructions on how to submit.



YWP is a grassroots nonprofit that aims to help students write better and gain an audience for their best work. YWP offers writing ideas or prompts, special projects and a safe Web site, [www.youngwritersproject.org](http://www.youngwritersproject.org), where students can share their writing, comment on each other's work, participate in group discussions and work on projects. YWP is indebted to the generosity of the Vermont Business Roundtable which is funding the YWP's core work for the second year.



## Purple

By Victoria Crowther

LELAND AND GRAY HIGH SCHOOL,  
GRADE 9

Purple is calming yet very loud  
Soft as lavender in the spring  
But crazy as one-piece snowboard suits  
Yummy as grape juice  
But gross as wine  
The color of my crocs  
And even the color of some people's  
hair  
Purple is the color of royalty  
Also nobility and spirituality  
From nail polish to nature with lavender,  
orchids, lilacs and violets  
Purple is a mixture of blue and red, so it  
is both warm and cool  
A purple room can boost a child's imag-  
ination or an artist's creativity  
But too much purple can result in  
moodiness  
Purple is wonderful

## High school - sweet nothings

By Sarah Debouter

MIDDLEBURY UNION HIGH SCHOOL,  
GRADE 11

How many times a day, do you have to  
hear quiet, before you actually stay  
quiet?

I only have to hear it once. I close my  
mouth and lower my eyes, and hope to  
hear silence, peace.

But it never comes, it's still little wis-  
pers, and a few giggles behind me.

I look over to my right, and see my  
best friend.

He looks over with a big goofy grin on  
his face.

I can't help but giggle to myself.

That's why you have to hear quiet so  
many times a day.

Big goofy grins will make it impossible.

Another quiet is shouted into the  
room. Everyone stops talking.

I drum my fingers on the desk.

The girl behind me taps her shoe  
while someone else drops their pencil.

Quiet?

No, it's never quiet.

I look over to my left, and see a girl gig-  
gling,

while her boyfriend whispers in her  
ear.

My friend leans over, and whispers,

"I bet he's whispering sweet nothings  
in her ear.

Simple, 'I love you's' and 'you are so  
beautifuls.'

I bet you anything that he is whispering  
sweet nothings."

I imagine that I was the girl, and I  
smile.

Sweet nothings.

I love yous and you are so beautifuls.

I'm not even getting them,

and I still smile.

## YWP Special Projects

**SYMPHONY POEMS.** The Vermont Symphony Orchestra is seeking poems written in response to "The Skater's Waltz" by Emil Waldteufel. (Download or listen by going to [youngwritersproject.org](http://youngwritersproject.org) and clicking on Publish and Special Projects.) Selected poems will be read at the Holiday Pops concerts in **Barre, Burlington** and **Rutland** on Dec. 7, 8 and 9 respectively. Only students in the general area of these communities are eligible. The poems should be about skating and, if possible, about sleep dreams, another theme of this year's concert. **Deadline Oct. 26.**

**WINTER TALES.** The Vermont Stage Company's professional actors give dramatic readings to selected student winter tales. VSC's shows will be in early December. This year additional presentations will be made at First Night in Burlington. The prompt: Tell a story about winter; it can focus on the holidays or the season – the weather, the outdoors, the emotions. **Deadline: Oct. 26.**

For specific details on all the projects: [www.youngwritersproject.org](http://www.youngwritersproject.org)