

Without you

By Amie Schiller
Brattleboro Union High School, Grade 10
From the Sylvia Plath poem, "Metaphors"
 I've boarded the train,
 there's no getting off.
 Even though I can't stand the pain
 of leaving my home,
 I must go.
 I spent all last night
 Crying in the rain,
 all the time hoping
 my decision was right.
 That time we walked into the woods
 and had a picnic under the trees
 towering above me.
 You told me I was safe
 from harm
 as long as I stayed there
 in your arms.
 But now you're gone,
 and I have no one to rely upon.
 No one keeping me safe.
 Now it's just me,
 looking out the train window,
 Contemplating the big,
 bad,
 world outside.

Nine

By Theresa Glabach
Dummerston School, Grade 8
 9 times
 Something has hit my head
 In the last
 Year.
 9 years old
 Was when basketball at recess
 Came to a painful
 End.
 9 classmates
 I have said
 Good-bye to since
 Kindergarten.
 9th grade
 The future
 I must so carefully
 Plan.
 9 words
 That I wrote
 When I needed my best
 Friend.
 '99
 The year
 I started
 Pre-kindergarten.
 9 years ago
 With a smack of heads
 I met my best
 Friend.
 9 words
 I've heard
 Too many times from
 Everyone.
 9 times
 We passed that note
 For a friend
 Back and forth.
 9 stripes



Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write. It provides writing prompts for this newspaper series; maintains youngwritersproject.org, a supportive online community for students; trains college mentors to provide students with feedback and builds *online classrooms* for schools and after-school programs. For more: ywpvt.net. To read about the project: ywpblog.ywpvt.net

Of pink highlighter
 I had on my
 Arm.
 9 gummy bears
 That got flung
 Into the darkness of the
 Closet.
 9
 The number I thought
 Was so unimportant
 To me.
 I guess I was
 wrong.

The dish and spoon's honeymoon

By Kara Bronson
Dover Elementary School, Grade 6
 The dish ran away with the spoon.
 They went on a honeymoon.
 The dish had a great fall.
 She told the spoon to give 911 a call.
 The spoon disagreed and wouldn't tell.
 Their honeymoon didn't go well.

The ninth best poem

By Skyler Ambrose
Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5
 9 is the best!
 9 is the age I
 was in one of
 the best, best
 grades: 4th! (not
 too young and
 not too old!)
 9 is my lucky
 number! Why?
 well, 9 times
 a fortune
 cookie said so!
 9 that's how many
 times Smokey
 can live!
 (he is my cat you know!)
 September, my birth
 month, is the ninth
 month!
 9 is the last digit in the
 number line!
 9 IS THE BEST!!!!

TODAY

is

VERMONT WRITES DAY II

Join the statewide writing effort. Get your school and teacher to set aside seven minutes to write on three suggested prompts. Or join in the fun at vermontwrites.ywpvt.net

Go there to write, see the prompts or read other students' work.

Listen, and Hear Us

By Cassie Eurich
Crossett Brook Middle School, Grade 8
 Listen.
 What do you hear?
 To those with closed hearts
 and minds locked tight,
 their ears are blocked.
 They hear nothing.
 But there are those special few
 who listen,
 really listen.
 For everyone speaks
 in their own way.
 Through words in ink,
 through a song,
 or a riddle,
 the way they act,
 the things they do,
 sometimes even
 just the way
 they look at you.
 Some even dare to say aloud
 what most of us
 are screaming inside.
 So listen,
 what do you hear?
 We all scream
 that we are frightened,
 confused people
 who want protection,
 who want support,
 who want to fit in,
 or who want to stand out.
 Who want just to be told
 we are important,
 we are special,
 we are wanted.
 We scream that
 surrounded by people
 we are still lonely,
 we are afraid.
 But to help
 you must first hear the cry.
 So listen,
 what do you hear?
 For it's not what you hear
 but rather the fact
 that you continue to listen,
 to reach out.
 So open your heart,
 unlock your mind,
 unplug your ears,
 and listen.
 What do you hear?

Why I Write

By Ariel Engel
Essex High School, Grade 11
 As someone
 A few computers down asks,
 "Why do I write?"
 I ask myself.
 Why do I write?
 Am I making a
 Difference
 With my words?
 Does anybody listen
 Anymore?
 Teens are mostly
 Watching TV,
 Playing sports,
 Doing homework,
 Or working at Hannafords.
 I'm writing.
 Is it because
 I feel obligated
 To let others know
 Just what I feel?
 Is it because
 I no longer
 Play in the band,
 Run around the field,
 Decline and conjugate and translate?
 Why?
 Is this
 How I express
 Myself
 Best?
 Because I can't draw,
 I can't write lyrics
 Or music
 Or even sing well?
 No.
 I think I write
 Because
 Writing is cathartic.
 At the end of the day,
 Everyone is human
 And everyone has
 The same problems.
 We're one.
 I can relate to someone
 I've never met,
 Someone who lived
 Hundreds of years ago.
 Reading the work
 Of other writers,
 I can think about
 Nature,
 The city,
 Theories and
 Metaphors.
 And humanity.
 I can forget
 What's wrong now
 And reflect
 On what could be wrong,
 What has been wrong,
 What will be wrong.
 I can marvel
 At the words of others
 Just as I hope
 That someday,
 People will marvel at mine.
 This is why I write.