

Week 27: General — Ideas spring forth from students' lives

Waiting on the world to change

By **Amie Schiller**
Brattleboro Union High School, Grade 9

What time is it now?
It is the hour for friends
friendship, giving
loving and care.

It's time to stop the war
bring the troops home
away from the violence, killing
hunger and strife.
Home to their families
home for holidays.

It's time for peace
time for the world to breathe a sigh of relief,
the oceans free of litter, the highway free of
cars violence stops...
and time itself
stands still

Hopes and dreams

By **Heather MacLachlan**
Poultney High School, Grade 7

I am Heather.
I wonder if hope is real
I hear the fairies whispering to me
I see the trolls in the morning grass
I want to be on American Idol
I am Heather.

I wonder if true love is real
I hear the cries in the distance
I see the people begging for peace
I want to be helpful
I touch the ice cold water

I am Heather.
I pretend to be famous
I feel the angel's love in me
I touch the blue sky
I worry about my Grandy
I cry for my favorite teacher, Mrs. Keezer
I am Heather.

I understand that life can be hard
I say that love is like a blossom
I dream peace is going around
I try to do my hardest in math
I hope that one day I can help someone in need
I am Heather.

Shells

By **Michaela Tietz**
Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 9

Spirals of melted color
burst from its center
among the twists and
turns of its shape.
The empty, but most striking
inside, is the evidence that
this was once a house. Over
time, the sea has smoothed
the intricate textures into
what is now a glassy pink
shine, sheltered by a rough
outer coat of browns and grays.
A very good house, protective on
the outside, soft and welcoming
inside.
This shell was not a house
but it was once a home.

Where I am from

By **Sarah Seaton**
Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 9

I'm from a tiny town, Dover
Walking distance to my elementary school
Where I had my first kiss and where I played
in my first soccer game
I'm from a 200-year-old yellow farmhouse
overlooking the mountains
With a field full of horses across the street
An old barn door for a dining room table and
two fireplaces back to back
That run constantly throughout the winter.
I'm from stealing toy trucks from Country
Day Care, where my best friend and I spent
every second together
And once being tripped by her and getting
eight stitches,
then running into a wall and getting seven more
I'm from beating our rivals in soccer then get-
ting creamed by them two weeks later
From secret kisses in empty hallways
And feeling like life couldn't get any better,
and then feeling like it couldn't get any worse
two hours later.
I'm from mall trips planned three months in
advance
And finding out that I just spent my entire
salary for a month in one day
I am from Vermont, where instead of being
scared of being mugged, I'm scared of getting
caught in a snowstorm.

Pain!

By **Alison Lussier**
Benson Village School, Grade 8

What happened?
Who is this monster?

I am scared.
What to do?
If I could run
I would
But I'm stuck here
They won't let me go!

I want to get out
Be free.

But it's unfortunate
I have to live in pain!

TALK THROUGH THE HAND



Rachel Hershberger, a student at Essex High School wrote this about her photograph: "I took pictures of people communicating emotion using their hands. Facial expressions are usually a main method of communicating visually. I wanted to stress how hands can say so much about a person and their emotions so the face is cut off, blocked or covered in my pictures."

Glass divide

By **Courtney Perry**
Bellows Falls Union High School, Grade 9

I'm on the outside
Looking in,
The words that I say
Don't mean anything
They aren't enough
To truly describe
This situation.
I cannot know
What it really feels like
Because I can only watch you
From the other side
Of the glass that will divide
You and me
Forever.

Vengeance

By **Katy Turner**
Bellows Free Academy St. Albans, Grade 9

I've been here all day
thinking of insults
burning through my stubborn mind.
Instead, visions play back like old movies
except the characters are, oh, so familiar
and the end, too
predictable.
I've never been one for vengeance
but now can't get enough.
Power-hungry, I struggle
just to get the upper hand.
But all I can think to say is
I hope I don't end up like you.
And I think that will cut you
deep enough.

How I lost my mustache

By **Bryce Bandish**
Dummerston Middle School, Grade 8

He and I had been friends.
Together for nine years, and until all the earths end.
Ever since kindergarten we had been together.
We had seen all the weather.
And then one day in eighth grade
on January 6, 2008 it ran away.
Down the drain it went.
We will always be friends.
We may even see each other through turns and bends.
I will always cherish the embarrassing moments we
went through.
Together,
Forever.

HE GOT SHAVED!

The next week he came back
But this time I was ready to attack.
My mug shaving soap and razor were ready
To shave it down already.
Then he was gone to come again
Because I know were he's always been.

Whisked away

By **Kara Piergentili**
Dummerston School, Grade 7

Only now.
Effortless.
I feel on top of the world.
No one can get me.
The cool breeze in my hair and the sun on my skin.
Away from the stress.
Away from everything.
The only sound comes from the laughter of my friend.
Me, her and a girl's best friend, that's it.
Cantering on the flat ... gone.
On and off, and on and off.
Forgetting time.
Feeling our horses heaving beneath us we stop.
Only a second though.
Then ... we're off.
Seeing the barn I yearn for time to stop.
A diversion from the real world.
Jerked into reality we have to be done.
Night has fallen.

A poem I could write

By **Joey Richardson**
Benson Village School, Grade 8

I have a poem to write for class
But I don't think I can do it
I know I don't know how to do poems
I don't know what form I need
But if I don't do it I'll get an E
I could write about love
I could write about friends
I could write about death
But I'm writing about a poem
For class but it stinks
'Cause I hate writing poems
I could write a pantone
I could write a diamante
I could write a haiku
But I'm not writing
This poem I do not think
I can write a poem the way
It should be but look ... this is a poem right
here and it is pretty good

Cover it up

By **Nicole Ann Buskey**
Missisquoi Valley Union High School, Grade 11

A doodle, black as night
Covers immortal words
That I'll always know are there
Even after we are done
If we left them uncovered
They would pierce us like thorns
Making us bleed the ink of them
So I cover the words
And cover our wounds
So we won't have to bleed
I love yous anymore

Amaranthine Earth

By **Lindsey Goudreau**
Mount Mansfield Union High School, Grade 11

I flew outside and down the steps
The world an amaranth of lore.
Never was there a forest so large
With so much to explore.

To the west Phoebus slid
Crimson behind the trees.
And to the north a zephyr
Danced among the leaves.

Moseying down to our Muddy Miss
We pondered the length of a day.
She concluded, "Bubble glurp."
As I slowly tripped away.

I smiled sadly at the moon
As it rose to take its stand.
Colors withdrew from its gaze
Like water into sand.

I stared at the life around me
Forlorn that all must die.
Janus watched the clouds
And me as I passed by.

At the conclusion of my venture
I stopped to catch my breath.
Behind me waved the world I was leaving
And yet it was the one I'd never left.

Whisper

By **Robert Knox**
Rutland High School, Grade 11

I need	Don't walk away
Just a whisper	All I want
Just some word	Is a whisper
That it's all right	To tell me
Nothing's wrong	Everything's fine
Just a whisper	Between us
In the wind	Please
Would satisfy me	All I need
So please	Is a
Give it to me	Whisper
Just a whisper	

I believed and he was gone

By **Miranda Scott**
Montpelier High School, Grade 9

Oh who gave you life?
Oh who sent you here?
Can't say I see light
When light just isn't near
He was born with a flame
He was born with a word
Hanging from his name
And yet he's lesser than you, sir
Oh who gave you life?
Oh who promised you?
Can't say I see light
In humbled words of new
He wasn't a plan for her
He wasn't a son from him
He was from his own keeper
Who made the world on a whim
Oh who gave you life?
Oh who let you die?
Can't say I see light
When he's cruel enough to lie
He was hope
But when hope is lost
Where do you go?
But is it better lost?



YWP is an independent nonprofit dedicated to helping students write better and gain an audience for their best work. YWP offers writing prompts, workshops, Online Writing Centers and youngwritersproject.org, a safe Web site where students share writing, comment on each other's work and get feedback from college mentors. The Vermont Business Roundtable is funding our core work, but **we need your donations** to continue our work. Go to our Web site and click "donate" for more information.



DEADLINE APPROACHING:

CHAMPLAIN COLLEGE WRITING CONFERENCE

Don't miss out on this year's Champlain College Young Vermont Writers' Conference on Memorial Day weekend. This conference is a great experience.
Application deadline is today.
Go to: www.champlain.edu/write/ for more information and application forms. Or call: (802) 865-6451.

On the Web at youngwritersproject.org

Check out the Web site for more student writing – blogs, forums, podcasts, commenting, a Writer's Library and the 2008 prompts.
Register and log in to participate.

Shadow girl

By **Hailey J. Ward**
Brown's River Middle School, Grade 5

She just stands there in the doorway
Looking beyond what is hers
Tall and skinny, with a tattered and faded
Dusty brown dress and an apron
She moves but no one sees her
Not clearly anyway
Her mouth is silent, her lips dry and still
Her hair is greasy and knotted, and tied back
in a ponytail
Her shape is of a girl
And she walks like a princess
But her voice no one knows
For she is unheard
She is like a blurry vision
Like faded grey
Her face all pale and white, no color at all
Her face, arms and legs are all sooty
From the fireplace, she works there each day
Silently moving and making no noise
She is ... shadow girl