

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

## 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

## 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	

## 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."

## 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?

## 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 you anymore

## 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.

## Boston

By OLIVIA HALNON

Middlebury Union Middle School, Grade 8

Her head is spinning  
Her heart is smiling  
A smile that still exists when she gets to the crowded train stop  
Even the stink of sweat and urine can't make the inner smile drown  
Her feet ache from walking and her throat is dry  
Vendors with ice cold lemonade and bottled water  
Are dispersed throughout the underground train stop  
Her mouth waters  
The roar of the train approaches.  
The girl is comfortably seated in a corner  
With her father near by

There is nothing to be seen out of the window  
But still, she looks  
The darkness flashes by and before the girl knows it, she is being crowded out of the door  
With her father near by

Finally it is safe: she inhales deeply  
Not that the city air is fresh

No  
The city air makes the girl gag  
But it seems the right thing to do, to sniff the air and soak up her surroundings.  
The crowd continues to lead her to her destination  
Father near by

Finally home ...of a sort  
Flashes of red, blue  
The smell of beer, peanuts and hot dogs  
A car horn in the distance, a loud laugh near by  
Her hair is greasy and knotted, and tied back in a ponytail  
Father near by

Up, Up, Up to the pavilion box  
She sits  
Looking down on the batter she can see every detail  
She can almost feel his grip tighten on the bat  
Ball and bat meet but only for and instant  
The ball is sent up out of the park  
Welcome to Fenway  
The girl smiles  
Father near by

## 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.

## 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.

## 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.

## This lullaby

By SHANNON MORIARITY

Benson Village School, Grade 8

This lullaby I hear  
It repeats itself  
Over  
And over again.  
A beat on a drum  
That never ends.  
Like a broken record  
Playing in my head.  
This lullaby I hear  
It's soft and sweet  
Like a swiftly flowing stream.  
It echoes from the distance  
Barely a whisper in the breeze.  
This lullaby I hear  
I wish I'd disappear  
It's a constant ring  
An inevitable tone.  
This lullaby I hear  
Is a voice  
A mumble.  
This lullaby is you  
And baby  
For once I wish you'd disappear.

## Pain!

By ALISON LUSSIER

Benson Village School, Grade 8

What happened?	But I'm stuck here
Who is this monster?	They won't let me go!
I am scared.	I want to get out
What to do?	Be free.
If I could run	But it's unfortunate
I would	I have to live in pain!

## The Golden Dragon

By EMMA PEARSON

North Hero Elementary School, Grade 3

The audience was amazed as they looked on. A man was doing a one-hand handstand on a stack of chairs — 30 feet above the stage. The Golden Dragon Chinese acrobats performed at the Flynn Theater on January 11, 2008.

The first amazing stunt had a woman balancing four chandeliers on her arms and legs. Then helpers came and put one on her chin, and she kept that one, too. Next she took the chandeliers off her arms and legs without dropping them. Last, she bent all the way over, with ease, and took the chandelier off her chin and ran backstage.

Another unbelievable stunt was the bicycle stunt. A man was riding a bicycle and someone vaulted onto the bicycle while the guy was still pedaling around the stage. Then two more people vaulted on until there were 10 people on one bicycle! Next some people let go of the other people and were all standing up! The whole time the guy was still pedaling and there was someone in front of him. It was really breathtaking.

One of the other amazing stunts was the ladder-balance-cylinder-hoola-hoop stunt of death. A lady was going back and forth on a board with a cylinder underneath the board. Next she took hoola hoops and was hooping as she was balancing on the board. Then she took the hoola hoops off and took some ladders and started climbing up while she was still on the board! Finally, she climbed up and down the ladders. She then got off the board. It really was a stunt of death because she could have broken her neck if she fell off. It was unbelievable!

The Golden Dragon Chinese acrobats proved the unthinkable can be done.



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](http://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/](http://www.champlain.edu/write/) for more information and application forms. Or call: (802) 865-6451.

## On the Web at [youngwritersproject.org](http://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