

Week 29 -- Writing prompts: “Lyrics” and “premonition”

Rastafarian song

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

Part A

Ya, mon let's get goin' now...
Early in the morning we be doing stuff
walkin' around just hanging tough
nowhere to go down but funky town
So now we going 'round...

Part B

Now we get some fish
everyone know we making a dish
We be reggae, reggae ya!
Walking around being reggae ya
Now we just be heading out
We been getting funky trout
We be ending the reggae song
everybody ba-ba-bye

Chorus:

We be reggae, reggae ya!
Walking around being reggae ya.

Love's thief

By **Emily Patch**
Rutland High School, Grade 11

Is stealing a heart considered a crime?
A felony where you must do your time?
I think so, but I don't know
Because you have stolen mine
But I don't mind
Because...

Chorus:

You are love's thief
A man paid by Cupid
You do his dirty work
And you do it with a smirk
You steal a girl's heart
Don't deny it
You just did

You've stolen my heart and many before
When you look at a girl, you keep her asking
for more
You know what you do
You are the General of Love's war
And advance through love's door
Because...

Chorus:

You are love's thief
A man paid by Cupid
You do his dirty work
And you do it with a smirk
You steal a girl's heart
Don't deny it
You just did

Do you ever give a girl anything she
wants
Or do you just smile and let your memory
haunt?
Keep my heart for yourself
Don't succumb to Cupid's taunts
Can you do that or can you not?
Because ...

Chorus:

You are love's thief
A man paid by Cupid
You do his dirty work
And you do it with a smirk
You steal a girl's heart
Don't deny it
You just did

Today you came up to me and said that you
quit
I didn't know what you meant, but you said,
“Sit.”
“The last heart I stole,” you said,
“I couldn't let Cupid have it
I kept it for myself
Because...

Chorus:

“I am love's thief
No longer paid by Cupid
I have kept the loot
And put away his suit
I have stolen your heart
But have given you mine
And I am glad that I did.”

Summertime rap

By **Katelyn Robertello**
Mount St. Joseph Academy, Grade 9

When the school is loud and you feel the heat
When you know that it could be kind of neat
If school would be let out in a heartbeat
But you know that the summer is near
What, did you say that it's finally here?
I get out of my desk
It is the best
Feeling in the world
Your friends are pumped
And their spirits are high
It feels like summertime is going to fly
We are all excited as we walk out the door
Until our principal says
Wait aren't you gonna stay some more?
We say no way
Now we are on our way
To say that summer is here
Hip Hip Hurray!

BLIND ANGLE



SEAN WAGONER, *Essex High School*

This photograph is from a series by Wagoner focusing on lighting and the picture angle: “I used high contrast and purposeful lighting to create a strong balance between light and dark and to bring out the object that I was focusing on in each picture, though in a somewhat abstract sense due to the angle. My hope was to create an interesting picture that you could look at for a bit, figuring out what the picture was all about.”

Superstitious

By **Devin Suozzi-Rearic**
Champlain Valley Union High School, Grade 11

I had a dream once that he died. I told it to everyone so it wouldn't come true. Then I'd listen to him breathing at night to make sure he was still alive.	I was so paranoid, so superstitious. I wish I could say I'd lost faith in my superstitions, but I can't. I think I will always be this way, no matter how many times they fail me.
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Premonition

By **Will Roberts**
Fairfield Center School, Grade 8

I feel a premonition
Something that I don't like
Not thoughts or superstition,
An aggravating spike
It pierces my thoughts
It alerts my conscious mind
A glimpse of major future acts
Good or bad I'll find
I speak of what I see
But people laugh and tease
They make me feel so sad inside
Their trust I try to seize
And then it happens, fast
With sound and misery
What bad did happen, then and there?
I wanted them to see
Now that this strange deed
Has happened like I said
They believe that I was true
And tears they have to shed
Regret now fills the atmosphere
Like slowly falling snow
For not seeing that I was right
Has cost them, dearly so

Normality

By **Cassidy Kearns**
Lake Champlain Waldorf High School, Grade 9

I don't know just what I'm doing
But I'm doing it all the same
Going through life simply being
All I can do is just play the game

And this life just can't be normal
There's no time for rationality
And it's starting to be harmful
It's a different kind of normality

No one knows
What's really happ'ning
They only care about themselves
They hide away from all their problems
Put their dignity
Upon their shelves

And this life just can't be normal
There's no time for rationality
And it's starting to be harmful
It's a different kind of normality

And this life just can't be normal
There's no time for rationality
And it's starting to be harmful
It's a different kind of normality

How to submit

Works can be in response to our prompts or general writing; the work can be fiction, nonfiction, essays, poetry -- any genre. To submit work for potential publication, register at www.youngwritersproject.org, and follow the instructions on how to submit.

Let the world fade...

By **Veronica Kovacs**
Woodstock Union High School, Grade 10

I hear music when you talk.
It soothes scars within me;
So keep on speaking
as I fall asleep.
If only a voice
was left behind
then I'd rather sleep
and keep it in mind.

Sweet dreams
of you and I;
Don't wake me up
and say goodbye.
Don't wake me up
unless you are there;
Tell me you love me
please tell me you care.

I can't look away
when our eyes meet.
The darkness behind them
is bittersweet.
If only your glance
was left behind
then I'd close my eyes
and forever be blind.

Hold me tightly
and name the stars;
I'll fall asleep
inside your arms.
The moon will shine
up in the sky
until the world fades
to you and I.



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On the Web at

youngwritersproject.org

APRIL 29: WE BEGIN AN INTERACTIVE FORUM WITH DOUG WILHELM, AUTHOR OF “THE REVEALERS” AND “FALLING.” DON'T MISS THIS OPPORTUNITY!

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!

Feeling good

By **Julie Boyd**
Woodstock Union High School, Grade 10

I have a good feeling about today
Every thing is going to be great
There's something sweet in the air
A song in my heart moving me on
Toward the good day I feel coming

Whim

By **Hannah Reichel**
Dummerston Middle School, Grade 7

Ever since I was little
I've had fleeting images.
I see them with the eyes of one
just seeing
just passing by.
Then this image
one day
appears.
It happens again
and I realize
that I know it
I've seen it before
and then I am no longer just looking.
There was the U-Haul truck
going south on 91
past the cornfields
and I knew this moment
had already been lived.
There was the doll
I chose
and looking into her eyes
at her dark chestnut hair
I whispered,
because I knew,
Carmen.
Four months later
there was a call
my cousin was born
a world away in Germany
dark chestnut hair
and round eyes
Carmen.
Sometimes
I think it's just coincidence
sometimes perhaps a daydream.
Now
I see mostly fleeting images,
light
as a sparrow,
there, then not.
But in the beginning
I was
maybe three
I told my mom
that her friend
was going to die
in a car accident,
a whim
really
I just knew
all of a sudden
I felt it.
And some days
I want to know
if it'll happen
but I cannot speed
up life
or the coming of death.
It is only to be found
in the future
and perhaps
someone knows
the same for me.