

The secret of spring

By Maria Paula Mugnani

Brattleboro Union High School, Grade 12

The crunch of snow as my feathery snowshoes
Walk by
is silent now

As I pause in my steps

The only thing left behind me is the past

My shadow silently following me

Invisible to me until the sun shines on the snow

My frosty white breath curls up into the sky

The wind sweeps past my cheeks

I smell that sweet spring scent

The forest is silent and still

Waiting

I continue walking

The trees stand straight and tall

Waking up with sleepy eyes

Peering at the first form of life they've seen in
months

As the sun shines her face on their bark

Heavy snow tumbles down from their boughs

A rest for weary arms

Their frozen lips thaw and I hear them

Whispering in the wind behind me

I slow my pace

Try to be silent

Listen for the sound of raspy voices

That have not spoken in months

The whispering stops

Their words are not for humans to hear

The wind wraps its arms around me

"Later...Later...Spring...Spring,"

it whispers with its sweet spring breath in my
ear

The tree buds are still sleeping

When they awaken I will know their secret

The secret of spring

The wind gently whips around my shoulders

Pushing me away from the forest

Toward home

My feathery snowshoes glide across the snow

The wind following me the whole way

Upon reaching my doorstep

The wind ruffles my hair one last time

And flows gracefully back to the forest

For the long wait

I breathe in deep

The scent of spring still clinging to the air

For a moment,

I remember

The sweet chirping birds cheerily singing

The green leaves emerging from the budding

trees

The green grass, the animals

The blue sky with not a single snow cloud

The sweet wind's breath cooling me in the heat

And the sun warmly smiling down at me

And then it is gone

It is winter.

The cold

The colorless landscape

The snow

But word travels fast in the forest

And I know

Soon the world will awaken

And it will be spring again.

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No boundaries

By Kara Piergentili

Dummerston Middle School, Grade 8

There is a place where I can be myself.

There is a place where freedom rings.

There is a place where I can fly.

There is a place where I am invincible.

There is a place where my dreams are a reality.

There is a place where I am never alone.

A place of home,

A place of wonder,

A place of pride.

This place is on a horse's back.

Before birth

By Ashley Dufresne

Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 10

I am not yet born; protect me

From the people who judge others

Because they are too scared of the truth

I am not yet born; mold me

Into someone who has the strength

To fight for what they think is right.

I am not yet born; teach me

So I can grow up with knowledge

To succeed to be the best I can be

I am not yet born; love me

Show me how to be loved

So I can start to love others

I am not yet born; release me

Into the world one day all alone

Although I will always return home

Not born yet

By C. L. Kinoy

Leland and Gray Union High School, Grade 9

I am not born yet, so please bury your hatchets. I am not born yet, so don't nuke the world. I am not born yet; keep the planet alive. I am not born yet. Can you hear me speaking? I am not born yet, so build the foundation for me to stand on. I am not born yet; disband your armies and disassemble your machines of war. I am not born yet and I want to be born into a better world.

Cold morning

By Maya Redington

Shrewsbury Mountain School, Grade 5

My eyes open

Wind howling

Toes cold

All white outside

Trees whistling

The feeling

The cold feeling

Not doing

Getting up

Not possible

Getting out

From under covers

My bare feet

If get up

Need to

To get up

Up off bed

But can't

Can't move

Too cold

Cold

Cold

Cold!

Green

By Kaitlyn LaRose

Poultney High School, Grade 8

"I've never seen such a brilliant shade of green!" I said as I passed the meadow that I always visited, where I liked to relax and listen to the sounds of nature. I kept walking, past the grass and sweet smelling flowers, until I reached home.

The next morning, as I awoke, I heard a sound in my head. It sounded, well . . . evil. I thought I was hearing things. So I just ignored it.

I rode with my mother to school and she dropped me off. As I walked through the halls, I heard people saying words like "bulldoze" and "demolish." I thought they were talking about people bulldozing an old building to put in a new one, so I just kept quiet for the rest of the day.

As I walked home I thought I should go to my meadow and listen to calming sounds. When I got there I saw nothing. No birds. No trees. No flowers. And no green grass. I turned to my left to see a baby bird on the ground. Dead. Looked like it had fallen from its nest and then been run over by a car. A small tear came to

my eye as I quietly buried that baby bird. I cried some more, then gathered my belongings and left my meadow, where I had relaxed and listened so many times.

I'll never see that brilliantly green grass again, just like that mother bird will never see her baby again, and bees won't be able to pollinate because it's all gone. Nothing left . . . Nothing but memories of my meadow.

A winter day

By Scott Messer

Benson Village School, Grade 8

Snow falls through the air,
Sending little shivers down my back.

The sky is covered in gray,
Clouds layered on clouds.

The snow gets deeper,
Turning my toes into icicles.

The snow mounts up,
Ankle deep, knee deep, thigh deep.

Light penetrates the snow fall,
Inviting me toward its warmth.

A house appears in the distance,
Barely distinguishable from the snow.

The house looms in the light,
Beckoning to me with warmth.

All at once I see a light, hear a voice,
And I'm inside, away from the torrent of snow.

Can't think

By Gabriel Goodhue

Benson Village School, Grade 8

Ahhh! I can't think of anything!

I think I am losing

My touch.

Please end the horrible night!

Night, I mean day! Ahh!

I'm so confused,

I can't count to two!

One, three. Ahh!

Phew! class is over,

Thank goodness!

The teacher looks

At my notebook and says,

"Hey, great job!"

What? I wrote a poem!?

What is this about?!

You know what,

I guess I still have my touch.

UPCOMING EVENTS

VERMONT WRITES DAY III

MAY 5, 2009

Students, teachers, staff write for
7 minutes about **FARMING**
for more:

youngwritersproject.org

POETRY SLAM!

Tuesday, May 12, 6:30 p.m.

YWP Offices

Champlain Mill, Winooski

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We maintain a safe, civil Web site for students— youngwriter-sproject.org — that has become a vibrant, supportive writing community. We train college mentors to provide students with online feedback. We build and support *digital writing classrooms* used by schools and after-school programs. We have created a teachers site with an ever-growing resource of best practices: ywpvt.net.

