

Reluctance

By Emily Remillard | Milton Middle School, Grade 7

Who am I, you ask.
I wish I knew.
But if I did, I wouldn't tell you,
Because no amount of thought could get you to understand.
And besides, it's not your business.
You're rather persistent, aren't you?
Well you're wasting a lot of time, I'm not opening up.
And even though you see me happy and know I'm not,
You don't know the half of it.
You must think yourself special,
You think you can get me, understand me.
You can try,
But you can also fail.
I don't want you to know me.
I don't want you to understand,
Not that you ever could,
Because I don't trust you enough.

Sooner or later, I know you'd tell someone.
Then what happens? I can only imagine.
Imagine the freaked out looks,
The kind gestures that make me sick,
Nothing I could handle.
What you might understand
Is that not understanding is probably best
For the both of us.
Don't consider it a failure.
Consider it a good thing.
You don't want to understand the patterns of my thoughts,
And you wouldn't understand if I told you.
There's stuff I don't understand either,
Like how you're so persistent,
How you won't let me be,
But you just come back,
Like they always do, always have, and always will.

Write. Writer. Writing.

By Anna Rutenbeck
Champlain Valley Union High School, Grade 9

I write.
Some would call me
A writer.
I guess you could say
I'm good at it.
It hasn't always
Been this way.
I used to
Hate writing,
Despise it with a passion.
Until someone
Showed me
My writing
Could be
MINE.
It could mirror
Me.
It could be
short.
It could be
Long.
I could
Crumple my words
Up into a paper ball
And throw them across the room,
Have a war
Of poetry

With my neighbor.
I could throw them off
The edge of a cliff,
Watch them break
And bind
At the bottom.
Then
Throw them on a page
And call
It
Art.
I could lace them
With brittle fingers
And brittle thread,
Make them
Delicate
And breakable.
Make sure they realize
How much they
Mean to me,
How much they should mean
To everyone
Who reads
Them.
They're not perfect.
Nothing is ever
Perfect.
But they're
Me
(The best of me anyway)
And I
Love them.

Sick day

By Liza Duchesneau
Milton High School, Grade 10
Eyes swollen and red
Wanna go to bed
Peer out on the day
I already seem to dread
Nose clogged and crusty
Room seems musty
Cough here sneeze there
Feel so ugly
Ears blocked and ringing
Timer keeps dinging
Please Mommy
Is that hot soup you're bringing?
Voice pinched and cracking
Can't stop the hacking
Giant pile of tissues
Keep on stacking
Tired and gross
Wellness is a tease
With every step
I have to wheeze
Knees might buckle
Head might explode
Doc insists
I won't erode
The bed
The couch
The floor I lay
Try to get comfortable
Every which way
They all say to me
"Do not touch my skin"
"Keep the illness deep within"
Worse than hair in your food
Or a broken nail
Or a big pool bash
When you're too pale
Worse than alcohol in an open cut
Or not knowing what to say
Sometimes every now and then
You just need a sick day.

Spring

By Taylor Bresnick
Vergennes Elementary School, Grade 4
Spring is coming soon,
I can hardly wait.
I'm getting tired of winter.
Next winter, please be late.

Love

By Maria Church
The Schoolhouse Learning Center, Grade 4
Like a golden butterfly on silver loving wings
On the tip of your heart, at first, then spreading
Vines of love twist around your heart.
Even the meanest person has someone they love.

Unforgotten silence

By Emily McGill
Westford School, Grade 8
Lights flicker
as they fade to
black.
The silence droning on
and on.
Movement creeping up on you,
you can hear it;
maybe it's just your head.
These walls can't really be spinning,
right?
And I shouldn't be able
to see you next to me;
you are dead,
right?
I can't hear your voice,
feel your breath
in my ear,
right?
My mind spinning out of control
like the walls that conceal my in this
room,
this, unforgotten silence-filled room.

Nature

By Abby Ruegsegger
Browns River Middle School, Grade 5
Staring out,
over endless skies,
a moonless night.
Shooting stars surround me
as I lie on smooth rocks.
Sand covers my hands,
and the soothing sounds of the waves comfort me.
All green, gray and blue.
Leaves and webs run over me,
as they follow the brisk and speeding wind.
My socks cover my stiff toes.
Made of true cotton,
picked from a field.
I'm sleeping on a beach,
all alone.
All green, gray and blue.

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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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