

On this bridge

BY MERCY ELISABETH LARSON

Home-schooled, Grade 8
Here I stand
on this sagging bridge
watching that waterfall
freeze
running water
rushing ice
green fir tree
the perfect painting,
green tree
bowing to the water
dipping her hands
through ice
to touch the waterfall below
blue icicles'
teeth
crunching the old leaves
they were caught
last year
in the stream's wild dance
rather like
me now
standing in the cold.

Love

BY HEATHER ANN MACLACHLAN

Poultney High School, Grade 8
When I see love,
I cry in shame,
I shut my eyes,
My heart breaks,
I feel sadness.
When I see love,
I look away,
I start to shake,
My cheeks are tear-stained,
I love no one.
When I see love,
I lose all hope,
I stop and think,
I feel like a lost soul,
I run away.
When I see love,
I scream to myself,
I feel pain,
I have fear in my eyes.
When I see love,
I just look away and
Cry quietly to myself.

I want spring

BY DANNY CAVAN

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5
I'm sick of the cold,
I'm sick of the snow.
I want sun,
I want spring.
So, Mother Nature,
please bring spring!

Penny

BY SAVANNAH LYNCH

Otter Valley Union High School, Grade 7
"A penny! A penny! Oh, look at my penny," said my little brother.
And as my mother turned around, there was no penny.
My mother asked, "Where is it?"
And my brother said, "I ate it! My penny!"
So my mother went to the hospital.
And my little brother got an x-ray.
There it was, right in his intestines.
My mother sighed and laughed as she told the rest of us kids.
And my little brother is very, very proud of his "Penny, a penny. Oh, look at my penny!"

Beginning green

BY NICHOLE SIMONDS

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5
Buds are in session.
Elephants eat green grass.
I like being green.
Now we have green grass.
I love being green.
Now we have green leaves.
Green, green, green.
Grass is green.
Roses with green leaves.
Elephants love green grass.
Elephants with green paint on them
Nice being green.

Bowling

BY KATEY WEEKS

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5
Every Saturday I bowl on a league. My team is called the "Dallas Cowboys." I bowl with Michael, Francis, and Justin. Guess what my highest score is? 144. My lowest score? 80. My average is 101. I

Young Writers Project is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write because strong writing skills are essential for success. We run a safe Web site for students— youngwritersproject.org — that is a vibrant, supportive community. YWP also builds and supports *online classrooms* used by schools and after-school programs; trains college mentors to provide feedback; and helps teachers integrate technology in their classrooms and through workshops and a growing library of best practices on ywpvt.net.



have been bowling since I was 3 years old. I love bowling because it is so much fun and I get to see my friends.

Somewhere out there

BY MARIA BURT

Fair Haven Union High School, Grade 9
Somewhere in the world a life is ending.
Crumbling like a stone wall, tumbling like a tumbleweed, crashing like a hijacked plane into the twin towers.
Somewhere in the world a new life is starting.
Blooming like a flower, flying like a bird, swaying in the wind.
Somewhere in the world, a love is coming to a crashing halt,
as if someone jumped out from behind a bush holding a stop sign for a car headed straight toward them at full speed.
Somewhere in the world, a love is beginning.
Free and true, deep and new.
Like baby birds hatching on a spring day.
Somewhere in the world a love's starting over,
fresh as dew drops on the grass in the morning.
A second chance at love.
A second chance at life, handed out like nothing.
Not taken, just given, still being held, not ever letting go.

Leave me alone

BY NATASHA FORREST

Clarendon Elementary School, Grade 5
Lately my head is filled with things I don't want to hear. People yelling things in my ear that I don't care about.
If only I could make all the unimportant things go in one ear and come out the other, my life would be so perfect. There would be no gossip, no secrets, and no problems.

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

The prank

BY MARCO TUMMINIA

Benson Village School, Grade 8
I have a thought
A devious thought
Something that will
Make this April Fools' Day
The funniest one yet
My scheme unravels
In my head
The faucet...
The look on his face...
I chuckle to myself
Confident it will work
The only thing left
Is to put my thoughts
To action
I creep upstairs
Rubber band in hand
I'm careful
Not to wake
The beast
I stride over
To the awaiting
Kitchen sink sprayer
I tie my rubber band
Carefully around
The trigger
It's all too perfect
That should do it
I almost say aloud
Then I briskly
Return to my room
Anxious for the
Next day
Finally
I slip out of
Consciousness
And day arrives
I walk upstairs
To see
The intended
Target
Soaking wet
Almost angry
Step-father
A look of total
Amusement sweeps
Across my face
And I can't help
Fearing the prank
That is going to be
Played on me for
April Fools' Day

My teacher

BY KEVIN ELLIOTT

Christ the King School, Grade 6
My teacher is making me write a poem for class.
If I do not write it I will not pass.
I'm writing down my thoughts on paper.
I don't know if I'll be a writer, but my head does feel lighter.
I'll end my poem with this to say,
I hope my teacher will like it this way.