

Fresh powder

By Parker Wright

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

A nice slope
and some fresh powder.
No wind
and clear skies.
Not too warm
and not too cold.
Nice woods' trails.
Never skiing over anyone else's tracks.
Me
leaving the first set of tracks.
No lift lines,
no people
except a few of my friends.
And at the end of the day,
a nice hot mug of hot chocolate.

That feeling

By Luke Baker

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 10

It's that feeling when you wonder what's
beyond earth.

It's that feeling when you realize how small
you really are in proportion to the universe.

It's that same feeling when you think about
how the first atom ever appeared.

Or when you close your eyes and imagine
that you are in your favorite place, but when
you slowly open them you're still sitting in
your classroom taking a test. Yup, it's that
same feeling.

Or when you think about what really hap-
pens when you die. Do you go to a place
called heaven? Or do you just escape from the
world, and it's like you were never even there?

It's that feeling when you wish you never
existed, but then you realize in the end noth-
ing exists at all.

Creamy caramel center

By Michaela O'Brien

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

If love was a color
it would be yellow,
yellow as a highlighter,
as the sun on a hot summer day,
as a field of dandelions,
as a firefly in the middle of the night.
If love was a taste
it would be a rich chocolate
with a creamy caramel center,
each bite leaving you wanting more.
If love was a smell
it would be a sweet cinnamon candle,
soft and inviting,
warm, and safe.
If love was a sound
it would be birds chirping
on a damp summer morning,
waiting for you to awake.

Every face

By Alisa Voltermann

SPAULDING HIGH SCHOOL, GRADE 11

Behind every face there is a story:
The life of a man,
The life of a woman,
The life of a kid —
All fill this room with stories
Happy and sad, extraordinary and simple,
Sitting in the same room, surrounded by the
same air.
Creating the stories that pass for life.
A man, sitting with a magazine in the last corner,
Separated
From all others.
He will wander through crowded streets
And will be completely alone.
With only his mind to keep him company.
The room will have seen this man,
The room will have created this man.
Perhaps he lost a sister, a mother, a friend,
A son.
And the room told him so.
A child, brown-eyed and brown-haired,
Waits
In this room, opposite the lonely man,
Eyes stare with wonder,
At the white walls filled with empty pictures
Of a world that surely cannot exist.
This child will return home happy
And no longer alone,
For this child will return with a sister,
Not tonight, nor tomorrow,
But soon.

The brightest blue

By Haley Spittle

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

If joy was a color it would be the
brightest blue, blue as the ocean
blue as the sky.
If joy was a taste it would be fresh,
juicy watermelon on a hot summer day,
under the baking sun.
If joy was a smell it would be fresh flowers
blooming in the spring garden.
If joy was a sound it would be laughter
between many friends.

Sour as a lemon

By Eli Kravitz

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

If embarrassment was a color
it would be light pink,
pink as rosy cheeks,
blooming flowers,
icing on a cake.
If embarrassment was a taste
it would be lemon,
sour and unsatisfying.
If embarrassment was a smell,
it would be a cooking onion.
If embarrassment was a sound

it would be kids teasing,
relentless and insistent
until you want to run away forever.

Whatever comes

By Sarah Bodell

CROSSETT BROOK MIDDLE SCHOOL, GRADE 8

If courage was a color
it would be bright red,
red as a crayola crayon,
a cardinal,
a child's balloon.
If courage was a taste
it would be a jalapeño pepper,
hot and spicy.
It would have the power to take down
whoever dares challenge it.
Confident and ready
for whatever comes its way.
If courage was a smell
it would be freshly-cut grass.
If courage was a sound
it would be a lion's roar,
strong and powerful.

The bullies

By Amanda Allen

ST. JOHNSBURY ACADEMY, GRADE 9

I wish it would stop
The bullying is starting
I wish it would stop
Calling me names
I cannot repeat
I wish it would stop
Pushing the table
Towards my chest
I wish it would stop
People avoiding me
I wish it would stop
Talking about me
Behind my back
I wish it would stop
Regretting me being

Their project partner
I wish it would stop
The boys being rude
I wish it would stop
Throwing stuff around
When teachers aren't near
I wish it would stop
The bullying is starting again.

Pakistan poem

By Fatima Nizamuddin

ALBERT D. LAWTON SCHOOL, GRADE 6

"The pure land."
Tall buildings, restaurant chains, traffic
jams, busy workers
Grandparents, cousins, aunts, uncles
An uncle's wedding
Friends, family, fun, fantastic
Drums beating, BBQ chicken sizzling on
the grill
Hot and spicy biryani served on huge plat-
ters
Hip hop music pumps through the hall
People cheer crazily
Girls dance in multicolored ghararas swing-
ing with delight
Music, boom box, disco light
Happy, hopeful, loved.
An old, bearded man gets ready for work
around 6:30 a.m.
Destitute, wrinkled, worn out
Preparing his cart with fruits, vegetables and
handmade children's toys
Mangos, kiwi, bananas, apricots
Pakistan — where I'm from
My home, my country, the place I belong.

Spring haiku

By Carrie Lord

ALBERT D. LAWTON INTERMEDIATE SCHOOL,
GRADE 7

Goodbye, cruel winter
You've contained us for so long
Let us breathe fresh air.

Young Writers Project is an inde-
pendent nonprofit that engages stu-
dents to write because
strong writing skills are
essential for success.



We maintain a safe
Web site for students—
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online classrooms used by schools
and after-school programs; trains col-
lege mentors to provide feedback; and
helps teachers integrate technology in
their classrooms and through work-
shops and a growing library of best
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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