

I wonder what I am

By R. ELLIOT DEMATTEIS
Champlain Valley Union High School, Grade 9

I wonder what I am to me
— or who
Or why I have not ever known
— but care.
I wonder why the nearest thing
— is far
And if I am above myself
— or in.
Can words begin as simple sparks
— and grow
Beyond themselves, transformed to seem
— as light?
Are words and dreams and me the same
— or do
We all comprise but part of still
— a fourth
And hidden form which I perhaps
— can know?
Absurd it is that thoughts can view
— themselves
Without the mental mirror, me,
— to help.
And stranger still are thoughts without
— a source,
Without an I like me to start
— the sparks.
If I intend can I arrange
— to change
An act which random chances plan
— for me?
Or am I what I do not seem
— to be
To me? Am I without the soul
— to seek
The end of why I wonder what
— I am?

Sonnet

By KATELYN JEWELL
Mount Mansfield Union High School, Grade 10
In vain, the gods force sleep upon my eyes.
It is considered — shadows wander 'round
and in such vile repose, my enterprise
takes place of those intended for the crown.
Look not upon the maidens of the moon
for they have hearts too high and far to reach.
Instead, do stay and never leave too soon
of this, the indigo, it does beseech.
We actors work upon our bloody stage,
the memorizers, we, these lines, their beats.
So ill-bestowed, we find this dark refrain
but little comfort in our own defeat.
— We stand upon the bladed edge of prose,
— the poets left to wonder where to go.

MORE GREAT STUDENT WRITING AT
YOUNGWRITERSPROJECT.ORG



THIS WEEK: Dreams & poetry

Each week, Young Writers Project receives several hundred submissions from students all over the state. With the help of some anonymous students we select the best for publication here and in eight other newspapers. This week, students submitted writing done in response to the prompts, “dreams” and “poetry.” To read more:, go to youngwritersproject.org, a safe, civil online community of young writers.

ABOUT THE PROJECT

YWP is an independent nonprofit that engages students to write, helps them improve and connects them with authentic audiences.

YWP runs youngwritersproject.org and **The Schools Project**, a comprehensive online classroom and training solution for teachers to integrate digital technology into their curriculum. **Teachers interested in signing up or renewing**, go to ywpschools.net or contact YWP at 802-324-9537.

YWP NEWS

THANKS to **Physician's Computer Company** of Winooski which has supported YWP in many ways.

THANKS also to **Northfield Savings Bank** for a grant to YWP to expand its Digital Storytelling Project and to **KeyBank** for supporting YWP's summer program with Upward Bound.

TEACHERS: Sign up for Digital Writing Course by YWP and National Writing Project in late June. See digitalteachers.net for more.

Summer night dream My dreams

By SAMANTHA MARTELLE
Browns River Middle School, Grade 6

A warm summer night
a cool gentle breeze drifts by the trees
I scurry up onto my favorite branch
Around me leaves sway
I face the wind eagerly as it catches
Me and my hair and shirt and whips it back
I yell, hearing my voice carry around the trees
I'm alone again
I curl up on the branch and watch the robin
egg
Blue sky dips into a midnight blue
a sprinkle of stars litter the sky
I sigh, lying back
I look to the stars and wonder
How many stars are in the sky?
Is my friend up there?
How many children are dreaming tonight?
A wind wafts around me brushing the questions away
My mind is at ease for the moment
I relax so much that my eyes fog and tears
drip down my cheek
And I don't stop them
I let them fall
Drip, drip, drip, drop
I cry for all the dreams that are lost
on this summer night dreaming

Untitled

By LUKE BEATTY
Rick Marcotte Central School, Grade 5
The crack of the bat
The awestruck cheers of the fans
Rounding the bases.

Loss of mind

By RACHEL BAGINSKI
Charlotte Central School, Grade 8
Memories stretching forever
glass droplets of life
touched by few
mourned by others
something lost, never to be regained
carefully arranged
or randomly scattered
none are alike
only in our dreams are we together.

Beside me

By ELIZABETH LIVINGSTON
Burlington High School, Grade 12

As I sit
And look back on that day
I was just a scared
Yet still happy little girl.
As I stood on shaking knees
The mic was in my hand
It was the first time
I would ever sing a solo.
I had no one to accompany me
But as you sat before me
You said I'd do just fine
And I immediately relaxed.
You reminded me of an angel
With a voice and face so calm,
An air of peace about you,
Bearing a needed message.
And now, wherever I am,
And wherever you may be
You are always in my heart
You are always right beside me.

Leaving: a villanelle

By PIPER FRENCH
Lake Champlain Waldorf School, Grade 10
I leave to some place where there is no dawn
The evening sun is setting cold and gray
The light is at my back as I walk on.
The forest closes out light from the sun
The path is dark; but I'll not go astray
I leave to some place where there is no dawn.
I will not have to seek when I am gone
No more the weary, never-ending days
The light is fading fast as I walk on.
The music helps me forward; guides me on
It resonates around me — it will stay
As I leave to where I cannot see the dawn.
One flame among the shadows I turn upon
It calls to me, and I must find a way
The light is at my back as I walk on.
The thread that wove my soul to life is drawn
The ship has come to ferry me away
I leave to some place where there is no dawn
The light is at my back as I walk on.