How to Create the Perfect Poem
Leah Wheeler, West Newbury

Mix a little imagination
with creativity.
Add just enough
captivating words
to the mix.
Write it down on paper –
and watch the magic.
Anthology 10

Young Writers Project
Young Writers Project (YWP) is a creative space that inspires, mentors, publishes, and promotes young writers and artists. Founded in 2006, and based in Vermont, we welcome youth from everywhere to experience our website, publications, and events.

- YWP’s website, youngwritersproject.org, is the heartbeat of our mission, providing daily writing challenges, positive feedback, and a sense of community. For many of our writers, especially those living in rural and remote areas, the site is a lifeline to the world of writing, ideas, and creativity.

- The Anthology Series recognizes outstanding poems, stories, and images in an annual high-quality book. This edition, our 10th, draws on about 12,000 submissions made to youngwritersproject.org from August 2018 to July 2019.

- “The Voice” elevates the work of young writers and artists in a beautiful monthly online magazine that is the centerpiece of our website.


- “Writing on the Roof” brings young writers into contact with poets, journalists, photographers, and other professionals for Saturday morning workshops on the rooftop of the Karma Bird House, where YWP is located, at 47 Maple Street, Burlington, VT.

- “Voices for Change” is a youth-led series of workshops and spoken-word events at Burlington City Arts, built around themes of social justice, tolerance, and respect for the environment.

- The “Community Journalism Project,” launched in August 2019, encourages young writers and artists to engage with their local communities, to chronicle their own place as teenagers in those communities, and to explore the broader issues of our time through informed and civil commentary, research, writing, photography, and art.
WRITERS and ARTISTS

Sam Aikman .................................. 2, 24, 38
Hussein Amuri .................................. 16
Noah Anderson .................................. 35
Narges Anzali .................................. 52
Stella Armstrong .................................. 29

Charlotte Dodds .................................. 37
Elena Dragon Krajac .................................. 28
Fiona Goodman .................................. 50
Annika Gruber .................................. 38
Hanna Gustafson .................................. 46
Sarah Hall .................................. 50
Sophia Hall .................................. 8
Joel Haselton .................................. 54
Faith Holzhammer .................................. 54
Joy Holzhammer .................................. 57
Abrie Howe .................................. 17
Emma Hoza-Frederick .................................. 44
Charlotte Hughes .................................. 24, 47
Lily Hutcheson .................................. 55
Martha Hutcheson .................................. 17
Eleanor Konings .................................. 59
Sydney Kulis .................................. 16
Autumn Larocque .................................. 41

Tess Lalonde .................................. 15, 22, 44, 48
Rekkah Lambert .................................. 58
Amica Lansigan .................................. 7

Neelie Markley .................................. 45, back cover
Emma Marsh .................................. 8
Liz Martell .................................. 9
Taylor McCaffrey .................................. 19
Courtney McDermott .................................. 14
Katherine Moran ...front cover, 6, 43, 55
Jalila Nazerali-Ruddy .................................. 26
Maisie Newbury .................................. 36
Eliza Noel .................................. 12

Emily Smyth .................................. 56
Vivian Ross .................................. 57
Deanna Santo .................................. 51
Emma Schulze .................................. 10
Gabby Seguin .................................. 11
Haley Seymour .................................. 22
Hailey Sheehan .................................. 20
Riley Sheehan .................................. 50
Jillian Sherwin .................................. 25

Rebecca Orten .................................. 11
Lexington Page .................................. 25
Rowan Potzler .................................. 46
Hope Reeve .................................. 59
Gavin Roberge .................................. 59

Eliza Willoughby .................................. 45
Lydia Wilson .................................. 28
Max Wilson .................................. 42
Shylah Wonder-Maez .................................. 36
Lila Woodlard .................................. 54

All photos by Lia Chien, Richmond
Winged Creature
Amica Lansigan, Hanover, NH
As I walked the abandoned streets alone, and into the dark, eerie dead of night, I saw a bird flying up and away, a black silhouette against the moonlight.

It called out to me – a desperate cry – of suffering, of sorrow, and despair. I saw it had a broken, feathered wing. It could fly and soar no more through the air.

I understood the poor bird’s anguished call, for we all are wounded and broken, too. But once we are healed, we can fly once more – it is from up high that we see the view.

We are all fragile and delicate things – but from our downfalls, we emerge with wings.

Dance of Creation
Amelia Canney, Milton
In my mind, I hold out my hand to yours, eyes inviting, curious, longing. You hesitate, but take it.

We walk to the center of the floor, your hand on my waist, mine on your shoulder, for it must be you who leads. Our other hands are joined, for only together can we accomplish this.

The music starts and we dance. You guide me through the steps, eyes locked on mine, filled with your story, your hopes and dreams, your deepest desires, and I latch on.

We waltz and tango and salsa and twirl and dip and spin and leap, your story flowing to me with every step.

I know you intricately now. Our mouths move at the same time, both telling your story. Our minds are melding, our brains binding, our souls shining together as one.

I open my eyes, smile, and start to write because, my dear character, we’ve only just begun.

Winged Creature
Amica Lansigan, Hanover, NH
As I walked the abandoned streets alone, and into the dark, eerie dead of night, I saw a bird flying up and away, a black silhouette against the moonlight.

It called out to me – a desperate cry – of suffering, of sorrow, and despair. I saw it had a broken, feathered wing. It could fly and soar no more through the air.

I understood the poor bird’s anguished call, for we all are wounded and broken, too. But once we are healed, we can fly once more – it is from up high that we see the view.

We are all fragile and delicate things – but from our downfalls, we emerge with wings.
Paper Airplanes
Emma Marsh, Piermont, NH

All of it folds together like a paper airplane.
You live your life unfolding new pieces of paper,
extected the paper is a new light, guiding you through life.
You have to take the bad things and fold them into place.
You have to accept the intolerable things that you have done.
You must fold them away, saying farewell.
You have to fold every year that passes and unfold a new year,
saying goodbye to the past, and saying hello to the present.
Every fold you make is a part of your life forever,
even the fold is a decision or memory.
You will remember every fold you make, thinking about how it made an impact on your life.
You will teach others how to fold their paper airplanes, having them learn from your mistakes.
And when we start to live our final days, we make the last few folds, and we fly away, like a paper airplane.

The Steps of Making Tea
Liz Martell, Essex Junction

I have never found myself in poetry, but I think I may have found myself in your arms
as we sit in your kitchen, waiting for the kettle,
your soft eyes and parted lips sculpted by Aphrodite
as you silently boil the water.

You have careful fingers as you pour the hot water
into two red, chipped mugs. I remember the
gentle pressure of those fingers twisted in my hair.

Curled green leaves lie with small jasmine flowers,
pearlescent petals floating delicately in the mug.
How sweet this vanilla air is, and for a vivid moment,
you have the effervescent beauty of a thunderous splinter of forked lightning.

I sip carefully, hoping not to burn my lips,
as tentative as the manner in which I reach
for your hand in the dark. My mouth burns
with the taste of green tea and sugar.
(But I wish it were burning with the taste of your lips.)

I like milk and sugar in my tea, but you don’t.
You like a spoonful of honey, golden and warm,
The Girl with the Black Headphones
Emma Schulze, Wells River

There’s this girl. She’s got short, dirty-blonde hair and light green eyes. She always seems to have a pair of black headphones around her neck. You’ve probably seen her before. She constantly embarrasses herself. Any time she opens up too much, she apologizes and everything is right back to square one.

She tries to be someone she’s not. She is indeed very shy, but she’s learned to be more social, and she hates it. She liked herself more when she was quiet. She wouldn’t have to worry about making a fool of herself then.

She seems like she has a good grip on everything in life. But the truth is, she’s barely hanging onto the edge of the cliff anymore. She’s just waiting to make one last mistake and fall. If she falls, she’ll retreat into her shell, shutting out everyone in her life. When this happens, she mainly just listens to music and won’t talk at all.

She loves music. It’s one of the few things that seem to genuinely calm her, besides quiet, rainy days at home or being curled up in a comfortable blanket and reading. She just can’t find a place in the world that seems to be just for her. She’s incredibly strong-willed, but at the same time, she’s so fragile that one thing – such as a degrading comment – will break her.

She always does her best, but she’s rarely ever satisfied with her progress. She always feels disappointed in herself at school, despite her capabilities and talents. Sometimes she feels like she’s slowly slipping away from everyone who cares about her in her life. It’s not their fault, she’s just afraid.


There’s this girl. She’s got short, dirty-blonde hair and light green eyes. She always seems to have a pair of black headphones around her neck. You’ve probably seen her before, but you don’t know her story.

Painter’s Sun
Rebecca Orten, Middlebury

You think you know the color of the sun until you sit down to paint it.

You reach for the yellow, yellow of sunflowers, of a cliché crayon drawing you did, a perfect lemon in the top right corner.

But your hand drifts then to sparks on the crest of a wave, to that glimpse of melting iridescence in a friend’s eye white.

Orange is the bottle you finally seize to squeeze autumn leaves, the setting sun over a lake, onto your impatient palette.

But soon, all those colors (plus a few more) are spilled on the canvas (plus your fingers).

You think you know the color of the sun until you realize you don’t know colors at all.

Who else can validate that your ocean is truly blue, that your sun is the gold you’ve always been sure of?

After all, everything is perception and if you think too much about anything, it doesn’t exist at all.

So you sit down again, and this time, dip in your brush and paint the sun every color you own.

My Old Wood Castle
Gabby Seguin, Essex

They’re going to tear it down, the old barn in our backyard, because it’s too old and it’s falling apart. They’re not entirely wrong. It is falling apart and it is old, but it never lost its beauty.

You can still jump from the window and land on your feet. You can still put your bike in one of the little storage rooms. You can still pull down the ladder and climb to the second floor. You can still watch the birds as they build their nests.

You can still breathe the dust and feel the wood. They’ll never tear down my memories of that beautiful, wondrous castle with my baby swing, my bike and jump ropes, my hula hoops and stickers, and my little, old rocking chair. They’ll never erase my handwriting, written in colored chalk. All they see is a junkyard – and all I see is a castle.
All Fall Down
Iris Robert, South Burlington

If I ever went missing, my parents could tell the police: She leaves behind cups and mugs stained with her lip prints. (They’re like fingerprints, but instead of DNA, you find swirlly moons made of glossy brown, matte pink, creamy red, and they circle the rims as if marking their territory as hers, all hers.)

If I ever went missing, my parents could tell the police: She leaves behind petals from roses, daisies, and dandelions, their dewy hearts forming a trail of beauty, and even though some people see them as weeds, she always knew that they were worth so much more, and from her love, came a trail of their broken bodies.

If I ever went missing, my parents could tell the police: She collects words like stamps, trying to find one of every shape, size, color, place, feeling, and will only be happy once she has them all and can proudly say, “Look at the words I found. Aren’t they magnificent?”

Decaf
Eliza Noel, Lyndonville

We always meet here.
The waiter comes. I order coffee. He asks where she is. I say she’s on her way.

I can smell her. This place smells of her. She smells of this place. Our memories smell of here. They always will.

I wait.

I finish my coffee and order more: decaf. She always gets decaf, I remember. I don’t want this coffee anymore.

I wait. It’s late. I leave.

I’d told the waiter she was on her way.

Fault
Tess LaLonde, South Burlington

Her skin is soil and stone and ancient fossil, blanketed in the greenery of meadows and valleys that form her island shape. Palm trees sprout in her cupped hands, rivers of fingers stretching away with muddy, rushing haste. Vegetation thrives as she lies against the ocean floor, seaweed hair floating languidly around her cragged head. A range of mountains curves across her spine. One, the tallest, sits like a majestic jewel inlaid at her chest, rising stolidly atop her beating heart as she stretches toward the horizon.

She is older than eons. She has seen travelers come and go, nothing more than blips in her eyes. She does not mind as they drink the water from her lakes and eat the fruits that sprout amidst her rich, green flora, building unobtrusive huts, then shacks, then structures more complex. They often plant new trees, replenishing her surface with growth — as she provides for them, so they return the favor.

But not all trees regrow, and not all visitors respect this fragile balance. There are subtle changes in the air, disturbances moving much more rapidly than her leisurely existence has come to expect. It had taken her many hundreds of years above water to learn to breathe and to grow, gasping for life after ages existing beneath the calm blanket of the ocean. It seems impossible that in a fraction of that time, her world could change so much.

The trees replanted are fewer now, graveyards littered with stumps in their place. Her mountain ranges have been carved and battered to form roads, exhaust from the machines choking her breath. Her lakes have been stained with a poison that drips from a dark, new structure’s impassive face. Its putrid smog pricks her eyes and stings her skin. Buildings jut toward the sky without regard to the earth they deface.

This insolence has grown from a slight irritation to an impermissible assault, stirring a fire deep within her. She was not always a peaceful, quiet provider for intruders to take advantage of. She was once flame and magma, solid stone with liquid steel coursing through her crevices and veins. It has long lain dormant in her chest, this fiercely beating heart layered under sheets of rock. The heat has been growing, slowly building as each insult piles upon the last. Something is coming.

The day her final tree is felled, this heart bursts from her chest. It crashes through the towering mountain's peak, crumbling the layers in between with fists of boiling rage.

The intruders flee before the worst of it; she watches as wood and metal crafts weave like needles through the ocean, fleeing her fury’s fruits. Molten gold cascades down her sides, sparks soaring up in contrast to the dark clouds she has fostered.

When the billowing smoke clears, it is quiet. Orange and black seep through fractures in her hardened skin, the life that once sprouted there reduced to ash. The stumps of her once fruitful trees have withered to dust, lakes dried to empty craters. She smolders, alone in the ocean, barren and solitary as the sun.

But she has been here before, and she will start again.
Ten Things That Made Me Want to Cry Today
Courtney McDermott, Charlotte

(Ode to Wednesday mornings)

One
I wake up at six o'clock,
the sun hits my ceiling,
clings to my eyelashes so hard I have to blink it away.

Two
I stand in the majesty of the same sun
streaming through the bathroom window
and it is better, less of a sadness
and more of a heavy appreciation as I spit foamy mint in the sink
let myself remember you are in pajamas
the house is quiet
school is hours away and you miss your mother.

Three
An odd feeling of motherliness toward little Piggy/little Simon
and their unfortunately youthful faces with the milkweed hair of children
and the impending sense of doom that surrounds them, reminding me why I hate movies ("Lord of the Flies").

Four
The things we were promised were a glowing reward far off in the distance,
the setting sun of a western movie
after the battle is over/bandits stopped/conflicts resolved.
Three days in NYC was this reward, playing music
and we can't make it work.
My heart sinks like a stone.

Five
Music that rubs salve into my aching heart
the majesty of Wednesday mornings fades
into biology homework,
an empty stomach,
unwanted responsibilities and a torn sense of self.

Six
I wasn't here Friday.
I have no idea what we're doing as I'm torn from my pedestal yanked away from preparedness
less like crying, more like I'm going to be sick.
I cover it well.

Seven
Going to get a cough drop from the nurse
as sickness lingers in the back of my throat,
a friend makes me hold his posters/water bottle/tape when he sees me.

I'm not mad,
just hurt,
but not hurt anymore,
I stumble over the words,
but why didn't I get invited to your New Year's party?
And the lying comes easy.
I will hide my pain and carry on although his explanation is cloudy and hurtful,
confusing as geometry, my worst grade in high school.

Eight
Being alone in class again
I don't normally mind
I have acquaintances/4 volumes of poetry/my writing to keep me company
but I'm still feeling raw.

Nine
Play rehearsal and the theatre company after school
two hours/30 minutes
I sing "Amazing Grace" and then leave.

Ten
Home, and the sky is clear.
Tomorrow is Thursday.
Thursdays don't hold the same promise/pain of Wednesdays (today did).
Nothing is cancelled, nothing is delayed.
I would appreciate a pause, a respite.
I would appreciate waking up on Thursday to the same feeling of a Wednesday.

Destiny-Rose Chery, Danville
Be Grateful
Hussein Amuri, Winooski

Be grateful 'cause at some point in your life, somebody saw a spark in you worth noticing. At some point in your life, you fell in the face of reality, but somebody brought you back again. Be grateful 'cause somewhere out there, there's a human being living a life way more deficient than yours, a life with no clean water to last even one night or a cozy, warm, soft blanket to hold on tight against the cold. Be grateful 'cause unlike you, somebody is fighting a severe and critical disease, one that has taken so many loved ones. Be grateful 'cause so many people wish for that one chance, that one chance to express their gratitude to their loved ones, but due to reality, that chance has been terminated. Be grateful 'cause we live on a planet, one that has everything we need: water, food, right temperature. But for some unknown reason, we are tearing it down. Be grateful 'cause you and I are still alive on this earth. You and I are still experiencing life on the most beautiful planet in all of the galaxy. You and I are still in the game, my friend.

Every Day
Sydney Kulis, Waterbury

My mother is a teacher to 7-year-olds. She brings home stories about their funny thoughts about the world, whether or not Santa is real, when they accidentally swear or pee their pants from excitement. The other day when she came home, she didn't have a funny story. A man had walked into her school without checking in with the office, so, over the loudspeaker they asked if "the man without identification could come to the main office." My mother had students, and one of her 7-year-olds looked up at her and asked, "Is this our shooter?" This kid is 7 years old. My mother looked at him and explained that they didn't have a shooter.

She finished her story and flopped down on the couch. I sat down next to her and leaned on her shoulder. Then I began to think. Do we all have a school shooter? The next week we got a threat, and another threat was made to another school, and then I watched the news and there was another shooting. So was my mother wrong? Does every school have a shooter? Because right now, it sure seems like that. Every day there's a new shooting and every day no one does anything.

Jail Writing
Martha Hutcheson, North Bennington

The glow of the lamplight illuminated her face as she worked diligently on her essay. Not small-minded, but small. She scratched away with her pencil, leaving traces, smudges on the paper.
Metaphysical
Gabrielle Chisamore, Vernon

What if we’ve been getting it wrong this whole time?
What if all the science we think we know has given us a false hypothesis of how we function?
What if our brains don’t make the truly important decisions, but rather the heart does?

What if the heart makes the decisions that can change lives while the brain takes the back seat?
What if we have gotten the pumping and pulsing mess of muscle all wrong?
What if there is a part of the heart that has the ability to make the hardest choices in life?
Suppose the brain only makes the decisions that don’t matter all that much.

Apple Trees and Pumpkins
Taylor McCaffrey, Burlington

The leaves shift from green to brilliant red.
The workers at orchards press hot apple cider into a delicious steamy drink.
The crops turn from beans and Brussels sprouts to pumpkins and parsnips.
The last days of October are filled with candy wrappers and apple trees ready for the picking.
But what if every autumn it wasn’t only the trees that underwent change, and it wasn’t only the pumpkins that were carved into unique shapes?

It will be the people this autumn – and every autumn after that.
It will be we who renew the colors of our intelligence, and we who carve out our personalities again, we who shed our wrappers of ignorance and pompousness, our happiness baked into our apple tarts and Thanksgiving dinners that we share gladly with others.
We will put our sorrows at the bottom of our pumpkins and watch as the tiny flames burn them into wispy, curling smoke.

Nathaniel Steele, Danville
Lake Champlain at Sunset
Gracie Clark, Fletcher

The egg yolk of a sun had already dripped away.  
City lights peppered the peninsula,  
breaking up the hard outline where land meets air.  
The lake was a placid, raspberry-colored mirror of the rainbow sunset, fringed by indigo night.  
Fish disrupted the watery glass-like surface, creating small ripples.  
As the colorful horizon melted into the vast depths of sky, a large ghost-like moon rose.  
The lake now shimmered with a new pale light.

My Box of Feelings
Hailey Sheehan, Montpelier

I like to think there is a box  
at the bottom of my heart,  
and in the box  
I store my feelings.  
I keep them there, hidden away,  
and one day  
the box will get too big  
and they will all come out at once.

Overrun by Books
Marina Sprague, Chelsea

I cry every time I read.  
I want those moments,  
the moments that give someone meaning.  
When I read those words, and picture the characters’ lives,  
all I want is to be them, or some version of them.  
Not the ones that have the perfect lives,  
or the ones with the happy endings,  
but the ones who keep going, no matter what the world throws at them.  
The ones who go on adventures.  
The ones who have a friend they can talk to about anything.  
The ones who learn how to love.  
The ones who would do anything to be with the one they adore.

The ones who enjoy their lives despite hardships.  
The ones who have a story to tell, not always a good one, but one that will have an impact on at least one person.  
I’m not asking for a different life.  
All I want is to have those moments, and feel some of those feelings, and live a life that means something.  
I know I won’t get my perfect fantasy, but that doesn’t stop me from thinking about it.  
I know it’s selfish of me to want so much and it’s hard to explain in words how I feel.  
But if my life were ever written down, I’d want it to be worth reading.
Routine
Haley Seymour, St. Albans

The bluebird sings at the top of his lungs, and I wonder if he ever tires or gets bored or realizes that his constant tweeting is pointless. The golden retriever trots along his daily route, attached to a short, red leash.

I wonder if he ever resents that short, red leash for straining him when he simply wants to be free. The man travels back and forth to work every day, an everlasting routine. He becomes exhausted and bored and resents his choices and his life. I wonder if he will ever try to end this seemingly never-ending routine — and start something new.

Snow on the Mountain
Emma Colby, Chelsea

The old chairlift creaked and swayed gently as the crisp morning flurries nipped at the rosy cheeks of the young girl. Her grandmother sat to the left and her grandfather to the right. Both of them had their arms wrapped tightly around her, attempting to keep her warm. They sat in silence and watched the mountain grow in front of them. The bright sun illuminated every aspect: the smooth coating of ice that clung to the trees, the conformity of every neatly groomed trail. The previous snow had left a fresh layer of powder that wordlessly begged them to disrupt its purity. At the peak, they looked down and out over the mountain, the town, and the valley that seemed to stretch on forever. The sky taunted them, dangling just out of reach, and the overwhelming panorama reminded them how small they were — even at the highest points.
But Life Is Life
Jillian Sherwin, Rochester

We are told to live in the moment – a moment, every moment. Sometimes we are criticized for wanting to see the bigger picture or for caring about the overall outcome. So, maybe my opinion is an unpopular one, but nonetheless, I don’t think living in the moment is all it’s cracked up to be.

We stress about little things happening at this very second in our very long lives – the way we look in middle school, the way our friend acted in a certain situation, that we were late by five minutes. Granted, some things in life do make greater impacts than just a few seconds or days of stress or harmful emotions. But most things, especially when you’re in high school, don’t last longer than those few seconds. They don’t need to, unless you choose to stretch them out.

Overall, middle school is middle school, high school is high school, college is college. But life is life.

Don’t stress about the smaller stuff. Try to look at the bigger picture.

And, I’d say, as long as you like the overall colors and composure and feel of your life’s painting, you’re doing pretty well.

So, don’t stress about those few wrong brush strokes – they aren’t noticeable overall.

Flooded
Charlotte Hughes, Willsboro, NY

After nightfall
broken hearts
cling to each other,
dreaming of a better ending for this fantasy in their heads.

Gritty sand
heaves itself onto the docks,
icicle-cold water
just brushing the tips of my boots,
knotting itself into
leaves of a manuscript that
no one sees but the ocean.

But Life Is Life
Jillian Sherwin, Rochester

We are told to live in the moment – a moment, every moment. Sometimes we are criticized for wanting to see the bigger picture or for caring about the overall outcome. So, maybe my opinion is an unpopular one, but nonetheless, I don’t think living in the moment is all it’s cracked up to be.

We stress about little things happening at this very second in our very long lives – the way we look in middle school, the way our friend acted in a certain situation, that we were late by five minutes. Granted, some things in life do make greater impacts than just a few seconds or days of stress or harmful emotions. But most things, especially when you’re in high school, don’t last longer than those few seconds. They don’t need to, unless you choose to stretch them out.

Overall, middle school is middle school, high school is high school, college is college. But life is life.

Don’t stress about the smaller stuff. Try to look at the bigger picture.

And, I’d say, as long as you like the overall colors and composure and feel of your life’s painting, you’re doing pretty well.

So, don’t stress about those few wrong brush strokes – they aren’t noticeable overall.

Flooded
Charlotte Hughes, Willsboro, NY

After nightfall
broken hearts
cling to each other,
dreaming of a better ending for this fantasy in their heads.

Gritty sand
heaves itself onto the docks,
icicle-cold water
just brushing the tips of my boots,
knotting itself into
leaves of a manuscript that
no one sees but the ocean.

Security
Alexandra Contreras-Montesano, Burlington

Airports feel like slipping beneath security lines and constantly losing purchase on people. Darin over connected seats to glass windows, everywhere is somewhere to watch you leave. Finding which plane to track gets difficult as horizons blur into shapes of you. Just another few years to kill waiting for you in the lobby of departures. Maybe next time you’ll get me a new apology from the airport gift shop. I keep the last one with me at night, pretending I’m still the child you bought it for. Sometimes I question if you remember me.

Sometimes I question if I lost you in the sky or if it was on the underground train to terminal C. I don’t remember very well. But I can’t seem to forget why we say goodbye in front of the full body X-ray machine. I always hope the security line is long because you have to hug me for longer, before you zip up your suitcase, wave, and slip away.

Security
Alexandra Contreras-Montesano, Burlington

Airports feel like slipping beneath security lines and constantly losing purchase on people. Darin over connected seats to glass windows, everywhere is somewhere to watch you leave. Finding which plane to track gets difficult as horizons blur into shapes of you. Just another few years to kill waiting for you in the lobby of departures. Maybe next time you’ll get me a new apology from the airport gift shop. I keep the last one with me at night, pretending I’m still the child you bought it for. Sometimes I question if you remember me.

Sometimes I question if I lost you in the sky or if it was on the underground train to terminal C. I don’t remember very well. But I can’t seem to forget why we say goodbye in front of the full body X-ray machine. I always hope the security line is long because you have to hug me for longer, before you zip up your suitcase, wave, and slip away.

Security
Alexandra Contreras-Montesano, Burlington

Airports feel like slipping beneath security lines and constantly losing purchase on people. Darin over connected seats to glass windows, everywhere is somewhere to watch you leave. Finding which plane to track gets difficult as horizons blur into shapes of you. Just another few years to kill waiting for you in the lobby of departures. Maybe next time you’ll get me a new apology from the airport gift shop. I keep the last one with me at night, pretending I’m still the child you bought it for. Sometimes I question if you remember me.

Sometimes I question if I lost you in the sky or if it was on the underground train to terminal C. I don’t remember very well. But I can’t seem to forget why we say goodbye in front of the full body X-ray machine. I always hope the security line is long because you have to hug me for longer, before you zip up your suitcase, wave, and slip away.

Security
Alexandra Contreras-Montesano, Burlington

Airports feel like slipping beneath security lines and constantly losing purchase on people. Darin over connected seats to glass windows, everywhere is somewhere to watch you leave. Finding which plane to track gets difficult as horizons blur into shapes of you. Just another few years to kill waiting for you in the lobby of departures. Maybe next time you’ll get me a new apology from the airport gift shop. I keep the last one with me at night, pretending I’m still the child you bought it for. Sometimes I question if you remember me.

Sometimes I question if I lost you in the sky or if it was on the underground train to terminal C. I don’t remember very well. But I can’t seem to forget why we say goodbye in front of the full body X-ray machine. I always hope the security line is long because you have to hug me for longer, before you zip up your suitcase, wave, and slip away.

Editor’s Note: This poem was inspired by the photo, “Flooded,” by Sam Aikman and also by Alexandra Contreras-Montesano’s Writing on the Roof workshop for YWP on abecedarian poetry (the first letter of each line follows sequentially through the alphabet). See also Alexandra’s abecedarian poem, next page.
Beaten-up Car
Anna Wahlin, Richmond

Your voice matches mine as we sing along to the music on the radio in your old, beaten-up car, its tires turning, taking us along the bumpy road that winds higher into the mountains. The windows are rolled down, letting the wind mix into my hair, making it smell of the fresh air. The car comes to an uneven stop. The music is silenced. The doors creak open and my shoes hit the dusty ground. We walk to the front of the car and lie on the hood, our eyes watching the sunset turn into the starry night sky. A shooting star flies over and I quickly make a wish. I wish that every day I could lie here on your old, beaten-up car, with you, my best friend.

Solitary Winter
Owen Biniecki, St. Albans

Swing sets grind to icy halts and fluffy layers of snow are trampled as my classmates swarm into chaotic crowds, eager to leave December’s chilled embrace. Friends leave mid-conversation, teachers stop listening to maintain the mob of 11-year-olds. Insulted that the snow, blanketed with care, has been destroyed, abandoned Winter begins to straighten the ground once more with frigid attention. Eyes lost in the glistening seas of snowflakes as they slowly climb down from the heavens above, a body stands by the howling wind.

There is a comfort found in frost. A solace found in the cold. Lone Winter and I find friendship. We do not leave each other mid-conversation; we do not stop listening because, in the presence of each other, we are not alone.

One electric blue jacket stays within this gelid plain of white.
King of the Sky
Sophie Dauerman, Shelburne

A bird plays hopscotch on the horizon and traces the sea with her wings, just close enough to flick up holy droplets and alluring spray, but far enough that she wonders what lies beneath the turbulent surface. She sees her delicate feathers mirrored on sun-tipped waves and extends her beak down in search of companionship. The bird meets the mirage of outward beauty. Beak full of water, not feathers, with desperation lighting her eyes, she befriends the sea. The bird squeezes through the iron bars of Sky’s Cage, plunges into screaming waves and surfaces with her own dinner, handsome ruffled feathers, and a soul feeding off the tides. She emerges, King of the Sky and Queen of the Sea.

A Spark
Lydia Arje Wilson, Christiansted, U.S. Virgin Islands

A spark is a curious thing. By itself, it is nothing. But with tinder, fibre, light, and dryness, a spark can light a fire – a fire that can burn high and bright, a fire that everyone can see, a fire that can change the world.

Spotlight
Elena Dragon Krajac, Burlington

The piano starts to play, and my entrance is coming closer and closer. Faces look up at me, bright and expectant. My bow is on the string. I start to play, hundreds of eyes on me, watching. Fingers fly over the strings. It starts to get easier. Forget everyone watching. Focus on doing what you love. Last note, my bow drifts over the string, making it last as long as possible. Silence. Then applause bursts out of the audience. I think about how hard I worked to get here – it was all worth it. How nervous I was when they called me next, all of those nights in my room struggling on that one spot I couldn’t get right. Now here I am. I played perfectly. When I walk off the stage, it’s like a mountain has been lifted from my shoulders. I can breathe again. My family and friends meet me in the hall; everyone is hugging me. I’m happier than I ever thought was possible.

Vanilla
Stella Armstrong, North Ferrisburgh

Vanilla, that’s what you smell like. Maybe not anymore, but back when I knew you, you smelled of vanilla, of singing in the rain, of running through a forest and laughing through the pain, of singing in the morning and early evening tea, of seashells on the shoreline and seagulls soaring free.
Sixteen Minutes
Sarah Hall, Hanover, NH

8:00 a.m.
A girl sits on a cement stairway, looking with tired eyes at the world that surrounds her. She has a love-hate relationship with it (mostly hate).

A boy lies on the ground, letting the pulsing pain in his stomach rage because he likes the feeling, but mostly because he knows he deserves it.

8:01 a.m.
She has dyed red hair (done with Kool-Aid and it drips onto her gray hoodie) with tanned skin from sitting out in the sun too long. He wears a white shirt, holey and smeared with dirt. If he lifts it up, there would be a bruise on his stomach given (although it is true), and she gets a few glances from strangers. She continues.

8:02 a.m.
Her hoodie is baggy and bought at the dollar store. She also has a pair of faded red corduroys from sitting out in the sun too long. Her hair before he shaved it off with a razor. He has curly brown hair or had that hair before he shaved it off with a razor. Whatever, it was just a reminder of everything he hated.

8:03 a.m.
Everything he is feeling and has been thinking about offering their help to him (reality) and she had just missed it. She wants to escape. He wants to escape.

8:04 a.m.
People give her suspicious glances like she’s just another runaway teenager that might grab their purse and make a dash for it. What they don’t know is that she doesn’t have enough energy for

8:05 a.m.
Kicked out of her house because she was caught stealing money from her mother so she could buy a plane ticket (one way). She feels that the world is like one of those Whac-A-Mole games in an arcade. Whenever she thinks that she has finally found a way to be happy (or at least survive), reality slams into her. Now, she has given up trying to get back up. Abused by his father, a drunk, since his mother left for another man, he feels like the world is an ocean. Some people are born with life jackets and some without. He feels like he was born with an anchor tied to his feet, and it is pulling him down into the water and he is drowning. Now, he has given up trying to swim back up to the surface.

8:06 a.m.
She knows that something has to change. Her gory sigh almost drown out the sound of a passing Metro (or at least in her mind). She brushes the dust of her pants and gets up. Wandering through the crowded streets gives her a sense of peace, a sort of acceptance of this fate (runaway rebel teen who actually is not a rebel at all).

The thought makes her laugh at the absurdity (although it is true), and she gets a few glances from strangers. She continues.

He knows that something has to change.

8:07 a.m.
As she walks, she turns into the entrance of the public park. She keeps her head up and glares defiantly at anybody who gives her a second glance (her heart is thumping). She is following a group of overly excited college students talking about their shiny futures waiting for them in a present (tied with a bright, big ribbon). Their happiness reminds her of everything she doesn’t have (couldn’t have) and it makes her head heat up at the thought of it.

As he looks around the park, he sees a group of college students and behind them a figure. He narrows his eyes to get a better view.

8:08 a.m.
Her squinted eyes take in the rest of the park. A boy with a shaved head is lying on the grass, his head turned in her direction.

After 30 seconds of trying to see who it is, he realizes that she is looking at him (straight at him).

8:09 a.m.
The boy’s eyes are staring into hers. He carries the weight of the world in his gaze. His eyes are dark brown and one has a black bruise surrounding it. His gaze is beautiful, mysterious, and so full of pain that it stuns her to a stop.

The girl’s eyes are like two knives pinning him down. They are squinting but he can still make out the hurt and frustration pouring out like a cup overflowing with water. She is beautiful, like a mirror, her gaze sharp like a shard of glass, reflecting everything he is feeling and has been through.

8:10 a.m.
She is wondering if everyone’s gaze was so poignant, so colorful, so bursting with life (reality) and she had just missed it. He is wondering if she is going to turn away (she just might) and he is afraid – afraid of losing the connection with her. It almost breaks his heart.

8:11 a.m.
She knows she has to break the connection, everything has to end sometime, just like everything else in her life. Quickly, she withdraws and pulls back everything she has just given this boy (stranger) and wrenches it away. She feels satisfied (it’s the right thing to do), but angry (does she have to push everyone away)? She is looking at him and then she isn’t.

It’s like she has taken a vacuum and sucked up all the air between them. Suddenly, he finds it hard to breathe. He knows he cannot let her go.

8:12 a.m.
She quickly walks in the opposite direction (that was a close call).

He scrambles to his feet, feeling as if his life is in the balance (it gives him a sense of adrenaline to know this). Sprinting over, it’s all he can do not to shout at her (he doesn’t want to scare her off). He is not entirely sure why he is doing this. She’s just a stranger.

8:13 a.m.
She hears a noise like running feet but doesn’t want to hope (please don’t be him please be him please don’t be him). Then she feels a hand, steady, on her shoulder. It takes everything in her not to bolt.

He places a hand on her shoulder (he hopes it is not quivering too much), and she stands still.

8:14 a.m.
They stand like that for awhile until she slowly turns around.

She turns around, and he lets his hand slip away from her shoulder. She is looking at him expectantly.

8:15 a.m.
What is he going to say?
He doesn’t know what to say.

8:16 a.m.
“Hey.”
“Hey.”

And that’s just the beginning
A Tree's Memories
Kelly Daigle, Bradford

I.
The darkness is warm and heavy, comforting almost. I can feel the sunlight upon my tough shell, so unlike how it felt to drift down, spinning and absolutely uncaring for the world, before settling here at my mother's feet, upon the hearty, green moss.

The tough but gentle hands that intricately selected me off the ground carefully peel back my outer coat, leaving me bare against the open air. Then the hands gingerly close around me, again encasing me in blackness. When the fingers unfurl once again, I am only free for a second before they dump me into a tiny hole in the soil, and cover me with it. It was there that I took root, there that I was watered and nurtured. And it was there that I grew.

II.
My branches have grown past the canopy, my bark strong and rough. Time has passed; I don't know how much, but enough so that the small girl who watered me as a sapling has now grown up, too.

Her knobby hands creak as they bring the woven basket filled with water to my trunk, still believing that it is she alone who keeps me alive. Her people cut down my mother long ago; good wood for boats, she told me. She talks to me like I am human like her. I wish I were sometimes. I think I love her.

III.
More time has passed. I have not seen the girl for many nights. I am not alone though. The rest of her people have gotten closer and closer to me, inching their way across the forest. They cut down my kind like we are nothing, and I can only hope that they will leave me be.

Occasionally, a group of young boys will ramble by me, brandishing sticks and rocks, pretending to be warriors in battle. Their shrieks of laughter echo throughout the forest and resound within me even after they leave. It is times like these that I long to have legs, to be able to run through the woods like wisps.

Other times, I am glad that I am a tree, to have the beauty of long, thin branches, leaves swaying in the wind like they are dancing, clicking my twigs together in a cacophony of sounds. The wind takes some of my seeds along with it, making them flutter down like descending angels. As much as I wish to be human, their charming demeanor cannot match the undeniable delicacy of Nature.

IV.
The skies that have always watched over me are growing grayer. I can feel it too; the air is sticky, clogged with chemicals and smoke. It rains less now, my roots drier than ever before. Smaller plants beneath me wilt faster, and the trees near me fall more easily. I have only stayed up this long because of the extra care the girl gave me all that time ago. A few human lifetimes ago.

My bark has turned and curled upon itself, snarled and old. My leaves take up a magnitude of space before they fall off every autumn. The humans have left me be. The buildings have taken shape around me, climbing higher into the sky than my trunk. Roads are paved below me, and people traverse them every day. I have a feeling that I am dying. Because just like the girl, everything must die.

V.
Today I see her again. I see her in a little girl, her long black hair braided back, but she is not wearing her tribal clothing, instead, blue pants and a pink shirt. She walks beside her mother, toddling along the street with tiny legs.

I know that I am a tree, and trees aren't supposed to have feelings, but when I see her, I know that what I feel is love. Maybe not for that girl on the street, but for the girl so long ago, who treated me like a friend.

It is the purest form of love, built upon a bond of care and innocence. And while I am an old tree, soon to fall to one more storm or strong gust of wind, I feel like I want to live. Longer than however much time I have left, just to see her again. Perhaps I might; maybe I could watch her grow up, catching glimpses of her and holding onto them like fireflies in a jar, treasured like fallen stars.

But I can feel the bugs in me, burrowing and chewing. It started at my roots and climbed upward until they advanced to my branches, and from there, to my leaves. My body is weakened, my leaves smaller and thinner. My beauty is no longer. And more than anything, I wish I had more time. I wish the girl would lay her dark eyes upon me once, rub her soft palms on my bark and kiss my trunk, throw her small arms around me in an embrace. But she never does.

VI.
There was a storm last night. The unrelenting gales buffeted me until something cracked, splintered and fractured. That was all it took to knock me down. And as the life drew away from my dying trunk, as the bugs moved on to their next victim, all I could think was, I wish I had more time.

Editor's Note: This was the first-place winner of a writing competition sponsored by the Vermont Urban & Community Forestry Program about the invasive emerald ash borer, which is killing ash trees across the country, including in Vermont.
Outcasts
Oliver Branch, Stowe

The person over there in the corner with no friends, or the one hanging on the edge of popularity, sometimes we band together, other times we stay solo. We have our own lives. We live them without being popular. We get our work done, quiet enough to go unnoticed, but loud enough for the teachers to see us. We sit alone on the bus, sit at our own table. We try to be popular, or try not to be. Some of us play games to take our minds away, others get lost in shows or movies. But for some of us, like me, the only escape is books. We are just a small island off the coast of the popular continent, hidden just out of reach, hidden by the continent. Some of us stay on the island, while others travel to the mainland. And like me, we sometimes come from the mainland to the island.

We cry when one of our members leaves. Other times we rejoice. We have our own lifestyle, different from the others’. Some people try to understand us, but most just let us be. We get the same jobs, sometimes even better ones. We manage our time better because we don’t have to juggle 30 “friends.” We stay with our few – or ourselves.

Why Do I Dance?
Cecilia Sweeney, Pierrmont, NH

I dance because it is the only thing that makes me feel the stars in my feet. Nothing matches the feeling of spinning, spinning to forget the outside world.

I dance to forget unkind emotions and create new ones, to let myself feel the passion that I so often must push down.

I dance for the opportunity to jump into the sky and never come back, never return to reality.

I dance to become something else, to embody another creature, to imitate another world, to create another universe.

I dance when there is nothing else to do. When I’m waiting or nervous, what else can I do but move? What else can I do but dance?

I dance to interpret the experience of another people, and to understand my own.

To Live
Adelle Brunstad, Enosburgh Falls

To live with purpose is to see the world in singing starlight, a beguiling black canvas studded with moments of existential ecstasy, a star for every time we have raised our voices against the thunder and become the vein of light that shot into the hearts of darkness, a moon for every minute we listened, so that every word dropped into our wellsprings of knowledge – or so the speaker could rest with the knowledge that somebody listened.

Under the Lights
Noah Anderson, East Thetford

Friday night, under bright white lights, sweat and blood in a non-stop fight, a dirty battle till the end, without the time to comprehend, giving all of your heart and soul, trying your best to gain control, giving everything on the field. Never stop, never yield.
Notre Dame

Maisie Newbury, Weybridge

Once, in Paris, when you were very young, you realized you had nowhere to go, so you took yourself to Notre Dame. Attracted by the stained glass windows, with little to nothing for you to live on, you found you were no longer alone. Now all of that may be gone, but you are still here. What do you know?

I thought tonight I would call you up, meet you in front of some payphone. A quarter could take us nearly anywhere as long as you don’t leave me alone. I’m just trying to keep it together as wonders and history burn to the ground.

It’s true, nothing may last forever. I just hope I will always have you around. Some damage we do cannot be undone. Some hurt, some pain, is irreversible. Sometimes we are the ones in the wrong and even our best apologies are futile. It happened because I wasn’t careful. You can’t light a flame and leave it unattended next to something so priceless and so beautiful.

Maybe it’s because now I’m a little older, maybe it’s wisdom still left in the cathedral, maybe it’s because, with your head on my shoulder, I felt something light up in me, like a candle. They built this city long before me, before you, yet I think I found hope in something new. We might never be the same as we used to, but the city is burning, and I still love you.

How does one rebuild history? How does one accept when it is lost? The truth is, we are shockingly temporary, outlasted by our stories and ghosts. Change might happen very slowly but it is an undeniable, constant force so that one day, I may look about Paris and realize I have nowhere to go.

She Slowly Follows

Shyloh Wonder-Maez, Barre

A Brie cheese moon smiles down at my footsteps as I meander away from my car, too distracted by white fish swimming in the sky winking down at me mischievously.

I want them to come pick me up on their softly scaled backs and invite me to weave between them, cradled in their confidence, their certainty that all it takes to be loved is to glow brightly without regret.

Shadows cast by a half-woken moon undulate and squirm past my heels, the crunch of snow beneath me the rhythm they dance to. If I could dance underneath that vast ocean sky forever, even the fear of what howls in the shadows bends beneath the light. Take me home to where darkness dances a yin yang with the moon.

Bloodletting

Joy Holzhammer, Orwell

Make myself a new messiah. “Trust me,” I say – they know I’m a liar; some good old-fashioned bloodletting, you take it back – I’m not forgetting that time they told me I was dirty – dirty?

Little birdie, far too wordy, quite upsetting. It wasn’t long before it worsened, hateful, pithy, little person – can’t explain why my shows are all booked; you say they’re mad – I say they’re hooked and maybe just a little crazy – crazy?

Slightly lazy, eyes are hazy since I first looked.

Burn this copy, new revision – tripping on my tunnel vision; dark and gritty, avant-garde, cannot swallow – much too hard if you’ve ever stopped to listen – listen?

Twisted vixen, pavement glistens with glass shards. The shades are drawn; the light is darkened in some Kabuki cat’s apartment – a leather glove, a cigarette, don’t ask for more – that’s all you get; until you someday stop and wonder – wonder?

Going under, loot and plunder, though we’re never met. Dirty velvet used for masking; time’s a bitch – though no one’s asking; pour diamonds down the kitchen sink, I bet you’ve never stopped to think about the blood those diamonds spilled – spilled!

Nearly killed, rather thrilled.

Got Me

Charlotte Dodds, Burlington

I am as controlled as two scoops of ice cream teetering on top of their small cone on a hot summer night when I am around you. I am the quick melting of the ice cream – going, going, gone – when I see those eyes and hear those slick-like-honey words as they tumble out of your mouth. Love Potion No. 9, you’ve got me in your hand that reaches out to hold mine, as natural as the sun rising.

You are all sugar, like maple syrup, coating everything in your gooey-sweet love that kept me up tonight and will leave me with dreams, dreams that won’t satisfy until you relent and agree that I got you, and you got me, got me good.
**Rainbow at Night**  
Annika Gruber, Charlotte  

An ambulance siren wails through the night,  
its pitch rising and falling in the crisp winter air.  
Pedestrians scurry on the sidewalk, many floors below my bedroom window,  
and I could wonder:  
Where are they going?  
What are they thinking?  
But I will never know as I sit and gaze  
out over the city,  
the city that never sleeps,  
an explosion of light in the darkness  
with shimmering skyscrapers  
and tall buildings that glow over streets,  
shedding their light.

I zip up my jacket, and open my apartment door.  
My boots tap softly on the hall carpet.  
I ride the elevator down to the lobby  
and go out into the street outside, where the only view is at eye level.  
It makes me feel small to know that  
someone could be looking down at me right now,  
the way I looked at them.  
The sky is a dark shade of navy blue.  
The people are many shades, too,  
as they blend together into one large crowd  
to make a rainbow at night,  
der under the stars.

---

**Clean Your Room**  
Eleanor Konings, Etna, NH  

There are clothes hiding the floor,  
and toys, trains, and balls galore,  
and something that looks like underwear  
that hasn’t been washed since the summer market fair,  
and also jeans that can stand on their own,  
and oh, the horror:  
A stray cell phone!  
A father walks in to ring the dinner bell  
and nearly falls over because of the smell.  
“Children!” he shouts, looking quite shocked.  
“Is this – a dirty sock?  
And here – that’s your project from third grade!  
This is wrong; is this a charade?  
Clean your room as I can bear it no more –  
this room’s messier than the den of a boar.”

The children all begin to complain,  
“I like how it is! Oh, what a pain!”  
But the parent will not back down  
and the kids are forced to start from the ground.  
Three hours later, the man walks in,  
and hardly believes what’s within,  
because the room seems completely transformed  
from its original state as object of scorn.  
The clothes are in their respective drawers,  
gone are the toys and clean are the floors.  
The underwear has magically been cleaned,  
and the chessboard no longer lacks a queen.  
“My goodness!” says the father. “Good job! Well done!”

---

**Alacrity**  
Sam Aikman, Richmond  

There is sunshine this morning,  
It warps the frost on the window,  
melts frozen feathers into my palm,  
dampens the folded cuff of my coat.  
I’m not waiting for anyone.

This morning there is music resonating down the hallway at school.  
Someone stands in the center of a room to my right,  
mouth open,  
dancing with words,  
smiling only half as wide as me.

There’s ink on my wrist,  
blued from writing late into the night  
when my bare feet refused to walk in the solitary dark to the cold sink down the hall,  
to wash my hands  
with frothy soap under endless water.

I wish for a fleeting second I could light a tall candle,  
sit criss-crossed on my bedroom floor,  
watch the wax tip into the tilting earth  
as I suffocate the gap between night and day.

Instead, I press my head down,  
will myself to burn the memory of the dancing figure  
and the joy we pour from our mouths  
when there’s sunshine in the morning and music, also.

I tell myself I am ready,  
and so, I become it.

---

**93 Cents More**  
Hope Reeve, Wolcott  

There was a boy at work,  
the keyword: was.  
He quit on a Monday, mad,  
mad that someone earned more than him.

He quit because, I,  
a girl, am paid 93 cents more than him.  
Well, maybe now he knows the feeling  
of the female population everywhere, except we don’t quit.  
We fight for what we deserve.

---

Now come downstairs, what’s lost is won.”  
And hence they go, some others ahead,  
trying to forget what they shoved under the bed.
20/20 Vision/The Sun Will Die

Hazel Civalier, Burlington

The year I turn 18, our atmosphere will release the last particle of helium into space.

I was born in the 2nd year of the 2nd millennium, on the 20th, and the 2nd atomic element will leave our planet in 2020, 2 years from now.

If the universe is made up of math – all algebra, glimmering with geometry, tinted in trig, and cradled in calculus – then tell me: Is 18 an equation where if 1 is singularity and 8 is upright infinity then 18=adulthood?

But, of course, no mathematician will answer me till I solve for that constant, find the double of fear, the square root of censure, round to significance – to 18. To having rights, a vote, a voice … to be a person.

A person, who forgets anyone with less than 2 digits painted under their eyes (7 or fewer nails added to their 10 counting fingertips) still has a mind behind those eyes and a mouth behind your fingers – the fingers that press against our mouths – Shhhhhh. Children should be seen and not heard.

Yet children have 2 ears and 2 eyes, do they not?

The better to see you with, my dear.

The better to see the wolf’s severed head in Granny’s nightcap, the Little Mermaid’s rotting scales of plastic treasures on your plasma screen TVs. You can cradle your false remote, but we did not study the secrets of the stars to spoon-feed our nearly grown children lies of innocence. It was a child that found the rest of Snow White’s poisoned apple, and a child’s corpse that will lie in the silicon casket, their soul floating up, up, up …

Helium follows, extricating itself from Earth’s gravity by sheer lack of mass, only 2 neutrons to its number.

Some are too pure for this world.

Oh, really? The false fragility you inflict won’t stop us from staying, from working, like the 117 other elements straining to hold the matter of our world together, though our 2nd digit isn’t equal to or greater than 8.

The helium, fuel of the stars, named 150 years ago for the Greek god of the sun is leaving our atmosphere. It has for millennia, and radioactive decay within the earth’s crust has restored it. Trickling through cracks in the crust, it floats up, up, up …

But now our exploitation has outpaced its production, so we produce our own, for this element is intertwined with oil, this ultralight gas with the so-called “natural” one, which is mined, then compressed, to eke out its helium. The helium is being bled from our earth, and I refuse to wait for balloons to become obsolete, for MRI machines to cease their vital beep, beep, beep … before I fill my future.

What is 18, 21, 4.6 billion – the very age of the earth – except a number? This country claims that age is experience, but some see more for each turn of the earth than others will in an entire circuit of the sun.

How I wonder what you are –

Tell me I don’t know, that I can only gaze longingly at the stars without even my fingertips brushing the outermost rays, but they do:

I know that stars are spheres of plasma, fusing hydrogen atoms into helium in their cores. I know that when the hydrogen is gone, they frantically fuse larger elements, building the blocks of life in death.

I know our sun will die, too.

So I ask you –

If you were witness to the imminence of a supernova, would you just stand and wait?
Backroad Thinking
Max Wilson, Windsor

I said I wanted to be free, and so, I was contained in a car, smooth leather and Febreze, as we drove up the dirt road. Tires tracking through the mud, I was able to look and really see cows with calm faces and soft, sweet eyes that looked through you, that looked at you. Brown patches patterned their noses, and I knew I was there, but I wanted to really be standing in that endless field, green as far as the eye can see. I could not find the other side of the chipping fence and I always liked long grass. I imagined for a second, a happy second, that I, too, could be munching lazily, my baby sitting beside me, and I imagined the grass to be dripping with dew drops as my feet felt the wet ground. Even the ticks that hitched a ride would have a great time.

Back to the car ride. The clouds could not choose a color. The orange seemed rather sad and said, “We did not plan to be pink.” But the pink was too proud to change. I was too busy smiling at this exchange to remember that the world was still turning and the car was still moving. The car should have known, or maybe my mother, that we needed to turn around. Still, she put miles between the field and me. That’s when I knew I’d never be free, at least not truly.

The Mountain
Eliza Willoughby, Williston

She is the mother, the mother of all the trees, animals, and ponds around her. The soft-furred rabbit and the sweet-smelling flowers are all her children. She holds them in her strong, caring arms. She looks after them, nurtures and cares for them. These are her children, and she loves them even after they are gone. She knows she may be the only one who cares, the only one who will save them when the humans come.

Bravery in a Mirror
Hannah Vogel, Piermont, NH

It’s a brave thing to do, to look into a mirror, staring into those all-too-familiar eyes and not learn to look past the flaws, but to learn to see them all for what they are, to give each and every one a name, and still, see someone who is worth loving, staring back at you. For the first time, tonight, I did.
Thinking, Thinking
Emma Hoza-Frederick, Williston

Thinking, thinking, thinking
My head is in the clouds,
soaring with the birds,
flying with the breeze.

Oh! A lightbulb lights within!
A fire burning brightly,
illuminating webs and shadows.
What a great idea!

Planning, planning, planning.
So many things to do!
Must I do this now?
Must I do that then?

Worry, worry, worry.
Life is not so kind.
Anxiety presses down.
So little, little time!

Thinking, thinking, thinking.
What had I just thought?
My head is full of water
and everything’s for naught!

Tess LaLonde, South Burlington

Neelie Markley, Burlington
Language (Words)

Isa Blankenbaker, Rutland

I love language, the way it sounds, the way words roll off the tongue.

Its roots stretch back through time to that first, single, unknown utterance.

Yet still it grows, branches twisting and turning. They sprawl off into the unknown with words growing like leaves, every one there because it was needed, because there was some thought, or emotion so complex, that all the words that had come before could not express it.

In this way, language grows. Some new shoot of life or another original utterance emerges and changes. Meanings blossom, then fade until the flower wilts, forgotten by time.

Yet still, the tree stretches back, back to the beginning and that very first, unknown sound.

Gravestone
Rowan Potzler, Springville, NY

I would love to be remembered for the good stuff I’ve done – helping people out, whether it be with their homework or through the worst hours of their lives or, even, helping my anxious friend, asking questions when she wasn’t able to.

Hell, all I want to do is help people – adopt a shelter dog or cat, donate to the food pantry, adopt or foster a child, volunteer at a nursing home, be a therapist, talk things through with people.

I’ve never felt more accomplished than when I was told, “I really appreciate that you try to help others,” and “I like you and I appreciate your help very much!” It makes it all worth it.

I’d like to be remembered as someone who cares very much about the well-being of other living things. Nothing is more important to me than the happiness of others.

On my grave, I’d like a rowan tree to offer refuge from the sun and the wind and the rain.
In the School Hallway

Eden Anne Bauer, Hanover, NH

Around, around, around, words surround me like a song, the beautiful dissonance, sounds both right and strangely wrong.

Snippets find my mind, ringing, hints of others' lives:
“We got a dog.” “She’s so rude.”
“Do you want to hang out tonight?”

Around, around, around, I’m whirling in the song, just one note in a melody, one person in the throng.

Sea of Stardust

Kira Collins, Ann Arbor, MI

There are myriad stories about the stars, elaborate webs of shimmering lights with entire myths advocating for them. Generations have given their opinions and theories on the history of space. But I like to think that each star has a million extraordinary stories.

Three hundred billion stars in the Milky Way and with so many more galaxies beyond. More stars than anyone could possibly count. Ample opportunity for the people of Earth to tell their story if we’re selfish enough to think we are the only ones.

There is a star for you and me. For your neighbors, your brothers, your sisters. Stars for the famous, for the poor. A star for each person lost and for the ones only beginning.

Look up, look up, look up! The greatest poetry shines through those stars! Ballads of love and prosperity glint in the blackness of the night! I see my family and my friends up there. Everyone I have yet to meet. My future child is up there. My future grandchild.

Look up!
There’s your star! Wave like mad!

Dawn is soon approaching, but your star is there, nevertheless. Your story is still being written, plastered against the cosmos. The constellations rotate this great, green Earth to read more. The pearly sky is a beastly mess of hidden words. Dappled shadows of the people we care for live in those stars. Taurus the bull darts to each account of adventure, and Andromeda dances to nurture the continuous tales of sacrifice and true love.

Someday, our descendants will walk out on their moonlit porches. They will turn off their flashlights, their phones, their hallway lights. They will crane their necks to the night sky, breathing in the solitude of silent owls. Or maybe they will prop themselves up on the rickety stairs of a fire escape, squinting past the silhouettes of skyscrapers and city lights. Maybe they won’t be alone but with their children and their children’s children. They will all look to the sea of stardust, spread their arms wide over their heads, and look.

Look down, look down, look down! Look down on them from your residence in the kingdom of radiant blue. There they are! See them smiling? Can you feel the breeze of summer waving through their hair? Smell the icy snow and taste the rains of April? Look! There’s your legacy! Wave like mad!
**Live Reading**

Fiona Goodman, Brattleboro

I made all these characters,
write their words,
choreographed their actions,
molded their cores,
and let them loose on the page.
I forced them to face their demons,
twisted them into situations they’d never have imagined
and let them take up residence in my head.
They live there now,
forever –

speaking,
whispering to me their outlook on life,
offering me refuge when I can’t handle the real world,
waiting to be let back into life.
I live all of their lives
just a little bit
as I’m living mine,
and they frequently live mine with me.
But today,
gathered around a coffee table,
reading,
they became something more.
Not with actors
or people from the right country
or right age group,
but with my friends and family,
they stepped off the page and spoke directly.
Not to me,
not in the safety of my head,
and not necessarily the way I’d imagined
or the way they’ll be remembered.
But they spoke.
Someone else stepped into them.
I gave them,
brieftly,
to someone else,

my characters,
given vessels,
given vocal cords that weren’t mine.
My characters are always alive to me,
but with the live reading,
they stepped out into the world.
It was the first time I’d heard most of those lines spoken out loud.
And it was thrilling.

**The Well**

Riley Sheehan, Montpelier

There is a well
at the end of my road.
No one knows
how deep the water goes
inside the bottomless well.
There are legends and rumors
of queens and their suitors,
and poisonous black frogs
and magic blue fogs.
But I’ve never believed it
for no one has seen it
inside the mysterious well.
The walls are marble
but the rotting’s just partial,
and it seems very old –
so many stories untold
and callings from under
the murky, black waters
of the old mysterious bottomless well.
To All the People Who Hate Muslims
Narges Anzali, Weybridge

Do I scare you? They call it Islamophobia after all.
Do I scare you? Does my family scare you?
Let me give you a summary of us, in case you didn’t really know us all that well.

Me,
standing at about 5 foot, 2 inches,
with big, bushy, fuzzy hair
and a penchant for zoning out and always having graphite-stained fingers.

My sister,
10 years old, who once made her own little snack dispenser
out of a cardboard box and some tape.

My father,
who makes us pancakes in the mornings,
who loves gardening and prides himself on making food out of our own vegetables
in the summers.

My mother,
who drinks more tea than seems humanly possible,
who’s just finishing up her dissertation now,
and loves dancing to any song, anywhere.

Are you scared of us? Because that seems a little silly at this point, doesn’t it?

You tell everyone that you’re scared, scared that your culture is going to be gone, scared we’ll bomb you, scared

that we won’t assimilate. But you know what? I don’t think you’re really scared. I think you’re angry.

Angry
because you have lost people
that you knew,
and for this, I cannot blame you.

Angry
because we speak with the wisps of foreign places on our tongues and you cannot love what you have never seen.

Angry
because you hear of things that are done and you do not understand them, and confusion is often the source of hatred.

So, no, I do not think you are scared.

I think you are angry with people you have never met in your life, never talked to in your life, and isn’t that a bit weird?

But hey, I’m not here to tell you how to live your lives, no. But just consider this.

I am scared.

I am scared when I walk down the street at night.
Whenever someone is behind me I hold my phone to my ear oh so tightly and pretend that I am talking.

I am scared whenever I see someone wearing a red hat.
I quickly scan the words, feel my heart skip a beat when it’s not what I’m expecting.

I am scared whenever I watch the news, hope that we are not forced to identify ourselves with badges, repeating history.

My God, what has it come to?

I’m scared.

And maybe in your minds you feel that is an accomplishment, some kind of sick, twisted sense of satisfaction will fill you when you read these words. But there shouldn’t be any. Because I am a 13-year-old girl. You made a 13-year-old girl scared. Do you feel accomplished?

You made my 10-year-old sister be afraid. Do you feel accomplished?

You made my mother cry. Do you feel accomplished?

You made my father feel helpless. Do you feel accomplished?

I bow down to a God that you think is not yours and you hate.
I sing prayers in a language that is not yours and you hate.
I fast for a month to understand the struggle of the poor and you hate.

It is starting to feel like I could just breathe and you would hate, all because you got your information of Islam from old and outdated beliefs, so you hate.

And yet, didn’t the Bible say, “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself?” Well, we are your neighbors, we are the people that run your local supermarket or dollar store, we are the people that teach you, we are the people that are your students, your friends, we are everywhere and yet you never noticed us because your version of Islam is some monster that you have built up in your mind, and hey, I’m not saying that we’re perfect, but neither are you.

And there’s something fundamentally wrong with this conversation we’re having because I should not be asking you to not hate us.

It is my right to live in happiness and it is my right to practice my religion, so don’t tell me that I am a monster for praying and loving and simply existing.

Don’t tell me that my religion is an ideology when you say that yours isn’t.

I guess what I’m trying to say, to all the people who hate Muslims, is that I don’t hate you, because my religion asks this of me, because my religion asks me to be kind, to understand people. So I’m begging you most of all, please don’t be angry anymore.

Love,
Me
Trashcan Man
Faith Holzhammer, Orwell

*(Song inspired by Stephen King character)*

It was a matter of fact, something Trashy didn’t have. All he had was a matter of time that was running out. Always something aflame, we knew Trashy was to blame. I guess we never really understood what he was about. But his name became a game. I remember how we would shout, “Trashman!” Come to get rid of the mess of the human race? Soon you’re gonna burn away your heart.” Young Trashy, how we tore him all apart. Trashy, he became a star. And we’d yell, “Trashman! Don’t you think it’s best you burned out your brain? ‘Cause we’re sick and tired of lookin’ at you die.” And to this day, I wonder why we weren’t scared when we saw what was sleeping behind his eyes. We’d yell, “Hey, Trashman! Come to get rid of the mess of the human race?” Soon you’re gonna burn away the town.” Young Trashy, he burned the whole damn world down. After that, Trashy just wasn’t around. I never believed in God, but if you’re really there, I ask you, please forgive me for what we did to the Trashcan Man.

I Fell in Love with Your Hair
Lila Woodard, Burlington

I fell in love with your hair, the way it smelled on Sunday morning, just before your coffee and right after your shower. But now I realize that it wasn’t you I loved, at least not at the end. At the end, I fell in love with your shampoo, and the memories the smell held. But just not you.

The Owl
Lily Hutcheson, North Bennington

The owl looked at me. I don’t think he saw me, sitting in the silver car twice as old as me. Watching him, I was worried. The owl was trying to free his foot, I thought. The little talon looked stuck in a hassock of weeds on the side of the empty, thoughtless road. So he didn’t see me, sitting in my puffy, blue coat I complain about. He was worried. The owl flapped frantically as we drove carelessly by, a few thoughts passing through my numb head until I saw that splash of off-white feathers. I don’t think he saw me, sitting in the front seat, an old novelty now. The owl was alone when we slowed to a stop. We weren’t sure what to do. Try to help him? Call a game warden? I was worried, but I don’t think he saw me because he was even more worried. The owl had eyes a million miles wide and deep; they looked like telescopes ringed with black connected to a back speckled with black. Black fear was in his eyes. I wasn’t scared. I was worried, worried for him, worried we couldn’t help, so I don’t think he saw me, but I saw him.

Katherine Moran, Bristol
I Was Okay Until Then

Emily Smyth, Craftsbury

I was okay until then.

I had carefully chosen my outfit, being sure that it flattered my waist, being very careful to make sure no one looked at me and unconsciously thought, oh, she's fat.

I tied my hair back with a silk scarf, a bright pink bow on the back of my head.

My sneakers balanced it out, and as I looked at myself in the mirror before leaving, I smiled.

I was okay until then.

Driving into town felt similar to what I would imagine charging into battle would feel like. I prayed the whole way, my hands gripped tight on the wheel.

And then the ceremony, of course. It was as expected, the same traditions, the same nonsense. I stared above everyone's heads most of the time.

I was okay until then.

But then for some reason we were all sitting on the edge of the stage, we had gotten up from our seats and we were sitting lined up on the black bamboo stage. Naturally I curled my legs beneath me; wearing a dress was risky enough on an elevated surface.

When we got up I realized to my horror I had left half of the lotion I had rubbed on my legs on the black bamboo surface. I closed my eyes and pretended not to notice the pointing.

I was okay until then.

I was okay until then.

And then the video, put together by my very own peers. Music blasted from a nearby speaker, old pictures of us flashed by our faces, grainy and crooked. Mostly of them, not much of me.

Except the one where I was playing soccer. Middle of a game, my face red, my face contorted, my unflattering unisex uniform hanging off my womanly body. I cringed. Why was this picture taking so long to pass? I heard a snicker from behind me, and my eyes surprised me by beginning to sting.

I was okay until then.

The appalling video ended, the lights came back on. Did everyone notice that picture of me? My classmates, seeming a thousand years younger than myself, jumped gingerly back onto the stage, as I shamefully walked back up the stairs on the other side.

Wearing a dress on an elevated platform is tricky.

Then it ended. And then there were no lines, no orderly social rules to follow. No sitting in seats quietly, staring ahead. Streams of people flooded around me, talking, laughing, doing the things high schoolers do. I knew their faces, but I truly did not know a soul.

It felt suffocating, so I ran. Past the line for pizza, past the principal and old teachers, past the smiling, bobbling, wide-eyed students, and forced the door open, greeting the air outside with little relief.

By then, I wasn't okay at all.

But then you came, and let me sit in your car until I had to go. You let me cry there too. Told me I just had a little longer, and then I was free.

You were right.

---

Graffiti

Vivian Ross, Middlebury

There's a stretch of train tracks outside Philadelphia where the trees are painted pink, the most beautiful that it gets out there among the graffiti, the garbage; the tires, the broken lawn chairs as thickly spread as how I like the butter spread on toast. Among all that, all the spray paint, the plastic bags and all the rust, the trees, the dead, scrappy trees, are painted pink, hot pink.

Out there, there are at least 13 pieces of litter for every person you see as you flash past, safe, on the other side of the windows of a train.

Out there, that's where the broken windows are, glass that cries out to you over the dirt, jagged and cracked, menacing and yet crying tears of chipping paint, the boarded-up windows shedding their coating of color, of any color that isn't gray.

You pass by empty-seeming houses, squished together, coated with grime, sunken porches, everything that brownish gray.

And then you see the city, the shining Lovely City, glorious skyscrapers and people walking, parks and lampposts, clean and bright, new apartments for rent on a street near the water.

What happened to the outskirts of this city?
**Home**

**Bekkah Lambert, Winooski**

I used to be embarrassed to say that I am from Winooski. I would lie, hide, do whatever I could to disguise it and point out every flaw I could to try to distance myself if I were ever found out.

Now, as we are approaching these last few months of high school, where soon I will actually have to leave, I don't want to. It has recently dawned on me how much this school and community has had an impact on who I am and who I will become once my tassel goes right to left and I exit these doors once and for all.

So, I suppose I'm writing this as a thank you. Thank you to the student body, teachers, administration, everybody who has seen me cry and heard me say hundreds of times that all I want to do is fail and drop out, but then took me back over and over, and helped me succeed.

Thank you for the laughs, the yelling, and the one detention I've ever received. Thank you for giving me the space I needed to bloom as a youth leader, writer, and as an actual human being. Thanks for having me these last 13 years. I have this fear of being forgotten, so I hope I've made my mark.

And even though I must leave, lastly, thank you for making me proud to say that Winooski is my home.

---

**The Sun, the Moon, the Stars**

**Gavin Roberge, Colchester**

Long before man walked the earth, there were two beings: one of light and warmth, and one of dark and solace. We call these beings Sun and Moon. Sun and Moon were watched by the spiteful, mean-spirited Stars. Stars liked it quiet and dark, much like Moon. Sun and Moon wandered the bleak landscape of Earth separately for what seemed like an eternity, and Stars happily watched their misery, until one day, Sun met Moon and together they danced across the earth in a joyous bliss, spreading light and love to the four corners of their world.

Stars didn't like this. Their calm and quiet existence was disrupted by Sun's light, and they wished it to go back to how it once was. And Stars grew envious of the harmony between Sun and Moon. They wanted Moon's love for themselves, therefore, one night while Sun lay sleeping, Stars ventured to Earth and snatched away Moon; they imprisoned her in the farthest corner of the sky, where Sun could not find her.

When Sun awoke, he looked around, but his love was nowhere in sight. After days of searching, he fell to his knees in a fit of rage, and the Stars reveled in the anguish they had caused. He struck the earth with mighty blow after blow, causing it to crumble and split and form mounds on its surface. He made the earth's land uneven and harsh, forming jagged mountains and harsh deep valleys. When he had finished, he sat down in self-pity, missing his better half.

Moon, yearning to be once again comforted by her love, began to weep. Her tears trickled down her cheeks and drenched the soft cloth of her clothes. Her tears filled the abyss where she was kept and began spilling down to Earth. Her many drops of salty sadness formed the great lakes and oceans of our world today.

Soon after, Sun felt a drop of water on his head, then another, and another. He curiously followed the droplets into the sky, up to their source, to see where they were coming from, and to his great relief, he found Moon. He reached out to touch her once again, and just as their fingertips touched, just as he was able to grasp her once again, Stars yanked her out of his reach. Burning brightly now with anger, lighting up the dark so Stars had no place to hide, Sun chased after Stars, chased after those thieves who had stolen the woman who stole his heart.

And so, for the rest of eternity, we will watch as Sun runs across the sky in a desperate attempt to catch Stars, save his one true love, and live out his days in harmony once again.
I am not exactly who I would want to be, but I have never wished to be anyone but myself.

– My Perpetual Wednesday

I wished upon a perfect star and away my wish flew.
I wished upon a broken star and all my dreams came true.

– LadyMidnight

Every river has stones, yet it continues.
You’ll be okay.

– Abriatis

I write so that someday WE can right OUR social system.

– fire girl

I am an outsider peering through a glass window that is fogged up by someone else’s breath.

– Anne with an ‘e’

I write so that someday WE can right OUR social system.

– fire girl

We never really realize how important it is to be a kid until we’re not kids anymore.

– Rowva

I went to bed 15, and woke up 16.
I think I expected my heart to beat differently, to my disappointment, it was just as quiet as it had always been.

– irishjayne

You took the sun with you when you left.
The day is lighter at night than at noon.
I thought you took my heart in your theft
but now I love the stars and the moon.

– k.daigle

I don’t usually do homework in a furry Russian hat that’s been butcheted by scissors, a gold lamé dress, black lipstick and sparkly bronze eyeshadow. Halloween makes everything so strange.

– Fiona Ella

Make change. If you want something, the only way you can make it happen quickly is by doing it yourself.

– BloodMoon825

This planet needs humans as much as humans need tails.

– Marina2020
THANK YOU TO OUR MAJOR DONORS

Amazon Literary Partnership
A.N. Deringer, Inc.
The Bay and Paul Foundations
Chroma Technology Corp.
Coldwell Banker Hickok & Boardman
Emily M. Lyman Foundation
Foley Services/MKF Properties
Gannett Foundation/USA Today Network
Green Mountain Power
Karma Bird House
Leonardo’s Pizza
National Life Group Foundation
New England Grassroots Environment Fund
Northfield Savings Bank
Physician’s Computer Company
Lisa Schamberg and Patrick Robins
Science Fiction & Fantasy Writers of America
Smugglers’ Notch Resort
Amy E. Tarrant Foundation
The Alchemist
Union Mutual
VBT Bicycling and Walking Vacations
Vermont Business Roundtable
Vermont Public Radio
Windham Foundation

The publication of Anthology 10 was made possible by a grant from The George W. Mergens Foundation

Thank you to our major individual donors, including Bonnie Acker and John Davis, Cathy and William Aikman, E. Davies Allan, Z. Philip Ambrose, Cheryl and Jim Andrew, Daniel and Jane Bennett, Dennis Boggs, Neal Brown, Paul Bruhn, Anthony Carleton, Naomi Clemmons, Anne Cramer, Jack and Vicky Cupp, Harold and Kimberly Dauerman, Julie A. Davis, Staise Davis, Becky Dayton, Heather Diddel, Frank and Joan Donath, Susan Donnis, Evehlyn Ellis, Andrew Folley, Patricia Fontaine, Barbara Garley and William Roper, Valerie Gardner, the Garrity family, Anya and Arthur Gordon, Carolyn and Dennis Hall, the House family, Barbara and David Iverson, Leslee MacKenzie, Gregory Maguire, Martha and William Maksym, Mark McDermott, Barbara Murphy and Tom Garrett, Greg and Toni Millar, Katherine Paterson, Bobbe Pennington, Andrea Rogers, Kate and William Schubart, Joel Silverstein, Margaret Skinner, Stephanie Spencer, Bill Stritzler, Charles and Mima Tipper, Dana and Marc vanderHeyden, Bruce and Lillian Venner, Lisa Ventress, Anne Yates, our anonymous friends, and so many others who have supported YWP along the way.

Thank you to our partners, including Burlington City Arts, Clemmons Family Farm, Conversations from the Open Road, Flynn Center for the Performing Arts, King Street Center, Maglianero Cafe, Nutty Steph’s, Peace & Justice Center, Regional Educational Television Network, Teresa Davis Studio, University of Vermont, Vermont College of Fine Arts, Vermont Folklife Center, Vermont Learning for the Future, Vermont Stage, VTDigger.org, UP for Learning, Young Tradition Vermont, and Vermont media, schools & libraries.

Thank you to the YWP Board: Kathy Folley, Michael Mathon, Aimee Picchi, Jacques Bailly, Jessica Hyman, Rita Markley, Nathaniel Millarhouse, Hillary Read, and Mindy Wong.
PLEASE SUPPORT YOUNG WRITERS PROJECT

Young Writers Project is a 501(c)3 nonprofit that relies solely on the generosity of foundations, businesses, and individuals to provide our programs free of charge to young writers and artists. Donations are tax deductible. Our federal tax ID is 20-5231693.

— To donate by mail, please send to:
  Young Writers Project, 47 Maple St., Suite 216, Burlington, VT 05401
— To donate online, go to https://youngwritersproject.org/support.

For more information, contact Executive Director Susan Reid:
  sreid@youngwritersproject.org; (802) 324-9538

Thank you!

Sophie Dauerman, Shelburne