

sps 7·8

**The literary magazine of the 7th and 8th grades
Somerville, Massachusetts
presents**

Healey

Poetry

summer 2020

Andrea Aviles
Lola Andrew-Blondin
Aaliyah Thermitus
Chris Hopkin
Ortello Hamilton
Tanika Caradine
Suzana Amatya
Luna Dos Santos

Catarina de Souza
Brooklynn Higgins
Sarae Mendoza
Avery Cole
Youness Atti
Katarina Dvornik
Zoë Albert-Jones

Healey Poetry

**A special edition of sps 7·8, the literary magazine
of the 7th and 8th grades of Somerville, Massachusetts
vol 5 spring/summer, 2020**

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submissions: current 7th and 8th grade students and those entering 7th and 8th grades in September are encouraged to submit your fiction, poetry, essays, critique, and other writing to sps 7.8.. Email your work to happeningmagazine@yahoo.com. Scanned original artwork to be considered for illustration or covers may also be submitted.

Published independently on behalf of the students without expense to the community. Labor and materials donated. Green publishing standards observed.

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A Shakespearean Sonnet

Andrea Aviles

What if I'm afraid the people will judge me?
It's not that they judge you, it's that they
 haven't experienced themselves.
So what am I a crazy person?
No, you're a human being just simply trying to be free.
I hope this poem switched your thoughts.
They're just a teen tryna get by, you shouldn't lie.
Look at them in the eye
 and tell them you love them for who they are.
For who they stand with and bow with.
For who they love and enjoy spending time with.
Nowadays you don't have time to say "I love you" to your child.
Their life could be gone in a matter of seconds, hours and day.
Their soul and heart just bailed out of a trial.
Walter Scott once said "Hope is brightest when
 it dawns from fears."
So take this moment, stand up soldier and wipe those tears.

© 2020 Andrea Aviles

Mi vida diferente.

Andrea Aviles

I can start to say the melanin in my body is pure. The air that I
breathe is toxic. The food that I digest is junk.

The shade of my hair and eyes? Black.

The color of my skin? Caramel.

I'm an American that defines herself as a Hispanic.

I'm not ashamed of the cooking that goes on back in the kitchen.

I'm not ashamed of the Vicks I use around my elbows, nose and
mastoid bones.

I'm not ashamed of the words that I learn from my church.

I'm grateful for my ancestors, I wouldn't be boring like the rest of
my classmates.

I love to dance to beats.

I like to move my hips to batchata, merengue, cumbia y punta.

I love to cook.

I love to wake up every-morning and boil water
para aser cafe **BUSTELO**.

But I dislike waking up in the mornings listening to
los tigres del norte cada sábado.

I find a few things unfair about my culture, my language
isn't always welcomed.

My people are in danger.

Separation— falls into the category deportation.

“Unsensational”

“don't worry about those Mexicans”

“Those jobs are going to be ours again soon.”

Pero mira, my mind is pasted from one to another.

“ Make America great again” isn't a grand gesture.

© 2020 Andrea Aviles

Routines

Lola Andrew-Blondin

My chest gets tight
For my air I have to fight
And then I'm under
Under the water
Where I belong
A place where I feel strong
Where I'm capable
But it's inescapable
That I have to come back up
Up for air, and I erupt
My lungs are filled
But I must look thrilled
As if I'm not tired
So that I can be admired
And then I go back down
But still I mustn't frown
I extend my legs up in the air
While the music blares
I must move in time
And still be in my prime
In the moment I must commit
And I will not quit
This is no sport for the weak
And still I'm smiling from cheek to cheek

© 2020 Lola Andrew-Blondin

Roses

Lola Andrew-Blondin

There's nothing quite so beautiful as a dying rose
You can tell it was prized and cherished once,
But now it is despondent and sore
Such is the tragic story of a rose once loved, but nevermore

© 2020 Lola Andrew-Blondin

Smile

Aaliyah Thermitus

The dark room that I can't escape
The feeling of sadness and anger that I have to face
Pow a gunshot that replays over and over in my head
Slit another scar on my wrist that I have to fear
Smile another smile that I have to fake
Tears that refuse to be hidden
"I'm okay" is what I have to feel as the tears fall down my face
Fight it but I'm tired of fighting
The feeling of defeat is what I'm facing
The happiness I once had slowly fades away
The sadness I never felt slowly takes that place
The thoughts of death puts me to sleep
Sleep is what I do to not feel
I'm like an egg, once I break I'll never be the same
I'm stuck in my head
I scream and shout so I can get out
No one hears me they laugh as I scream
I soon realize I cannot win
So I made depression my best friend.

© 2020 Aaliyah Thermitus

Lonely world

Chris Hopkin

There was once a boy quite unruly
And he wrote to a girl, yours truly
So he hoped for love
But was treated a shove
And wondered why god works so cruelly

© 2020 Chris Hopkin

Freedom

Chris Hopkin

Can we be free in a world of today?
People tell us how we are meant to act
But must the truth act around what they say?
Because their voice is not of our god's fact

Must we listen to untrusted voices?
If their truth may end up different than mine
Is it my life molded from my choices?
How do they know how the stars of the sky shine?

Could I survive with me as a guide?
What if I lose myself in my own life
Smoothly along my path I hope to glide
Or shall I lose once more to my own knife?

Do I have a choice to be free anyway?
Or am I stuck no matter what I say?

© 2020 Chris Hopkin

Sunlight for joy

Chris Hopkin

May the sun ever rise.
To simply appease my soul
And warm a cold heart.

© 2020 Chris Hopkin

January 1st

Chris Hopkin

January winds blow anew
December embers run deep blue
Constant end of a year's time
Will there be a peace in a lifetime

Soul, body, and mind hungover
No worries, no past, start over
Reds and greens, over bowl, reds and greens
Red's and greens, darkness shrouds what has been

Regrets, regrets, come back once again
Mistakes knock and knock again
I can't stand, do it over
It scares me how sick it feels to face light in altera vita.

© 2020 Chris Hopkin

Hypothermia

Chris Hopkin

Why is it so cold today
It hurts my bones
I think I've gotten me lost

Why can I not feel anymore
I think it's my heart
May it be done beating forever

I can no longer create words
Memento Mori
I do not know what that means

My soul is freezing over
Memento Mori
May hell freeze over first

© 2020 Chris Hopkin

With love and hate

Ortello Hamilton

Love and hate so much alike
One so far left one so far right
Both so strong
One right one wrong
Love and hate both emotions are emotions reconstructed
By the human mind both can be stunted
They cause you to clash and defend
To pick at each other like hens
When you feel these emotions you will never feel any others again
Words portray them
Only half of the puzzle
They can leave you feeling confuzzled
I feel them you feel them so let's not hide them
Let's learn to abide by them
They make me sit and think not a care to blink
And into a dark abyss I sink
To love and hate my problems I link
Going around in circles like a skating rink
Sitting down wondering which I fancy at that moment
Being so young I can't define my emotions
Meditating on the fact that they are my best mates
I say this sincerely with love and hate

© 2020 Ortello Hamilton

Animosity

Tanika Caradine

The words they whisper are always the same
 The words they whisper bring me to shame,
The words they whisper hurt me
 But the words they whisper aren't me

The stares and glares affect me
 A rumor can destroy our lives,
Though rumors sometimes aren't lies
 The lies that they spread could be from your closest allies

© 2020 Tanika Caradine

Depression

Suzana Amatya

What causes the feeling of depression?

She feels the empty deep feeling of pain.

The emotion is trapped in her dungeon.

She wanders looking for answers to gain.

With no luck, she lives her life within fear.

She feels broken like life is really done.

Yet she keeps her head up and wipes her tears.

She's tired of seeing the smiling sun.

She's hurting, struggling to keep a good float.

There she tries to gasp for air through her hole.

On her rickety little, tipsy boat.

She is now sinking and there goes her soul.

She begins another day with a mask.

She needs to fake happiness, that's her task.

© 2020 Suzana Amatya

Demons

Suzana Amatya

I feel trapped.

The walls are enclosing me and it's getting darker every second.

I gasp heavily trying to catch my breath, but it seems like there's no more oxygen left in the world for me to breathe.

My soul shatters into a billion little pieces like a mirror thrown on the ground.

Dark thoughts run through my mind as I'm crouching in the corner.

Stress begins to devour me inside and out.

My heart is beating fast. THUMP, THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

I begin to sob uncontrollably.

Waterfalls pouring down my face.

The shit I be going through is rough.

It leaves me broken and heavy inside.

No one sees the full side of me.

They only see what I let them see.

They only believe what I let them believe.

But in reality, I be going through some tough shit.

A smile on my face to hide the pain.

But every once in a while the problems in my head get to me.

Like a knife stabbing me through my chest.

I can't stop overthinking about little things.

Y'all may think physical pain hurts, yet mental and emotional pain can be worse.

I try to focus on calming down yet nothing seems to work.

So I lie there broken.

But I keep my head up.

I'm as brave as a lion.

Yet tomorrow is another day I have to draw a smile again.

It's hard to be vulnerable, hard to open up, hard to live a normal life because of the demons I battle throughout the night.

© 2020 Suzana Amatya

“First Love”

Luna Dos Santos

Your name is unknown

Your name is unbearable to say

Our name is written in cloud 9 yet, it was all an illusion

I am afraid of you

I can't adore you

Our passionate tears touched each other's skin, while we cherished
each other's love

I regret you, yet I don't

I blame you for my pain

My bones relish

My tears harden

Your name is numb to me, a distant memory

Nostalgia

You taught me betrayal

You taught me self worth

Out of the both of us, you lost

Even though, I'm weaker

© 2020 Luna Dos Santos

“Why don’t I know my own identity?”

Luna Dos Santos

Why don’t I know my own identity?
Going with the flow, though I’m impatient
The simplicity of my entity
I need to understand and become patient
How come I don’t know my own name
This torture inside of me stings my bones
Wish upon the stars or play an evil game
This society, worse than sherlock holmes
Who’s to say I still even exist here
The starry night could’ve swept me from home
Who’s to say I still live near
I don’t know myself, I might fly to Rome
So as long as I know my basic roots
I’ll appreciate the taste of my fruits

© 2020 Luna Dos Santos

“Clouds”

Luna Dos Santos

A chunk of air
Universe's frozen tears
The sky's attire
Mother nature's blanket
It's world wide
It's well known
Clouds are like pain
A swarm of grey
A mist of unknown
They symbolize the earth
A reciprocation of the ground
A ricochet
We're so far apart yet, my finger almost reaches you
Above clouds is it truly just air and nothingness?
Or do you hide heaven
Walking through you, is it thick?
I feel the same emptiness
Rain rain, go away
I already feel like shit today

© 2020 Luna Dos Santos

Limerick

Luna Dos Santos

A girl flew named shaquiqui
Her favorite food was kiwi
They rode into the sun
I heard it was really fun
Then I heard the horse whipped out his pp

© 2020 Luna Dos Santos

“Smiles”

Luna Dos Santos

Slowly but gradually it increases

Our faces meet

This is the part where our faces connect, Our faces communicate

Unless it's a misunderstanding

Corresponding to a familiar greeting, but is it real?

Do you mean it?

Or smiles are just a manipulative way to hide the true perception of life

Manipulative

Liar

Deceiving

Yes, I am all of the above

But please allow me to explain myself

I allow the public to think “she’s fine” or

“She’s so happy”

Little did you know

Little

Did

You

Know

Smiling is society allowing everyone misunderstand the concept use of the term ‘happiness’

Taking advantage of what was once a true definition

I apologize for protecting my youth and childhood

I apologize for protecting my vulnerabilities

I apologize for discussing me and discussing you

I apologize for letting you believe I was special

I apologize for—

Shit, there I go again

Manipulative

Liar

Deceiving

Yes, I am all of the above

Because I don't owe no one no goddamn explanation to my pain and suffering

© 2020 Luna Dos Santos

“Relation Ship”

Luna Dos Santos

Deeply, is how to describe the depth of our story
A fearful, exciting, loving, mediocre, story
A story that was once based on love, tragically ended in horror and
heartbreak
When your name repeats in my head
Day and night
My soul drowns in its own sorrow
In its own despair
You left me in the ship, all by myself
I put effort, I hurt, I fought, I loved, I tried everything
We sunk
You sunk
I sunk
I let you hold on to me, I drowned
I let you use me to catch your breath, while I drowned
I let you enjoy the view above the surface while I drowned beneath
you
Underwater, I continued to fight
I could've died, but I decided dying allowing you to breathe
I could've let the unknown creatures of the sea wrap me in their
wrath of prey
I allowed myself to be the damage control
I was the door
The door that held you while we watched our ship, our Titanic sink
While I fought to swim, kick, and forget the tasteless salt of the sea
encrust and harden my lips
You stood there, you watched
You effortlessly watched
I finally learned my lesson, I finally realized you'd always rely on the
broken down life saver
The buoy, the life saver, the door
You never tried
I realized what I allowed myself to sink into
All aboard your disgusting and mesmerizing
Relationship

© 2020 Luna Dos Santos

What happens when we die?

Catarina de Souza

I have wondered what happens when we die.
When we close our eyes and take our last breath,
Is it all and everything just a lie?
Or are we going to a hole of death?

The memories would simply disappear.
They would fade away just like a sunset.
But I would just say don't be scared my dear.
This is all a life and it comes with a threat.

Every person has a purpose in life.
We always have the dark and the light.
Sadness cuts your heart just like a knife.
If you find happiness you will be all right.

There is always a reason for such a thing.
So make sure to not rush into anything.

© 2020 Catarina de Souza

A solemn battle
Brooklynn Higgins

Two guys walked into a store
One declaring war
He shook his fist
He couldn't resist
And then they boogied on the dance floor

© 2020 Brooklynn Higgins

Midnight Mind

Luna Dos Santos

Sometimes I start to wonder
What happens after thunder
When the rain stops and all is silent
When the world is peaceful and not so violent
Lonely at night only with my mind
Sad music draws out the happy thoughts
The moon shining like lemon rinds
Leaving behind the afterthoughts

© 2020 Luna Dos Santos

Dandelion

Sarae Mendoza

Hello? Anyone there? Fresh start everywhere.

I drift away, like a dandelion seed.

Waiting where my journey will happen to land.

Drift Swift Swift Drift.

Starting all over, where my dandelion lands.

Growing where I just happen to stand.

Excited to see where I am.

My journey ends, my cycle has come to an end

I can't wait to start again.

© 2020 Sarae Mendoza

Ruthanna

Avery Cole

The once was a girl named Ruthanna
Her hair was bright like a banana
She saw some large monkeys
Who thought she looked crunchy
And kidnapped her to the savannah

© 2020 Avery Cole

A Shakespearean Sonnet

Youness Atti

What happens if homework was not a thing?
I would be available after school.
Cooking,eating,exercising,playing
Hours to do anything, way too cool.
Creativity to do what I please.
Vivid imagination, colors with
Combos of everything to see
Life is much more than homework like a glyph
I would not be busy all of the time
I wouldn't use homework as an excuse
Homework should be illegal like a crime
Homework is as bad as mental abuse
I think home work takes too long to do
Teachers always ask me when it is due.

© 2020 Youness Atti

Lies

Katarina Dvornik

Why are we inclined towards hidden truth?
We live out fantasies to cover shames.
We've ration'ized our little lies since youth,
Clipping our sorrows out of picture frames.

Deception clouds our eyes as we stumble
Lost down a tangled path of secrecy.
And yet, when we first fib, it's just a fumble.
Why can we not let pride down and be free?

It takes a shameful toll to expose heart
To open walls of deceit, to be blunt.
Too fearful of radiance, we quickly dart
Our guilt has soiled respect we truly want.

Perhaps when all is said and all is done
We wicked humans lie solely for fun.

© 2020 Katarina Dvornik

My Dad

Zoë Albert-Jones

There once was a father named Tim
There was a lot to know about him
 He had a daughter
 He loved her laughter
And he loved to run at the gym

© 2020 Zoë Albert-Jones

Homework

Zoë Albert-Jones

I hate homework so much I think I could sue
How will I get through it what will I do
We get way too much
It makes my fists clutch
It is like a parasite that just won't go

© 2020 Zoë Albert-Jones

Try not to be blue
Zoë Albert-Jones

The sky appears blue
So do you
I hope you perk up
I will if you do

© 2020 Zoë Albert-Jones

Am I good or not?

Zoë Albert-Jones

I hope this is good

I'm not good at poetry

Is this poem good?

© 2020 Zoë Albert-Jones

sps 7.8 is the literary magazine of the 7th and 8th grades of the Somerville Public Schools. Current and past issues may be read free on line at www.happeningnoweverywhere.com.

All 7th and 8th grade level students residing or attending school in the city of Somerville, Massachusetts, may submit original, previously unpublished writing to happeningmagazine@yahoo.com. Students entering 7th grade in September, 2020, are among those eligible to submit now. All submissions must be accompanied by full name, email contact address (either student's or parent's), school and grade.

Due to the Covid-19 pandemic emergency, Volume 5 of *sps 7.8* to date consists of work from one school whose prolific writers submitted early. Their publications include the following.

Healey Memoirs

Healey After Dark *mature language and content: be advised*

More Healey Fiction

Healey Poetry

We will return to a periodical schedule as submissions are received. Volume 5 will be open through the summer of 2020 and Volume 6 will begin in September.

You and younger readers will also enjoy *Kid!* magazine, online at 12zine.com.

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