



# The Poetry Edition!

*“Poetry is emotion, passion, love, grief—everything that is human. It is not for zombies by zombies.” —F. Sionil Jose*



**By Ava Schmidberger**  
Tusker Tribune Staff

Spring is coming very soon;  
Grass turns green and flowers

bloom;  
Birds fly back from the south;  
Bees are buzzing all around;  
Leaves are budding everywhere;



Good-bye winter;  
Spring,  
spring!  
You're finally  
here!

Summertime, summertime,  
Let's go out and play;  
Time for fun and lots of  
sun;  
I love these summer days!  
Summertime, summertime  
Staying nice and cool in  
the pool  
Pillow fights and itchy bug  
bites;  
It's an awesome break from  
school!



**By Maylin Mora**  
Tusker Tribune Staff

*Editor's note: Maylin's poems are written in English and are followed by their Spanish translation.*

### Just an Unread Book

Waking up with tired eyes;  
After feeling the longest night.  
Watching day after day pass  
through the orbits;  
From my eyes reading books to  
distract that loneliness.  
That you do not know or de-  
fine, read its definition  
in a dictionary, but he still  
doesn't understand it,  
Feel the need to have to express  
his words endlessly, but you feel that  
you understand the feeling of highlighting  
words, because you feel that you are the word without  
definition.  
in an old book that no one wanted to read.  
feel the words go through your head  
It makes no sense to see how you are not the protagon-  
ist  
of your own story that you're just a supporting charac-  
ter.



### Solo un Libro sin Leer

Levantarse con la sensación de los ojos cansados,  
después de sentir la noche más larga,  
viendo pasar día tras día por las orbitas  
de mis ojos, leer libros para distraer esa soledad  
que ni sabes definir, leer su definición en  
un diccionario pero no entenderla aun así,  
sentir la necesidad de tener que remarcar  
las palabras sin cesar pero sientes que  
entiendes el sentimiento de remarcar  
porque sientes que eres la palabra sin definición  
en un libro viejo que nadie quiso leer.  
sentir las palabras pasar por tu cabeza  
sin sentido ver como no eres protagonista  
de tu propia historia que solo eres  
un simple personaje secundario.

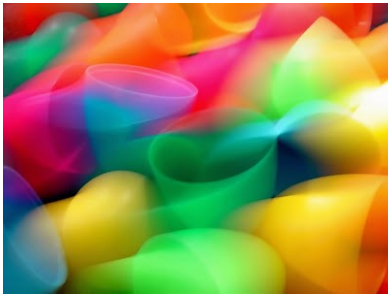


By Maylin Mora  
Tusker Tribune Staff

*Editor's note: Maylin's poems are written in English and are followed by their Spanish translation.*

### Carmine Lips

Carmine color, color with a beauty as inexplicable as roses or even as the subtle beauty of your lips being carmine color, which are subtle and beautiful but for their part they are subtle, like the taste of an apple, which with their color that expresses, a lot to the naked eye feeling like the same work of art, expressing so much without having a previous description, such lips captivating my eyes, they are expressing fragrance and beauty. But who would say a teenager like anyone without living a life of luxury, describing the beauty with just admiring her lips tell an entire story, although it would not be the only



story that I would like to hear if it is told on her lips I am sure that without problems I could sink into her words, all this causing me to adore the color Carmine.

### Labios Color Carmin

Color Carmin color con una belleza tan inexplicable, como las rosas o incluso como la belleza tan sutil, de tus labios siendo color Carmin, los cuales son sutiles, y hermosos pero por su parte son sutiles, como el sabor de una manzana, los cuales con su color que se expresa mucho a la simple vista sintiendose como una misma obra de arte expresando tanto sin tener una descripcion previa, tales labios cautivando a mis ojos, ellos espresando fragancia y belleza, pero quien lo diria una adolescente como cualquiera sin vivir una vida de lujos describiendo la belleza con tan solo admirar sus labios relatar una historia entera, aunque, no seria la unica historia que me gustaria escuchar si es relatada en sus labios estoy segura que sin problemas me podria hundir en sus palabras, todo esto produciendo que adore el color Carmin.



By Ryan Hunter  
Tusker Tribune Staff

### Ode to the silent fall house

Oh, how are you so still and calm;  
you are a blue sleeping giant among a city that never sleeps.  
You Blanketed by



orange  
red  
green  
leaves that always find their way into the gutters.  
On a loud road but you are still quiet  
how you are just a house.  
a house as lazy as a dead person.

How can a house as blue as a clear sky, be so sad inside?  
On the turn of the busy road  
no one ever goes in  
and no one ever goes out.  
The house haunted by loneliness.  
Closed to the outside world

### Depression

Walks into the room  
his hood covers his personality.  
His eyes are like black holes with no end;  
Does not say a word.  
slow quiet footsteps  
head down in class like a ton of bricks keeping him down.  
his lips tied shut  
a prisoner to sadness.  
once in, cannot get out.  
crushed by pressure  
from stress and doubt .  
lives in a world  
of banging on doors to escape.  
sadness  
a fortress  
of Iron walls of school  
steel gates of money  
chains of stress.  
Smells of sadness  
all this hidden to others.  
can it be stopped.



### The ripe garden

I took the last ripe tomato  
from the garden.  
you were probably



saving it for dinner.  
but the juice  
freshness was  
Immaculate.  
It was like my taste buds jumped out my mouth  
and tried to eat the exquisite carrots.  
the flawless cucumber. The garden

smelled like a rose  
In the garden of a master.



**Luke Mirakaj**  
**Tusker Tribune Staff**

**Soccer**

I feel the ball at my feet  
gently touching the grass;  
or is it the rough floor of the turf?  
I am dribbling down the field;  
the defenders coming at me;  
the wind breeze against my face.



I can feel  
the goal, I'm  
about to  
score;  
I pulled  
back my  
foot,  
I gather as  
much force

in my foot, then  
BAM!  
BAM!  
BAM!  
GOAL!!!  
The crowd goes wild!!

**ODE TO XBOX**

How I play you;  
all my favorite games on you;  
FORTNITE, MINECRAFT  
FIFA, Apex Legends.  
I play you when I'm bored;  
you entertain me.

I play you  
when I'm  
sad;  
You make  
me happy.  
I sit on my  
gaming  
chair;  
next to my  
brother.  
We're wait-  
ing for you.  
I win my games on you  
My friend....  
XBOX



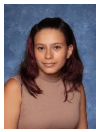
**SOCCKER Ball**

Soccer ball  
Black and white spots;



Circular ob-  
ject;  
My favorite  
sport;  
Soccer.  
My life.  
My purpose.  
I play...  
Friends.

Team.  
Family.  
My soccer ball.



**By Novacelia Laubis**  
**Tusker Tribune Staff**

**In The Now**

The soothing sound of melody,  
Tempo.  
Rhythm.  
Voice.  
I let it take me away, through  
the transportation of my ear-  
buds

The sun smiling on this day;  
The clouds float-  
ing by without a  
care in the world  
A field of golden  
wheat; but color-  
ful with flowers  
And the sharp  
lime green of the  
grass

I lay, taking it  
all in;  
My head resting  
softly;  
My ears and mind in bliss  
I stare up and just for a mo-  
ment,  
Just for a single, moment,  
All is right in the world

I was what one might describe  
as Happy.  
It felt so dreamy;  
Almost too dreamy to be real.  
And as I finished that thought  
the whisper of another thought  
enters my mind  
before I can stop it  
*Nothing good lasts forever,*  
*right?*

As I was content in the now  
only a moment ago  
I am now anxious for the fu-  
ture.

But it's what I know to be true;  
And it Stays in my mind.

Nothing good lasts forever;  
I mean  
The thoughts always been  
there  
In the back of my mind  
somewhere

Why I thought it at that mo-  
ment  
I'm not quite sure  
I think I just wanted that feel-  
ing of bliss to  
last  
And instead, I  
was brought  
back to reali-  
ty



Filled with  
thoughts of  
uncertainty  
Slowly  
I sat up  
The sun still

smiling  
The clouds still floating by  
without a care in the world  
The field still  
Looking as beautiful as ever

I took my earbuds out  
Now.  
Listening to the wind

The future will come.

And while the unknown,  
And the uncertain,

nerve wracking  
I can only face it head on

But for now,  
That's exactly what I'll focus  
on.  
For now,  
The now.

Poets

- Akosua Adobea-Wiredu
- Jessica Borell
- Nicholas Chao
- Ryan Hunter
- Nova Laubis
- Luke Mirakaj
- Maylin Mora
- Ava Schmidberger
- Jayden Thomas

NEWSPAPER CLUB



TUSKER TRIBUNE



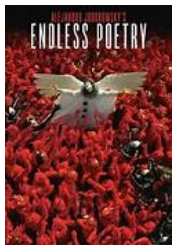


## Maylin Mora Tusker Tribune Staff

*Editor's note: Maylin's poems are written in English and are followed by their Spanish translation.*

### Punto final

Escribir poemas sin final, los cuales mis ojos seran los unicos que leeran, palabras las cuales era obsenas o llena de paz resitadas para tus oidos solo que cuando mire tus oidos no estaban para escuchar tales palabras asi que eran palabras vacias e frias a traves de unos labios trasmitiendo calor, palabras que al ser recitadas solo era un conjunto de palabras que



juntas eran llamadas poema en una hoja desgastada color blanca, con un lapicieron viejo, poema al cual nunca fue firmado y era para una direccion que nunca estuvo puesta en papel, en al papel nunca tuvo punto al final porque no existio un final.

### Final Point

Write endless poems;  
which my eyes will be  
the only ones who will read, words  
which was obscene or full of peace  
recited for your ears only that  
when I look at your ears,  
they were not to hear such words  
so they were empty and cold words  
through lips transmitting heat,  
words that when recited alone,  
It was a set of words,  
together they were called poem  
on a worn white sheet, with an  
old pencil, poem to which  
was never signed and was  
for a direction that was never there  
put on paper and never  
had a period at the end because it did not  
exist,  
an end.

### Amor en eclipse

Unos locos que una vez se amaron  
Querían tocarse por ultima vez  
Pero eran como la luna y el sol  
Una historia muy vieja pero cierta  
La luna amando a el sol y el sol  
Amando a la luna tratan de unirse pero  
Es imposible tal amor pero hay un  
Día que sus cuerpos se unen y forman el  
Eclipse, tal eclipse siendo único y hermoso,  
Lo cual pasa lo mismo con los locos  
Ellos desean llevar su amor acabo pero  
Son muy diferentes como para llevarlo  
Acabo así que esperan a que llegue su  
Gran día sabiendo que el tiempo no espera

Y si ellos no hacen nada ese amor no se  
Llevara acabo así que es un amor en  
Espera de un eclipse.

### Love in Eclipse

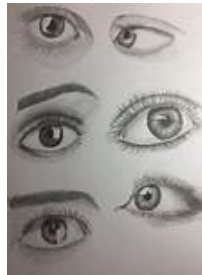
Some crazy people who once  
loved each other;  
They wanted to touch each  
other for the last time;  
But they were like the moon  
and the sun;



A very old but true story.  
The moon loving the sun and the sun  
Loving the moon, they try to unite but  
Such love is impossible but there is a  
Day that their bodies unite and form the  
Eclipse, such an eclipse being unique and beauti-  
ful,  
Which happens the same with the crazy;  
They wish to carry out their love but  
They are too different to wear I just so they wait  
for her to arrive  
Great day knowing that time does not wait  
And if they don't do anything, that love I don't  
know It will take place so it's a love in waiting for  
an eclipse.

### Ojos Inexplicable

Al admirar su cara recién Lavada despues  
de una noche de llanto sin cesar  
y verla al otro día a primera hora  
con una sonrisa ayudando a los otros,  
la sonrisa mas sincera que e podido admirar  
con una expresión hermosa la cual hace sentir  
calor ,cariño y calidad en una sola mirada  
sin decir ni una sola palabra  
te hace sentir cómodo  
como si llevaras una ligera flor entre sus dedos  
es como si nunca fue  
arrancada de raíz, esa satisfacción inexpli-  
cable  
que atonta los cinco sentidos, una mirada  
que se llega  
a ser como una droga que cuando la consu-  
mes  
no quieres parar y no sabes cuando co-  
mienza  
esa adicción o fetiche.



### Unexplained Eyes

admiring her face freshly washed after  
of a night of endless crying  
and see her the next day first thing in the morning  
with a smile helping others,  
the most sincere smile that I could admire  
with a beautiful expression which makes you feel  
warmth, affection and quality in a single look  
without saying a single word  
makes you feel comfortable  
as if you were carrying a light flower between your  
fingers  
it's like it never was  
uprooted, that inexplicable satisfaction  
that stuns the five senses, a look that reaches  
to be like a drug that when you consume it



By Ava Schmidberger  
Tusker Tribune Staff

### Rain

As quiet as a little mouse;  
Or as loud as a lion  
It patters on my house.



Outside I play  
In Rain all-day  
Rain, rain

Please Don't go away.

### Friends are . . .

Friends are the  
ones who keep  
you going,  
Reliable is what  
they are,  
Intelligent, both  
you and me,  
Everywhere we go  
is a fun adventure,  
Never a boring moment,  
Delightful to be with  
Some of the best people you'll ever  
know



Hope is a place  
Where you want to go  
Hope is a person  
Who you want to know  
Hope is a Feeling  
Carrying you through  
And Hope  
Is the future for  
Me and You.



By Maylin Mora  
Tusker Tribune Staff

### My First Fall

At that time I did not know what I  
would feel, when I saw you it hap-  
pened at the same  
time the leaves were falling.



I was new and you were  
new to me;  
And without knowing I  
met you.

To this day, I don't know  
if it's good or bad;  
But I'm happy. I don't know what will hap-  
pen in the future, but I want to keep getting  
to know you.



By Nicholas Chao  
Tusker Tribune Staff

I am a soccer player;  
That's what I am.  
That's what I do;  
I dream about soccer,  
I think about soccer in school;  
I play during recess,  
The thought of being the best keeps me  
going;  
Dribbling past players,  
Racing them to the ball.  
Shooting past the keeper, into  
The back of the net  
It feels great running to the corner flag after I score  
I love it.



Dear soccer,  
Thank you for giving me comfort;  
Life.  
Dedication.  
Don't know what I would do without it;  
I play every day after school  
with my team.  
My friends.  
My family.

Confusion runs into the room;  
And looks at me.



Then enters my head;  
Lives there rent free.  
I know the answer.  
Do I?  
I don't.  
What is happening?  
I studied for many hours last night  
but still;  
I stare at the same question.  
For the rest of the period,  
The bell rings;  
The time for the test  
is over.  
Just then a spark!  
I understand!  
But it's too late;  
The teacher takes my paper;  
I don't get the chance

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Somers, NY, USA.

Any SMS student is eligible to write stories. If interested,  
please e-mail Advisor Dean Pappas at: **DPap-**  
**pas@somersschools.org.**

Tusker Tribune Website:  
<https://www.somersschools.org/Page/11489>



**By Jessica Borrell**  
Tusker Tribune Staff

**Young Punks**

I joke and poke in the motherhood of mothers;  
They think I'm punk, unless I give a rebellious hug.  
They find me a hippie for tattoos and piercings;  
When they know they had them when they were young.  
I like to rock and skate the board of bad grades, but they know,  
They did the same when they were young.



**Fear Bad Karma**

In a world where everything is perfect, I would want to meet you.

You seem nice, I mean you're reading this so you must be kind.  
Kind people are people who know what they want or,  
They just do it, so they don't get karma  
I don't like karma, only good karma  
We all make mistakes but  
We can't fear the world when we do.



**By Akosua Adobea-Wiredu**  
Tusker Tribune Staff

**Leaving SMS**

What a way to end the day;  
With flowers and jays;



School comes to an end;  
As we bend the bay with little rays?  
I don't know how to rhyme;  
But I'm sure I can try ;  
Goodbye Som-

ers Middle School;  
And lay by, some high school ;  
With tears from peers;  
I will never forget the jeers...



**By Jayden Thomas**  
Tusker Tribune Staff

**"Hope"**

"Hope" is the thing with feathers—  
That perches in the soul—  
And sings the tune without the words—  
And never stops—at all—



And sweetest—in the Gale—is heard—  
And sore must be the storm—  
That could abash the little Bird

That kept so many warm—

I've heard it in the chilliest land—  
And on the strangest Sea—  
Yet—never—in Extremity,  
It asked a crumb—of me.

**Friends**

Friends are far, friends are near.  
Friends will be there to lend an ear.  
They listen, laugh, and care,  
But most of all, they're always there.



Through thick and thin,  
up and down,  
Your true friends are always around.  
For treats, hugs, and real big smiles,

They'll travel to you from several miles.

They'll always be there to hold you tight.  
Anytime, no matter if it's day or night.  
You really know when your friends are sincere  
When they always show up to lend their ear.

**Be The Best**

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,  
Be a scrub in the valley — but be  
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;  
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,  
And some highway happier make;  
If you can't be a muskie then just be a bass —  
But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains,  
we've got to be crew,  
There's something for all of us here,  
There's big work to do, and there's lesser to do,  
And the task you must do is the nearby.

If you can't be a highway then just be a trail,  
If you can't be the sun be a star;  
It isn't by size that you win or you fail —  
Be the best of whatever you are!







By Akosua Adobebe-Wiredu  
Tusker Tribune Staff

TUSKER TRIBUNE

**Spanish poem about some adventures**  
Voy a la ciudad de nueva york con mis ami-

gos  
Viajamos al parque de diversiones  
Es muy divertido  
Despues, camimos al museo  
Como un grupo de chicos inteligentes  
Compramos boletos para entrar  
O meterse en problemas  
Aprendemos sobre muchos animales  
Es muy fantastico!  
En la tarde, reservamos un hotel  
Para descensar  
Nos despertamos en la mañana, y vamos al oceano  
Tomemos sol y bucear  
Fue divertido  
Mañana vamos al tren  
Al pais espanña  
Mis padres dime "como lo pasaste"  
Fue divertido



**About me, Akosua**

Akos  
She is very underestimated when she's just frustrated;  
Every grade she sees is displayed as bad.  
Now you may say, "little lady, why so bad?"  
She yawns like crazy like she's been longing to be in bed;  
"Why the frown?" you may ask, probably because she's wearing brown.



Black is her color;  
She'll smack you if you're not wearing black.  
She hates me as much as she hates you;  
She looks like a bunny and is just as funny.  
Her eyes say 'byes;  
She's tall as a water-fall;  
She raps and naps ;  
She likes short people

who snort.  
Akos  
Lkos  
Jkos  
She's got it all  
-Sway "Shoeyla"

**End of Year Events**

**2022**

**May**

5/2	Faculty Meeting	3:15-4:15
5/2-5/6	Book Fair	
5/3	6th Grade Social	3:15-5:15
5/10	7th Grade Social	3:15-5:15
5/12	SMS Orchestra Concert	6:30
	SMS Band Concert	7:15
5/13	8th Grade Human Rights Expo	
5/16	NJHS Rehearsal	3:15-4:15
5/17	8th Grade Social	3:15-5:15
5/23	8th grade Baseball Game Field Trip	
	6th gr NJHS Induction	3:00-6:30
	7th/8th NJHS Induction	7:00-8:30
5-27-5-30	No School- Memorial Day Recess	
5/31	Professional Learning Day	

**June**

6/6	8th grade NYS Science Exam Written Faculty Meeting	3:15-4:15
6/9	8th Grade Lake Compounce Trip	
6/16	Algebra Regents Exam SMS Band Concert	7:00
6/17	Yearbook Distribution Stringstravaganza	Lunch Periods 7:00
6/20	No School - Juneteenth	
6/21	8th gr FLACS Exam 8th gr Graduation Rehearsal - SHS	
6/22	1/2 day all students 8th grade breakfast/slide show	
6/23	1/2 day 6th and 7th grade only 8th grade graduation	2:00
6/24	1/2 day 6th and 7th grade only LAST DAY OF SCHOOL	

**Only two more issues left for this year!**

**Next Week: A Terrific Day for a Baseball Game!**

*"Poetry is nearer to vital truth than history." - Plato*