Title Art by: Rachna Kamat

The SMS Literary Magazine would like to thank the following people:

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7th Grade Members: Daniella Vichorec, Luna Martinez

6th Grade Members: Sahil Kamat

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Come join us as we celebrate the four seasons!

Seasonal Change

Spring

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Thank you

Changes of Life

By Aanya Chokshi

Raindrops fall to the floor.
The earth smells fresh
at every door.
The flowers bloom,
and rise with pride.
The birds chirp
with nothing to lose,
and we go outside
and soak it in.
This is the time,
now we recover from the hasty cold
as sunshine brightens our day.
Now we step outside
we run and jump and play.
School's out! Woohoo!
This just makes it better.
And now we head for the beach

when it was summer.
BRR! Now it's chilly again!
The summer fun is gone,
school has to start again.
With a heavy fall
the leaves fall down,
as we would drown
with the heaviness of
tests and homework.
This is just the beginning
to another crazy year.
Now i'm really freezing,
the hot cocoa keeps me warm.
This is the time of year
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS GALORE!
With a new year
a new you
I'm very sure
that you will do it all again.

END

A Celebration of the Seasons.

Seasons come and seasons go.
They show a bunch of change, don't you know?

Not only in the weather but in growth,
The trees bloom and pollen dusts,
Lush green seeps in after white cold snow.

Seasons come and seasons go.
They show a bunch of change, don't you know?

Hot summer days turn into long cool nights,
The moon rises over the fire light,
Pumpkins go and pine trees come, the New Year's bell has rung.

Seasons come and seasons go.
They show a bunch of change, don't you know?

Its time to start over again and watch the seasons change.

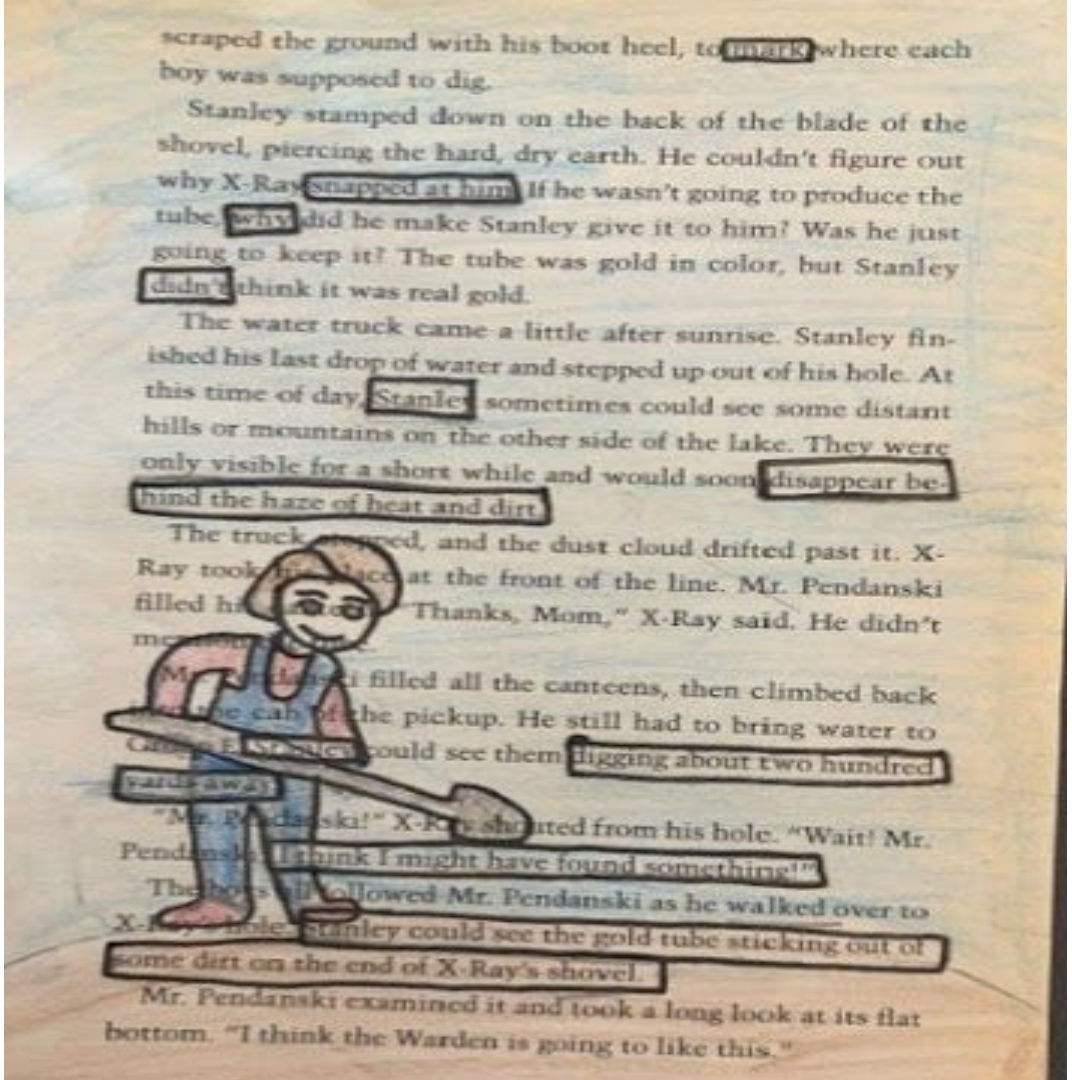
By: Mrs. Iurilli


Spring
“Spring” by: Sarah Liddick

Haiku by: Sahil Kamat

Green grass starts to grow
earth now retakes the new seeds
snow seeps to the ground

Farm Poem (Blackout Poetry)



scraped the ground with his boot heel, to mark where each boy was supposed to dig.

Stanley stamped down on the back of the blade of the shovel, piercing the hard, dry earth. He couldn't figure out why X-Ray snapped at him. If he wasn't going to produce the tube, why did he make Stanley give it to him? Was he just going to keep it? The tube was gold in color, but Stanley didn't think it was real gold.

The water truck came a little after sunrise. Stanley finished his last drop of water and stepped up out of his hole. At this time of day, Stanley sometimes could see some distant hills or mountains on the other side of the lake. They were only visible for a short while and would soon disappear behind the haze of heat and dirt.

The truck stopped, and the dust cloud drifted past it. X-Ray took his place at the front of the line. Mr. Pendanski filled his canteen. "Thanks, Mom," X-Ray said. He didn't mention the tube.

Mr. Pendanski filled all the canteens, then climbed back into the cab of the pickup. He still had to bring water to Green E. Stanley could see them digging about two hundred yards away.

"Mr. Pendanski!" X-Ray shouted from his hole. "Wait! Mr. Pendanski, I think I might have found something!"

The boys all followed Mr. Pendanski as he walked over to X-Ray's hole. Stanley could see the gold tube sticking out of some dirt on the end of X-Ray's shovel.

Mr. Pendanski examined it and took a long look at its flat bottom. "I think the Warden is going to like this."

by: Rowida Ismail

Spring, My Sweet

Spring, my blooming rose,

In each twisting pose.

The flowers bloom free,

Fresh for all to see.

Thawing winter cold,

The frost was getting old.

By: Aria Zaman



Spring Haiku by:
Scarlett Rose
Encarnacion

Pot of Blooms

By: Rachna Kamat



Yarn Dog by: Sophia Schnitzer





Roses are Red

By Rachna Kamat

Nature's Lamp
Media: Watercolors



By: Rachna Kamat



Springtime on Colorado
by: Ms. Tarr
Media: Watercolors

By: Rachna Kamat

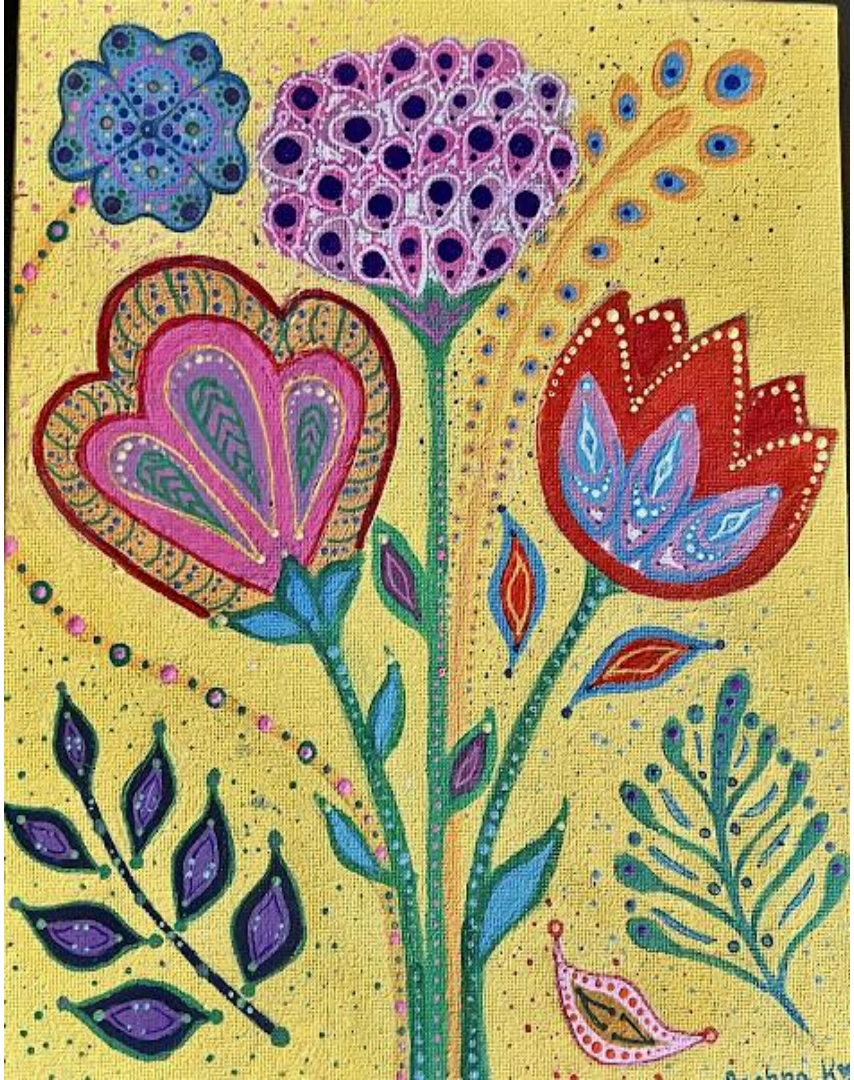


A Vase of Blossoms
Medium: Acrylic Paint



Among the Lily Pads
Medium: Colored Pencil

Blooms



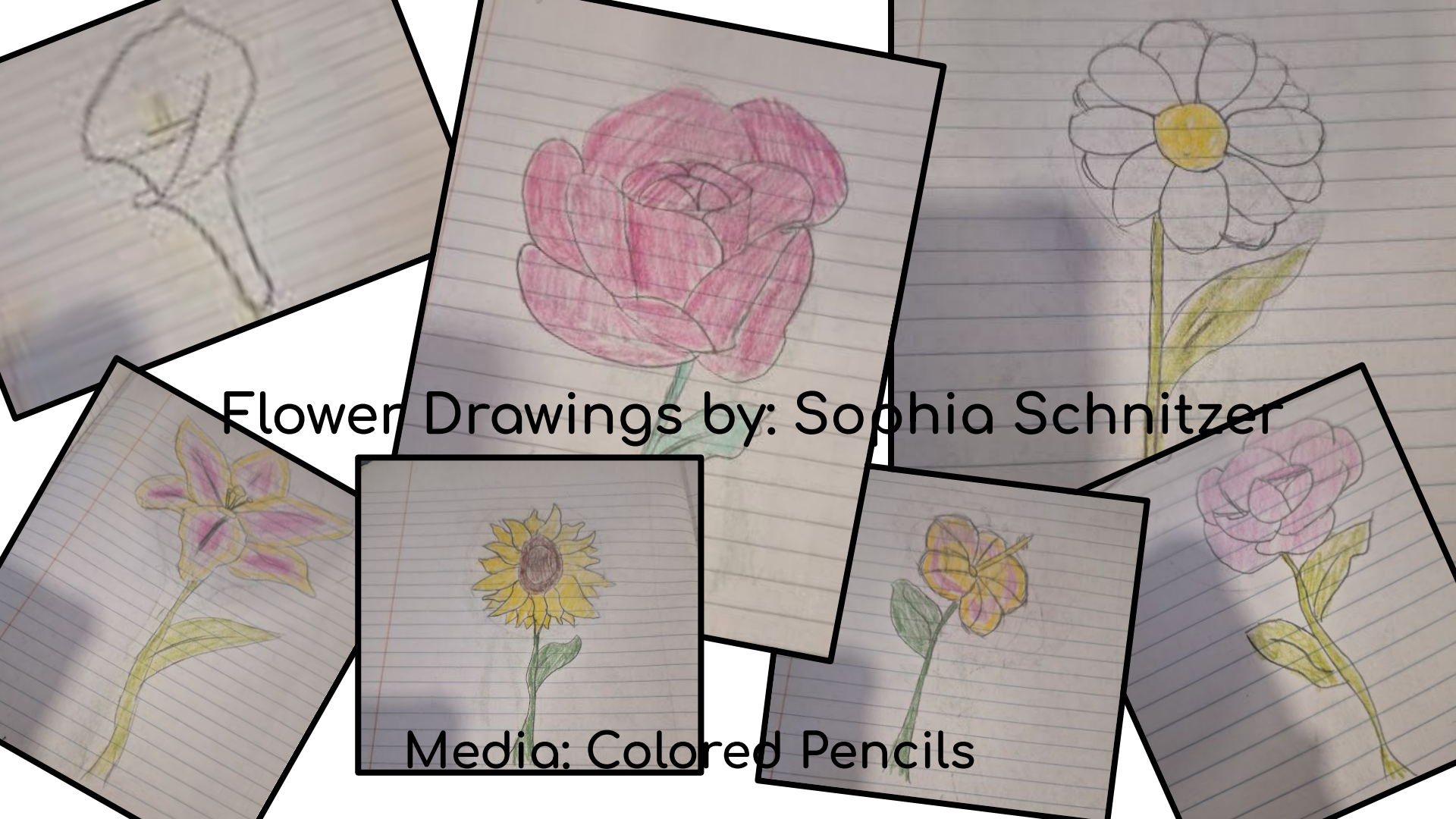
Media: Acrylic Paint
By: Rachna Kamat

Brisk Monday
By: Aria Zaman
Medium: Pen and Pencil





After the Rain
By: Ms. Tarr
Media: Watercolors

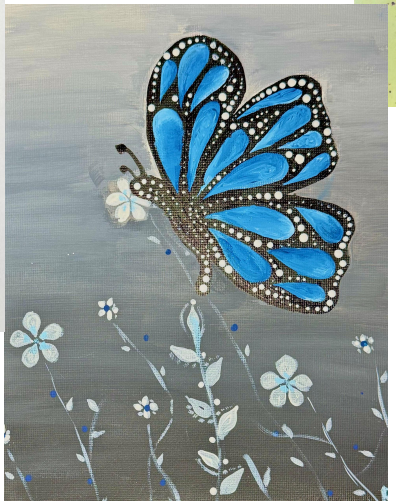

Flower Drawings by: Sophia Schnitzer
Media: Colored Pencils



Vivid and Vibrant
Medium: Marker/Pen



Purple Flower
Medium:
Watercolors



Beauty Among the Gray
Medium: Acrylic Paint

Artist: Rachna Kamat



"Summer" by: Sarah Liddick

Summer's Emotion

The summer is full of hate.

The heat can no longer wait.

The day is long, dry and dull.

The night is short, cool and full

The burning hot affliction.

If only it was fiction.

By: Aria Zaman



Orange Blossom
By Rachna Kamat

Flower Coaster - Rachna Kamat



Summer By: Sophia Schnitzer



Boba Fruit Creation



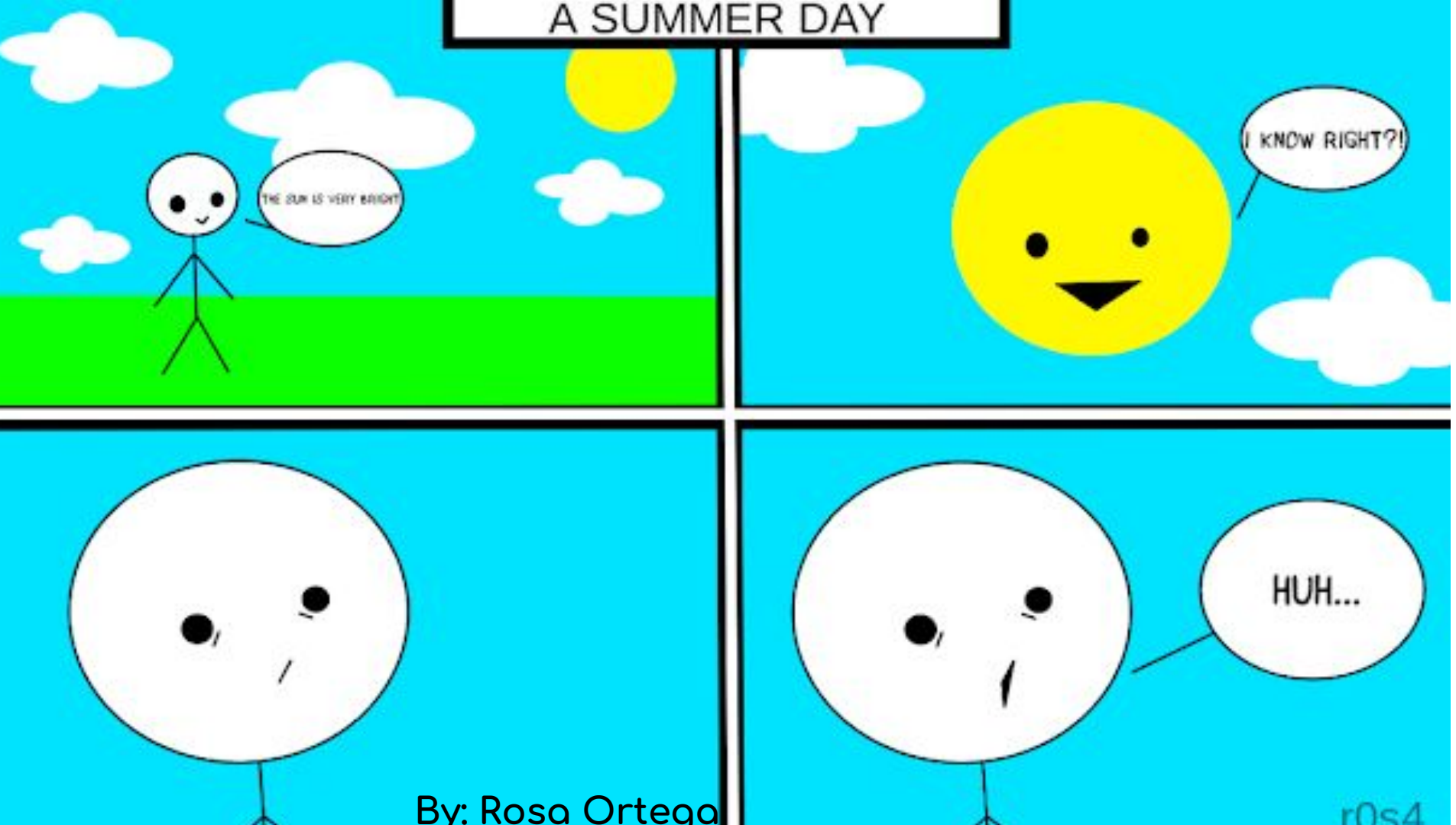
By: Sophia Schnitzer



Credit: Google Image Search

Bartholomew the 47th
by Sahil Kamat




A SUMMER DAY
THE SUN IS VERY BRIGHT
I KNOW RIGHT?!
HUH...
By: Rosa Ortega
r0s4



A Summer in the Trees
by: Sahil Kamat
Media: Legos

Se tu fossi qui

By: Sophia Schnitzer

Over walls, into the night, nella notte,
The window shines, a little spark.
Calling me, cutting deep, anima mia,
This city sleeping, I lose control.
"Forget who you are," I hear you say,
I'd give up my world to make you stay.
Se tu fossi qui, I'd find the end,
I'll climb this wall, over and over again.

Endless sea, un mare infinito,
Juliet, my sun, you are my feel.
Living for you, vivo per te,
Se tu fossi qui, until the end.

I'd hold your hand, stringi la mano,
I'd shout it loud, across this land.
Già basta, oh già basta,
I'd find your heart, no matter how far.
To hide the night, nascondi la notte,
I'd climb your window, in the light.
Fosse così, oh fosse così,
Juliet I am, I am for you... oh yeah.

"Tomorrow at nine" is what you breathe,
A promise of life, in death's valley.
City sleeps, I'm on the street,
A ghost in the dark, for us to meet.
Se tu fossi qui, until the end,
I'll climb this wall, over and over again.

Con fuoco, with fire, I'm burning for you,
Senza fiato, breathless, in everything I do!
It's a battaglia, a war for your heart,
Per sempre insieme, never apart!
Gridando al cielo, I'll never let this promise die!

I'd hold your hand, stringi la mano,
I'd shout it loud, across this land.
Già basta, oh già basta,
I'd find your heart, no matter how far!
To hide the night, nascondi la notte,
I'd climb your window, in the light.
Fosse così, oh fosse così,
Juliet I am, I am for you!

Juliet, I love you.
Anima mia, sei il mio sole.
Se tu fossi qui...

Translations:

Nella notte: in the night
Anima mia, sei il mio sole: My soul, you are my sun
Se tu fossi qui: if you were here
Fosse così, oh fosse così: if only it were so, oh if only it were so.
Già basta, oh già basta: That's enough–oh, that's quite enough
Battaglia: battle
Con fuoco: with fire
Gridando al cielo: crying out to the sky
Per sempre insieme: together forever
Senza fiato: Breathless
un mare infinito: an infinite sea

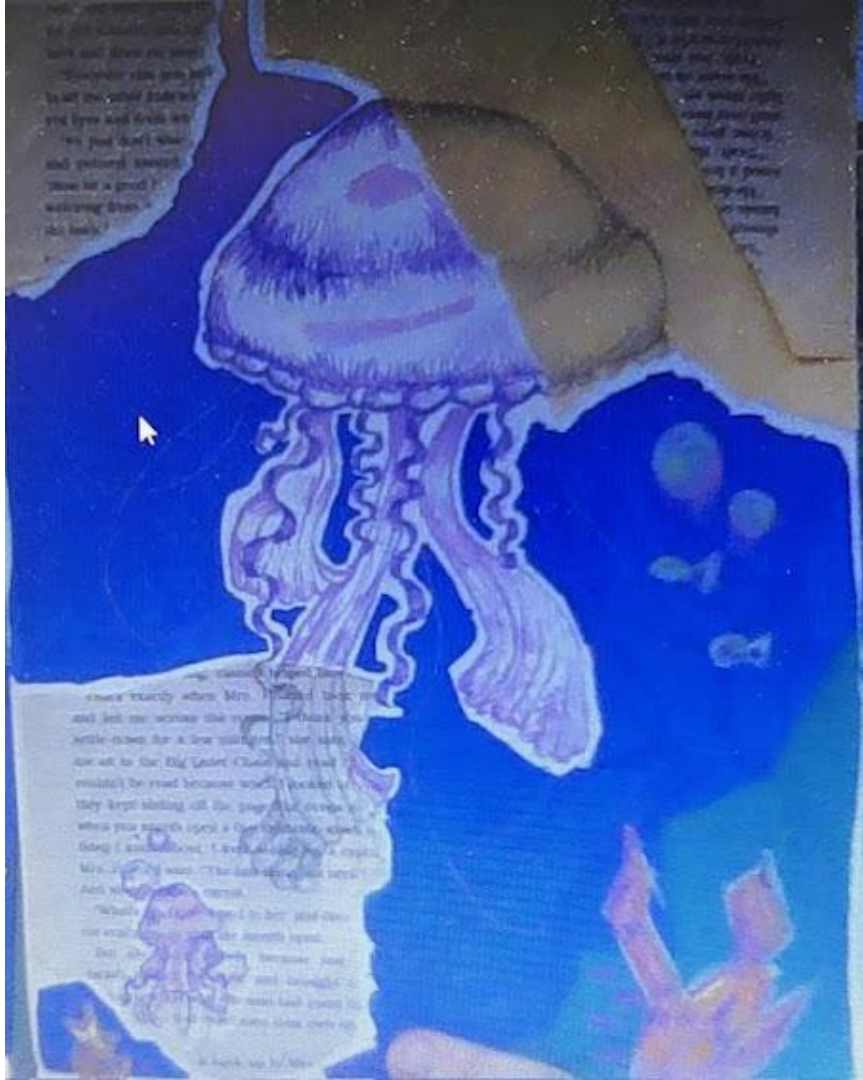


Summer Paradise
by: Ms. Tarr
Media: Watercolors

A Kiss from Summer
By: Rosa Ortega
Media: Colored Pencils



Jellyfish
By: Jasmine Teixeira
Mixed Media





Summer Night
By: Deborah
De Olivera



Sailing on the Raritan
by: Ms. Tarr
Media: Watercolors

Lotus Mandala by: Rachna Kamat
Media: Marker/Pen





When the Pond Comes to Life
by: Rachna Kamat
Media: Guache

"Fall" by: Luna Martinez

Around the Bend
By: Liam Patel

Summer's end, around the bend
A once vibrant sky, clouded and dry
Leaves drop and wind won't stop
In a place where we used to frolic in the sun

The sun is the one
The cause of our mourning,
the gleaming white globe
One that sets in the night
and rises in the beginning
Of the day that never ends,
that is shortening as time moves

Summer's end, around the bend
Her fade must be the end of all,
for now the seasons shift to fall





Crochet Sweater - by Sophia Schnitzer

Flower Power
by: Liam Patel





Fall Lake
By: Sarah Liddick

In The Middle Of The Night

By: Rosa Ortega

It was the dead of night. Owls were humming, and crows were watching. They were vexed towards the girl and had a lot of audacity, but she didn't care. She knew that her sagacity could outsmart anyone and anything. Her acute senses made her feel sure of it. But then, almost all of the animals lunge for her without warning, and she's unable to react. The world goes dark for a second, but she finds her strength and gets up. The animals are gone now, so she continues on her way. After about an hour of walking through the forest she makes it back home. She stealthily makes it inside without waking her mother or dog. But their reposed minds wouldn't be able to hear her even if they're awake.

By the morning she couldn't remember going out at all. This is because she wasn't awake, she was sleepwalking. She's done this since she was a kid and thought it was normal to have splinters stuck in the bottom of her feet in the morning. She carefully takes them out, though, she's used to the slight pain, and heads downstairs. She could smell the food waiting for her at the table through the crevices of the kitchen door. She opens it, and there awaits her mother with a fresh batch of pancakes ready. Though her mother knows her cooking isn't the best, she still is very hypocritical about it and goes on about how her cooking is the greatest there ever was. The girl stifled to correct her, but she can't tell if her mother truly believes it, or if she's just being sarcastic.

After breakfast, she heads back to her room to read. She grabs the book she has been reading for a week, but hesitates to open it. Eventually, she finds the courage and continues where she left off. But before long, her heart stimulates faster than ever before. The words begin to mix and she can't tell whether she's dreaming or not. She feels as though she's asleep. She can't remember anything from this morning. She can't remember how she even got to the desk. She looks at her dog, who always follows her around the house, but he looks misshapen. Like a blurry, deep brown blob. Her vision goes black, and she wakes up. She's back in the forest, numb but alive. Laying on the grassy floor. She starts realizing something. Her mother is never nice to her, she doesn't have a dog, and she doesn't sleepwalk.

End

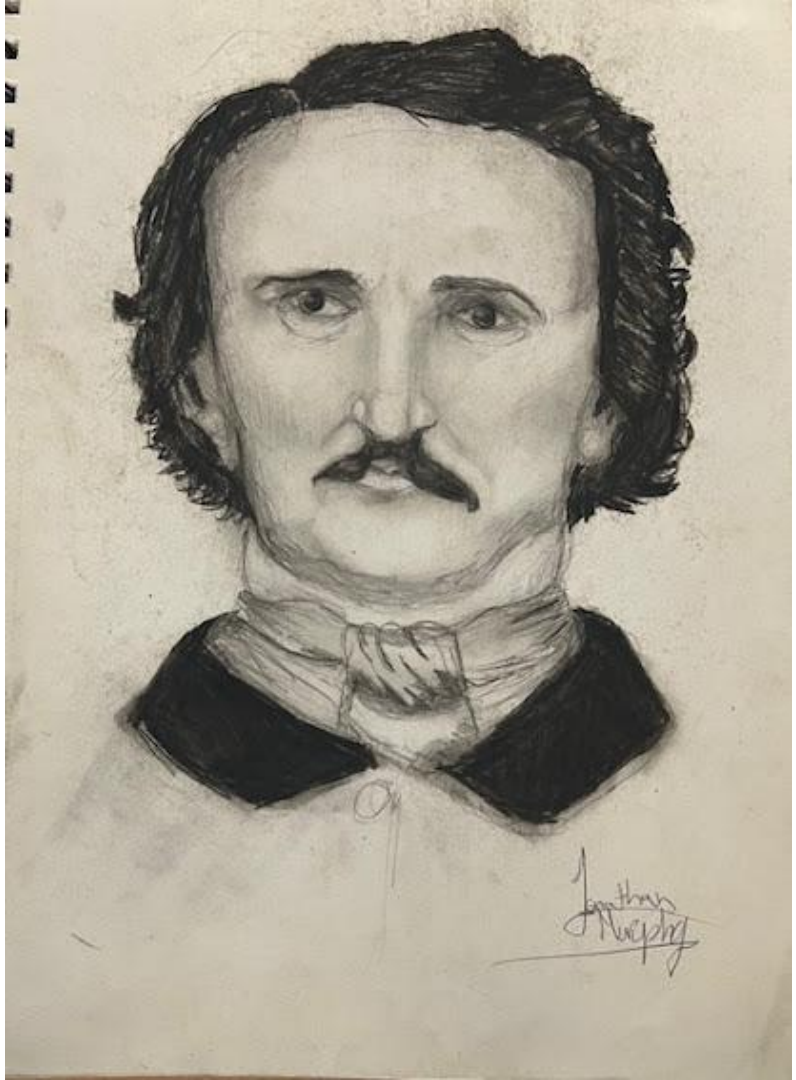
Ellie's Halloween
By: Rosa Ortega





Fall Sunset
By:
Deborah De Olivera

Poe



Media: Pencil and Pen
By: Jonathan Murphy

Lonely Forest by: James Almonte
Media: Watercolors







WINTER





"Winter" by: Sophia Schnitzer

Not Forever Frosty

The winter, a distant dream,

Snow falls like a flowing stream.

Hibernate ‘til better days,

Warmed only by sun’s rays.

The remaining birds will caw,

But someday the frost shall thaw.

By: Aria Zaman

Winter Beginnings
by: Sarah Liddick





You and Winter By: Hayden Sosa

Snowy Sunrise



By:
Deborah
De Olivera

Two- Faced
By: Hayden Sosa





Winter Majestic Mountain by: Ms. Tarr
Media: Watercolors



A Beautiful Winter
By: Sahil Kamat
Media: Acrylic Paint

Winter's Gift
Media:
Watercolors



By: Ms. Tarr

Christmas Drawing
By: LilyAnn Luberto
Media: Pen and Marker





"Thank You" by: Rachna Kamat