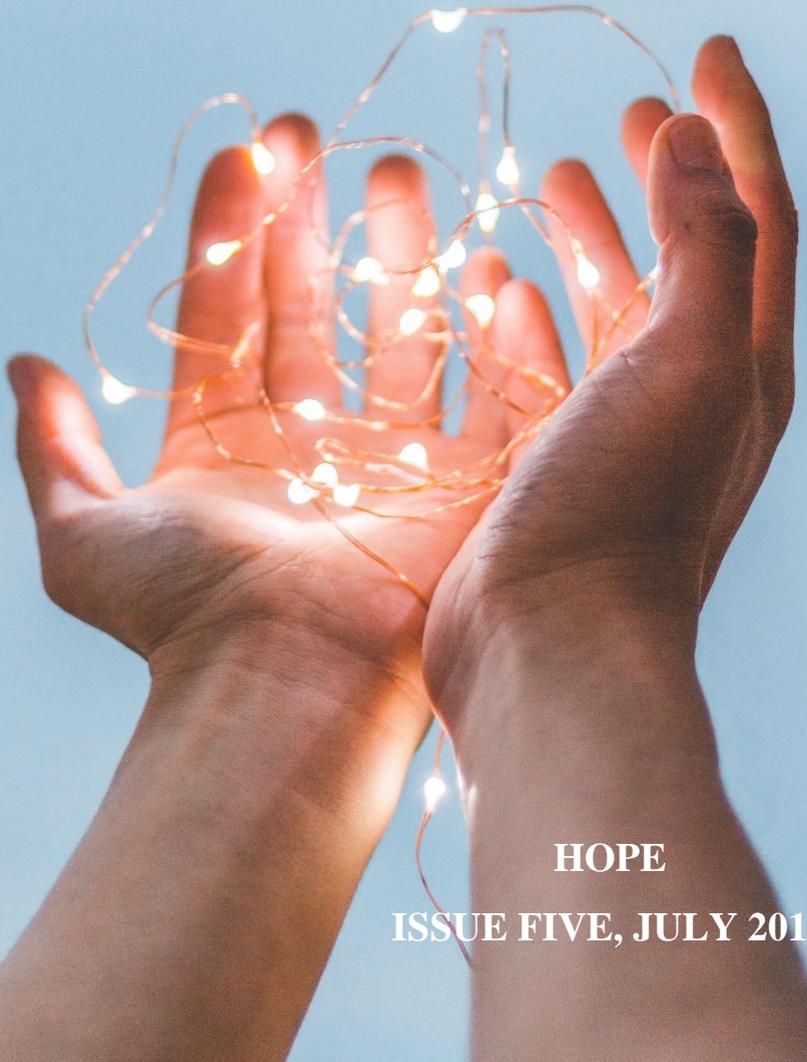


HEBE



HOPE

ISSUE FIVE, JULY 2018

Front cover photographer

Samuel Olvera, 17

“Keep your face to the sun and you will never see the shadows.” - Helen Keller

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Editor's Note

Welcome to HEBE. We are a quarterly magazine that publishes the work of poets, photographers and illustrators aged 18 and under, and the theme for our fifth issue is 'Hope'.

Young creatives were advised to be imaginative in their interpretation of this theme, and there were no limits as to how it could be developed. The initial ideas of inspiration that I provided were: the importance of hope in light of current events, where hope can be found, the power of hope as a changemaker, and how hope can be preserved.

The release of issue five marks HEBE's one year anniversary. This magazine was created so that a platform could be provided to showcase the work of an often marginalised voice of poetry: young poets. HEBE's founding aim was to contribute to the diversification of poetry's narrative, and promote the poetic voices of those who are vital for the art form's progression.

One year on, I am extremely proud to say that over the past year HEBE has published the work of 78 young creatives, ranging in age from 7 to 18, living in a variety of countries such as Uganda and India, and writing in a diversity of languages including German and Gaelic. We have also expanded as a platform to publish not just poetry, but also photography and illustration. Committed to encouraging young people to see the value in expressing themselves creatively, in whatever form that might be, we hope that HEBE will continue to expand and diversify as more young people contribute their work to our magazine.

Be sure to keep an eye out for our sixth issue, the theme for which is 'Reflection'. Submissions for this sixth issue will close on the 31st of August, and the magazine will be released in October 2018. More details can be found on our website: www.hebepoetry.co.uk.

Becca Stacey, Managing Editor

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planting a seed of hope

march

i plant the seed with a 1 pence coin: small thing,
silver freckle. i prop up the rake, sharp as spine.

it's late-week, and i am so hesitant. a new hound
upheaves parsnip pea pear: run on splitting quiver. that

night, i stay up later than ever. i resift the soil with soot
and mixed herbs; foolproof googled spell. the crickets

cluck gingerly and we talk un-sad until morning.

may

rolls in, sweater-weather. each morning is this:
me and my orange juice, each morning we are

late for school. me, face value with my plant, which
fish-like, knocks glow on sibling weeds. and i don't

argue with my sisters much. they tend to their plots,
carrots and long daffodils; proud as anything.

july

i bring Alice with me and am awed at just how here the
sun is. *it's a surprise* i say, make Alice close her Alice

eyes until *look Alice*. next to my hope we link into
a rosy Trinity, the wind blows grey round for years

battered silver by the sapling standing expectant
at our exact height.

september

my sisters cut their hair when their plants pass away,
crushing down into damaged roots. September is a

wonder-month, feverish with shabby sunrush. hope-
that soon-to-be tree blushes with bitter fruit:

regular robin is a family favourite and i

could swear each time he leaves (armed with one
fresh-touched twig) he gleams: a discarded earring.

december

my hope-tree keels up; whisked bowstring now and
pivot in arrow's flair. each day (a would-be-Eve) i stay

out and taste the fruit, each day we are late for school,
and i, with burnished cheeks & hot palms, douse all

with borrowed magic: disarm frost-webs from any pavement,
crack eyes in duck-egg smiles. these seeds of hope simmer meekly.

i touch everything, and, sea-like, everything gleams.

Amelie Maurice-Jones, 18

I spend my life touring Brighton cafes seeking new spots to write and read up on obscure and mildly overwhelming areas of philosophy. I was a commended Foyle Young Poet (2017), the winner of the Peacock Poetry Prize (2018) and long-listed in the Tower Poetry prize (2017), and I wish it could be autumn all year round.

Newborn

He's not here yet, but I can picture him;
Skin like not-yet-embroidered cotton,
Eyes the colour of natural innocence.
He's like freedom, floating,
Fresh as the world after an afternoon's soaking,
Ready to stare out at the spitting clouds.

The sky screams stormily,
As grey-bruised as his mother's skin;
Dyed by time, stained by pain, but she's
Singing with the abandon of the mid-winter wind.
Too aware of the ticking clock and the pulse
Of red-hot blood rushing through every limb.

Let me know when you give him a name. Tell me
So that I can look up the meaning.

Cheyenne Dunnett, 17

For as long as I can remember, I've had a passion for both the English Language and English Literature. When I'm not writing, I'm enthusing about *The Cranberries*, *Kate Tempest*, or *Daphne du Maurier* at full volume. I'll read

anything and everything - you can find me talking about my writing progress and current reads on twitter, @nowherechey.

Dunamis of the Hopeless

In the evening after disappointment

The colour blue resonates the longing for success
Whilst the colour red compliments the anger at the lack of it
The colour orange eludes to the lack of content
Whilst the colour purple insinuates fate's sentiments

In the morning prior to disappointment

Awoken. Revived. Resuscitated.
Your heart beats in your ribcage in meticulous thumps
All rhythmic and in tune like long interludes of classical music
But no -
Bethoven and Mozart cannot replicate what is so profoundly yours
No music can resemble this light in you.
A light which can only be obtained when all hope of it has diminished

The light can be potential
The light can be hope
The light can be a revelation
Except -

All that matters is that this light exists.

The darkness should not be feared
Nor should the pain that feels like it will never subside
But instead should be welcomed with open arms
And accepted

For the caterpillar is not born a butterfly
Is not born with the intelligence or the beauty of a butterfly
But is resilient and has had to lose
To win

Now.

The colour blue resembles the hues of blue in the sky above
Whilst the colour red ignites a fire in my soul which blossoms under pressure
The colour orange exfoliates the will to thrive
But there is no purple.
Only yellow. For what is more beautiful than that of which connotes light?

Be like the sun. Big and beautiful but more importantly -
Letting the disappointment of the Universe helping you shine brighter.

Tehmina Usman, 17

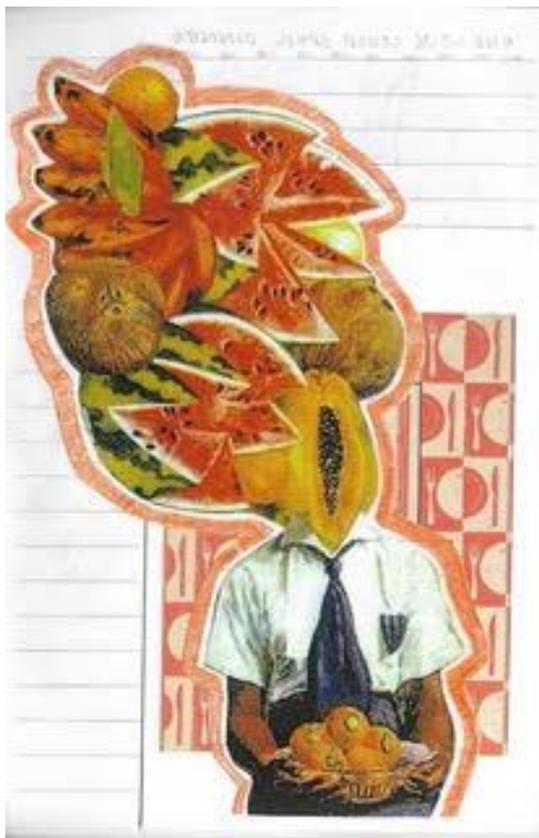
I have always loved English, especially English Literature. One day, my amazing English teacher, decided to set us the task of writing a poem on the theme of 'Disappointment,' which was due for the next week. Naturally, I was excited to do so because Creative Writing has always been a form of escapism for me when I doubted my skills as a writer (i.e. if my grades did not match my effort.) However, in this poem, I made sure to present that particular theme of 'Disappointment,' to become overshadowed by its own means because I see disappointment as the essential and a catalyst for what we deem as 'Hope,' now.

The earth is round her like a bite

When I meet her, with her hair sliced like melons, the
papaya-faced woman says she did it to earth
herself. I ask about practical matters. Is
it inconvenient to live encased by sweet flesh, round
her head like a stifling embrace? Her
new mouth, bursting with black seeds, laughs, or I like
to hope so: I fear that if she cries, a
fat droplet of juice will swell out, tender enough to bite.

Cia Mangat, 15

I live in London. I can barely read my own handwriting, but I haven't let that
stop me from writing things all too often. Yet.



Cia Mangat, 15

Annual Marathon.

a year isn't a long time,
not at all really, when the ticking
of the clock is silent and you mark the
minutes with grey on white and a
smile you hate but you grin and bear it.

sixteen pages,
sixteen mates,
arthritis that's helped with a brace,
ten exam papers done with
a solemn face,
that cracks and shatters sometimes,
but not all the time.

time isn't a friend of yours,
she runs too fast and your legs hurt
too much to keep up but
she's holding your hand to help you
keep going and she's smiling at you.

and help she does.

Kit Nova, 18

I like to write when the moon is high, my coffee is hot and the wind rattles the windows. I tweet @avoidedmushroom

Hope Time

Time comes,
Time goes;
Wherever it is,
It must flow.

To and fro,
Forward bound;
Up to the sky,
And down to the ground.

Trees grow,
A forever flow;
The lines of time,
Flow in my mind.

Genevieve Hagin Meade Halton, 7

I spend all my time drawing, but occasionally spend my maths class writing poems.

Forgiveness

Forgiveness clarified the difference
between hauntings and visits.

I understand haunting is non-consensual.
I let you haunt me
through my intrusives at 1am.

But my newly formed olive branch
roots in a peace of mind
and allows you to visit only when I want.
Our brief encounters found reminiscing in anecdotes
whenever a relative stops by
are kept sweet,
and as light as the new weight I bear
on a locket on my chest,
ready to be opened whenever I choose to,
as I much prefer to be visited
by you.

Phoebe Bowers, 18

This is the first time I've ever submitted any of my own written work. My reality is expressing what I can't verbally through a more empathetic medium.

Limits.

Last month, your mother pinned the
Arms of your fringe just behind your ears
With a frilly bow. She told you you looked beautiful.
You nodded, turned away.

Last week, the bus driver recognised the friction of tears
Flailing in your bright eyes. He told you the freckles on your cheeks
Were like the brushstrokes of an artist you couldn't name, a framed painting.
You pulled up the edges of your lips, faced away.

Last night, you unsealed the darkest parts of yourself for your father and
Stacked your worries on a homemade plate, lines of symmetry with
Hesitant, shaking hands. He noted the chips in the paint, swallowed them whole,
No taste, told you your hands were soft as silver gloves. You frowned.

Right now, you look into the mirror adorned with messy mistakes,
And you trace the outline of your body, fingers quivering with intense
Expectancy. Nothing. You close your eyes, trace the outline of your boundless
mind;
White chalk at the scene of a crime – an intruder. There is none.

A tsunami, you feel the shimmer of waves expand infinitely, bigger than the

Bow in your hair, the freckles on your cheeks, the feel of your hands;
You smile, and open the eyes of your mind as wide as they can go, wider, wider
still.
I laugh, call out into the tiled vastness: *promise, yes.*

– They think I have lost my mind.
I think I have found it.

Rachael Pimblett, 17

I come from just outside of Liverpool, (no, I don't personally know the Beatles)
and spend most of my time collecting socks with avocados on or singing in my
punk band 'sliiice' (yep, with three i's). I write to be all the things I am and all the
things I am not, and also to just be.

Hope in a lullaby

He's a delicacy,
my bed engulfs my bones and there firmly plants them in solidarity,
god gave my birth certificate to the angels ... "never shall she stray"
and so he sat shutters sworn to secrecy.

Orange skies swirling, a warm fuzzy peach lands on your shoulders,
his eyes incanting crystal lands
sketching wonderland into my soul as I sleep
...warding off torturous illness, the locked room and bed frame hauntings.

Petals pure enough to cure diseases,
cool lilac breathes harmony alongside ferocious red,
vibrance runs through the spring, heads towards the rays
...I turn my cheek feeling the artificial summer roasting my veins.

Everlasting hope weaves through my teardrops,
a creaking door shatters my dreams and moulds my smile,
his entrance brings the sun through the padlock;
and without it nature is anon.

Alice Huddleston, 16

Just a simple queer poet dreaming of owning a bookshop and listening to vinyls
until I die (:

Bristol

I saw a boy today
Hair wind-kicked
Bicycle between his knees
Clutching daffodils to his handlebars
and a nervous smile to his teeth
And I thought of going forth
Flowers and heart in hand
Wrapped in tissue paper for ease of eye
And I thought of important questions yet to be invented
Answers yet to find me
And I thought of you
The thrill of knowing
The danger of uncertainty
And the magnets in our chests that always bring us back
And I suppose I thought of love

Aimée Marston, 17

I write to process my feelings and I feel far too much.

Audition

The iridescent materials glittered in the spotlight
Racing heartbeats, shaking hands, ready to fight.
But that was me not her watching from the sidelines
With clasping hands together, praying we make it this time.
Hushed whispers echoed backstage, stepping onto center stage.
And she was the one to pay the price surround by a cage,
Trapping her in the lion's den
Readying to eat her alive by such men.
It was finished within minutes, a dream shattered
Evaporated into the curtains with muffled sobs of 'it doesn't matter'.
Yet it does to me, as broken as you.
We cuddle and cry thinking of what to do,
Our pained pride was the price for a sliver of glory.

Emily O' Callaghan, 18

When I'm stressed I write poetry and bake terrible cakes. I'm inspired by nature around me. I tend to write sappy romance stories that turn to comedies. I hope to be a history teacher one day.

Our Schools

English class

A boy drops his textbook.

Echoing vibrations through me

Penetrates barriers no longer far away from fear

Do you hear our tears?

Shaking, I fall on the ground

This is no longer a safe haven

A church built on education

The Second Amendment has crumbled this holy ground.

Math class

I began to strategically plan.

Finding the probability a gunman will enter our campus.

Lectures become crucial,

I learn how to factor chances of survival.

I greet solace with knowledge

Your guns are killing *us*;

Causing devastation.

I greet solace with advocacy

Voices determine the future we hold,

Continue the fight for life.

I greet solace with legislation

Vote for those who will hear us and take our hands.

I greet solace with hope

The resistance is not over.

Sarah Wang, 16

I am a sophomore at Arcadia High School. I am a teen activist, journalist, and creative writer. Targeting issues from inequality to gun violence, I find a voice through my work.



Sarah Wang, 16

Eight O' Clock News, 16th of Feb

it was February 14th

valentines day, someone reminds me.

i don't hear.

my eyes are snagged on the thorny scratch of television static

Because there are droves of students in the street

marching and weeping and slamming slogans into the cold concrete sky and

I cannot imagine a crueller eulogy.

It's so easy to care when they are gone, past help and past helping-

so easy to don a black suit and dye your words grey

but these are the children left!

These are the children who can be saved,

must be saved,

These are the children with blazing signs bleeding black smoke

and they can't hold on for much longer

and why, why should they have to?

well

because

We are ants.

Haven't you heard?

It doesn't matter how strong, it doesn't matter how many,

we are ants.

And there are always more but there are never enough

And it's hiding behind the textbook,

holding its breath and waiting to pounce:

That ugly truth-

if you rip apart the pages-

That ugly truth-

that final, damning footnote-

but.

The speeches that scrape my ears and snatch my stomach inside out

The posters that burn to look at, the posters that gouge and glare and dare you
not to look

The people.

The students.

The children who have fought

and will fight

and will fight death for life, tooth and nail so that

Not another body lies limp, far beyond

the empty embrace of a fading chalk line.

These are the children-

too strong to be swaddled in cheap indulgence

These are the children-

too loud to be seen and not heard

These are the children-
Hear them.

Éabha Benson, 15

I write poetry when I don't know what I want to say.

Fairy-Tales

'Hey there, kitty cat.' I say.

'David,' she breathes, the name

reaching out towards me like antennae desperate

to discover if the shallow shell that inhabits this hospital bed is the same,

the very same, radiant boy she spent endless sun-drenched days with.

But I smile, and the invisible tentacles pull themselves back

to be replaced with the girl herself, desperate, tearful,

over-joyous at the unexpected reunion.

When I first woke up, they showed me a picture

of a midnight girl with moonlit eyes,

asked did I recognise her? And I did.

Perhaps she was a film star, I had suggested,

to which they exchanged worried glances

and informed me this girl, this very girl,

had sat every day by my troubled bed, longing

for the awakening of her fairy-tale prince.

'But how can that be true?' I had argued. I remembered

my mother, didn't I? And my sister, remembered
her sunlight which could brighten even this forgotten corner of the earth.

Yet here I am, naming this star-kissed girl 'kitty cat', though those words
stick in my throat like a fur ball,
because that was what I used to call her, apparently.

She is crying now. Fat, mascara-filled globes of pure delight,
as if liquid midnight has made its home in her,
drip down her face,
ruining the otherwise perfect symmetry
of her night-deity features.

I want desperately to feel some emotion, some pang of remembrance,
but the only pang I experience is of
annoyance. She tries to speak, but is too overcome with happiness
to get past 'I'
so instead repeats it relentlessly,
like a broken, egotistical record.

I wish she'd get her goddamn sentence out.

How was it that Aurora slept for one hundred years,
and I for only nineteen days,

yet she survived unchanged, unharmed,
while I had left a part of my memory
in the sleepy half-world of coma-land?

Life is no fairy-tale, my mother had often said.
Now I finally understood the unfairness of that.

Bryony Adshead, 18

I am much happier writing an essay about a poem than a poem itself, but I thought I'd give the latter a try - anything sounds like a good idea when you should be studying! I won the 'Yours Faithfully, Edna Welthorpe (Mrs)' creative writing competition, was placed joint second in the Young Romantics Essay Prize, was placed joint third in the West Midlands ARTiculation heat, I have been longlisted for the Lancaster Writing Award and have been awarded a TopWrite scholarship for the Swanwick Writers' Summer School.

Hope

Hope, a four letter word
So similar to Home
Hope can be made together
Or made all alone

Hope the poor can afford
And it's something the blind can see
Hope is when you truly
Start to believe in me

Hope is always there for you
It's a shoulder on which to cry
Unlike friends who come and go
Hope will never say goodbye

Hope is something to help you
But rely on it and you'll fall
Because relying on something created by one
Would be damaging to all

Ava Pender, 12

I'm 12 years old and live in Donabate, Co. Dublin. I love writing poetry because it always has a deeper meaning than what you read. I prefer writing sad poetry over happy poetry because I think a happy ending is too unrealistic.

lost hope

that last love in feathers -

red mosquito bites

and blue toes on kitchen tile

the drunk consonants of your name

sour on salt tequila tongues.

how have we come to this-

our lone bodies echo

drops in an empty bucket

breath in cold air and

the jagged outline of Nantucket.

Natalie Perman, 17

I'm half American, half English and a mix of other things. My favourite colour is teal (a kind of greeny-blue) and my favourite author is Kafka. I am a 2017 Foyle Young Poet and I hope to keep writing for as long as I can.

Cloud Watching with Joyce

For Joyce Vincent, who our memories could not keep safe enough to undo fading.

Tell you what,
there's a white tiger in the wind,
a wolf's just turned itself into a phoenix,
and I say that one looks more like an elephant skydiving,
though I think you think it looks more like a bear sleeping,
but I reckon the washing's done so we'll come back to this on
three.

Two birds fly by and I think you see it.
One dips itself into the garden-
a dove, white as a cloud fragment-
and while I'm inside, the city turns
and the bird is sat perched and still.

You are both watching the tickseed turn to heather
as the peonies wait behind the palisades for spring,
and you go back and forth again between the seasons
while I am inside folding linen.

Outside you are singing to the wind.

I hear it as a white hum
that sounds like the stillness,
but it slashes
at the drum
of the washing machine,
and my ears cyclone
to the repeats,
and it is not enough to scream
“hold”.

I forget that you are there.

Alone, but for the cloud on our garden fence.

You, stripped to a silence I keep in the back of my head
for too many counts of three.

When I return, you are gone and the clouds play truant.

And I am listening
for the mid-flight stillness
that makes its way from statuary.

I imagine it sounds like a sorry
strong enough to trouble the sky,
and stir the concrete into remembering all the ways

I could not commit you to my memory.

But somewhere we are sat
together
watching horses turn into foxes,
and you are smiling,
and I am not sorry,
and time has not taken my recollections
for swallowing,
and I have not forgotten you,
and we are cloud watching.

Stella Hiamey, 16

"I cannot change the world, but I do not have to conform." - Marva Collins

I will give two bodies to this Earth: my own, and the one I build when the silence
gives itself to the clamour.



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