



HEBE

THE BEGINNING
ISSUE ONE, JULY 2017

Front cover photographer

Eloisa Webster, 13

I go to The King's School in Macclesfield. I love photography and I would either like to be an actress or a professional photographer. I have been doing photography for 3 years now, and have fallen in love with it.

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Editor's Note

Poetry is limitless. Its formula, and effect, are as varied as the poets who deliver it and their recipient audiences. Poetry is the rawest form of expression, a means of healing, a tool for raising awareness and generating understanding, a form of resistance, and a space for reconfiguration. Its potential is infinite.

This is not being realised, however, as the voices of many poets are not being heard. Whether this is due to their language, gender, ethnicity, sexuality, or age, the poetic form in which they choose to express themselves, or the experiences about which they wish to speak, poetry's narrative often excludes those who are vital for its progression.

I wanted to create a space where one such marginalised voice of poetry, young poets, specifically those aged 18 and under, were given a platform dedicated solely to showcasing their work.

These thoughts were responsible for the genesis of HEBE six months ago, whose name takes inspiration from the Greek Goddess of Youth. Once the online platform was created, for which I thank Oscar Bickett for his generous assistance, it was time to start accepting submissions for the first issue. Being a magazine that actively encourages young poets to be flexible in their experimentation with poetic styles, I decided that each issue should be guided by a theme to maintain a degree of focus. What better theme for our first issue than 'The Beginning'?

Poets were encouraged to be creative in their interpretation of 'The Beginning', and there were no limits as to how this theme could be developed. The initial ideas of inspiration that I provided were: the beginning of the day, a song, your own personal beginning, the

beginning of time, or the beginning of phenomena including global warming.

Photographers aged 18 and under were also encouraged to engage with this theme as their photographs were to be considered for selection as the front cover of the magazine.

I was overwhelmed by the response received from literary organisations, schools, and individuals who supported my idea and helped me in the marketing of HEBE's first issue. As a result, I received a large number of submissions, enabling me to create a first issue with such a high standard of work. I hope that each poet within this magazine will feel proud to have their work associated with so talented a group of poets.

This issue serves as a journey, from musings on the very start of life, acts of creation, and the beginnings of emotions, to poems that are more reflective in nature, and consider what it was to experience a beginning, and also the beginnings of life after death.

My hope is to create a HEBE community of young poets, where interactions extend beyond the pages of each issue, to our social media outlets, and perhaps beyond.

I ask, therefore, that where possible you spread HEBE's word, follow us on Facebook and Twitter, and support the magazine by buying a hard copy. Whilst our website has a free online download of each issue, the sales of hard copies enables us to pay our poets and photographers. Currently, the poet of each published poem, and the photographer of each front cover photograph, receives £5 as a token of recognition for their work. Our hope is that as HEBE grows, so can this payment.

Be sure to keep an eye out for our second issue, the theme of which is 'Inside'. Submissions for this issue will close on the 31st of August 2017,

with the magazine being released in October 2017. More details can be found on our website: www.hebepoetry.co.uk.

Rebecca Stacey

Founding Editor

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Genesis, Retold by a Phoenix

It's a tale as old as time:

nothing becomes something

darkness is swallowed by light

and we always know what to do

with our hands.

The problem with that story is that

no one ever dares to tell

what came after.

We got greedy, didn't we, darling?

We were so desperate to glow

we took every soft, shimmering thing we could find and

stabbed it

skinned it

sliced it apart

so we could learn what it was like

to be gentle

(remember how the sun tasted?

Like guts, like glory;

we split its carcass open

and feasted on honey glazed flesh,

dancing with yolk dribbling

down our chins)

and when even that wasn't enough,

we set ourselves on fire and

watched the sky blaze gold as we

burned

and burned

and burned

(then what was left?

Only shaking fingers

and a self-made desert,

only my own shadow coming back

to haunt me;

ocean becoming puddle becoming dust)

because I was never taught how to live
without dying in the same breath.

Here, look, this is how my story
really goes:

every beginning is an ending

every creation is a ruin
in disguise

every ghost becomes
girl becomes
goddess becomes
ghost again

and still the world keeps
spinning, shedding its ash,
waiting

for a new dawn.

Nikita Tan, 15

At a fierce 15 years old, I am a previously unpublished Burmese poet currently residing in Middle-of-Nowhere, England. I discovered poetry as a way to escape the rainy grey reality of daily life and transcend to a place of violent stars and gentle storms, and have not looked back since. I despise mediocrity, dislike soda, and adore making metaphors out of every object under the sun.

Rinse

Cardboard to cover

My brain,

Detergent to coat

My thoughts,

Suds to float

My insides,

Start the spin cycle

Juliana Cooper, 15

I think about music a lot when I write.

Eve in Winter

The flowers were dead on their forked
and trembling stems when we walked the garden
and could not wend back to Spring beginnings.
We wanted just to wrench ourselves together,

reel back to loving like dust's lithe and twisting
segment of forever that could not let slide
the lie that there were two of us. No.
In the stilled and perfect circle of myself

I was Eve alone: an island, but wound-round
with serpent-sides, cooled coil on coil of scales
like eyes: swirled half-moons speaking silver lies:
'Dance, girl. To be a girl is to perform, and in performing, die'.

And so I danced, my new-born nakedness a veil
which I was taught to see as skin itself,
yet still let eyes and kisses slide and cut away their fill.
It snowed: they wore my skin like a strung pelt

Without the shame to help a soul-starved, sobbing girl.

Naked of guile, cold and far from home.
With mist-breathed sighs I saw in my mind's eye
a tree: its branches bent like cool-lipped smiles.

And yes, I might be talking only of one night in winter
when all was falling and I was sick of calling
out your name like prayer, and so I bit - my song a hiss,
my tongue a blight – but, my Adam, remember I am hauling
a history of women's days as apple-bites.

Olivia Sutherland, 18

I am a Brighton-based poet writing on a broad range of themes, both personal and political. My poem 'Pigeonholed' won the 2015 Brighton Festival Peacock Poetry Prize in my age category, in 2016 I won a 'Finish Lines' Young Writer's grant from New Writing South, and I recently performed with Brighton-based group 'Culture Clash: Poets v MCs v Comedians' in Canterbury's 2017 'Wise Words' festival.

The Beginning of Life

I got a new laptop
My brother got a new Ipad
My mum got a new baby

I held the baby
He was very light
Lighter than my laptop
Soft and warm
My laptop was hard and cold

The baby smelled brand new
So new he should come in a box
My sister said “that was the best smell” I don't know how
How is that the best smell?
I prefer cheesecake.

Tiny eyes
Large hands
My laptop feels funny
The keys are different

But they become familiar

Both of them are healthy

But both can get a virus

The baby still needs a cover

And settings in system preferences

Ryan Lalani, 12

I go to the International School of Uganda, and my English teacher is Elizabeth Ochieng Onayemi. I have 5 sisters and 4 brothers. This poem is about The Beginning of my baby brother's life.

Yves Klein Blue

“Every phenomenon manifests itself of its own accord. This manifestation is always distinct from form, and is the essence of the immediate, the trace of the immediate.”

-Yves Klein.

Originally, there was a bleak opaqueness;
Flooding all in a void of monochrome blue;
As dark as a withered flower, once beautiful but now desolate;
Yet as brimming with potential as a newborn baby, just like a flower
waiting to
blossom.

No single creature is truly self-reliant;
Whether young or aged, all beings have cracks on their once-colourful
surface;
Slobbered in paint, to style defiant;
Yet only a handful have served divine purpose.

A void of pure blue;
From beginnings;
To anew;
Swallows the world, through and through.

The translucency of monochrome blue;

Will reignite the world;

In a whole new hue.

"I did not like the nothing, and it is thus that I met the empty, the deep empty, the depth of the blue."

Gabriel Barrett-Bunnage, 13

I want to study Higher Economics and Advanced Higher English. In my spare time, I like to read and play video-games. Recently, when I went to the Tate art gallery in Liverpool, I saw an 'Yves Klein' exhibition, inspiring me to write this poem.

Tea on Mars

Before the sun and the stars
There was a person who dreamed of tea on Mars.

One day, fed up with the cold,
He put a fire in the sky saying: "What warmth! I think now I'll make
stars."

When he spilt his milk -
He called it the Milky Way!
When he lost his black magnet in the depths of space,
He called it a Hole of Blackness.

Then he made a tea bag, and then a chair, a table and a terrace;
And a friend to have tea with.
He sat down with his friend and enjoyed his tea on Mars.

Corin Hagin Meade Halton, 8 ½

I love maths and Minecraft, and can usually be found reading dragon stories in the garden with my pet guinea pigs.

Birth

The dawn came not with light but darkness,
for heaven delivered me unto the bosom of the peccable.
I bathed in the Acheron under their shadows,
bequeathing me a muddled state, wondering if kindness merited such
requital.

A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow,
yet my own torment transcended this unsurpassed anguish.
In persecution, my palms were pierced by envy's spiteful arrow,
hanging loosely by the cloak of pride in continued languish.

In my ailing cot, I wrestled tempestuous pangs,
rocking my hull in a hot-tempered routine.
But the Lamb steered me towards comforting plains,
with the devoted care from the elements unseen.

For as the maiden screams whilst in labour,
after her hour, she remembereth no more for joy turns tears to vapour.

Aanuoluwapo John Adesina, 18

I was born on the 18th of March, 1998 in Ibadan, Nigeria. I attained my secondary education at Adesina College, Ibadan and I am currently pursuing a B.A. in English and Creative Writing at Coventry University, United Kingdom. I am the author of the poetry collection 'EMOCEAN' and winner of the 2016 Nandos Poetry Competition in Coventry. I am the first of four children.

The Beginning

In the beginning of the day,
when the sun raises it's weary head,
and the earth stretches it's sleepy legs,
and the people prepare,
they prepare for the rest of the day.

And the Earth, prepares for the wear and tear,
From people everywhere,
Destroying and creating,
What has been provided for us.

But the sun,
As it knows it's daily run,
Is ready,
For another day.

Darragh Joyce, 11

I go to The King Alfred School and my English teacher is best in the world. I enjoy Xbox and archery, but I don't like Custard or yogurt. I'm

half English and half Irish and I want to represent either at the Olympics
whilst doing archery.

The Beginning of It

Shattered. Destroyed, seemingly.

I threw it deep, deep into the

Abyss

Devoid of hope and happiness.

Abandoned to die, to suffer there

Like I did. It's only fair.

My wishes weren't granted

Because there was a knock on the door.

I answered.

Brick by brick you open me up

And for once I don't protest.

We bin the Poppies,

Replace them with Daffodils

At my own request.

The abyss grows shallow,

Shallow enough for it to come back

By means most miraculous and hallowed.

For this be the mere beginning
We will never reach its end.

Laura Carroll, 18

I live in the west of Ireland. My main interests include writing, filmmaking, sport and music.

Heartless

So I was questioned whether I was human or not
Because when a soul did not have a soul, I wasn't moved or
touched.....

People looked at me confused with potential sprawls of hatred
Creeping out of their eyes.
I could sense the loud knocking but silent entrance of anger making its
way,
As violence left its mark

So I was questioned whether I was human or not.

Whether the blood circulating my body wasn't just a mere fluid or if the
heart
That is blindly known as the centrepiece of love
Was just conceited flesh.

You see, I am not heartless, because really, could my heart care less?

I like to envision every part of my emotions to be separate like a heart,
from any mutual affection, behaviour or feelings.

Look, we are not all built, wired the same way
Unlike you, I do not interlock my heart with emotions I face on a daily
basis.

I treasure my heart.
It is in safe-keeping.
In an emotion resistant chamber

Infused with the toxic fumes of human-nature.

But eradicated slowly by the strength which uploads my familiarity and
separation that

differs the suppression which defines us humans.

But it's what we nurture

So I was questioned whether I was human or not

Because when a soul did not have a soul, I wasn't moved or touched

.....Heartless.

Jewel Lawal, 14

I write to vent my emotions onto paper. When I am stressed pen to
paper is like a dose of relief. Since a tender age writing has always been a
joy of mine, being able to manipulate words and create a story within a
story.

Dawning

Above,

A scatter.

The last steely
remnants of sunrise.

Shall I mourn
the golden day.

Heed what I warn;
Existence is mourning,
quaintly masquerading
as a deathless morn.

...

Above,

A scatter.

The youngest of mists;
revels of dawn.

Shall I mourn the
golden day?

Take heed;
Exist in the morning.
Welcome quietly
its' finite deed.

New Beginning

I am too young
and the world is an illusion
I watch through
false certainty.

My dreams are real now
And I still feel afraid...
sometimes

I love
without thinking,
Dread new beginnings,
And mourn

what I have yet to lose.

How can I think I can make it?

What happens if I end

tomorrow

And these bars

Of texts,

textbooks and

tears;

this television screen of

fickle fears

and this artificial existence

are never broken

And I sit in my room with the door closed?

Maeve Moran, 17

My name is Maeve Lilith (Gryffindor). I'm an aspiring author, dragon-rider and ghost-hunter. The latter two occupations are currently in low demand so I'm settling for the former until an opportunity opens up. Besides writing and reading, I quite enjoy playing guitar, acting, practising tai chi and drinking coffee.

Rough Start

Mere carbon may spring into a tapestry of our land
knowing no bounds to hold its blackness to the whim
making circles and spheres far and here

Ours now grabbing its arms towards graphite
letting change happen and taking a beating
still stable still pure
letting the shifting plates guide its course

Retaining its cold darkness in suffocation miles under
only enough space to reach towards graphite
it is now crystalline, it doesn't shine
jagged and sturdy yet glossed
as if light could be tangible so far down

Pressure like hands around the neck of the mineral
only knowing the jet black deepness of the world
afraid of the light as it does not know what will happen after
now above in the hands of men who will lust for it
as it glimmers like the hope of the appeasers

who sweat and bleed for the synthetic moment

To harvest the unbreakable diamond
now born from the earth's womb

Francis Cruise, 17

I was born with unreadable handwriting and hated any sort of formal education. It wasn't until I was forced to type out a Valentine's Day poem for school that I found out that I liked writing. I now write often, but have only started sending it off recently.

A Sorrow Love

I call a lie
Not too hard
But to love
All my sorrow
Rolled into one
A burst of memory
Full of remorse
But sick with love
I couldn't live without
To call a lie
No harm was meant
But love must be followed

And try not to forget.

Anna Langton, 18

I have severe dyslexia. I'm currently sitting my leaving cert and doing higher level subjects apart from maths. School has never been easy, but I love the challenge it brings me. I struggle with reading, writing, and spelling. I type everything onto my phone or I speak into my phone and it writes for me. Before this great Teknowledge I used to write in

notebooks and my room is full of my ideas, thoughts, poems and stories. I have a huge passion for writing. I say what's on my mind and then I usually put it on paper. I have a great deal to learn about writing but I believe it comes from the heart so there is no right or wrong; just many, many different opinions.

Obliged to Start Again

I'm walking through the cracks in the pavement, breaking her back
because I'm late (again).

Thinking of home, I swallow a mouthful of pride.

Wanting to rip it up and start again,

You're with me in my head, on my tongue, on my lips.

I can taste you and I can smell our bathwater,

lavender scent blown away on sour gales

as my damp hair dries in the wind,

walking home in a sweat, arms glued to my sides.

You lying sultry in a tub, your hair was floating silk.

Draining the bath, the plug gurgled, interrupting our
penultimate kiss.

Walking home I see souls I once knew who had withered like me,
wrinkled from grey raindrops of boredom.

It depends how you stand in the rain, it's cold and wet and cramped
under a broken umbrella,

so stand close to me and watch me fall in love again, easy as your smile.

The rain is new but can't cleanse me.

I am not safe with my own heart and your hands are too numb.

Holed up in a lover's fate is how time fools you,

we floated past time it felt, nothing mattered other than your lips on mine.

I'm late and Baba will be home,

he will expect an obedient, honest kiss, sitting innocently on his cheek.

No such kiss has ever existed.

If I could hold you I would hold you. Rip it up and start the day again.

Elif Soyler, 16

I live a dual life, being British and Turkish, and I like to write about how sometimes the two cultures clash. I write in a journal that I lose when it is full because I like the idea of a stranger finding my confessions (even if they aren't the most scandalous). I have always enjoyed confessional poetry for the same kind of intimate detail.

Present, Perfect

I have waited on the edge of time for seventeen years now.

I've watched the seconds dance in circles and entangle me somehow.

I have floated in the present, teetered between the empty pages

As they've tattooed their broken skin with broken thoughts formed
through the ages.

I've been engraved with thoughts half tangible, too pithy to be preserved

As the moment they've been written down they pass; their purpose
served.

But still I've found myself immersed in ink

With no sense of contentment.

My present tense is imperfect,

My pages bleed resentment.

But I know I've started writing,

And it might seem wasteful not to continue.

I am waiting for the sun to kiss my dreams awake

The weight of time, the need to rhyme

Is more than I can take

Alone.

But the day can't start without me in it.

There's a checklist somewhere
With my name and my face
And my mostly ginger hair
That's got to be fulfilled before they count out that first minute.
It waits for me to haul up the sun
With hinges bright
And ropes pulled tight
To welcome in the ever mending,
Never ending infinite.

I have been waiting
For my eyes to lift above this sullen blur of mine.
My perfect present presents a winding whirr of ever bleeding time
That I cannot outrun,
Nor can I predict somehow.
But my present perfect follows me,
A shadow of my now.

Katrina Rose, 17

I have been writing since I can remember, but poetry is something that I have only fallen in love with in the last few years. I love spoken word

poetry and creating art around poems. Poetry lets me express myself in a pure and undisturbed way.

Lot's Daughter

I am always looking back on
my blazing bridges.
How can I move on to a new beginning?
I am frozen, turned to stone
As I stare into the stifling
Shade and the flames of my life.

Like Orpheus,
Will I lose everything?
My life, my loves, my happiness?
Look forward, never back.
Can I make a new start?

I smell the smoke
of my pyres and the
incense is bitter as gall.
The darkness is claiming me.
I know I am Lot's daughter
Look forward, never back.

Meredith LeMaître, 12

I would like to be a journalist one day. Chosen for the Top 40 in Poetry Rivals 2016, I have been published twice. I like reading books and can usually be found crocheting or writing in a notebook.

Beginnings

Dark.

A brown earthy grave, packed.

Crumbling in places,

cracked in places.

She stretches her head up, up

toes digging down.

The places crumble

and crack

and

Light.

A flood of light, like newly watered soil-

Everything adrift and anchorless for a split second

But this time it lasts.

There are colours, green and glossy and gasping

and so is she.

Gasping for more, gasping for

sunlight and splendour and heady sighs of wind

and does it ever end?

For this dark is different,

diamond needlepricks and a night
Throbbing with aliveness.
It stretches out, into forever,
beyond forever.
It may end, all things might
but right now
She is lighter than air.

Éabha Benson, 14

My favourite place to write is on my own in my back garden, when it is really windy - especially in the evening time.

Phoenix

Born from the ashes,
Birthed from flame.

Ending to,
Begin again.

Rising up,
To take its place.

Flying far,
From its past disgrace.

Jonathan Mugunga, 12



Editor's note: Jonathan chose to use a photograph of himself as his biography.

Anfangende (Beginning's End)

du willst und kannst nicht,

eins: die zeit anhalten oder

zwei: sie vorspulen und überspringen

bis die Welt sich wieder richtig formt,

weil du die Lücke,

(die zwischen wer du bist und wer du sein kannst)

selbst größer baust wenn du einen Abend länger einfach dastehst,

wartest auf den Richtigen

eins: Moment oder

zwei: Menschen der dir aufhilft

als hätte der Urknall gezögert,

sich das Universum erträumt und nie angefangen,

weil die Lücke,

(die zwischen der Nichtexistenz von Zeit und dem Lachen neuer Leben und Herzschlägen)

viel zu groß war,

aber Berge beginnen wenn der Anfang endet bis die Täler,

die Lücken, du und deine Taten ungetan,

sich schließen,

weil du

eins: träumen und

zwei: beginnen kannst

you want to but you cannot

one: stop time or

two: forward or skip it

until the world makes itself right again,

because you build the gap,

(between who you are and who you want to be)

you build it bigger when you keep on simply standing there

waiting for the right

one: moment or

two: person to rise you up,

as if the big bang would have waited,

would have dreamed about the universe and never started,

because the gap

(between nonexistence of time and new lives laughing along to their heartbeats)

was way too vast

nevertheless: mountains start rising when beginnings end,

when valleys, gaps, you and your undone deeds,

close up,

because you can

one: dream and

two: begin

Sarah Kiegeland, 18

I'm German, and on my gap year, currently based in London and traveling around Europe (or the world) in a constant state of existential crisis. I write and I make music, trying to combine that, trying to figure out who I want to be and where I want to go.

As the Sun Sets

The exhausting events had come to an end
At last you were in your place of peace
Allowing your damaged pieces to mend
Your pain would finally decrease

As they gently closed shut your lifeless eyes
And your soul inhaled the soothing scent of incense
You were told by the King of the skies
That you could finally put an end to the pretence

Gently, you were transferred to your final place
The world where pain would cease to exist
Where peace wasn't something you'd have to chase
We softly held on to your wrist

We led you to an enchanting home
Bordered with pearls and rose petals
We said that now you can freely roam
In the shelter where a good soul settles

Welcome, we said, welcome to the world of Bliss
You have departed from the world of temporary pain
Although there may be some things that you will initially miss
Ultimately you will gain

You smiled, as you knew you had reached your true destination
This realm of happiness was indeed the place for you
You were given such tranquillity by the cremation
The kind that was never given to you by the human nation

Now that you were away from the darkness
You were able to see, that your end marked your beginning
A beginning to happiness
An end to sadness

Mahnoor Khan, 16

I am from Sheffield and I am part of Hive South Yorkshire's Young Writers group, which has really helped to boost my confidence in my writing. Last November, I also performed at the Off The Shelf: Youth Word Up, which was a really good experience. I also have an Instagram page @mahnoors.words where I share most of my writing.



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