

# HEBE



**PRICE**

**ISSUE FOUR, APRIL 2018**

## **Front cover photographer**

Eloisa Webster, 14

I go to King's School Macclesfield. I love photography and I would either like to be an Actress or a professional photographer. I have been doing photography for 4 years now and have fallen in love with it.

## 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 fourth issue is 'Price'.

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 price, or pricelessness, of what we value most, the question as to whether or not everything comes at a price, and the value we place on creativity. The inspiration for this issue's theme came from 'They Came for the Shale' by James Tierney - 2<sup>nd</sup> prize-winner in the *I Am the Universe* poetry challenge on Young Poets Network:

The sparrow your dad loves to watch  
pick seeds from the bottom of the garden  
is getting too hot to fly.  
Its pecking at his own feathers in some attempt  
at relief.

Your bank holiday  
seems to disappear

while            through the kitchen window            great machines bore holes  
deep into your countryside view.

He brought you up on the line  
*Nothing lasts forever*  
but you've had that plastic giraffe on your windowsill  
for twenty-three years  
and it's still as good as new.

Be sure to keep an eye out for our fifth issue, the theme for which is 'Hope'. Submissions for this fifth issue will close on the 31<sup>st</sup> of May, and the magazine will be released in July 2018. More details can be found on our website: [www.hebepoetry.co.uk](http://www.hebepoetry.co.uk).

Becca Stacey, Managing Editor

## Poets and their poetry

Stella Hiamey

*Canis* P.5

*Dream Estate* P.28

George Buxton

*Drive* P.8

Octavia Jay

*Woman* P.10

Elliot Somerfield

*- machine gun tranquillity -* P.12

Emma Davina Williams

*Slab* P.14

Tallulah Howarth

*“United” States* P.16

Honey Alma Harrop

*Charity shop stop* P.17

Meredith LeMâitre Nugent

*Truant Heart* P.18

Kit Nova

*Aula Maxima, 11:54am.* P.20

Savannah Fernandez

<i>Hear</i>	P.22
Lucy Thynne	
<i>the price of falling</i>	P.26
Udit Mahalingam	
<i>atmospheric refraction</i>	P.30
 <b>Illustrators and their illustrations</b>	
Nel Huntley	P.11

## **Canis**

I know you  
have seen this all before:  
the greyhound racing  
behind blue,  
and the still front  
out front  
in front of bulldogs,  
or cold fronts  
in red suits stood  
up behind oxen.  
But the black dog  
is on our turf now,  
and the garden shed  
is turning into firewood.

No pigs tonight.  
We have the wolf  
and the clock  
behind brick counting dinner.

The knock will arrive shortly,  
followed by the gust  
to bring the windows in  
like school days with bulldogs.  
Remember their friends, families, and strangers  
all the same  
with a knifepoint touch.  
Only now, we feel the biting.

And we know how it ends.  
The knock, and he appears like the black dog.  
The chorus, and the clock strikes four.  
We call, "What time is it Mr Wolf?"  
and it's dinner time,  
or the man hunt.  
And we wait, and we wait,  
and we wait for that rhyme.  
No straw,  
no sticks,  
and we wait for that rhyme.  
And the garden shed is burning,

and we wait for that rhyme.

And we prepare for our turn,

and we wait for that rhyme.

And it's, "Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in."

And we are waiting.

We are still and waiting.

We are always just waiting

for something.

And we're back to the playground again,

adults this time,

screaming, "Not a minute, Mr Wolf, before the bricks cave in."

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.

## Drive

Nearly made clocks of eyes, for  
I have glanced at them forever. Only  
Counting times we stalled, and paused, at  
The roundabout we called 'home'.

Instead,

Roaring 'I love you' to a puppy  
In the boot, as I  
Never wanted to climb into your  
Frying pan again.

Missing

Turn signals where light blackens  
Petty hazards. Heading towards  
Signs of 'stop for children!' forgetting  
We're in a car.  
All, for a prize.

George Buxton, 17

I'm a young adult who adores the arts with my four dogs. Raised in Ormskirk, learned in Liverpool to enjoy life for what it is, not what it isn't. Artist such as SZA, Sha'an d'Anthes, Nicole Dollanganger, Russell Howard, Grimes, and finally, Damon and Jo, continue to influence my life, as I write in my mind.

## Woman

I should not have to pay for compliments with my body.

I should not have to let you taste with your tongue

if the skin I am wearing is the same one I was born in.

We both know when your teeth find my lips that I still bleed human.

I should not have to leave my heart in the rain,

nor remember your hands on this skin before I earn the right

to be called woman.

Maybe I do show my teeth when I hear you yell "Smile sweetheart",

But it is not because I am Happy.

It is because men like you don't tell boys like me to smile.

And I know that I have finally paid my pound of flesh,

My skin has been turned inside out by too many wandering hands.

At least now when slurred words tumble from torturous lips to strike me,

They treat me like a lady as I hit the ground.

Octavia Jay, 18

Transgirl and poet. My skin is paper and I bleed black ink.



Nel Huntley, 15

My idea of “price” is that diamonds and flowers are both beautiful, but one of them is expensive and the other is practically free. At the same time, flowers can be argued to be priceless, considering that no two flowers can be exactly the same. I wanted to show that, whilst some things can be expensive, there is no way to be certain about something’s value.

*- machine gun tranquillity -*

this world values the young, not youthhood.  
our world is not blue, not green, not brown.  
but grey. gray and grey. colour dull, brood  
this colour. systems that topple and down  
other systems.

what is it like to hold the hand of someone loved?  
you never know, no one can love. barely feel.  
corruption in oily fields. mud undergrowth gloved  
and snaked across the land of ambitious zeal  
we call “human condition”.

we’ve ruined this world. through battles won,  
through victorious empires that always fall  
above, through leaders lying. We wield the sun  
like gods, but through our fingers burn all  
that cower.

what will we see, when this whole thing crashes down?  
a new age, better from that time ago - many moons thrice  
when we were young, you looked at me, as the brown  
world spun faster than we could run away from the price

we had to pay.

Elliot Somerfield, 18

Fan of a lot of things, writing poetry being one of them. Devonian left-wing socialist. Poetry is my escape.

## **Slab**

A black and white slab  
Everyone scribbles their name down.  
A frantic, delirious rush.

We're all in awe.  
A social ladder dependent  
On degrees and offices  
The higher you get the  
More wretched you become.

A society so fixated on  
The success of strangers  
That we're suffocating  
On our man made notes.

You've got to start young  
So you etch your name into  
The slab of success.

And pray to God

That wretchedness befalls you.

Emma Davina Williams, 16

I have always loved poetry but only recently started writing it. This is my first time submitting to a poetry magazine.

## **“United” States**

America, with your dazed pride,  
let your red soaked flag fly high.

Look at the state you're in,  
blooded diamonds and dollars diseased.

How callously you sacrifice life,  
Slaughtering the day, carving out the night.

This star-spangled suicide mission  
with every human interaction  
leaving a cold, metal aftertaste.

Tallulah Howarth, 16

I spend most of the time writing poems in my head when I should be studying.  
I'm interested in politics and psychology and generally how the world works. I'm  
still trying to wrap my head around it.

## Charity shop stop

That musty smell of the charity shop  
While over-the-road loom coffee chains  
And shackles of a worn backdrop.

That penny-clink and cashbox lock  
While big branded stores shadow good will  
And the musty smell of the charity shop

Fades as I step out into the chill.

Honey Alma Harrop, 16

-Fun fact alert- the only things covering my desk right now are cacti, ignored revision books and cold coffee which I spilt a few minutes ago... Yeah, I should probably clear that up. But before that, I ought to explain why I'm an angsty teen poet. Minus the angst.

Simply put, I enjoy writing poetry writing because I'm not cool enough to rap (yet) and it's a great way to procrastinate doing any form of revision and/or homework.

*The coffee may also contribute to the informality of this section, which I apologise for. Anyone know how to get coffee stains out of...everything?*

## Truant Heart

Tonight, I'm paying the price

Over and over for

my truant heart

Tonight I'm regretting ever crossing into the

Uncharted territory of

falling for you because

a thousand bee stings is

the ache of knowing you'll never

Reciprocate.

I should have rehearsed

Forgetfulness

until I burrowed it into the

stillness of my soul.

But I didn't and now I'm

learning that I can't

Afford

to drown in your eyes or notice

the fact you've changed your hair

because

If I drum it into my heart enough  
that you're worse for me  
than sugar  
then I'll forget about you.  
Probably.  
I need to lose my remembrance of how  
Your dimples light me up like  
a firefly or the way  
the quirk at the corners of your brows  
Turns my insides to velvet  
Because you're a luxury  
and I'm  
done  
being a  
Spendthrift.

Meredith LeMaitre Nugent, 13

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.

**Aula Maxima, 11:54am.**

You want to self immolate. Not briefly, but violently.

You want to take the walls with you and  
scorch the wooden floors, over 100 years old  
and the books on the walls more valuable than  
your life when put in perspective.

Those people who dot the frames hanging softly  
are watching you and their ancient gazes are  
following your hands as they move frantically  
across white dotted with black that's softening  
under the sweat of your brow and palms.

You know that they are important but you  
know not who they are because you are a  
fool and why should you witness them when  
you are the approximate worth of the screws  
nailing them to the immortality of canvas.

You look down at white on wood again and see

words that have no meaning because you do not know what you speak of but you must pretend to because confidence is key, you repeat to yourself over bloodied nails and the fifth cup of coffee that morning and you cannot stop shaking.

Your eyes are glass marbles in the hands of children and they throw them without any care because they are a dime a dozen. You see the clouds pass in the sky and put pen to paper once more. Your small life passed under the gaze of a God and other men, whose blank eyes watch you with no emotion, because canvas cannot betray any.

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](#)

## Hear

A flower

Spoke

To only I

For else

Could not be heard.

It surely

Did not whisper

But only I

Can hear;

For else

Their selves

Have broken ears.

The Flower

Spoke

With

Erudition

That alike

A Grandmother.

*Do not*

*Hesitate*

The Flower

Said

For

*Time*

*Is endless*

And

*Tomorrow*

*Will always*

*Be.*

*Have*

*No*

*Worries*

*Of*

Today.

*As*

*The heart*

*Is*

*Always*

*Beating,*

*Time is*

*Always*

*Ticking.*

*And if*

*You must*

*Fear, fear*

*Only*

*Heart's*

*Time,*

*For that*

*Can't tick*

*Forever.*

Savannah Fernandez, 18

During middle school I would dedicate a big amount of my free-time to writing, but now my stories don't get past my lips or fingertips. I took creative writing hoping the writer in me would come out, and she does. Sometimes. I mean, I was able to bring this out.

## **the price of falling**

in the way you might fall asleep,  
fall in with a bad crowd or fall in love.  
back when we were held and did not  
hold, falling was not bottomless. mother  
showed me pictures of jellyfish, said  
see how they rise. they were opal  
balloons, weeping pink. i was hollow  
like a cough. parts of me fell like eyelashes,  
too small to see or find. i didn't know  
who to tell so i shouted it, huge, down  
my own throat: falling is practised. it's  
seeing blind. it's dreaming still. and  
each to their own my fingers found  
openings inside of me – tear ducts,  
ear canals. tracing shapes i closed them  
up & let them drop, watched each fall  
higher and higher.

Lucy Thynne, 16

I am a 16 year old writer and obsessed with anything from poetry to short stories to plays. I have been lucky enough to have been a twice winner of the Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award and other competitions such as the Orwell Youth Prize.

## **Dream Estate**

In this black light,  
this still war,  
this beneath the sheet, bayonet warfare,  
this predawn stillness,  
this armistice,  
this dip between the shutters,  
this fever,  
this phantom vernacular,  
this metronome,  
this something wicked,  
this skin orchestra,  
this bodied symphony,  
this wracked refrain,  
this undercurrent,  
this below the surface expedition,  
this something,  
this something,  
this triumvirate,  
this tragic beauty,

this feast,  
this crownless rule,  
this tilted province,  
this inhale,  
this you and I,  
this expulsion,  
this wingless flight,  
this quartet of solitaires,  
this curtain fall,  
this before black,  
palm exchange,  
becomes a part of our dream estate.

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.

## **atmospheric refraction**

Maybe it's the way the air displaces our being, or  
how lightly refraction dances,

like molecules of moonlight on the Côte d'Azur,  
the splintering sea off the suns of Saint-Tropez.

I can see you there, sand-heavy in the study,  
black and white, with that bright pink lip.

From the occident to the orient  
of your eyes, I see the light

arising, lifting horizons like little red dresses,  
trailing in the wind.

Losing you was like losing the summer,  
leaves falling unexpectedly,

a midwinter ghost

on mirrors, --- pale breath trapped in nebulisers.

With you, it was more personal, like promises  
the doctor made and failed to deliver. ---

At night, when another room's silence  
clouds my eyes, I watch the sky go to sleep,

a waning calcium sun cradling its head, till bathing it  
in a potassium plush.

The sunset reminds me of you: a thoughtless reminisce,  
tangled with stringencies and unsated feeding tubes,

machines, funnelling air  
into your uninterested lungs.

Or maybe it's the way your lids set into sleep, with the faltered whirl  
of the air conditioner, and the smell of a half-empty Black Opium,

lingering like salt, in the night-wind,

preserving memories.

Udit Mahalingam, 16

To me, a poem is not just about expelling the stress and disorder we face in our day to day lives, but a chance to speak out against them. I'm a young poet (apparently) who lives in Aughton, a town nestled somewhere between counties in the North of England. My poems have appeared in magazines such as 'HEBE', 'Foxglove Journal', featured in anthologies such as 'BUSTA RHYME: North West Voices' and I was a commended winner of the Foyle Young Poets of the Year Award for 2017. If I'm not writing something, you can probably find me bundled in the corner of my room, with a coffee and a book.







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