

An underwater photograph featuring a large, vibrant goldfish with orange and yellow scales swimming towards the left. The background is a deep blue water with numerous light reflections and bokeh effects from the surface. The overall mood is serene and dynamic.

HEBE

MOVEMENT

ISSUE NINE, JULY 2019

Front cover photographer

Jayant Kashyap, 18

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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 ninth issue is 'movement'.

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 movement of people, movements that take place in our environment, and the consequences of stagnation. The inspiration for this issue's theme came from an extract from the poem *Elements* by Nancy Campbell:

You can see my whole reach from the sky / as a plane descends or as a
raindrop falls / the old maps told it so // my course shaped like a farmer's
crook / guiding old sheep to the market, new sheep from the lab // Or if
you prefer, liken my line to a giant curving kirby grip from Boots / I still
like to keep things in place // A sure shortcut, not a shallow distraction //
A day turns and you note morning and evening / a year turns and you
mark its beginning and ending / and all the time I travel / like a slackline
walker I keep moving / without movement / is no progress // Sometimes
sprightly / sometimes silty / sometimes sluggish / I flow on / from cock-
crow to swan-song.

Be sure to keep an eye out for our tenth issue, the theme for which is 'inspiration'. Submissions for this tenth issue will close on the 31st of August, and the magazine will be released in October 2019. More details can be found on our website: www.hebepoetry.co.uk.

Becca Stacey, Managing Editor

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Blue Waves

The blue water laps at the banks,
the beach a drenched lip of salt.

At a distance from me, a child
claps hands, his sandhouse fallen:

a perfect image of ruin before
time; he'll build another anyway

he says. A child does not know
loss before long, so much is lost

by then. Every ray of the sun
that reaches us travels some nine

million miles, nine minutes lost
by then. Hope takes as much time.

His castles have more windows
now, the fall reduces, but never

ends. He believes it someday will,
when the sand breaks the waves

with ease; but someday *is* a distant
thought: *hope takes as much time.*

Where can people die?

after Vera Iliatova's

'Seaside' (2008)

Anywhere! It could be under your
study table; below the kitchen sink;
in your clear, blue pool; amid people;
near the Shakespeare statue in Stratford;
even on the bonnet of your car;
or by your bookshelf.

Anywhere!

When?

Anytime! Maybe even now!



Vera Iliatova's 'Seaside' (2008). 'Where can people die?' is an ekphrastic poem inspired by this piece of Vera's.

Jayant Kashyap, 18

I'm a Pushcart Prize-nominee, with one of my poems featured in the Healing Words awards ceremony, and a couple others having won places in Young Poets Network's challenges. I'm also the co-founding editor of Bold + Italic, and a food blogger. My debut chapbook, *Survival*, comes soon.

Grave digger

Grave digger, grave digger why com'st thou here today?
Thou art alone, art thou afraid of learning who we are?
'Tis not just the sincerity of silence that engulfs us
We roam unchecked and carve a path as if it 'ere from clay!
How dar'st thou disrespect the stillness of the grave
And lift the veil of darkness that shows our nature whole?

(Traitors, traitors the lot of 'em let us teach them our ways:
The ways of the ghosts, the ways of the foes,
The ways of the lies and the pains)

Grave digger, grave digger how dar'st thou move like so?
Thou neither creepst stealthy as the fog, nor swift as the rain nor quick as the storm
Thy steps do not pound louder than hearts of convicts innocent,
Thy move now make to fix or break the stillness once disturbed
For movement caused a wild uproar amongst the sleeping souls!

(Watch thou step, watch thou step before you slip and fall
For we nor care nor see nor feel the viscosity of fear
For we are ghosts you see my dear, bound by our law)

...

Music was blasting
Through her earphones
But the young archeologist
Was not listening
Her gaze captured
By the sight
Of beautiful new graves.

Shaking her head
She thought
That it was a fitting way to
Start one's career.
She let loose a boisterous laugh
As she rolled around in foreign sand
The dawn hugging her.

She closed her eyes
And rejoiced in her success
Content to bury herself
Under the warm blanket
Of hard earned felicity and

Triumph.

Akrivi Farmaki, 16

I am an aspiring young poet who, despite their fascination with dark themes, is a big softie at heart.

Party Guest

I suppose when he first moves, he scares us.
The way the music births his liquid arms.
Births arguments against getting the bus
home or the joke of the neighbours' fire alarms.

He throbs. Every note in his body robs
the air of comfort and we feel his breeze
hitting us, cells permeate skin with their sobs,
limbs fill the room like the sprouting of trees.

Until he leaves. The song ends and he goes
with it. We don't ask who instead take
breaths like beaches in the air which he chose
to breathe in. And we stretch fingers, the break

feels like an act of rebellion. We say
nothing, letting his waves hit us like a bay.

Tom Rowe, 16

I am an aspiring poet from the Midlands. I am also an avid reader and a book reviewer.

The Jazz Musician

He draws in a breath made
of sweat droplets and cigarette smoke
his body a waterfall for the sea --
he is breathing, panting like summer,
before he kisses the tenor, its obsidian
mouthpiece as choked as he is. He blows the smoke
out of his lungs
(unaware of the tar forming there)
as shades and tones and people stream in rivulets around him
and presses the gold scimitar to the center of his chest,
right where one can be skinned down the middle
or feel the first flutterings of poetry.
Before revisions are made
his red muscles are placing fingers on the
sax's golden keys
and the blackbird mouthpiece, streaming and blinding,
is obliged as his lover.

He takes another breath
and soon he is speaking of Tunisia and Bedouins
clinking with glass in the nectarine desert

his saxophone speaks of the sea,
the crinkle of dying leaves,
and old, coughing trains.
The instrument is moving, twisting out of its body;
and suddenly it is not about
the gold and sunlight and unlikely opulence
tones of auburn, chocolate and lily
and seeing in color
it is about his grandfather's wire eyeglasses,
his mother's hands,
curtains mumbling of forgotten summers
dogs lying in the shade
nighttime dissolving into cupped stars --

beneath his skin
is movement, veins of mahogany pinned like
death-cap mushrooms under his brazen flesh
and blanched bones
everything about him is pounding
blazing and trickling down,
his heart stuck under his closed cage of ribs like
forgotten words tossed about and slipped under somewhere
that somehow reach the right person,

just as his hot blood, for the first time, reaches himself,
throbs and pushes
reaches the movement of every single capillary and
every single note is a declaration, a
triumph

behind him
the band is filling with dust storms
and he moves the world, as the cymbal reverberates
the notes of cotton and blood transformed into
the distillation of the New Orleans sky,
lavender and vermillion and moving
as the lean and tender ivory of day
pulls back its lips to show the stars balanced on
its fangs
it was then that we choked back
whatever was behind our mouths and eyes
because despite the world we knew
perhaps
we should feel the pounding of whatever we've denied
and sometimes pause to be blind

Dead Tree

Today, your branches
clasp the light like the unburied fingers of the dead.
I sit by your feet and watch the cream-white
crumbles of your dead flesh
exfoliate precariously from your blanched bones.
Why does your silver corpse drift in the light?
your dark body drinks, like fine wine,
all the pouring sun and sinking darkness.

Sometimes I think I lack depth and
that I'm too full of silence but I know that life is
not a story. Most stories look at beauty and
romanticize the pain
but the truth is that they
will miss all the quieter moments.
You are not a story. You are a history.
Dead tree, your body bears the map of
the earth when you were born. I wonder
if a soldier huddled beneath you once,
if a child tripped over your roots
when they were not red and mutilated.

Why is it that you make me miss
the days I have never lived for? I place my hand on
your clammy skin and wonder
if we're not the same, you and I.

I watch the birds, like puppets of a
marionette, flit in the shrieking sky.
They will raise their young
in your arms until they, too,
can sense the unfurling effervescence of death
beneath your rotting skin. They will become afraid that your
bare branches, laden with their children,
will abandon them. Invalid, they call you.
upon your body, pinned to the lacerated skin,
mushrooms spread like fans, milky charms.
Their bodies are Mandelbrot geodes,
and you have been forgotten. It is like you
have been embraced by silver night,
too full of itself to be penetrated by sunlight.
The light curls around you, but just like for me,
it is too frivolous to reach you.

The Lighthouse Keeper

This is what you always used to say:

“people are the most beautiful when framed in sunlight.”

But your countenance was filled with twilight,
your knuckles white as you grasped the rusted metal.

The lighthouse’s body,
pallid and iron streaked and cold as dead fingers,
grasping whatever was left in the air. Its windows
were pores for you to stretch your longing,
like sheets of papyrus. Its beacon, you say, was
borne of a man from Egypt, who loved
loneliness almost as much as you did.

You’d come each day and sit across from me,
your eyes dusty and wild. Inheritor of the sea,
you talk not to me. You do not realize that soon you will inherit the sky.

I sit down at your table and the sun beats one side of my face
and the darkness smothers the other. Now,

I can choose whether or not to blind myself,
just as you could choose to drink wine
made of honey-colored sunlight
or stave off the hunger with salt from your sea.

Lighthouse keeper, I have not time for your
human whims. Like withered edelweiss,
your skin takes on the color of intoxication
and long trails of bubbling,
 cracked forest.

Your flesh

 was always proud, even as you slumped
over in your chair and sighed for the last time.
Sparks danced on the insides of my nightshade eyelids
as I took your breath. Lighthouse keeper,
I must admit I didn't enjoy doing so.
Your body became a windowless fragrance
of dying sun, of rot and carcasses
blooming in the desert, the
leanness and question of death, how
wrinkled and marbling
the night is without your roped hands,
ice-colored arteries, pinned worms beneath your skin.
Your hair, which smelt of cedar and rotting seaweed,
your silver eyes, which cried,
(from under the blanket of your moon), 'I'm ready.'

The night is not unique without thunder or folds of light

and the day is not alive without the stars
that are to come afterwards, the possibility and question of it
inevitably for you. But I can only tell you of being left
withered and wondering,
framed in the same fleeting sunlight,
and the impermanence of lighthouse beacons.

Akanksha Basil, 15

I am a high school sophomore just starting to send some writing off. When not writing or doing mounds of schoolwork, I am attempting to learn the jazz drums, listening to records, reading, collecting antique books, obsessing over The Beatles, trying to be existential, and looking out for anything quirky or interesting that may happen to cross my path.

Hopeless romance

Up there on the cliff
in a place he didn't recognise
all at once reflecting the quiet and unnerving
logic of natural things
he looked down, saw her dancing
alone at the beach
caught in the slow arc of grace.
He watched on, stunned,
his once-wandering eyes locked in place.
Her face obscured, actresses and models
filled the blank space in his mind, that
the material world could not replace.

The brief feeling of confidence slipped away
until slowly anxiety crept over him
and approaching her seemed as rational
as jumping straight down to shore.
He quickly left, scarf flapping madly, heart thundering
shielding himself from the brunt of the wind's force.

At night, under the covers, no one around but the heavy weight of silence,
pressing down like a black cloud, he traced shapes in the air with his fingers, the
hopeless movements of someone held captive by romance

Cian Mcgrath, 18

I came second in the Patrick Kavanagh Junior Poetry Awards in 2018 and won the Bord Gais Student Energy Award for Best Dramatic Review in 2017. I have been writing for years, and prefer to do so alone while listening to music.

The Sea Child



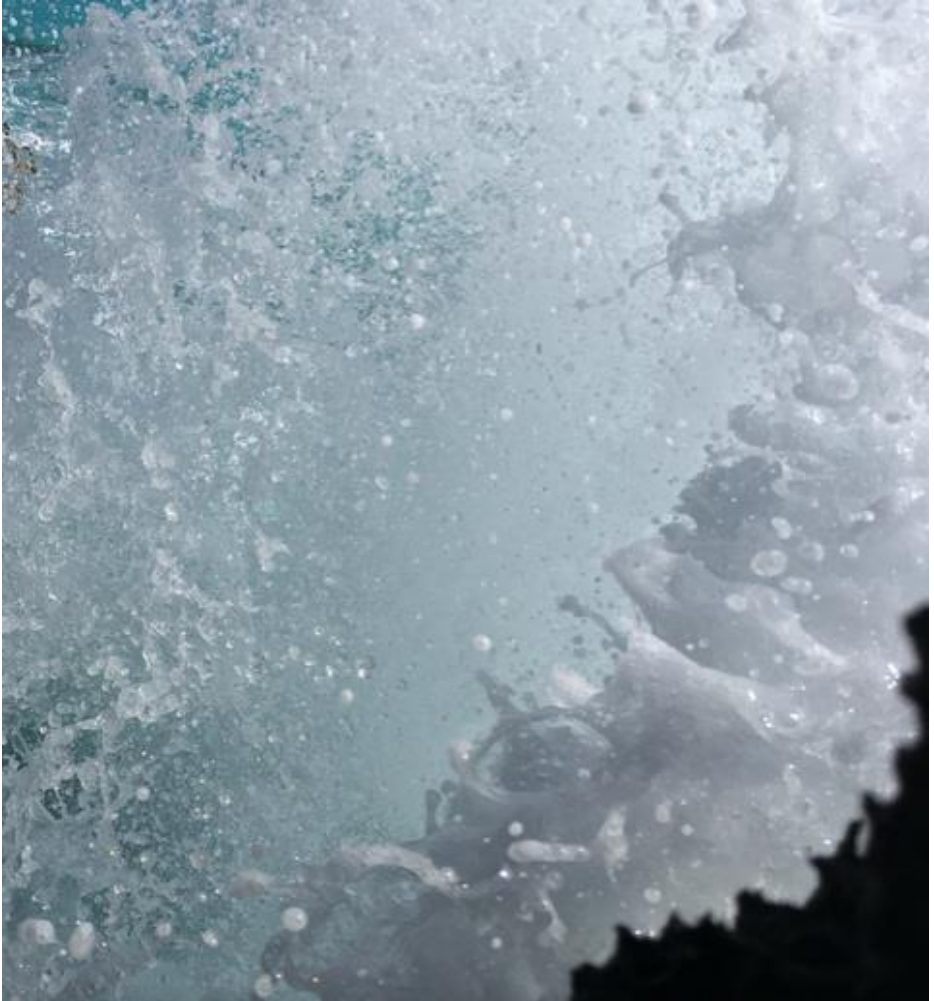
Akanksha Basil, 15

Life Within the Calamity



Akanksha Basil, 15

Jewels



Akanksha Basil, 15

The Triumvirate

My soul sings a sweet sonnet
Of tales of love and loss
A harmony of heavens and hail;
A chorus of pain like the cracking of ice.

Her fingers stroke her cage of bone,
She mourns her captor, her childhood sweetheart
Who lurks above, in her ivory tower of briars.
She no longer dodges the darting shadows
But dances with them; a self destructive saga.

My soul hears my mechanical movements
A restless routine, a wringing of hands
She cries out for her love
The Creator, the Command, the Keeper of Keys
Who pays no heed, drowning in the dismal.

My soul soars at sunsets and sings for life
She desperately flutters against her cage
Til I believe I've swallowed a hummingbird.

Yet she has lost her love to a monotonous grey.

And onwards we three march;

Enchanted,

Internal,

Eternal.

Hannah Cahill, 18

Pores of Sun

A half sunk sun
clings to the horizon
it's aged rays claw at a concreted nature
slipping through cracks to be buried under thickets of black
meeting the same dead-end as the infant soil that was murdered
by their hands.

A dilute yellow drips down ranks of grey
drying in pools of burnt umber
slowly melting into extinction
clouds surge forward churning yellows into greys
squeezing out the light so it falls
in broken shards and then
disappears
an echoing memory remains until it too is swallowed by black wounds.

The sun pulsates against the clouds
trying to escape past the threads that knit them together
they roll in with the thunder
claps shake the roots of trees and stems shiver in their soil beds
fat liquid drops pummel the ground
gathering in pools that used to hold sun
it's translucence stares back up at you

mocking you as you look for gold and
in a while they'll dry, leaving shadowy stains-a reminder
that your sun has melted.

Barricades of grey stamp across the sky
A divide between two worlds.

But not really.

A sudden cusp of yellow pierces through the grey
and drapes down a small beacon of light,

Sunlight.

Lia Mistry, 16

I am very indecisive...this has taken me at least twenty minutes to write and I've known myself for sixteen years...I'm from Ye Great Britannia and my life features my loving family, crummy puns, biro pens that enjoy spilling their ink onto my fingers, lots of books, overactive thoughts, mushrooms and I enjoy correcting people's punctuation and grammar on text. Apologies if you're subject to that.



Lia Mistry, 16

Movement

they stop,
on busy streets,
in corridors and offices
but their minds
flow in continuity,
the stubborn sea of their limitless minds
refuse to cease twirling
around the chambers of their craniums,
bombarding them with dreams
of absconding a mundane existence.

But now
they are left deserted
with a hollow
empty sensation,
the once vibrant
spiritual beings
now succumb to the melodies of a millennial god,
walking mechanisms
breathing,
socialising

performing with their finest faces
to an unseen audience
as if trying to emulate their lost vibrancy
and acquired taste for life,
void of empathy,
their sense of passion,
those glorious flames that once engulfed them
in ambition,
now extinguished by waves
of merciless realities,
and here we are
simply moving to the continuous
beat of blood flow,
moving
in motion
void
of life.

Rebecca Gardiner, 18

I'm a non-published poet who spends most, if not all, of my days lost in my own train of thought. For as long as I can remember I've pondered the world and all its peculiarities through writing, expressing my deepest and most hidden thoughts through my poetry.



Niamh Abraham, 17

This picture was part of [a project called 'Odyssey'](#), where I aimed to capture the constant movement within the metropolis of London. I am currently studying photography A Level, but hope to do a Foundation course and develop my skills, then attend university. Photography is my passion, and I love discovering new ways to create images and learning different techniques to alter images.

Anthropogenic

To change everything, we need everyone.

chanted as crowds of people roll
through the space between coasts
an overpopulated marble race
holding signs beaten blue and green
they share their confidence with the sun
as it shifts to the horizon
shining through billowing white glass
with an ominous glare like ink as it spirals
into this turquoise gradient.

shout out the fanatics
dilating satellites in their eyes,
something great lies hidden
circling the fringes of dust balls
the stars flash white, red, yellow
in between black, the blue
searching for anomalies in confetti,
only rocks to be left behind
if nothing is done.

to change everything, we need everyone.

whispered under the breath
of children in the dark
red eyes in the flashes like Antares,
closing in, a gaping mouth, a gasping scream
the lights flicker on,
the sun is up again
change is needed.

murmured in hearts of torn pillows
the words sit, shadowed
by the dark side of the Earth,
you see flares of electricity in capitals and cities,
the last flickers like crushed crickets
that's all she has left.

Jeremy Hsiao, 16

I am a junior at the California School of the Arts. My poetry, fiction, critical essays and dramatic scripts have been nationally recognized by the Scholastic Art and Writing Awards and National Student Poets Program. My poetry and essays

have appeared in Aerie International, the Apprentice Writer, the Young Poets Network and Sidney Lanier Poetry. I like writing, guitar, and basketball.

Grass

There are many types of grass

Long grass

Short grass

Tall grass

Hard grass

And grass that sways

Rye grass

Silvergrass

Panicgrass

Scutch grass

Chinese silver grass

Needle grasses

And grass that swings

Lemongrass

Catgrass

Pampas grass

Switchgrass

Meadow grasses

Common couch grass

Bromes grass

Cogon grass

Timothy-grass

Bentgrass

And grass that shakes

All are diverse

Yet all are moved by the wind,

Gale, or gentle breeze

Naya Jones, 13

I enjoy painting and poetry and I have hijacked a room in my house where I can write and draw in peace.

Juan Bautista

the squiggly scraggly television screens
the stars of Christmas day comedy special
the single lightbulb swinging through the crack
in the ceiling
the swarms that sail
in the ocean of next door's electricity

the sand on your slippers
are home before you

sh sh sh sh sh

you hush the door hinge the way
you see your wife do to your hairy,
teething, hurricane of a two-month old:

like please please please please

lorena is lighting a candle on the bedside table
below her, your newborn is bundled up
in his grandmother's blankets

you stare, suddenly remembering
you are celebrating something like that
today: a baby born into the darkness,
a burnt out mother sinking
into sleep, but only after
she has fixed her seabeat husband
a bed of hay

you and lorena have lived here all your life

the church has never washed up on your shore

you can't sleep, can you?

lorena's breathing is strange. impatient. ringing.
she bursts upright, but immediately,
bundles back into herself,
like realizing she is too big for this house.
for this bed. for this beach.

do you ever hear sounds that aren't there?

sounds that exist, yeah, but aren't
supposed to be here right now? Like

surfing? bombs? sunhaired boys
banging yesterday's driftwood
against empty milk cans

missing molars

mouth sores

singing

we weesh yu amerry krismas

we weesh yu amerry krismas

we weesh yu amerry krismas

en a hapi nyuyir

you finish her sentence:

but you don't want to slam

the door in their faces

like the rich people do

you want to join them!

gush like your speedboat's

gas leaks into the silent

night and show the world,

once in so long,
that you remember
the sounds of each other's laughter

you take her hand without asking,
and whisk her away into the water.
she worries about the baby, but the walls
are warm and he is smiling in his sleep
i love you, *mahal ko*, you tell her.
i love you so much i want
to SHOUT! she is nervous. the neighbors,
she warns.

they think we do not love each other, *mahal ko!*
they think we cannot worry about love while we worry about
fish and milk!
will we show them, lorenna?

the seapeople step out into the darkness and the stars

that dot it. they sing till all their voices die

WE WEESH YU AMERRY KRISMAS

WE WEESH YU AMERRY KRISMAS
WE WEESH YU A MERRY KRISMAS
EN A HAPI NYUYIR!

[the waves return. salt, still, and no spare change.]

TENKYU! TENKYU! AMBUBURAT NINYO TENKYU!

and carol and kiss the whole way home

1. Juan Bautista : Filipino for John the Baptist
2. mahal ko : Filipino for my love
3. burat : Filipino for stuck-up, stingy

Hon

Hon took three seconds longer putting on her sneakers

Grabbing her umbrella getting taxi fare prepared

Because she looked at me.

These days I'm anything other than a sight to see

Camisa with the creases and the holes

Across cold rice and meat. She thinks I never know

What her eyes mean. I say wait I say today

I'll patch up the window panes and tonight

I'll change the bedroom light. Show her I still know

What tired means. She doesn't turn away

From her tied shoelace when she says

I'll buy a bulb at the store.

After a rainy morning and a long hard day

Hour back and forth on a crowded train

She wants me to know she'll bring home a whole lot more

Besides food on the table for a family of four.

Break of dawn my first deep breath is her rush out the door.

Amber Garma, 18

I am from the Philippines. I am going to own a fish someday.

February

We chipped one
triangle of light
from the
tinted window of
the day room;

cold, bare trees
cold, bare as our
cold, bare arms

silver ray of
February sunshine
early dawn

I can't help but think
I'll go to my grave without
the whole big picture.

treading in the same
solemn space
empty and white

Thank God for soil,
loose and crumbling,
wintered and weathering.

I said a prayer for the animals
hibernating in the courtyard,
hoped someone,
somewhere,
heard it.

Summerweight

Yet, tension alone
greeted the Earth.

Indulgent laughter
fell gently in summerweight

late.

San José Sánchez del Río

I drowned
in some vacant ocean,
starfish stuck to my stomach
lining, tentacled beasts,
crabs drag their claws,
etch my bones.

I crawled
out of that sea to
sand and
shells and
cigarette butts

I burned, cut my
bare feet, flayed
Cristero boy
Refusing to succumb
to surrender
to yield

The promise

[a private covenant with god]
locked in my mother's jewelry box,
installed in my chest.

The key lies at the bottom of the sea,
glued to undermost layer of sand
where starfish and tentacles
are murderous for it.

I climbed
the peaks,
my helium tank skull hoisting me
where the vultures congregate,
above the ice and rocks,
clapping their beaks
like children smack their lips,
hungry
for mischief
for bronze
for ransom.

I slunk
in the shadow of cave

stalactites, stalagmites

mouth hovering before the chomp.

Madi Carr, 17

I am from Westfield, Indiana in the United States. I am the president of my school's Gay/Straight Alliance and the Photography Editor of the yearbook. My poetry has most recently appeared in the Claremont Review, Verbatim Literary Magazine, and Beast Grrl Collective.

-At 5PM-

planting my docs
on bare earth

the music blaring
into ear drums

the world is quieted
as I look up the sky —

floating clouds
being naughty

shifting with the wind
running away from school

people seem to talk
about lorikeets a lot

the pigeons fluff up
in the sun warming

their red feet
oblivious to smoking

men on the bench
numbed by heaven—

sun breathes life
into the clouds

as it dips down
somewhere a dog chasing
a squirrel

Yiwen Cao (Ella), 17

I enjoy reading/writing poetry. I originally come from Shanghai, lived in Malaysia for a few years and now I'm studying in Melbourne. I am interested in exploring themes like familial love, homesickness and nature. For more updates on my writing, feel free to check out my poetry account [@_internalize_](#) on Instagram.

Mornings in Bed with Him

The feather-dust suspended by the sun,
Floats gently in the window's morning light,
Descending through sleeping air to the one,
Who resting his head, fills mine with delight.

Nestled in the slight space between my chest
And head, he placed his head, and keeps it still
As those white dots dancing with each hushed breath
Above the rise and fall; a shifting hill.

And his soft eyes tucked sound under eyelids
Roll back in sweet drunk-ness, of life, of love,
With my eyes resting on the bedsheets, his
Heartbeats slow, like the dust that drifts above.

And for a moment, time comes to a halt.
The dust has gone to rest; world without fault.

Colours at a Crosswalk

I am standing at the crossroads: four-way,
Where cars zip by in black streams busily.
On occasion, a yellow one passes, then black again,
Like swarms of busy bees.

I press the sidewalk button twice, or maybe three times.
I have an appointment.
There are places I must be.
The walking man is red; the traffic lights blinding green.

Does the red-green colour-blind man know when to stop?
I would like to imagine he keeps on going, that to him,
Lacking the colour of life is a release, a permission
To cross roads as one desires.

Not having technicolour warnings must be wondrous.
The traffic is a warning. It warns of death like an insect's
Striped pattern: yellow and black.
They are not bees but wasps!

Why do people drive yellow cars, or any colour?

Do they imagine themselves more important?

As if a car's colour counts for character

To a man caught at a crosswalk.

I did notice it of course. That's what they're designed to do.

Deathly captivating, evolutionarily hardwired,

A primordial warning.

Even the crosswalk is a zebra.

When will the lights change?

I focus on the pattern till the colours break down.

Each car is a little cage, painted a different colour.

In one a woman sings to the radio

Another commits to looking at his phone.

Do they think they can't be seen?

Do they take their stripes for camouflage?

I don't think I've been noticed.

Perhaps they're too busy,

Buzzing-wasps in binary cloth,

Numbers that fade into the background.

If enough people drive yellow then what is there to notice?

I stare up at the green-man, who was a red-man.

I forgot to be in a hurry.

The green-man dulls to the colour-blind man's orange.

My legs shortly hop, skipping over the white gaps.

James Cole, 17

I am a secondary school student currently living in Dublin, Ireland. I have been previously published under HEBE poetry magazine in Issue 6 and 8. I spend my free time writing poetry (naturally), and keeping my eye out for anything interesting that comes my way. I can be contacted on Twitter at [@James_Cole0](https://twitter.com/James_Cole0)

