

HEBE



INSIDE

ISSUE TWO, OCTOBER 2017

Front cover photographer

Emer Moreau, 17

This coming September marks the beginning of the end for me - my final year of secondary school. After that, providing my Leaving Certificate exams go well, I hope to study English and Psychology in Trinity College, Dublin. For me, poetry is the ultimate form of self-expression. I think a great poem puts complex feelings into words - you read it and think 'that's it! I've never been able to describe this feeling, but they just did!'

Editor's Note

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

Poets were advised to be creative 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: being inside countries, galaxies, or skin, and the subsequent development of 'outside' that derives from this. 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.

In a world rife with exclusion, it is important to consider how we perceive and value inclusivity. As issue two strives to demonstrate, the current parameters of segregation need to be reconsidered, and the opportunity of being inside made more accessible.

This second issue follows on from the inspiring success of the first. I am extremely appreciative to all who were so active in sharing HEBE issue one – it enthused many young poets to start, or further develop their passion for writing, and to submit their work. Please do continue to spread the HEBE word, follow us on Facebook and Twitter, and support the magazine by buying a print copy. Whilst our website has a free online download of each issue, the sales of print copies enables us to pay our poets and photographers.

Be sure to keep an eye out for our third issue, the theme of which is 'Patterns'. Submissions for this third issue will close on the 30th of November 2017, and the magazine will be released in January 2018. More details can be found on our website: www.hebepoetry.co.uk.

Rebecca Stacey

Editor-in-chief

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Shell Room

last night i crawled into my room and the walls
met me halfway. tonight i watch my hair dance
from between my fingers and down the drain.

(this battlefield, too melancholy
to call home)

a home no longer a home is just a shell—
cracked calcium cage, splintering to a touch.

(*tide*, noun: pulsing constant or
soft underside of the moon's stomach)

there are no cracks in something as soft as
a stomach—no definitions. i can rip the arteries
out like uprooting branches from heritage,
blood bright red like stained glass.

(i can bite the capital letters off the
names of foreign lands, home one of them)

i want to suck the tide in like blood to flesh,
marrow from bone. but *home*, noun,

(synonyms are *jia* and nakedness)

is a yellow and pink concept, same colors as a
bruising flower about to suffocate midair.
so instead i pick my hair up strand by strand
from the cold floor tiling as the barren walls
whisper unfortold secrets to each other:

(home home home)

Liminal Space

In August the cicadas burst
into a new song. In August
I took refuge in the scaffolds

and built home from the
ground up. The runaway kids,
we don't know much except

for the distant blow of a train
and the bitter taste of defeat—
too familiar for a gentle night

like this. Our mothers sit in their
rooms, unfold their legs as if
giving birth to another summer.

Abandoned shirt in the corner,
ripped envelopes in the wind,
photograph of a child tilted to

obscurity. We try to escape but
there's nowhere for us to go—
not in this country. In August

the nights bloom open like a
bruise. In August the cicadas'
soft hum sends us a reminder:

come back home,
come back home.

Cindy Song, 17

I am a high school student living in the United States who was born in 2000. I write to transport and transform people. My favourite hobbies besides writing include drawing, painting, and consuming anything green tea flavoured.

wishbone

- i. bibi is slipping money into your hands again
& your palms open like spilt milk. you are too
tired to pretend you do not want it.

- ii. at night the moths sleep in the corners of your
room, where ghost girls pretend they still have
heartbeats, tracing the dips of their fingers
in the waning streetlight.

- iii. oil curdles & leaks from your gut. it tastes as
it always does / bitter like bark / and you are
empty again, bone stubble, searching for a wish
from way back when.

this is what is buried inside you.

—

bibi means grandmother in arabic

half-person

if we are made of stars
then i am the ebbing light /
the soft exhales of air
the scintillating explosion.

if we are seasons
then i am plum syrup /
the crackle of leaves
the longing for new blood.

if we are waiting
then i am fruitful winter nights /
the honey ache of wounds
the swelling chasm

if we are dying
then i am wax melting /
the rotting stench of flesh
the petrol gasping for fire

Alaa Lafta, 17

I wrap myself in warm colours and art, & I like to write poetry about angry women, mythology, and lost identity. I won the Young People's Laureate for London Poetry Award for my age category with my poem 'relics of womanhood' and I have scraps of writing scattered across the net. I tweet @grlkind.

Mud on Paper

Mud on paper – Black stains on
A white world. I wish to oppose the very forces
That bind us chained to the ground.
The muddled mud-spread paper.

It is only through the constant wear and tear
That we truly uncover what is beneath
Our feet. And yet, you try and strip away
The others as if their light could lay
Your white to shame.

Shame. The jewels that flowed
From the struck blows upon our
Heads. The stream of red on
White and brown is always the same.
But we never struck you.

We never wished for a blonde cry
From either of your eyes.
Yet ours were wiped away
Like the mud on the paper

Forgotten.

Cuckoo Song

Yearning for a mindless maze,
Yet I, trapped in my spirit's cage,
Grapple with its burnished bars,
Attempting escape...

My padlocked psyche,
In apartheid oppression,
Gazes into nothingness.

Awaiting Oblivion...

Apart from artificial nodules,
Hoarsening diphthongs,
I still silently sing
The cuckoo song.

An ode to everlasting madness.
It enshrouds the speck of light

Seeping through the cracks.

God alone knows my plight...

As the seasons pass,

Clouds of colour flare.

Sat in solitude, I stare,

At the blank canvas of the air.

One can only wish for release...

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 read anything and everything, but my favourite poets include Sylvia Plath and Robert Browning. My poems have appeared in magazines such as 'Foxglove Journal' and I recently won the BUSTA RHYME competition, the winning poem appearing in the BUSTA RHYME: North West Voices anthology. Apart from writing poetry, I like to help out at my local library, work for a charity shop, swim and play tennis.

Washing Windows

Perhaps the art of washing windows
Is practised in desperation.
A bucket-and-sponge of presentation,
A translucent barrier, a first class seat,
A silver sheen of
perfect clean
Screaming

“Look inside.”

Perhaps the art of peering in windows
Is practised in discontentment.
A tip-toe squint of disillusionment
A restless search, a first class scrutiny,
A subtle seeking for
imperfect anomaly,
Trying to

Look inside.

And maybe the art of washing windows

Is yielding to the curtain-business.
A thread-and-lace designed to dismiss,
A shadowed barrier, the comfort of privacy,
A certain rejecting of
unwelcome scrutiny...
Screaming

“Look inside.”

And maybe the art of peering in windows
Could yield to the doorway business.
A ring-and-knock designed to admit,
A sheenless barrier, an open security,
A curious whim of
candid honesty
Welcoming.

Look inside.

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.

Tomato (n.)

My double-ventricled darling
runs smooth with a thin
red skin on its outside:

turning crimson with its
immodest squelch, both of
us are overjoyed. Besides,

I'd rather not think about
the mulch of the warm red
innards squirming inside

the tomatine weight in my
palm: I mean no harm when
I picture the brighter side

of the sun shot up in its
supple red body. My own
heart swells. It resides

in a similar chamber; fist-

sized, plump with pride,
considering the downside

of staying here, inside,
instead of sitting, fruity,
somewhere on the outside.

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.

Astronauts

My body is a condominium in which strangers reside.

In #419, a doll uses my ribs as playground slides. She sings
nursery rhymes and eats tiramisu while swinging on lymph nodes.

Two floors above lives a daydreamer. She's sprawled on the
hippocampus gazing at broken China dishes and constellations.
Scorpius strikes at an astronaut. Oxygen bleeds into space like tie dye.

My veins are a rebel's highway. She guns the engine to 85. Pastel blur
in the horizon. A jungle of tigers trail her with *I've got you* dripping
from their teeth. During lulls in her escapades, she'll drive home and

bury herself – alone – under bedsheets. She'll break vanity mirrors and
scribble botched love letters on walls with plum lipstick. She'll light
cigarettes and splotch coal polka-dots on my lungs.

My breast supports a lump of a woman who sings lullabies in her sleep.
Her diet consists of boxed dinners – fish sticks and mac and cheese. She spends
hours folding onesies and telling bedtime stories of princes slaying tigers.

#213 is rickety. The kitchen sags at the center and toads' croak laces the
floorboards.

An elder lives here and knits yarn around my fingers. Sometimes at night, she sits on the balcony and embroiders astronauts in the cartilage of my bones.

Leah Boyd, 14

I am a resident of Hull, MA. This is the first time submitting my work to a literary magazine.

10,000 Rads

Words echo your room like flies. The
Noises they make rotate in the stagnant
Air like a ceiling fan, spinning, spinning. You
Speak to yourself on days like these, just to
Prove your lungs can still draw breath. Your skin
Is crawling and you tear it open to release
The roaches in your veins. The insects
Skitter on the walls and on the floor and you
Can feel their tiny legs writhing in the pit of
Your throat. Your cheek itches at the thought.
You have too many of those these days but you
Cannot stop them because cockroaches can survive
Extremes which you cannot when you roll up
The car windows and turn the engine on.
The road is dark and your headlights are cracked
And there is a man in your rear view mirror.
Waiting for you, with a smile.

Kit Nova, 18

I am studying a B.A of English and in the midst of my first poetry manuscript. I like to write when the moon is high, my coffee is hot and the wind rattles the windows.

Beauty of Inner Soul

Often it's only our outward appearance
That we tend to beautify,
Though under the unnoticed impression,
we get inspired
By a soul bigger than the sky.
For the only thing we're admired from
Is a spotless mind and heart,
We must direct our wills and effort
To clean it's every part.
So although our inner beauty
Can only be felt, not seen,
The forest of our noble deeds
Must be evergreen.

Srija Biswas, 9

Among my days full of school, playing around with my friends, my funny little baby sister, sketching and playing the melodious harmonies on my piano, poetry brings me glory to brighten the beam on my face even more. The greatest delight was on the day when my poem, King of the Seasons, got published in the magazine Telekids, (India).

Inside My Mind

Inside my mind lies wonders even I can not tame.

Words float there,

Words that are more powerful than Monarchs.

No matter how many years they reign.

Wild thoughts are kept there,

But I compress them,

Keep my lips shut.

Even though I secretly believe

they can spin straw into gold,

If you give them a shot.

No matter how I try to ignore them,

These words are alive,

And like anything with life,

they breathe.

They breathe stories of trolls,

and of monster's who have scones for thrones,
Cinnamon rolls as arrows,
To keep the 'good' wizards out.

I try listening to music,
Try to drown out the sound of their voices,
Hoping one day my mind will be filled with thoughts,
Thoughts considered more constructive.

But the word construction just brings boulders and cement to mind.

My mind has a way of breaking them down to their raw elements,
Dirt and precious stones come alive.

And where there is earth there is sky, and trying to deny them begets galaxies and
ballerinas dancing on starlight behind my eyes.

When I was younger I never once denied,
Princesses and dragons were always fighting bullies at my side.

But now I'm getting older,
Constantly reminded that the world is much colder,
Than the ice I used to freeze my demons whenever they would try to smother,
my dreams.

The world is no place for a dreamer with hopes for the future.

Society will crush you everytime you think to smile,
about the heroes who whisper their lives inside your mind.

They will tell you,
Money is the only power,
That beauty is pain,
That rainbows are plain,
And that even without shackles,
You are a slave all the same.

But my mind is no black hole,
It is too demanding to allow me to shut up my soul.

My mind is a free being,
Completely separate from scared, naive, little me,
The me the world sees.

Inside my mind,
I'm plotting new ways everyday on how to set myself free.

Denyce Toni Baptiste, 16

I am a bubbly sixteen year old Caribbean girl with a passion for writing and literature. I'm generally not a very "social" person, unless you count church or school. I think that's a good thing, though, given my career choice. Poems make strangers into family and allow enemies to empathize with each other. I would like to be as much a part of that as I can.

Anatomical Architecture

My house - a castle - constructed from
steel spray-painted silver
and bits of broken glass -
a blinding, mirage-like, trick-of-the-light

house - a beautiful illusion. Don't
come any closer, I'm begging you -
look me right in the eyes
and I might just
shatter.

My house - a monument - a mausoleum -
only made to last - home to nothing
but loneliness and flickering shadows and
the corpse of one little girl - pounding -
wailing - behind silent stone walls.

A house - a metaphor, maybe -
a storm shelter - apparently invincible -
held together by
two rain-bruised windows

and a front door slammed shut -
a flood of tears threatening to

spill through - in every room a cry,
a plea for help seeping
through soggy floorboards -
gaps in clenched teeth - choking - I never

wanted to lie like this - I just
wanted to be loved -

how do you do it?
your house - your body -
you -
a bird's nest - a mess -
built with tangled bones
and a battered heart -
a barely-contained contraption
of fear and flesh, bursting with emotion
and bleeding everywhere -
how strong you are.

How I envy you.

Nikita Tan, 15

At a fierce 15 years old, I am a Burmese poet currently residing in Middle-of-Nowhere, England. Loud in real life and even louder in words, I write to make ugly things beautiful and beautiful things ugly. If I am not writing, I am painting, and if I am not doing either, I am most likely dead.

Sliogán Mara (Sea Shell)

Is féidir leat an fharraige a chloisteál sa sliogán
macallaí na gaoithe iata
i dteach follamh
Ar nós na bóithre caonaigh sa ghleann
ballaí briste ón am roimh an Ocras
Doirse gan chuirteoirí
seachas súile na stráinséarí camchuirteacha
Tithe tréigthe
do longa múchtacha trasna na farraige

Bóithre nár shiúil siad, ballaí nár dheisigh siad,
sliogáin nár bhailigh siad
Gan fhianaiseoir
ach an ghaoth sa ghleann follamh

You can hear the sea in the shell
echoes of the wind enclosed
in an empty house
Like the mossy roads in the glen
broken walls from the time before the Hunger

Doors without visitors
except the eyes of the wandering strangers
Houses abandoned
for suffocating ships across the sea

Roads they didn't walk, walls they didn't repair
shells they didn't gather
Without a witness
but the wind in the empty glen.

Woodwalls

Inside a tree
hacking at wooden walls with a toothpick

scratch

Wearing away a hole, but
only with more wall to wear

I tell myself
They'll see me when I emerge
from my wooden box
Where the caterpillars crawl

and the spiders don't care that they don't scare me.

scratch

Does this tree never end?

Sawdust in mounds unburnt at my feet

If nothing else

maybe someone will come and

scratch

Remove the splinters from my fingers

Aoibh Ní Chroimín, 17

I am from Dublin, and am about to go into my 5th year at the Coláiste Íosagáin, a girls' Gaelscoil. Despite having always been an avid reader, I have only started writing regularly outside of school in the last year or two, and music has always been my most time-consuming hobby.

Dawn's Controller

Do you accidentally wake at 5:53 -
In the crinkled corners of the bed,
Arranged of fat-laced bones
Matted hair, and eyes yawning -
Feeling bird song?
Chewing on the softness of blue morning,
Caressing the purple streaks, fuzzy tones
I sit and stew in hopeful quiet,
Captain of the cold,
Spectacle of the rising sun.
I order daylight to make its rounds,
From the untamed clouds to the comfort of my cotton kingdom,
Come kiss my gold-cruled eyes.

Eden Igwe, 16

I'm balancing a formal education with full-time care of a succulent plant on my windowsill. I love baking, reading and at the moment my favourite word is 'egregious'.

Growing up

- i. the water turned red and blue and green, mingling with finger paints inside the laundry room sink
- ii. the kitchen floor groaned as mud imprinted its surface, just after a soapy scrub
- iii. now it knows of nothing but sparkling tile
- iv. the mouldy attic stairs ache to feel contact with flesh, hear the screeches of moving suitcases and resonating laughter growing distant
- v. the chandelier sobbed when it met the tennis ball one rainy evening
- vi. it can't complain anymore because no one even flicks the switch on
- vii. the armchair by the window yelped as nails dug into its fabric
- viii. these days it watches the dew drops kissing the elm tree alone,
- ix. yearning for a human body to hold it close
- x. the doorbell whimpered, glancing every now and then at the obstinate door
- xi. ...sealed firmly at its hinges
- xii. *come back, little girl*
- xiii. *come home and play with us*

Krithika Shrinivas, 16

From a young age, writing has served as a creative outlet for me. It has taught me to find beauty in just about anything and make it into poetry. I'm an old soul, so when I'm not writing, you can find me taking polaroid pictures, sipping chamomile tea, listening to classical music, and practicing calligraphy.

Classroom A6

Inside is the place where all my friends go
as the sun grows low and the grass falls back,
where midday lights and phone screens glow,
and the pixeled sights load, stack by stack, bringing foreign laughs
to wet walled rooms, conquered by kids and mould,

even as the pitches promise a half-hour of parole,
where some burdened clouds turn a lucky black,
and someone shouts, somewhere, for a half-decent goal,
and his mates swarm round, one vast sweaty pack;

It's nice out here.

How they don't see it, that that's what they lack,
I don't know. It's clear to me, this murky vision
of mine; can't they see the simmering sky
reflected on planted fields of muddy brine?
Can't they see the joy to find outside of engineered lines?
I'll show them, I will—right after I head back inside.

Fields Chung, 17

I am a student trying to survive my last year of secondary school and still find time to write. I enjoy a good apple, reading, and lunch.

Internal:Eternal

There are numerals

Decimals

Carved in the space Between your ribs

By men who don't belong that close to your heart

There are letters

Delicate words

Handprinted beneath your fingernails

Don't bite too hard or they'll fall out

Some things aren't meant to be said aloud

Ink and blood

Bone and canvas

Brush tipped fingertips

Art and artist and muse

Wear your breasts upon your heart like armour

Feminine.

Powerful.

Protected.

Wear your pride upon your sleeves

Hold yourself between the index finger you hasten to use
And the ring finger you're expected to.

Aimée, 17

Words have power so I guess I'm a battery.



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