

# HEBE

A vibrant garden scene under a clear blue sky. The background is dominated by a large, dense green tree with intricate branch structures. In the foreground, there's a rich variety of plants, including a prominent red bird of paradise flower with a blue center, and several clumps of tall, thin green grasses. The overall atmosphere is bright and natural.

INSPIRATION

ISSUE TEN, OCTOBER 2019

## **Front cover photographer**

Francesca Lea, 18

Having been born and bred in Cheshire, I have been able to appreciate the beautiful English countryside. I enjoy spending my free time with family and friends, and indulging in some therapeutic shopping too. My surroundings and influences reflect my inspiration for writing and keeps it in its truest form, honest.

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## Editor's Note

Welcome to HEBE. We are an online magazine that publishes the work of poets, photographers and illustrators aged 18 and under, and the theme for our tenth issue is 'inspiration'.

I started HEBE 2 ½ years ago because I was frustrated at the fact that 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 was inspired to create a space where one such marginalised voice of poetry, poets aged 18 and under, were given a platform dedicated solely to showcasing their work.

To celebrate the release of HEBE's tenth issue, I wanted to reflect on the initial event of being inspired that led to its creation. Young poets, photographers and illustrators were encouraged to be creative in their interpretation of this issue theme, and there were no limits as to how it could be developed. Initial ideas of inspiration that I provided were; what inspires you, how is inspiration used, and what happens when we become uninspired.

Throughout this issue there are poems that consider the responsibility we have to act on inspiration, as well as the frustration that can come from not seizing opportunities to act on inspiration, and what can be achieved if inspiration is cultivated and implemented.

I would like to say a big thank you Tom Rowe who was the guest editor for this issue. A young poet whose work has featured in previous HEBE issues, Tom supported issue ten poets to make each of their poems the best they could be.

Be sure to keep an eye out for our eleventh issue, the theme for which is 'change'. Submissions for this eleventh issue will close on the 29<sup>th</sup> of February 2020, and the magazine will be released in April 2020 (we are taking a little 6 month break). More details can be found on our website: [www.hebepoetry.co.uk](http://www.hebepoetry.co.uk).

Becca Stacey, Managing Editor

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## **Bird Song**

I awoke;  
when the early, twittering birds spoke,  
I truly awoke  
to a beautiful song.

Every day I could wake  
to this perfectly formed and coded language.  
I am in awe of its mystery.

Each bird looks unique,  
and sounds like-wise unique,  
like the coo-cooing of the roofed pigeons  
and the dark or shining blackbirds who whistle airy, morning tunes.

Every dawn, I long to wake to this wild orchestra;  
freely I would listen.

On this one morning of the year, they play for me,  
On others instead, in my mind,  
these birds fall silent,  
like clouds dripping down

over far-off hills,  
stilling the sound; soon, I too, am quiet.

## SIÓN A SIÂN

for my choice of inspiration

I think slap-in-the-face boreal bluster,

I think gasping breathless winds and gulping deadening, dried breaths of colossal mountain,

I think crawling over winnowed, hacking, soaking, katabatic, gritted, wind-ground screed gradients,

I think muddy, bloody, blistered, cold hands,

I think unexpected tempests screaming around the dampened bends of my suspended map,

I think

contours and detours

I recall all of this -

getting wet, saturated, soggy, bedraggled, rinsed in sopping gullies  
beneath sharp summit pinnacles topping exposed ridges  
like prehistoric boulder plateaux with lunar moonscapes  
and stony fortress crags guarding undulating folded hills  
above monoliths reaching out from zigzagged paths  
of a zebra-patterned quartz that twists through  
fissures of rock pillars like great fossilised  
skeletons of a long-dead beast whose spines  
are portal splinters of an unknown mason,



contours and detours

having tinkered with a tricky buttress called Milestone,  
a ha-ha point revealing a summit no longer in sight,  
getting wetter, getting cramped, getting somewhere,  
I sensed this recycled mountain getting eroded to death,  
frost-shattered from freeze-thaw,  
broken into a myriad of shadow,  
sharp shapes and sifted screes  
with a North ridge of pyramidoidal,  
geometrically-sculpted faces  
and riddled gulleys with changeable

contours and detours

loose fragments are pocket-souvenirs for some tourists -  
one day it might all disappear  
from blacks browns greys greens blues and silicas of quartz  
crystallised from extrusive volcanics,  
apparently capable of blunting a knife and fingers,  
but for me there are other possibilities: further-off summits

and surveys and

contours and detours

if you were to shake the mountain it would

sift

down

to gravel and soil,

but shake me and I would sift down to atomised bone and soul;

yet fear arises as I rise to the summit

as the winds funnelled every molecular movement and moment,

like time slipping and sliding,

whipping around us as we clung,

fixed to this stony grave,

where rugged, severe crags purpled out of the stormy over-peopled sky-scape,

sporting jagged outcrops                      spouting furious nature,

where ladder-stiles leapt over cross-sectioned, gap-quilted walls,

gilded with auburn, emerald and rubied moss and lichen as silver as

seas;

gulls were melodies drifting by, crying memories of broken songs of

contours and detours

more mile than an inch on a map,  
Llyn Ogwen carpets turquoise below,  
waving and rippling, full as sap,  
though the sky above was no mirror;  
then, SIÔN and SIÂN, Adam and Eve, two stony sentinels, loomed over a  
3010ft drop, where if you stop to jump  
Heaven gives you the 'freedom of Tryfan',  
and you are free to jump and you are free to fall,  
but if you fall you will fall alongside the red-beaked gull,  
whose malicious wings circling its scream  
as it concertina-folds them into its petal-softness,  
claw invisible air into

contours and detours

moulding mists descended,  
drowning us in  
miserable drizzly clouds,  
blanketing the wetness,  
with Glyder Fach the neighbouring visit,  
topped by a moonscape of folded, wet and foggy-grey blankets.

all was wet, as sweat or rains ran down us,

and on return, merely walking now,  
how with thoughts of the smell of salty chips  
on our salty lips,  
and the desperate thoughts of tent comforts,  
we meandered in descent as in a dream river,  
as more rain hindered our talking,  
as the as-yet, half-built path arrested us,  
and we picked a route, boggier but more obvious,  
shunning slippery slick steps caused by mud-encased boots  
but nothings stops our memories nor our  
  
contours and detours  
  
that inspire us onwards ...

## Golden Hare of the Sun

Golden sun yellows the fur of the leaping hare.

Above,

a dove sweeps across the sunset crimson sky.

Our blood orange sun tumbles, streaming down like dripping  
marmalade.

An owl calls to its mate.

This great fluorescent, shining, baking,  
burning fire ball hanging,

slowly

falling,

closing the day,

catches the hare.

**TICK ...)**

maybe eighty years stretch ahead of me -  
here I am attached, an anchor, embedded in the sea of Now.

my future, rooted in the past and present,  
swings pendulum-like above my head,  
as I stand still in this dark, moving river of time.

(Tick -Tock)

none of those three ever get closer,

Past, Present, Future,

but, so long as there is Moor to keep,

Seed to reap, Mountain too steep,

there will be Life;

so long as there is Heather to grow,

Stone to throw,

there will be Life;

so long as Ancestor and Descendant do not rhyme,

We are forever stood in this moving river of time.

(Tickety - Tock)

If Life belongs to Time, as do I,

my Life is Time's Poetry;

so long as there is Wind to make us free,

so long as there is September, there will be me;

the Future will flourish

so long as there is Mother or Father to nourish,

so long as there is Clear Horizon, a promise of Heaven,

Our future will be held, stood in this moving river of time.

Future, Present, Past.

(Tickety - Tockety)

So, so long as there is Hope, Hill, Tree, Wood, Hare,

Feather, Fur, Scale, Something not Nothing,

there is little time for sinking into the past,

with the vastness of future pressing down on us;

but, at least, the future is free

so long as there is Light,

so long as there is Word and Bird and Water,

so long as there is Fox and Sheep,

so long as there is Wild and Breath and Sleep,

We remain stood in this moving river of time. (Tickety - Tockety - Tickety -  
Tockety)

one day the future will become Posthumous –

but only so long as there is Wastefulness, there is Gun,

Plastic, Pollution, Urban Sprawl, War, Murder ...

stop these

then I and We will continue...

(... Tock)

Martha Iris Blue, 11

I like to climb mountains and walk, rock - climb, sail, row and kayak. I find  
inspiration in all of these. I have been awarded first place in the Write Out Loud

/ Milestones poetry Competition 2017; Elmet Trust Ted Hughes Prize 2018; The East Midlands Solstice Prize 2018; Highly commended and published in the Shepton Mallet Snowdrop Festival 2019; published in the Stratford - Upon - Avon literary festival 2019. I co-edit the Journal for Junior members of The Arthur Ransome Society (Tars).

## **doom days**

what do i own in doom days?

words that could belong to an illiterate man,

lacking of any grace or integrity.

nothing i see could mould me into an optimist.

yet i want to read the beauty in simplicity.

i want to be inspired by the pitiful attempts of simple people to keep themselves hopeful.

they don't deserve to be called simple by me.

neither do my words that i craft

to build something bigger than myself,

something that will outlive me.

will this world outlive me?

inspiration comes from the smallest sense of feeling these days.

i have to keep it coming because if not i will cross the edge of delirium.

i have to keep feeling to keep myself human.

i have to keep being inspired by the fools

to save them from their misery.

Yagmur Naz Kaynakcioglu, 16

I'm a Turkish/ Greek poet with a love for the words that I don't know and the places I've never been. Although my favourite place to write is the ferry in Izmir!

## **inspiration**

dear diary,  
today miss james asked  
all of year three  
“what’s your inspiration-  
a memory, an event, someone you see?”  
i told her  
“my daddy is my inspiration-  
he inspires me all day.  
he teaches me exactly what to do  
and exactly what to say.

he shows me how to talk to girls  
when he screams at mummy  
and calls rachel a dummy  
and laughs at her even when it’s not funny.

he shows me how to work  
when he sleeps in till noon  
and doesn’t leave his room  
and gets phone calls saying he’ll be fired soon.

he shows me how to treat people  
when he slaps mummy if he thinks i'm asleep  
and storms out of the house before he's told to leave  
and sneaks off at night saying he's meeting steve.

he shows me how to make decisions  
when he gambles his money all day  
and drinks all his problems away  
and doesn't come home when he says he's going to stay.

my daddy inspires me to be a good man.

a man who talks softly,  
says sweet things,  
tells girls jokes to make them laugh  
and never speaks roughly.

a man who gets up on time,  
goes outside  
and does his best even when he's tired.

a man who slaps his wife only to high five her,  
talks to her when she's being quiet,

comes and goes when he's supposed to  
and stays with her instead of being a liar.

a man who spends his money on his family,  
uses it wisely,  
drinks when he's thirsty,  
laughs all day  
and keeps his promise that he will always stay.

my daddy is my inspiration

he inspires me to be a good man.  
a man not like him.  
a man who loves happiness and hates sin.

my daddy inspires me to be the man i'll become.  
a good man.  
better than he ever was."

Amaal Fawzi, 14

Poetry has been an outlet and a refuge for me over the past two years. I'm learning more and more about creative writing and although my poems are far

from perfect, I enjoy writing them immensely. My poem “inspiration” is fictional but sadly a harsh reality for thousands and thousands of kids around the world. I hope to inspire you too when you read it.

## The shadow of Mrs Coretta Scott King

He was one of the most eligible bachelors,  
He had a dream, I had a dream,  
I was the wo behind the man, the educator - no *helpmate*,  
The longer we talked, the taller he grew,  
A political attraction, an ally activist,  
June 1953.

He was a statue in the living,  
I complemented and influenced, he knew,  
Battled against the oblivion, clambered our way out too,  
I put blood, sweat and tears,  
Fought our fight, heard our call, never gave up,  
Carried the movement to all.

We stretched across the country and gathered donations to pay our way,  
I bought our bed but never lay in it, for we only dreamt in the day,  
We took on unholy, vulgar language  
Harassment and more,  
Shrugged off condemnation and fought the law,  
When the bomb hit, I did not leave the door,  
For we stood proud, defiant, above the law.

No cage, vault or gaol would hold us,  
For we hid in our neighbours, friends and strangers,  
I urged him to defy our nation's actions in the war,  
But, this was not his plan,  
I took his place and rallied, reminding him what we were fighting for.  
1967, he finally opposed the war.

I received honorary doctorates  
I helped Rosa Parks  
I was the first woman to preach at St Pauls, but I also  
travelled the globe far.  
I was viewed as a side-line, but no more,  
Armed, charged, choral,  
April 4<sup>th</sup>1968.

I sat at home pining, no less than a wolf crying, my black veil hiding me,  
But I stood up tall when the sun was shining,  
Then the accusations started climbing, cheating, adultery and lying  
But I kept defying, no hiding,  
I reclaimed the balcony of Memphis Lorraine Motel,  
Continued to walk along the path that God led.  
Died having lived, doing what I said.

Francesca Lea, 18

Having been born and bred in Cheshire, I have been able to appreciate the beautiful English countryside. I enjoy spending my free time with family and friends, and indulging in some therapeutic shopping too. My surroundings and influences reflect my inspiration for writing and keeps it in its truest form, honest.

## Superstition

Most of my life is spent in the attic,  
Thinking more than I say  
Seeing everything through a round window  
A single telescope

Eyes hard, I crane my neck  
Desperate to succeed its blind spots  
But there's a glare from the sun  
That streams inward,  
A single source of succour  
Leaving the attic with vignette corners,  
Wasted space  
But the light lacerates my senses until-  
Wildly addicted-  
I lean out further

Serrating my ribs against the windows' frame  
Cutting and tilting me far enough  
To catch a glimpse of a-  
The black tail of a cat?  
And then a multitude of hazy colours

As I fall after it

## The City Sparkles

Is there a way to see past the rain?  
To gaze through a paned glass  
and study the freckled drops  
falling, lacking finesse,  
until, with a surge of conviction,  
they combine haphazardly.  
Pooling.  
And the lights outside,  
the blunt oranges and cloudy whites,  
rebound,  
swirling coaxingly in its reflections.  
Absent of focus, it all unfolds into  
brilliant constellations.  
Much too close to see without blurring,  
making it difficult to discern  
if the rain and the lights are bleeding into each other  
or if it's my eyes watering,  
fixed on the end of the world,  
past the rain,  
to where the city sparkles.

## **Moon Call**

I remember the car ride home  
From the Kingdom of the Low Countries  
We travelled through the night  
I was thirteen

I don't remember leaving  
Only that the car rumbled in my ear  
Prickling past my sedateness  
It made me look up.

Blearily  
My parents' silhouettes glowed orange  
They seemed to be chasing the headlights,  
But I was after the moon  
She was prouder than ever  
Crowding the sky  
We could almost drive into her

The air was muted  
So when she told me to meet her  
I could hear it

And when I closed my eyes, I did.

Paris Ediagbonya, 18

I'm from Ireland and I love to write especially at night; it allows me to siphon my incohesive thoughts into one colourable creation, and I've found that it's more worthwhile to share my work than to keep it away. I also enjoy drawing, painting and recently, film making.

## The Muse

aching, a muse  
lies at the vulgar foot  
of Mount Parnassus,  
struck through with drought,  
for the Helicon is bottled-up.

Apollo having died,  
and her sisters having accepted  
bit-parts in mundane novels,  
she remained alone in pride, awaiting  
something to write about.

but, alas! the perfect choirs  
in marble bas-relief  
seem no longer to sing,  
for the forty Doric pillars of the temple  
having gracelessly tumbled about her,  
she has looked at last within,  
and found there so much less  
than she had imagined.

Thomas Frost, 17

I don't know myself well enough to write a biography.

## Absence; Moonlight

I am a blank.

And, judging by the window,

It's 3am,

Floating on a black sky

As the moon does,

Pale, ephemeral, lonely.

My mind is of the moon:

Barren craters where thoughts were once cradled.

*The scientists say that even water flowed there.*

Once.

Now, the craters serve as mirrors,

Reflecting light through the window pane,

Diluted and filtered.

How I long to lift the window's sash,

Scramble to the roof and

Bathe in clear moonlight.

James Cole, 18

I'm a medical student currently living in Dublin, Ireland. Previous work can be found in HEBE Poetry Magazine Issues 6,8,9. 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



