HEBE

PATTERNS

ISSUE THREE, JANUARY 2018

Front cover photographer

Deepayan Mukherjee, 18

I am a student residing in India. I believe that a piece of writing is a beautiful plethora of emotions creatively curated by the author.

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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 third issue is 'Patterns'.

I would like to thank Nancy Griffiths for selecting this theme and its potential areas of exploration, namely the patterns of culture and how we organise ourselves. This led to considerations on the intrinsic tendency of humans to find patterns in everything: whether that be our external world, other peoples' and our own behaviour, or the skies that extend beyond us. I wanted our third issue to represent this tendency whilst considering the internal processes behind it, and I kick-started this theme by suggesting that those submitting consider the patterns found in nature, human behaviour and daily life as a source of inspiration for their work.

There's also a more sinister side to patterns concerning their ability to generate complacency, especially in relation to history. Current societal issues are often deemed as 'unchangeable' if patterns in history dictate that these issues have always been, and, therefore, always will be. There is a need to break certain patterns, and to challenge their historical consistency when progressing towards an alternative current pattern.

The release of our third issue follows in the wake of some exciting new advancements for HEBE. Lotta Skule, our new Communications Manager, has been helping us spread the HEBE word further and wider, as well as opening up our platform to illustrators aged 18 and under. We have also launched the HEBE Discussion page, a place for young poets, photographers and illustrators to express themselves beyond the pages of each HEBE issue.

Be sure to keep an eye out for our fourth issue, the theme for which is 'Price'. Submissions for this fourth issue will close on the 28th of February, and the magazine will be released in April 2018. More details can be found on our website: www.hebepoetry.co.uk.

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Managing Editor

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spin cycle

softly, in tandem,
a pair of mothers insist
upon something or the other.
it is seven in the evening.

a pair of mothers insist
upon the benefits of staying home.
it is seven in the evening
in the damp heat of the launderette.

upon the benefits of staying home,
the temperature falters, wavers
in the damp heat of the launderette.
a thousand glass eyes roll again and again.

the temperature falters, wavers
and so do the fluorescent lights, watching
a thousand glass eyes roll again and again,
the insisting seems to continue

and so do the fluorescent lights, watching.

domestic means at home,
(the insisting seems to continue)
not halfway down the high street.

domestic means at home
echo the tumble dryers that sit
halfway down this high street.
the little ones bubble, try to

echo the tumble dryers that sit
churning the evening dry.
the little ones bubble, try to
still their mothers' insisting

churning the evening dry.
upon something or the other,
still, their mothers insist
softly, in tandem

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.

sunflower study

the sun waits for us in the morning. she yawns, and marigold
blooms in my mouth. my lips tighten around the petals and
suckle on the morning dew. i turn into a bird, fresh from the
dirt—i could run from love, if i wanted to———————

hair sinks into my shoulders like bread. each day a cycle in
my gut. i could rip the days apart and find a second death in
the fading light. let my skin rot like summer———————

memories taste the same : artichoke leaves. wet neon
lights. lightning yellow where teeth should be. fingers rioting
beneath the sheets———the same sun waiting for me

my body sits like old toffee on the breeze. reveal me to
the masses, show me where my gravestone lies. find a
shame in being bold and brown———————i dare you

Alaa Lafta, 17
I like to write at night. I tweet @grlkind

Sacraments

Give me your men.
Bent like the twisted iron
wrench of reposed
unrest.
The wreathed anatomy
of their gyred steel unravelled, then wound back
again
like mechanical work.
Components left
convulsing in the perennial
pull
of sleeplessness.
The drag of daybreak
in a dark room, tugging
at the knees for you to
kneel.
Surrendering to
four wall religions
in which the body gives itself to the dimness, singing
hymns to the corridor
where you imagine God

stands and you

cry "Forgive me father, forgive",

till you are strung to the plosive strain,

and each vowel eats away at itself,

and you watch yourself asphyxiate

as every consonant draws its body from yours

and you're left dancing

in the silence.

The holy nothingness

that commits itself to taking your body entirely

the way soil receives seed:

submitting to whatever gives itself to the earth,

yet, does not promise exodus to its residents

when they are deep enough beneath it

that you cannot hear them cry

"Forgive me father,

forgive."

Stella Hiamey, 15

"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.

Don't

You get tired of people telling you what you
can and can't do. I've seen it grinding
you down to dust.

Don't bite your nails, you'll catch some disease.
Don't come in; your mother is changing her clothes.
Don't marry the man you think you love.
Don't let him stick it up you where it doesn't belong.

Don't take any of that, you'll harm the baby.
Don't push too hard; you'll squash its brain.
Don't try again, it's too much trouble –
never mind.

It gets to you, it really does.

Don't let them grow up too fast. Then again
don't stop them from being who they are.
Why don't you let them find themselves,
don't you trust them at all?

You trust them till you can't trust yourself –
to walk or talk or sit – and remember what
you called them that day they came out too fast.
They tell you – you know it – over and over again –

Don't leave your handbag on the bus.
Don't leave your washing out in the rain.
Don't leave the fire on at night in case
your world comes tumbling down.
Don't forget the paper comes on
a Wednesday morning, and don't forget –
are you listening? –

don't forget you've got
the doctors at the end of the week.

You wonder what they'd say, all your
grown-up nameless children, learning how
to be themselves when you are losing
who you were. You wonder if they'll ever
know what it's like to forget how many
pills you've got to take at
the start and the end and

start and end and
start and end of each day,
for all the days you know the date
printed on your calendar.

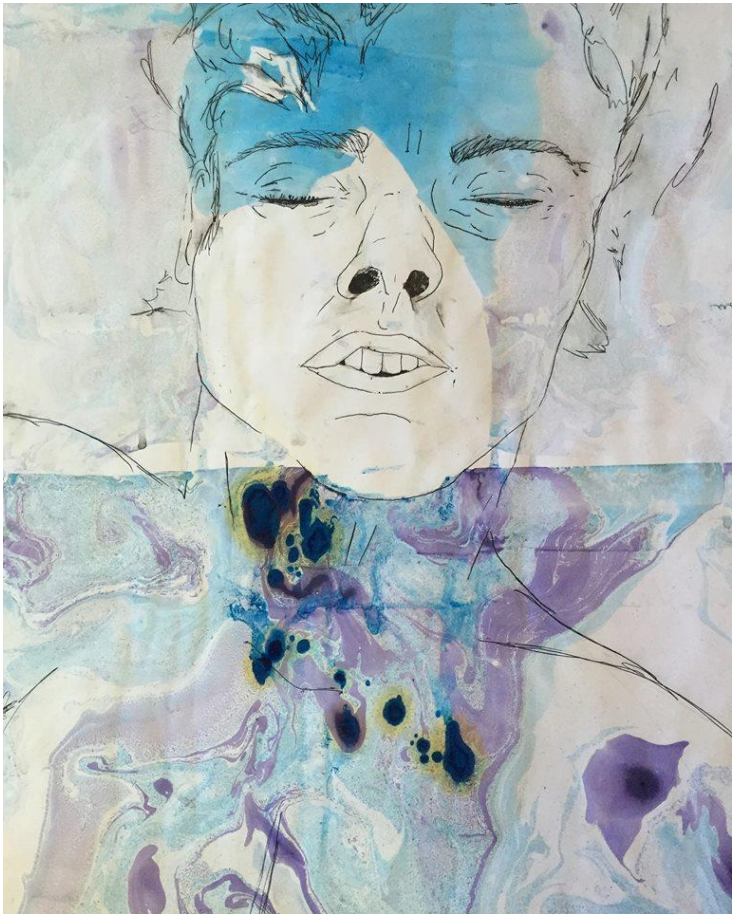
By then it's pressing down on you, this forever being told.
You start collecting up the pills, like
bright and bulging pebbles,
dust at the bottom of the glass.

And you wonder how many it would take
to make them lose their little minds.
To make them flustered, flutter round you,
clamour over what you've done.
You pick them up and prise them
open with your tongue, hold them
long enough that they swell in your throat
and swallow.

Don't – you hear it –
and still
you do.

Reyah Martin, 17

I am a writing fanatic. I love languages, old movies, and learning about the past. I find that most of what I write comes from other people – what they say and do, how they speak or act – it might seem dull, but sometimes people can be brilliant inspiration.



Blue by Lotta Skule

and again and again.

it was just one time -

a hit.

i said it was the last time,

but he brought me flowers -

purple pansies.

he said they matched the colour of my eyes

i didn't know if he was talking

about my irises

or where the swelling skin began to rise.

it was only two times -

a thump.

this time it was the last time,

but again, he brought me flowers -

red roses.

he said they matched the colour of my lips

i think he was talking

about the lipstick that i'd used

to cover up the split.

it was more than ten times -

a slam, a smack, a slap.

it never was the last time,

and each time he brought me flowers -

in hues that made my head spin

he said they matched the colour of my soul

but this time i knew he meant,

the patterns on my broken, beaten skin.

Laura Horsley, 16

I like to write at 3a.m, and most people associate me with the colour yellow. Poetry helps me understand people and their actions, and to find the beautiful in the mundane. My poems are usually about transience and self-destruction.

Finding the door to Santa's House by Genevieve Hagin Meade Halton, 7

I spend so much time drawing that I hardly find the time to do my homework! I also love ice skating and unicorns.

What It Stands For

Obsessive:
Over and over,
Again and again.
The same screaming voice,
Echoing through every inch
Of my hollow, hollow body.
There is nothing significant
About the crystallized blood
Clinging to the cuts and cracks
That cover my skin.
They are only side effects
Of the desire to cleanse,
And to scrape away
Until there's nothing left
Except bitter, bitter bones.
The pain, the frustration,
The inescapable hell,
Is a small price to pay
For that one second of calm
That follows one gulp
Of toothpaste, handsoap, and guilt.

The race to the bathroom sink

May involve bloodshed;

It doesn't care for tears

Or for the pleading cries

Of a mother, terrified.

The anti-delusional drugs

Destroy the creature in my head,

And destroy the creatures

That used to crawl across my body.

They say that they weren't real.

Eventually, the scars disappear,

And the taste of antibacterial wipes

Dissolves from my tongue.

Broken pieces and tape

Don't really hold together too well,

But rearranged,

They might morph to create

Something that is eventually

So much better.

Cheyenne Dunnett, 16

For as long as I can remember, I've had passion for both English Language and Literature. When I'm not writing, I'll be reading a classic or two while blasting The Cranberries a whole lot louder than I should.

The Flame

Someone told me that to find warmth,
I should look within the flame.

It started with the guilt.
My stomach screaming,
'Leave me be.'
Cut to that sinking feeling,

That bathroom sinking feeling
Thinking, reeling,
Something isn't right,
But when the guilt's subdued
A tangerine hue
Flickers like a
Dying, mourning flame.

Like you never knew fresh starts could feel this way.

So this is how to fill the days,
Not caring about other ways to fill the hole.

Fire's more effective, anyway,
It keeps the cold away
And thaws the guilt that's icing up your soul.

So then I'm destined to build flaming castles ten feet tall
Until I grow enough to understand
How I can put the fires out,
Until I grow enough to see over the growing walls.

But for now
I will hide inside the flame,
Deny the burning,
Ignore the pain.
Let the ashes float around me.
Let the guilt begin to scream
Again.

(Who said routine would cut away the chains)
(Who said I'm not the only one to blame)

Who said there would be warmth
within the flame

Katrina Rose, 18

After turning 18 and feeling a little existential about growing up and losing childhood, I have loved returning to poetry. It is something that transcends not only age but time, and I feel lucky to be able to play with words to create a little extension of my mind on paper. My favourite animals are cats, though I think my nickname (Kat) may have influenced that a bit.

Travel Fair

every lonely train of thought
oddly bent and oddly wrought

always bending, winding, weaving
meant for meaning, left in grieving

this gift of words too often lost
buried deep in stations frost

i'll take a one way ticket please
and enjoy the winding ease.

Róisín Kelleher, 16
I live in the south of Ireland. I really like the colour pink and my favourite animal is a raccoon 😁

A Pearl in the Sea

Like a pearl in the sea

Poetry is in our vast mind,

Such a very delicate thing

So difficult to find.

Like the shoals of fish

The thoughts come and go,

And also need nurturing

To swell more and grow.

Poems are the corals

On the sandy sea bed,

And need to be fascinating

Dressed in green, blue, and red.

If the thoughts are the sands

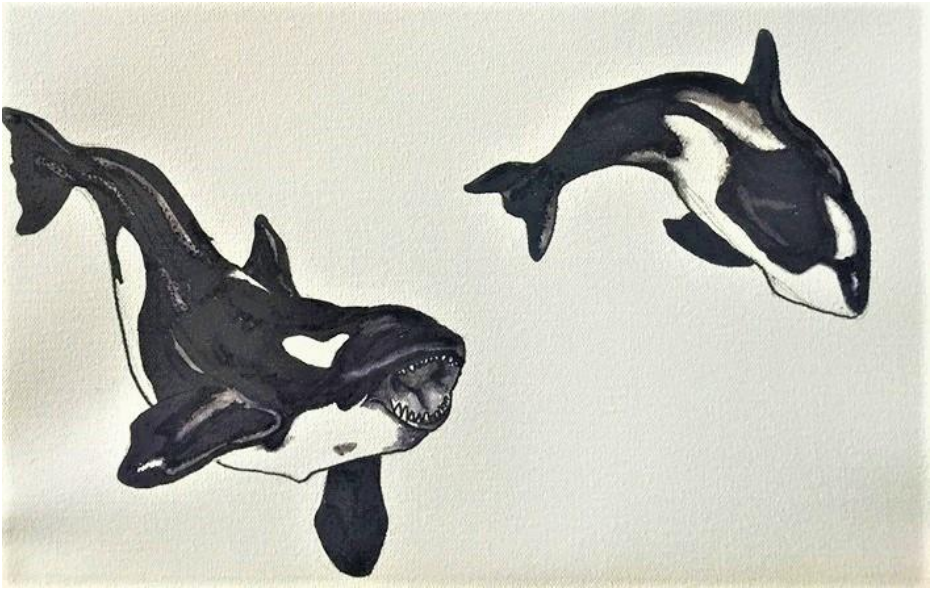
And the mind is the sea,

The waves come rapidly

To dissolve more of poetry.

Srija Biswas, 9

Poetry is a great relaxation among the hustle and bustle of my daily life. 'A Pearl in the Sea' was born on Havelock Island, beside the fascinating emerald-sapphire seas of the Andamans in the Indian Ocean.



Swim by Lotta Skule

Your Hands

Your hands were hard hands: worker's hands.
Your hands were experienced hands: both pain and craftsmanship
etched into each crease and dip.
Your hands built these walls: the smooth stones almost
a paradox to your way of working.
Your hands held a head above a baptismal font: the beauty of infancy
immortalised in a handed down gown.
Your hands clung to the pennies that kept a roof aloft and flames on a candle:
the metallic stench of deprivation could not be washed away by water.
Your hands hit the wood of the kitchen table: when God himself
had architected the hardship.
Your hands held others: not just a filler of space, but a rock
on which to lean and smash and curse the day.

Sarah Henderson, 17

I am a senior student from Derry, Northern Ireland. My country's history has had a strong influence on my work. I have been writing poetry for a number of years and have won local and regional competitions.

Aurora

Dawn is not your friend but Twilight is.
She'll take your hand in hers,
tattooed with stars and show you
the way she goes. She is the one
who makes you fear the passage of time
and the coming of years but Dawn is the one
with soft skin and gentle words whispering that
there is no point in this orbit that determines a
beginning nor end,
nor year from year,
nor your hands from my hips,
nor my lips from yours,
nor you, from me.

Kit Nova, 18

I am studying for my English BA and am 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.

oil on canvas, 12” x 16”

tell me the story again / of how my fountain voice is silent / and still / whenever baba finds me / nestled between the black dogs / at night / & tell me how i cried / that one time / when i found a dead bird at the bottom of the cage / how i sang a carcass to silence / dragged its guts to the bars / and watched its gasps fade from its throat / like unhurried honeybees / at the brink of winter / & tell me how i sat on mama’s lap / like glyphs on a wall / waiting to be looked at / waiting to be understood / till my skin shrivelled into a garden / with black—red blossoms / & tell me how i learnt to be loved / ravaged / at the end of august / with wolves for kisses / and thirst in my knuckles

// nothing repeats itself in this household
// we exult in our decay
// suffocate our tongues
// & light a candle to
// watch the wax die //

Alaa Lafta, 17

I like to write at night. I tweet @grlkind

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