



# HERBE

ENERGY

ISSUE TWELVE, JULY 2020

**Front cover photographer**

Jasmine Shek, 17

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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 of our twelfth issue is 'energy'.

The theme 'energy' seems ironic considering the coronavirus pandemic, with many finding their movement and energy trapped and reduced by strict lockdowns across the globe. Yet, what impressed me about the work submitted for this issue was the creative and fascinating scope of ways in which 'energy' was interpreted. From the innate power of natural light, to the chemical energy of caffeine and the energy of the soul, the works featured in this issue defy the traditional understanding of energy as something purely physical. This results in an inspiring and beautiful reminder that energy can be maintained, felt, and observed in so many ways even amidst a global pandemic.

It has been a pleasure to edit issue twelve, whose featured work I found to resonate with beauty and force in equal measure. There are few spaces where the voices of younger writers are empowered and rewarded, and so HEBE's focus on the work of under 18s creates an incredibly important and accessible space in which young creatives are valued and heard. This edition of HEBE certainly proves the collective energy of young voices as a force to be reckoned with.

Be sure to keep an eye out for our thirteenth issue, the theme for which is 'community'. Submissions for this thirteenth issue will close on the 31st of August, and the magazine will be released in October 2020. More details can be found on our website: [www.hebepoetry.co.uk](http://www.hebepoetry.co.uk).

Amelie MJ, Guest Editor for issue twelve

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## **kinetic**

she forces a rushed gulp  
and the stale coffee sloshes inside his mouth  
for a full twelve seconds before  
it can gravity down into her gauzy stomach  
but she still hovers at the edge of the outside world  
insatiated  
in the labyrinth of avenues and honking cars  
just passing by on time lapse  
and she brisk-walks along the perfectly elastic collisions  
on her way to work  
she moves with constant velocity  
through the street crowds  
ready for her energy to be drained  
in copy-paste office buildings  
that resemble columbaria

Jessica Kim, 16

I enjoy long plane rides and large servings of poetry. I live and have lived in the United States, South Korea, and Singapore. Besides spending countless hours writing and reading, I spend my time solving math problems with no solutions,

watching historical movies, and eating cookies without chocolate chips. You can probably check me out at a library.

## Coffee

Coffee

Creates steam

Illustrative of dawn's play...

Steam;

rid of bitter black;

Bitter black;

enters my body

## SILVER LINING

Your mouth's jittery corners

fly up your face,

by way of steam's spirit.

Weeping

in witchery of organic place,

steamy fog dresses walker with heroic cape.

Greenhouse in garden's vase,

entrusting people with oxygen's steam.

Unfurled book cover  
blows aromatic steam;  
plays a role in your ear  
whispers “you deserve the gleam of moonbeam”.

### BITTER BLACK

Lying upon starry duvet  
Above is skylight window.  
A mirror solely for night,  
reflected no companion,  
no fly.

Weeping  
in suburban setting  
I am black shadow,  
engulfed flesh  
domes every pedestrian puppet show  
except the fresh square premiere.

Greenhouse hedge fund;  
shattered,  
from vase  
Black of soul spilled over



watering them dead shunned.

Book's cover is blown  
effort's deceit  
black ballpoint pen on silvery sheet,  
steam's clone.

Silvery eyelids  
seal to black...  
scene of aurora borealis;  
Remnants of coffee-  
attack.

Act under the name of; sleep palace,  
So dark, from way back  
Cannot swallow more

*Portrait of  
stained person, a  
concentrated shadow-  
lines the cup.*

*Dawn enlightened my flesh to be  
coloured cloak,  
black skeleton created-  
to cover.*

By morn, I know the cast of today:  
Black shadow.

## **Vampire**

I know the same burnt-out sentiment  
as the sun,  
It vomits in my right eye.  
Red raw  
akin to nervous stomach guts  
Uneven  
So, it hanged itself.

Yellow eye:  
sun's honeycomb...  
for those with tryphobia.  
Blue veins; scattered  
A million minuscule spiders stroll

A bulge  
that the beast pushes forward  
in tune to a repetitive beat  
Eyelashes are grisly in protection

Different of the sun's zealous,  
Sick complexion.

Blue eye: whispers

“Engross sun’s will”

-

No sunscreen

Red eye: howls

“stay trapped

in the blind friendship”

With my computer screen’s version of the sun?

But,

I need a soul mate’s energy

Yet,

the sun is irrepressible:

I sleep during the day

Live under the moon’s generous shadow

One tiny star-

Better than the plentiful sun

with no choice but to rise.

Why would I wake in the day?

Sophie Brennan, 18

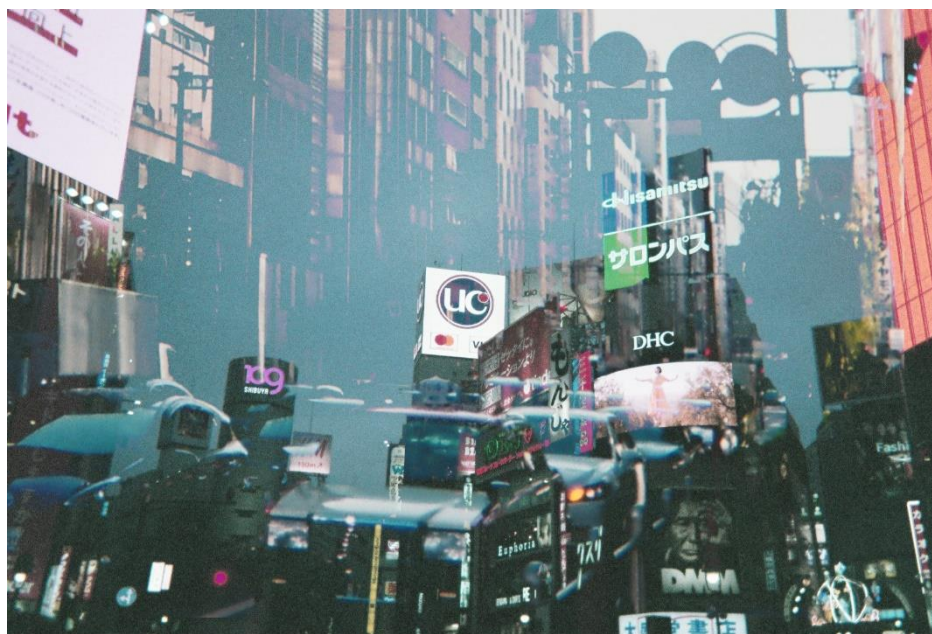
I predominantly like writing short stories so, these are my first attempts at poetry! I don't have a favourite place to write. Half ideas usually pop up in my mind while simply on a walk, hike or the bus etc. I like writing because I feel once I have written something down on paper I have created my own history with inky-blood rather than tears.

## **Ice Dancer**

upright spin, poised skim;  
swan-smooth ice ballet; point-sharp  
winter flip-leap-loop!

Martha Iris Blue, 12

I like reading and writing poetry, sewing and making art. I am also interested in the natural environment and issues surrounding climate distortion. I find my biggest inspiration in the natural world – the place I am most at home in! I like climbing mountains and have even bagged a Munro!



Jasmine Shek, 17

I absolutely love being in cities. Having lived in Hong Kong my entire life, the lights and skyscrapers which constantly surround me are what give me energy. Although political conflicts and civil protests are the things which have defined my city for the past year and a half, I hope to use photography to help others see past it and to recognise the magnificence of the place I am lucky to call home. Tokyo (Japan) does come in a close second to being my favourite city in the world, however. In general, I have grown to love all types of architecture, and I often express my appreciation for it through the photos I capture.

## **The Rain Dogs of The Golden Age (Memory)**

Recalling Beauty long forgotten, changed and twisted, brainless louts  
The Earth possesses. Lost are they I once beheld, now losing in  
The game they nearly won. While laughing deathly frequencies in doubt,

Perceptions only serve up vomit; plaguing fleas on louts do cling  
Within The Golden Age. The mighty hand should sanction urgently.  
I watch from windows lost companions: Beauty, Angel, Hassan (kin).

The picture, while preserving only glimpses into memory,  
Can, sometimes, mix with our desire to grow a rose with countless thorns.  
Intrinsically concealed clichés in cells evoke a sadness free.

The first in view is Beauty, dressed in white, leapt like a rabbit born  
With fire inside, waiting, eager like kings to burn at adulthood.  
She now awaits her judgement, hoping it will never come with scorn.

The Angel's soul shined sorrowfully, tempting everyone it could.  
Experience has since led them astray. The path will call them back  
When jaded saddled hillocks turn to mountains steep. They'll land with thuds.

My dearest Hassan. Oh! The guilt! Hellish circles wait for their attack.



The changes he was going through can't even be used!  
The personality was gleaming, but ephemeral like barracks.

I should have known, naïve as I was, soldiers crave a battle. Abused  
Are those they leave behind. The lights can burn a short while to leave  
A smile but Time will tell of winners, also plagues, while losers roost.

...

I guess I've never really loved, the Age of Gold makes sure you reap  
What farmers sow. I tried but failed at finding any door at all.  
The season dry is almost here, the Wheel reminds my mind to weave

These thoughts of guilt, desire and memory when I am standing tall.  
Then, putting down the picture, curtains opened, targeting a scene  
Imaginary, Aristotle's knowledge, sealed and bright, with scrawl,

Transformed me into thinking 'What is golden about being mean?'

Brooklyn Dooley, 18

I am a guitarist and I'm interested in all forms of art. I love to analyse art, music,  
poetry, film and people's consciousness. I love Indian culture too.

## Spirit of Energy

I introspect. feel fire inside— pure, iridescent, aglow.  
I feel the soul – the soul of the sun— as in aurora, it glistens.  
I purge out all that is bottled up like tangled mosses that grow,  
I feel the vitality of breeze that is brimming in the soul,  
As light and cold as the winds,  
No not of Ferrell’s law,  
But my “own”.  
I drench myself –  
Laving the dry deserts dwelling within – then  
I feel, the gush of waters-  
Incessant, intense cascades...  
Swishing, swerving, splattering  
Filling the oases.  
Euphoric, it is to discover –  
That I feel, you feel, we feel  
The energies of the vivacious vicinity-  
In the heart of the soul.

S. Rupsha Mitra, 17

I am a student from India. I love to write about emotions, motivations and the natural world. Psychology is my favourite subject.

## **To Build a Person**

If I were as strong as they make me out to be,  
I would bend under the weight of their words.  
If I were the names which they call me,  
I would not be capable of writing this now.  
If their words did not strengthen me,  
They would be my demise.  
Yet doubts are really what made me.  
For when Atlas was made to hold up the Earth,  
He was not weakened but strengthened.  
And maybe to take insults as cement, our lessons as bricks,  
Is to build a foundation of courage.  
Perhaps then we would build each other,  
Rather than destroy and  
To build walls between our hearts  
Rather than between our countries,  
May be our only salvation.

Caitlin Hurst, 17

I like dyeing my hair unusual colours and listening to music, usually not at the same time. I enjoy walking and writing songs and poems in my spare time.



Esme Blue, 7

## **THE HEART OF LIGHT**

A NICK OF WICK  
TICKS LIGHT,  
MAKES ME SEE CLEARLY  
THE SUN OF GOD THAT QUICKENS SHAPES,  
A FLICKER IN THE DAMP DARK DEPTHS  
LICKS DISTANT HILLS.

SHARP AND SOFT SHADOWS  
SHUDDER IN A KICK OF AIR.

Esme Blue, 7

I like to write a lot and to make art. I also enjoy climbing in trees and on rocks, boulders and steep hills. I really like sunshine!

## Prayer to the Blessed Virgin during an Apocalypse

*after George Mackay Brown*

Celestial machinery,  
the movement on axis and turning  
of each about each, rotation  
of stars, shifting of ocean  
toward the talcum moon, comes at last  
to its halt.

I prayed yesterday until  
my knees gave way,  
as pieces of plaster came down  
upon the pews and the fallen statues.

And darkness comes apart  
at its secret seams, and sick  
light spills like milk-  
white water across  
the starless wound of the sky.

My throat and my eyes close up  
and my skin falls in patches

about my feet.

Though moving hills of ash  
overwhelm us, yet pray for us,  
blissful Lady of Entropy.

Thomas Frost, 18

I study English at the University of St Andrews, and am interested in literature (mainly Modernist) and theology (mainly Medieval). I write poetry when not doing anything more useful.



## **The Transformations**

It was late, winter night  
All fell asleep,  
lost in disoriented fantasies

my eyes didn't drop, stayed  
wide awake  
which saw the falling stars  
deployed from damaged façade

The white light  
Captivated my soul,  
Each atom collided to meet their dole

Sun set off farmer's fancy brim  
edifying crops, yesterday trimmed  
Heat wave flew miles,  
Rushing down my spine

I could now comprehend  
The transformations made then,  
Light into kinetic

reaching the potential

it was never lost

neither will it be, energy

that lingered across the

bottomless universe's sea.

Aditi Joshi, 16

As a budding poet my constant source of writing inspiration is nature and the everyday phenomenon occurring around me. Amalgamation of nature's serenity and scientific knowledge according to me has resulted in the creation of this poem.



