

HEBE



FREEDOM

ISSUE SEVEN, JANUARY 2019

Front cover photographer

Samuel Olvera, 17

“Keep your face to the sun and you will never see the shadows.” - Helen Keller

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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 seventh issue is 'Freedom'.

Helping to edit issue seven of HEBE, themed 'freedom' has been an absolute pleasure. The work of the young poets has been phenomenal, and the ideas and grasp of language in all of the pieces has a real maturity to it. It was fascinating to read how 'freedom' has been interpreted – from physical freedom, to an abstract freedom in personal identity – the responses were incredibly insightful.

To me, part of what 'freedom' means is the ability to freely express ourselves and our beliefs. I think of the refrain from Maya Angelou's *Caged Bird*:

*'The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.'*

HEBE is an incredible platform for young writers to develop their ideas freely and openly. There are very few genuinely accessible platforms for young voices, and the success of HEBE is only testament to this. The ability to write and create is a freedom in itself; to all young creatives, I say, persist. Write lots, experiment, don't get disheartened and listen to feedback. This is the best time to practice!

Be sure to keep an eye out for our eighth issue, the theme for which is 'Communication'. Submissions for this eighth issue will close on the 28th of

February, and the magazine will be released in April 2019. More details can be found on our website: www.hebepoetry.co.uk.

It's been a pleasure to edit this issue, and I hope that HEBE continues to grow and flourish with the fruits of many more young writers.

Lauryn Anderson, Guest Editor for issue seven

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Doing the Dishes

Encased, the brain feeds through compressed visions
Through plastic packaging
And through offense

Wayward did my cells sit;
Oftentimes clumped inaccurately to the sketch
Or mapped, all generosity withheld.

If it cannot replicate
Fold the page
And there it is-
Clumped

Juliana Cooper, 16

I'm Juliana, constantly and relentlessly dying for dessert. I love music and painting too, and I want to be a painter/writer.

I opened my eyes to Oscar Wilde.

I opened my eyes to Oscar Wilde
and suddenly I knew everything.
He had been wronged and I longed
to step back in time,
to shelter, save him.

I felt very much in love.
Not with him –
(the hair doesn't do it for me,
and he was posh and he's dead,
among other things) but because
his prose looked straight inside
my mind, my soul exposed.

I know that I have a freedom
that he didn't share, but still

I am scared.

I am free to hold her hand
and they are free to attack;

so I hold my feelings back
and I do not hold her hand.

I know everything, but I do nothing.

Cheyenne Dunnett, 17

I'm passionate about literary fiction, feminism, and the Oxford comma. For more updates on my writing, feel free to check out my twitter and instagram, @nowherechey, or to read my recent article on literature, 'Queering the Curriculum', available to read online via the Oxford University Queer Studies network.

cleverclogs

Intimidating imitations,
uncomfortable observations -
to be trapped by rules and regulations
and wrapped in high expectations
was farcically, fiercely, frustrating.
The penetrating gaze you gave
made me want to open
my grave, gravely
but a sudden rush of bravery
made me plan my freedom

cleverly.

Amelia Hines, 14

My passion for poetry is extremely recognizable, I wear it on my sleeve.

My Brother the Shoplifter

When I was 13, I guzzled wine
behind the library with my brother,
tasting the Co-op vintage in between

heavy breaths, calves burning.

He slid down onto the wet
pavement, clammy hands

grabbing the bottle from me,
his hoodie scuffed against the bricks
that hid us. I couldn't imagine

how anyone could get addicted
to the stuff, but I smiled up at him
as it mixed on my tongue

with mum's homemade mint sauce.

My brother splattered red
onto his white trainers,

the same colour as the cashier's

face in the seconds I looked back
between choosing my poison,
and legging it.

We Dance Together but Alone

She stretches her arm around a pretend girl's
waist, leading her in a dazed glide around

the living room, the trodden-in carpet turning
into marble. And this night on a fusty, grey estate

becomes a ball room under her bare feet as she
envisions sheets of chiffon brushing against her

own baggy-pyjama ball gown. This is her fantasy,
to be swept off her feet by corsets and crinoline –

or otherwise by pumps and plaid, a coffee-breathed
girl who lays a wet kiss on the lid of each eye.

Eloise Unerman, 18

I'm a young writer based in South Yorkshire who writes poetry and short stories, and attends Rotherham Young Writers. I was awarded the Cuckoo Young Writers Award 2017 in last year's Northern Writers Awards, and was Young Poet in Residence at Ledbury Poetry Festival 2018.

Alone

See the sky, see the clouds -
lambswool tendrils grasping out

*some time later you awake
but this bed is not your own
you are cocooned in warmth*

The box won't let you see.
Your shadowed mind
Presses inwards, a cold grey cube of
misery

warmth like you haven't felt since -

You want to escape. Hot panic electrifies
your veins. You run

and then you realise what is missing

To escape from yourself. Your body is such a small, small place
compared to the world

and the voices have died down, ghosts

There are people following you. You sense their presence, flitting across the cobblestones. Look around you. Someone is laughing, a sardonic, maniacal laugh

but you are alone

Everything is pounding

you rise, walk to the window, lean your arms on the plastic sill -

Blood pounding, heart pounding,

smile.

You fall. A tidal wave of dystopia crashes around you

happiness is here. It's been waiting for you all along

All is blackness,

blurred images clawing

the edges of your mind

you can see

Saffron M Pretorius, 11

This is the first dystopian piece I have written, in light of mental health day. I am home-schooled, and when my nose is not firmly lodged in a book I enjoy playing piano, writing, drawing, yoga and running.

Metamorphosis

Exploring, flitting about the world around me
From stem to stalk to flower for nectar happy,
Yet still caught within the walls of a chrysalis,
Mistakes bringing blue skies, brown eyes to mist.

Challenges of metamorphosis, growing wings,
The failed flight attempts that so often sting,
Action, consequence weighing down on the soul,
Seeking reclusive refuge; habitat, hollow, hole.

The perils of metamorphosis fulfill a purpose,
As dew on the morn, daily dawns experience,
One day 'tis certain to spread wings and glide,
Peacefully piloting as an in control butterfly.

Lighthouse

Wild waves reach to wrestle the wavering ship down,
As the fervent sailor frantically about the deck rounds;

Casts to the waves buckets of water from starboard,
But with them the fantasy of home fleets overboard;

Fiendish fog abets the waves and obscures the coast
Safety slinks out of sight when he needs it the most;

Straightening his spine, staves surrender to the waves,
From the helm he hurls the strident ship through the rave;

Fending off Poseidon's pirates who'd plunder his pluck,
The water pounds against him, as if by lightning struck;

Devastated, bedraggled he drops down to the deck,
Mourning as maritime denizens dawn on his death;

And as he is about to surrender his ship to the sea,
Golden beacon lights on the brink of taunting tragedy;

Extended, the lighthouse's rays embrace him ashore,
And thus is the reluctant merman to *Terra* restored.

Penelope (Penny) Duran, 15

I think of myself as a global citizen and have been educated in the German school system. I was born in Texas, currently live in Poland, and have previously called the Philippines, New Zealand, Germany and Egypt home.

A Cry For Help

Caged yet free,
What an odd home of old plastic bottles
And sludge in their once clear water surrounds them,
Sharp ends on the sands – one wrong move and
It's over –
Rays reflecting off of the metal bottle-tops
Their quiet pleas echo as they reach out desperately
But no one hears a sound
They mourn in silence.
A lone pigeon stumbles, a thin wire tangles
Pulling its foot tighter
And tighter.
Their indignant squawks - a cry for help,
Once free, they yearn to roam free once again, they seek
Freedom from their predator
Freedom from us.
Unheard, or rather ignored,
By the selfish individuals that abuse them
Tumultuous sounds as they quarrel with one another
Yet seek comfort in their shared suffering.
What are they, mobile machines for entertainment, tossed around?

Their pounding heartbeats
All they desire is liberation from the world
 Why don't we
 Free them from captivity?
Free them from their misery.

Kajol Jain, 16

A sixth-form student from London who loves drinking hot chocolate and writing poetry as an escape from reality (mainly exams).

This, by Any Means

For Tom, and every sorry I do not know how to say.

It asked a crumb—of me.

It uttered your name

in the quiet.

The auditorium—stifled—

where we laid quiet,

and docile,

and all mouths agape with grief,

rose a heavy heave from the space between its wings.

I have laced gospel from this:

strung sorrow at the splice,

and forged a requiem—unparalleled—

from my lips

to turn Fauré.

Rise him—

yes—

but quell him just the same

as my rubato calms

to a wingbeat hum.

And this, by any means, could fill the silence.

Leave it retching like a flightless bird

strung

at its neck

to the post.

But it would not be enough to pry Rapture

from its graceless claws

as it held—swinging—

to the heavens of time.

The hour hand—

ours—

thawed from the stillness

where we'd laid once before,

calling it

pendulum's mockery

in the unsung squall.

Nor could Hope

grant the summers

you would have known by light

flitting

between shutters in the first chug of dawn.

And Grace would not have it so
that you are the subject when the wind
shifts
and this flightless bird—
wretched, and seamed—
the lone, black spectacle that asked
a crumb—of me,
sees how its feather take
to the storm.

And then,
at last,
and so sweetly like a nightingale
its maker calls it—
home—
and it is done,
it still would not be enough.

None of this,
by any means,
would be enough
at all.

Stella Hiamey, 16

“We do not remember days, we remember moments.” - Cesare Pavese

Sometimes the best way to remember is to write like you know how it feels to forget.

