

HEBE

A landscape photograph of a river with reeds and a utility tower in the background. The scene is captured in a cool, blue-toned light, possibly during dawn or dusk. The foreground shows a calm body of water reflecting the sky and the surrounding vegetation. The middle ground is dominated by dense, tall reeds and grasses along the riverbank. In the background, a tall utility tower stands against a hazy sky, with power lines stretching across the horizon. The overall mood is serene and quiet.

COMMUNICATION

ISSUE EIGHT, APRIL 2019

Front cover photographer

Theo Smith, 16

Communication flows throughout the modern age. This beautiful scene now features pylons carrying electricity and communication across the land. This location is near where I live in the UK and it's where I can communicate with myself. Instagram ~ Mr.theo.smith

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 eighth issue is 'Communication'.

Young creatives were advised to be imaginative 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: the importance of communication, how the ways in which we communicate are changing, and the consequences of miscommunication. The inspiration for this issue's theme came from an extract from the poem *soundwaves* by Ella Standage:

iii.

so i spoke to my side of the sea.
taught tides to carry my stories
to wherever all language washes in,
where waves pronounce *hello*
in a voice not quite mine.

what did the ocean say back?

shades of blue enunciated in salt.
clarified: this colour means joy.
voices slipping over voices, water
over water.

what do you want to hear?

Be sure to keep an eye out for our ninth issue, the theme for which is 'Movement'. Submissions for this ninth issue will close on the 31st of May, and the magazine will be released in July 2019. More details can be found on our website: www.hebepoetry.co.uk.

Becca Stacey, Managing Editor

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Ringling in My Ears

It was so loud when I rushed outside,
Static ringing in my blurry mind,
Frequencies resounding as I slammed the door,
Should have called sooner, friends once more.

One, two, three, four, five...
Phone vibrating as it rings the other side,
No one brings an end to the ear-splitting sound,
As the ringing in my ears forever abounds.

Penelope (Penny) Duran, 16

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.

We Sleep in Silence

There is a silence as we drive highways,
Riding a sequined eternity blanketed
By the wisps of our breaths that fill
Our bodies with velvet and wrap
Our silken tongues in feathers.

Our breaths excrete exhaust, trailing the sky
With a black that smears our chests as they
Tumble and fall in quickened beats, trying to find
A rhythm we have lost in a silence
That has passed from one infinity to the next.

We search for quiet we think hidden
Beneath blankets of smoke so we breathe
Daggers despite the pain and count heartbeats
As they waver, our throats wrapped by fingers
Played by hands that are not ours.

With each splitting breath,
Our velvet-stitched lips bleed in waves,
Drowning the screams of our tongues for

Consonants we buried and vowels forgotten, yet
Still we attempt sound, only to exhale feathers.

Through every blink and beat of our broken
Breaths, we listen to our tears, drained
In our last chords that tremble and quiet
As we sink into an infinity of silence.

Michelle Tram, 17

I write poetry to inspire, empower, and educate—to tell of a past and to ink hope
for the future.

Red

Today I saw,
My brother's blood on the carpet.
His cries and whimpers
Heard from the bathroom,
Where he tried to
Hide.
A safe Heaven from
Her strikes.
His chest marked
With red lashes
As punishment
For his sins.
“Respect your father and mother”
Say the rules
For a reason.
Now he sits there,
With his eyes closed
Some stray tears escaping.
Regret
Is written clearly
On his stained features.

His breaths uneven
Mimicking hers.
(They were so similar
Yet different
In that one moment)
Blood is seeping through
The white,
Painting the balls of cotton
Red.
His sanity leaving
With every drop.
Is defiance really worth
That much?

Today I saw,
My mother's tears,
Running down her cheeks,
Staining my pink pyjamas.
They were fiery hot
Scorching my skin
(Yet I did not
Move away)
The silence enough

To fill the room,
Her anger leaving way
To regret.
Her sobs never echoed
Like his.
(They didn't need to)
Her breaths uneven,
Her hair askew,
She paused and
Looked
At her bloodied hand -
Her cheeks
Light red.
She tried to force a
Smile
But her mask was broken,
Her eyes
Betraying
Her attempt to be something that she wasn't
(In that one moment
Their tortured souls
Almost became one)
"I should leave"

She had said
Her voice barely carrying over
The small room.
“Don't visit the church
Next Sunday”
She instructed.
“I will lie and say that
You came”.
Her eyes were
Red
The blooming roses
Of sadness
Covering the deep
Glistening brown.
Is defiance
Really
Worth that much?

Now they sit
Wearing their armour,
Staring at each other.
Waiting.
Hector's sword and Ajax's spear

Clash in the horizon
As the sun goes to sleep
Hiding behind the ever consuming
Red.

His voice will rise,
Her hand as well.
(They are too naive to realise
That conflict is unavoidable)

They never apologize-
At least not with words,
But the red
Strings of fate,
That stem from the heel
And end at the heart,
Are tightly wound around
Their wrists
(Where regret flows
And love also)
Binding them
Together.

Akrivi Farmaki, 16

I am an aspiring young poet who, despite their fascination with dark themes, is a big softie at heart.

Beautiful Together

you are a blooming plant
your hair of luscious emerald
your body a bed for flowers
ever growing and twisting
until one day it stops
your hair runs dry of moisture and colour
your body, decaying by the petal
awaiting another to water you
to save you
and that day will come
an evergreen will find you and flood
so that you reach uncharted heights of blossoms

but no plant can water themselves

Faith Scanlon, 17

Sometimes, when I'm down, I struggle to talk to people and to say the right words to get the support I need. But support is out there - you just can't do it all alone. This poem highlights the importance of communication in your weaker days.



Deborah Olatunji, 16

I am a student advocate. I am passionate about expressing myself no matter where I go, and adapting our classrooms to reflect this mind-set. I am an aspiring missionary, I run track, and I am constantly experimenting with the Adobe Creative Suite!

Lost in Translation

I hate English,
there are too many new vowels
jammed into a word,
waiting for my mouth to trip and twist its lips
and writhe in pain.
En dor.

I'm stuck in a glass box.
The invisible barrier-impermeable.
where the corners and edges
chain my soul,
and the world can see into me.

I'm gagged at the throat,
my twig fingers bundled up in rope
and my eyes bulging from their bowl rims.
But no one helps.
Because I can't speak to them.
Porque eu não posso falar.

So I'm left-

paralyzed.

In this blind state of transition,
lost from the world.

While at the zoo, onlookers
just stare into the animal
outcast, I have become.

I have become.

Eu me tornei

Dead Communication

Baba always told me
the silhouette of my being
has vanished. The borders
erased. No combination of mirchi or lemon
could save me,
the spices of the world
a compass of the soul.
He watched as I broke his dias,
the clay ribs cracking, no cavity to
hold the flame
by which he used to wait
for her embrace under the monsoon night.
He looked away as my two pink pillows
soldered together, refusing to say
namaste.

I wanted the blue sky to drip into my eyes,
bluer than the ocean I drowned in jumping off Ram's bridge.
And I wanted hair as gold as wheat fields
where lovers' fingers intertwine.

But, the only color I see is the red,
red tilak on my forehead
seeping away into a drain
and appearing on the creased face
of my grandmother.

My baba cries for his amma, his cries
raising armies, but I have no song
to sing for my ancestors,
no words to say goodbye,
my only spirit is my

silence.

Maya Nalawade, 17

I am a high schooler from the Darien, CT who loves writing poetry, singing, and music. I have had a worldwide upbringing, having lived in the Netherlands, India, and the U.S. My natural habit is in my room, writing on my worn out computer and listening to anything from Beyoncé to Bollywood.



Deborah Olatunji, 16

I am a student advocate. I am passionate about expressing myself no matter where I go, and adapting our classrooms to reflect this mind-set. I am an aspiring missionary, I run track, and I am constantly experimenting with the Adobe Creative Suite!

Confrontation

Avoid it and it consumes you.

The unidentifiable urge
of inciting conversation
combined with the fear of abruptness.

The avoided, complicated, and contemplated
becomes the necessary evil
that cannot go unaddressed.

But, the discomfoting, upfront
and unquestionable truths hold the sway
to initiate otherwise uncontested fury.

Resisted urge rises and takes over,
besides, why make things uneasy?

Why confront a situation
through initiating a conversation
when both parties have
not amused the topic otherwise?

Perhaps, it is done in concern, sincerity, or obligation.

Anger, sympathy, love.

Impact, cause, loss.

Whatever it may be,
one loses the ability to figure out
when it goes unaddressed
due to inconvenience,
or the excuse of
the timing being wrong.

Confrontation.

The necessary
displayer of truths,
and an inconvenient convenience.

Upneet Kaur Aujla, 17

I'm an avid explorer of things pertaining to social and political justice and culture. Besides writing I enjoy singing, photography, reading books on obscure perspectives, and speech and debate.

monster

it starts when you tell
and he sits
stone-faced as you try and
explain it
he says he doesn't care
that he always knew
but i swallow and smile
things will be fine
until i actually started to
grow horns and razor blade fingernails
and I was the monster that
scared him
unknown
beautiful
terrifying
the feeling of franticness
sets deep into my bones
until family meals become
war zones and
my body is a weapon
maybe i'll take it

into my own hands
and cut him harder that
he'd ever know.
it's too hard to say what i'd do
but maybe I can't simply convince someone I'm normal
so I grow out my claws
my horns
my fur
and i roar
razor economy
i give the boy
with scars on his hands
fifty pence
and he passes me
half
a razor blade
and we continue to
pick at our food
or sip meal replacement shakes
and making light
conversation
we avoid the obvious
we separate

i hide in my room
lock the door
and i slice myself
to pieces

Ollie Hulme, 17

I'm a 17 year old gay writer, writing poetry about my experiences with autism, mental health and homophobia. I also adore acting, music and reading. You can find my poetry on Instagram @writingwithollie

Obsessive Compulsive

Do I have to tell you
my brain isn't like yours

A problem shared is
a problem multiplied
until I have no problem
only all sentience bleeding
from a hole in my heart

realising
I gave up

“Just tell someone”

As if my soul doesn't beg for that

As if stains on pillowcases
don't talk to me at night

As if my neurones don't shriek
because your words sound like

my wildest dream

Imagine the thing you want most
is the thing you can't have
and if you break
your body breaks too

As if it isn't hard enough on my own

and as if it isn't harder
when you tell me
“it will all be alright
you know you should just talk”

Katie Proctor, 15

I am currently an unpublished 15 year old LGBTQ+ poet from Yorkshire, England. I write freeform poetry often regarding my experience with OCD and mental health issues. Outside of writing, I am a student with a passion for literature, history and classics.

Modern Love Letters by Candlelight

I see light in nought
But night's glass. Flat, black,
And blanket wrapped, I stare at
The cool rectangular face. In it,
The greys and blacks of the tar-pitch sky
Betray my apprehension.
I purse my lips then sigh.
Hot breath gathers in the air at my nose tip,
Warm, damp, and heavy.
I am awaiting, one who is waiting:
An anxious minded sentinel
Debating to make the first move.
Perhaps they are waiting too?

What's that? The reflection
Of the moon's cruel scintillations,
Looming round curtains half drawn.
My heart ignites and burns itself
In needless self-immolation.
I count the seconds between the beats.
One, a flutter, one again.

Making red flesh raw.
I bury my smouldering chest
On the pillow's cooling side,
Then from the corner of my eye,
A Ping! Ping! Ping!
A flash of light,
And glee plays my heartstrings like a lyre.

What's Gained in a Glance

It was the day of the city marathon,
The day when roads were closed,
And like many others,
I took the train ride home;
The clogging, sweltering rail line.

From my seat (yes I got a seat)
I could see hordes of peoples.
The pears, oblongs and triangles arranged
As sinners in old renaissance paintings,
In peaches and reds stacked high from hell.

(It was hot as hell) Sun piercing
Plastic windows like microwaves on aluminium,
An explosive tuna can.
I watched a sweat bead roll arm-to-pole
And sizzle off studded floor.

The window was an escape. I dreamt
Of sea breeze rolling in rock pools
At Donabate, salted bladder wrack and whelk

Clutched tight to wet stone.
I still had beach on the mind,

Those deep water holes,
(I bet the runners want water)
That colour window's outsides;
The lichen tinted pebble buildings
Laid in high tide rows.

And I the gull,
Sweeping low over the littorals,
Perched on the tracks in twos, to scour
Greens on greys, on foam-washed blacks,
And at once I found it:

A girl on a flat rock, a crab
Deshelled of its own volition,
As if hanging up a winter's coat upon returning home.
What truths did her face betray?
Bathing under microwaves. A peach

Coloured oblong. I could see dreams in her eyes
(Not the sea froth but) a swelling of distaste,

A distillation wrought in sweat,
A colourless visage screaming:
Let me out! Let me out! Let me out!

I heard the words on the sea breeze,
On the viaduct perched.
She didn't speak them, she showed them;
A maniac's skyward stare.
I wonder if she saw my stare.
I wonder if I screamed back.

James Cole, 17

I am a secondary school student currently living in Dublin, Ireland. I have been previously published under HEBE poetry magazine in Issue 6: Reflection. I spend my free time writing poetry (naturally), and keeping my eye out for anything interesting that comes my way.

