

HEBE



DREAMS

ISSUE SIXTEEN, JULY 2021

Front cover photographer

Swetha Prabakaran, 16

I'm a Year 11 student, who indulges in art and photography. My aim is to go into architecture, because there's something so fascinating about the intricacy in the spaces we live in.

Copyright © HEBE – 2021

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 sixteenth issue is 'dreams'.

When I think of dreams, I think of Lewis Carroll's *Alice and Wonderland*, a defining text of my childhood that still exists as a staple on my current bookshelf. I believe that reading Carroll's absurdist text as a child opened my eyes forever to the creative and wonderful possibilities of language and imagination, ideas that have stayed with me throughout my journey as a writer. Reading the poems for this issue of HEBE felt like falling down the rabbit hole: like Alice, I found my imagination expanded and challenged by the creative and inquisitive interpretations on the central theme 'dreams'. The poems are cleverly instilled with a mystical beauty that aptly captures the essence of dreaming. In the words of Alice, Issue 16 is 'curious and curiouiser'.

Issue 16 proves childhood imagination to be astonishing in its expanse and creativity. Adults and children alike might take heed to listen to the voices of young people in order to ignite their own capacity to dream. As a magazine that solely publishes the work of those aged 18 and under, HEBE provides a vital platform where the voices and dreams of young people are valued and upheld.

Be sure to keep an eye out for our seventeenth issue, the theme for which is 'creation'. Submissions for this seventeenth issue will close on the 31st of August, and the magazine will be released in October 2021. More details can be found on our website: www.hebepoetry.co.uk.

Amelie Maurice-Jones, HEBE Editor

Poets and their poetry

Charlie Bowden

I Dream of Rotten Honey P.4

Spinning Pyramids P.5

Neander Valley P.6

Molly Rose Jarvis

Golden Slumbers (Kiss Your Eyes) P.7

Risen P.8

Erin Oakley

wonderland studies, 9: P.10

Maggie Yang

Delusion P.13

Jordan-Anne Rich

Field of Dreams P.15

Tanvi Nagar

Theories, life and more P.20

Aaliyah Mullen

For a friend who asked me to write her a poem. P.22

Illustrators and their illustrations

Maggie Yang P.11 & P.12

Photographers and their photography

Swetha Prabakaran P.18 & P.19

I Dream of Rotten Honey

Once I was a queen bee drowning in honey.

My cell pulsated with blistering orange
as I was pumped with designer drugs, jellied,
minions dead at my feet from inseminated sorcery;
siphoning life after life out of me 'til my throne
stank of infancy, balmy beeswax restraining me
from breaking free. Look, see, the nucleus of this colony,
secreted and scarred, scattering twigs for those
who will kill me. I heard it then, their brazen buzz,
transfixed for the chance to see me off on my last dance,
balling and bounding over me on the words, on the turf,
of their virgin love, touched for the very first time.
Time. I don't have much time before the rain comes in.

And as I see her, out of her pupa, in my dying line of sight,
I think, all this time I could've lived and died a honeybee.

Spinning Pyramids

The
insipid
city of doves
is the stone-cold
kiss of a shifting sand
land, the crown jewel, the
sunstone; adventure outside its
walls to see a golden blister, smelling
of saffron, surrounded by yew trees. My fear
hardens in the sun, staring at the deep red shadows
of the pyramid. Gargoyles guard the gate, control the fate
of those who venture forth. I feel compelled to follow, my feet
driven across the supple sand without command, without demand.
The bricks of dust decorating the place strike awe into my heart, before
I notice a shaking solemn figure clutching sand in the centre of the structure;
I cough and a faceless head shoots up, strikes out in a wide arc of shouts. Smell
gone now, the room feels claustrophobic but the gate has faded. A faint gurgle pushes
itself out of the figure's mouth, calling forth whirring clandestine statues, metallic hounds.
The sun beats down but I can't see. All I see are spinning tops, spinning- they wouldn't stop-

Neander Valley

My heart is stashed in the depths of the Anthropocene,
a boulder of being which staves off the Sagittarian sun.
My Perspex hands clutch at cement, marvel at
the lint and steel of Time's garden. The pop of
my knees as they sink into the sand of books and
bees, feet awash in outer space, is not lost on her.
My toes furrow their brows at the pink of their
evil twins, smiling in absolution. I am released.

The future is quartz.

Charlie Bowden, 17

I am a college student in Basingstoke who recently discovered a love for writing poetry after spending years studying it at school. I am an avid history fan and aim to incorporate various historical influences in my writing, from Mary Tudor to Margaret Thatcher. I also record episodes for a politics-themed podcast for my college aimed at A-level students.

Golden Slumbers (Kiss Your Eyes)

I dream

Of purple-lipped violets

On the cusp.

I would like to kiss your eyelids asleep

Heavy-hooded with damask and sandalwood

And the musk of lino from the old emerald kitchen in Bethnal Green

Palaces of green pepper soup and clear beef consommé

Mysterious enough to see your own reflection in

(When the tip of your nose dips down to the steamy waterline)

And the deep rumble of my grandfather's throat

Vocal chords crackling like old elastic and FM radio

I am thrown over one shoulder

As he booms the Skye Boat Song in his cords and tweed smelling of old spaniel

Until slack-jawed and breathing slowly I am flopped carefully down

Ceasing to exist in the wide-awake world

To disappear into technicolour dreams.

Risen

Your hair splits the surface

Serpentine, slick writhing locks the keys between two worlds

This one and the glass other which is called unreal

A bruised medusa, mauve and purple with sherbet shimmer

Suds wash their milky way over your body in a galaxy

They are tiny pinprick stars that linger

I break from that souped-up haze below the waterline

Pressed against the tiles, sky-blue and pebble smooth

Spat out into asphalt and fresh green drizzle

Stripped back and squinting at the clingfilm sky

I find a new kind of concrete truth

The roadbridge rush and squeeze of my arteries

Shot through with the yawn and roll of the mud-grey river

Laced with white lines and iron bars, tiny split impossibilities

I cross the threshold, born from the lakebed

Break from obscured depths, startled by my newness

There is a new breath rising within me and I am gasping

As if waking up I have begun to write.

Molly Rose Jarvis, 18

I write a mixture of poetry and prose exploring themes of sapphic love outside of and separate from the male gaze, and the liberation of female sexuality especially after trauma. I also enjoy illustrating my poems and am interested in anything that combines words and images, so my work often focuses on colour imagery as a visual pinpoint.

wonderland studies, 9:

i fall into the classroom like alice down a rabbit hole. each desk holds a face wearing a mask. the teacher stands at the front. she is rubbing her hands incessantly: *what, will these hands ne'er be clean?* my seat is at the back. everyone shifts away, little by little, until i occupy an island of blue carpet. the air tastes of alcohol. i fall like alice down a rabbit hole. each desk is wearing a mask. the teacher stands, rubbing her hands incessantly: *will these hands 'er be clean?* my seat at the back. everyone shifts away, little by little. i occupy an island of blue carpet. air tastes of alcohol. alice falls down a rabbit hole. each desk is a mask. the woman stands, rubbing her hands: *will these be clean?* the seat at the back. everyone shifts, little by little. an island of blue carpet. air is alcohol. fall. a rabbit hole of masks. the woman rubbing her hands: *clean?* the seat shifts a little. an island of blue alcohol.

it is far too dreamlike to be a dream.

Erin Oakley, 16

I enjoy reading impressionist poetry and I am often found listening to melancholy music. I write poetry because I want to confuse people even after I am dead.



Maggie Yang, 14



Maggie Yang, 14

delusion

In my dreams, I don't have
straight black hair, a flat nose, or
small brown eyes. Nor do I have
blonde flowing hair, piercing blue eyes, or
an ideal complexion.

I'm not asian or white,
but as I look down, only a black void of nothing exists
no mirrors, reflections, the light that shines the truth
extinguished.

But still I meet people in those dreams
that still act disgusted by what they see
I thought the asianness left me,
how people expect me to speak in an accent, to
wear those glasses, the stereotypes of my race
still tattooing my body.

Or is it my mind blocking my image,
stripping away the ways I see myself,
deluding myself of what really
exists, what makes up me
or am i really nothing, what i think i am,
what i want to be,

all nothing

in the scheme of life.

Maggie Yang, 14

I am currently a highschool freshman in Canada. I am a poet and artist, and have won a Gold and Honorable mention in the Scholastic Arts and writing awards for my poems, and am in the process of having my short story published in a Canadian Anthology *The Quiet*. Aside from writing, I am also an ultimate frisbee player and cross country runner. I also operate a bookstagram @maggies.bookshelf where I post my daily non-fiction reads.

Field of Dreams

I walk through the meadow,
Tall grass touches my skin
Hiding where I have been,
But my future blooms in front of me.

Flowers dot the field like a
Star-brushed sky,
Bright speckles of possibility amid swaying greens.
The sun and rain whisper to them,
Higher, higher, they say,
Every time I try to walk away.

Sun beams kiss my shoulders, face, and freckles,
I could stand here for hours on end,
Never picking a flower,
Content simply in the splendor
Of a castle in the air.

Queen Anne's lace stretches elegantly,
Old-fashioned decals on a bird-blue gown.

Wild cosmos grow fierce,
Tickling the nose with the smell of adventure.
And purple asters hint at mysteries,
Unforeseen twists in the spirals of stems.

Afterwards,
Carefully, ever so gently,
I hold my flower to my heart.

My dreams are contained
In each leaf.
In every petal,
My hopes are sealed.

With two hands I carry it home,
And when the petals droop,
The colour leaches and the leaves crumble,

Again, I follow the path through the grass.

As I did when I was young,
Skipping down the track, my curls and cares flying behind me,
Now when I strive for the vase on my desk, the only bright star to guide me,

And as I will when I am old and frail, swaying like grass with each step,

Forever I will have

My field of dreams,

Where my aspirations grow,

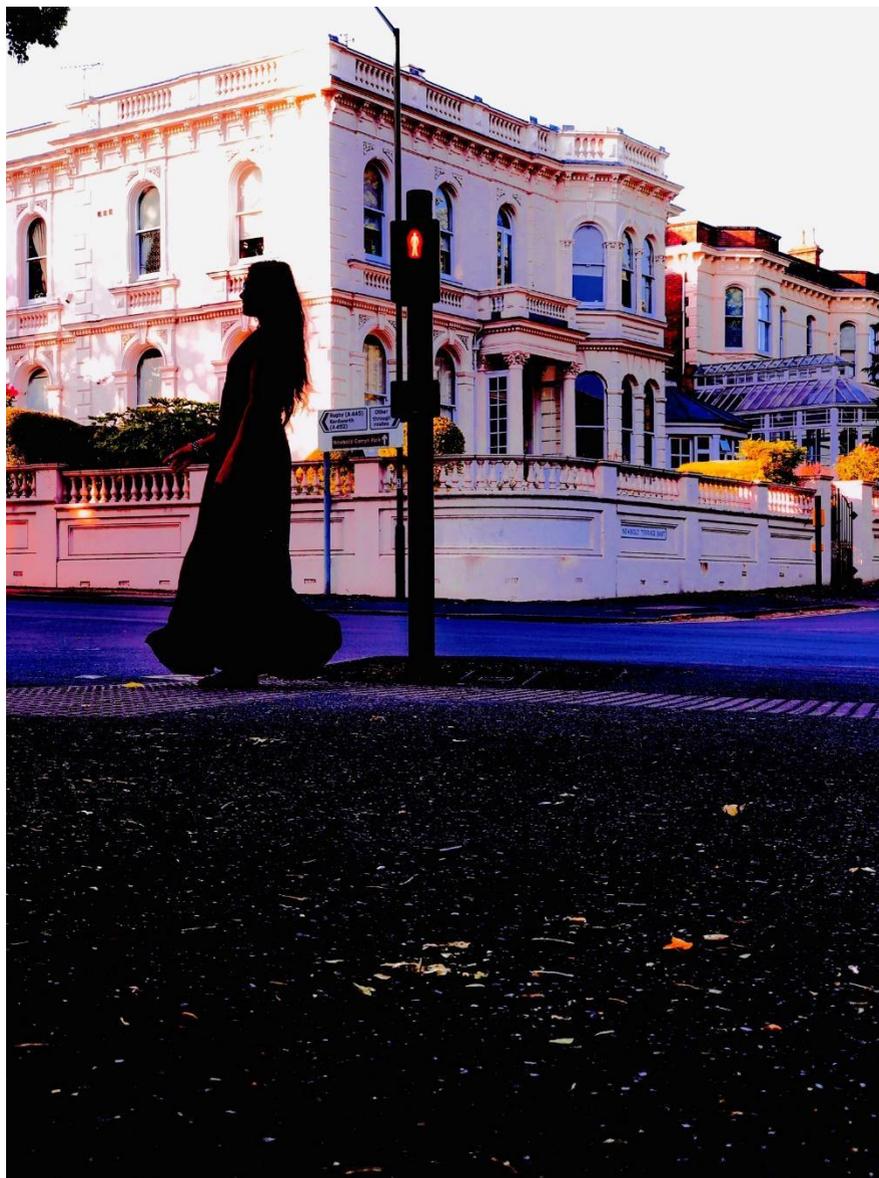
Beautiful and hidden.

Jordan-Anne Rich, 17

Ever since I was little I have loved to write, but it wasn't until recently that I started submitting my work and trying to write consistently (in the hopes of one day being able to do this as a full time job). Outside of poetry, I am a ski instructor and I do Taekwon-do. I also enjoy being outdoors. If I can't be a poet, I would be an environmental scientist/activist.



Swetha Prabakaran, 16



Swetha Prabakaran, 16

Theories, life and more

Underlining my psychology textbook in pink pen,
I chanced upon ‘dreams’: ‘Mr. Freud and his theories’ again and again,
The first theory read, “Dreams are a manifestation of our unconscious thoughts”
Maybe, it’s a way of escaping from the reality in which we are caught?
And maybe that is why little boys, dream of pink in their sleep,
that is why barbies, ponies, and acceptance is what he sees,
when he closes his eyes at night and escapes into wonderland,
maybe Freud was right and maybe dreams are escape routes for man.

I chanced upon the second theory, the lines read-
“Dreams complete desires that remain unfulfilled and unsaid”
Maybe that’s why the lady next door always saw herself on stage
dancing with glee, away from her husband’s anger and rage,
Maybe that is why the young girl in the wheelchair dreamt
of walking through forests filled with joy.

The third theory was a little different this time-
“Dreams are just thoughts about stressful events in your life”
Is that the reason, the teenager under the midnight sky,

Could never be 'perfect' how ever much he tried?
Maybe that is why the little girl who worked to feed her family,
Was always tortured by thoughts of loss and agony.
Maybe, dreams are just illusions, maybe signals from God,
Maybe they are signs sent by loved ones from the heavenly abode,
Maybe they are our soul's way of showing us how to grow,
Maybe they are all of this, maybe we will never know.

Tanvi Nagar, 16

I am a student of class 12 at Delhi Public School, Gurgaon. I have been writing for the past eight years and love to travel, write poems and stories and read. I have contributed to international magazines and journals including *Analogies and Allegories Literary Magazine*, *Flare Journal*, *Secret Attic*, *Nymphs Publications* and *Brown Sugar Literary Magazine*. I edit for *Cathartic Youth Literary Magazine* and the *Ice Lolly Review* and am the present Head Girl of my school's student council. I want to change the world with my writing and hope to study psychology and economics at my dream college next year! My website is tanvinagar.com.

For a friend who asked me to write her a poem.

In a memory so hazy I know it's a dream,
my best friend and I sit in the corner of a dusty coffee shop
with rosy cheeks and messy hair.

I clutch a book,
she holds a pen.

'I think I'm a bad person', I tell her

-because I don't really understand people,
or what they mean when they say things,
and I don't understand the world
or how to fix its problems
or most of the reasons why I find myself unsatisfactory,
and I can't write a poem that's not pretentious
and most days I feel more like an egg without a yolk
than a person made of bone-

She looks down at her hands, at her pen, and the doodles on her palms,
and she says, 'I think I'm a bad person too.' My heart breaks-

oh but you're lovely,

oh but you're beautiful
oh but you're good
oh, but you are so very brilliant

‘Why?’ I ask.

And she shrugs and says,

‘I don’t know.’

And then she asks-

‘Why do you?’

‘I don’t know,’ I say,

looking at her,

because she’s lovely,

she’s beautiful,

she’s good

and she’s so very brilliant,

‘I don’t know.’

When everything ends,

when the dream fades,

I think I’ll still remember

that moment in the coffee shop

It's like the last chapter of that book I held to my chest:

When the world is burning around them,
and everything seems hopeless
the hero turns to his companion and says
'I think you're my best friend,'
And his companion says
'I think you're mine too'.
And they are.
Maybe that's why they win.

But then it ends, just like that.

We sit in the coffee shop with empty mugs and warm hands
and I decide right there and then,
that a new story should be told,
that this is the first chapter of our whole lives.
where I will never bend again.
and we smile a little more,
and worry a little less,
and put the world under siege so it's kind, just and fair

When I close that book for the last time,

I'm alive,
and I'm alone again.

There's that dreamlike moment after the final page is turned,
when the world stands still
and you can hear your heartbeat soaring through your ears
and your head spins fast, fast, fast,
You turn that final page-

and you wake up,

and then, just like that,
it ends.

Aaliyah Mullen, 16

I've always felt a little nervous. I write for myself, for every version of the lonely, furious little girl with too much fight who picked up a pencil and told her secrets to every scrap of paper she could.

