

HEBE

A blurred background image of a barbed wire fence against a light blue sky. The wire is dark and out of focus, with a single sharp point of the wire in the center foreground.

BOUNDARY

ISSUE EIGHTEEN, MAY 2022

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 eighteenth issue is 'boundary'.

Boundaries can be places where new expression and creativity come. There's something inspiring about writing about liminal space - not x or y, but the place in between... the borders between countries, cities and states... the way we let people in and keep others out.

T.S Eliot's *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* comes to mind when thinking about boundaries. It's a poem that exists in the "gutters... shutters [and] window panes" of its city. In this way, the speaker can provide a detached and analytic stance on the world in which he operates as an outsider. So, boundaries can also act as literary vantage points that let you see from outwards in, allowing you to see a situation for what it is as a somewhat detached observer.

The poems in issue 18 do all these things and more in their deft interpretation of the theme 'boundary'. From *masquerade ball* to *Boys*, the poems really dive into what it means to be a human, when you are sometimes part of a community, sometimes an outsider, and sometimes somewhere in between. The poems talk of the very human need to be wanted and included, yet not without maintaining your sense of self, and not without compromising on your values.

After this issue, HEBE will be taking a hiatus. In a sense, this is a boundary in itself between two chapters for the magazine. Keep up to date with us on Twitter @HebePoetry and on our website at www.hebepoetry.co.uk.

Amelie Maurice-Jones

HEBE editor

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History Is All You Left Me

Inspired by Adam Silvera

A block of ice
in summer heat:
you melted before me,
like liquid across a glass pane.

Ice can stick to you
and crack under pressure.

Watching this,
watching you
broke me.

With season's turn,
the heat is not so harsh,
the sun not so bright.
I am left with droplets;
I seek to restore you.

Once a water catcher
might have caught your run-off,
then collected you.

But even the same water
will never form the same ice.

Now everything is rearranged—
out of place
Everything is changed and
cannot be replaced.

The Space Between Us

The expansion of the universe means that with time there is an increase in the distance between any two points. I just didn't expect it to affect us.

The impact so miniscule no-one noticed but me.

It was all I noticed for months. In the absence of you the anguish I felt filled your space.

The absence of you made my heart grow sour: two months later, pain turned to anger. I resented you.

And I hope you did it naïvely, unknowing you could put me through so much. Or is that me being naïve about us?

I just didn't expect to be hurt by you. But this space between us has done that for you. So, time after time

I think of your words "it has nothing to do with you" and can't help but wonder if it does: if this cold space is purposeful. Worries consume my time;

I think back to when it was good between the two of us. As I catastrophise our ending and glorify us, the darkness engulfs me.

I find myself alone in intergalactic dark space,
wondering if outside forces caused us
this void, or if it was you. What you
chose to do. Waiting it out, it only gets harder as time
deepens the wound you've cut and leaves me
questioning the foreverness of this. Will there be another two

months of this? If this is gravity pulling us:

I the Earth; you the moon, inching away from me.

I wonder will this force resolve between us two

or to avoid your past did you force this space?

We may have history but I am not your past. Time

chases us. I will not but it will chase you.

And when you sometimes orbit back to me

I am overjoyed, only to realise this time

it is temporary. Every time, it is temporary. This space

only grows, and in it grows contempt towards you.

In time I will be content with how we went from "us" to "two"

but for now I hold in my mind the memories of us.

The space between us two is desolate but if you spend enough time

you notice me in the Hubble Deep Field of Unexpected Hurt, waiting for you.
And as space is constantly expanding: so is the universe between us.

Elena J Walker, 18

Previously my poetry has been commended in the Ted Hughes Young Poets Award in 2014 (aged 10) and 2016 (aged 12), for which it also received a special mention. Since then, I have been published by HEBE The Poetry Magazine of Youth in the 13th Issue in 2020 (aged 16). This past year I was awarded Poet Laureate at my school for my poem, 'Those Glowing Years', which I wrote about the forest fires on the west coast of America, where I grew up. I enjoy writing poetry and have had the opportunity of attending creative writing retreats with my school at Tŷ Newydd National Writing Centre in recent years (2019, 2020, 2022).

Barrier

No, here's the question:

do you think we can claw our dignity back?

They're badmouthing us to the rest of the pack,

drawing lines in the sand to make their own endless avenues grow back;

a fruitless endeavour, they're jealous of the long-lost splendour of the ocean.

Our ocean, it once stood tall, enveloped all, blanketing us without reason

except for one: to live. But now it's abandoned by Doctor Eden, its contents shifted and sieved

and strained in search of shining gemstones of the ever blackening rain.

They never find them though, it's just more of the same, summer lightning greased with grain,

a blighted weathervane somehow lodged inside a clam, shielding it from the sight of its predators,

a rusted grey dam blocking out any carnage it can. I mean, there's not much left to destroy anyway

and the plastic bowl at the bottom of the sea will soon leak, that's what they say,

the colonisers who corrupted the calm, who made it this way.

Coral, sweet coral. Once so pink it used to sheen and shift and pulsate with vitality

'til they came and stuck their scalpels in and sucked out the sacred grenadine

that allowed it to strive; oh, these hills do have eyes and they watched their
brothers get crucified

for gurgling gas stoves and a bit of sunshine – all these regattas ruined by
Reaganomics but it's fine.

It's fine.

The Great Barrier Reef,

the silent scream of an angel as it watches the slow subsidence of the colourless
Coral Sea.

Charlie Bowden, 18

I am a student from Hampshire, England, who discovered a love for writing
poetry in lockdown after spending years studying it at school. My work has been
included in collections by Young Writers, Amnesty International and the
Stratford Literary Festival and I recently won the 2021 Forward/emagazine
Creative Critics Competition. You can follow me on Twitter and
Instagram @charliebpoetry.

Clouded

The wonderful sky is extremely high in all shapes and forms
Clouds shaped like horns
Out in the night
Flying until dawn.
The sky like a fresh new lawn
Oh sky, oh sky take me out of this dull world
Lead me to a place called the milky way
through the sky we soar not a worry for all.

Mae Turner-Jones, 7

I only just realised I could write poems and I'm extremely happy about the poems I have done so far. I find it a fun activity to do. I like reading and my favourite book is the Boy at the Back of the Class by *Onjali Q. Rauf*.

Endless Sky

The beautiful galaxy...

Hold my hand as we soar through the sky, the moon shivers down our spine.

Gazing at our very eyes are the stars in the light night sky.

The stars shimmer as the soft breeze sways through our hair flying through the air.

The beautiful layers of the sky almost make me want to cry.

It feels like tide waves flowing around me as we slowly fly through the milky way.

Earth feels like a tiny ball as we slowly fly through the invisible wall.

Please take me out of this dull world, to a soul-lifting happy place.

Take me to the moon as we fly past the gloom.

Ellie Moore, 7

My favourite animal is a frog. I know. Frogs are chill. My favourite colour is mint. Like a frog. But frogs aren't mint. Boring I know. My favourite plant is a mushroom, the spotty ones just make me feel cosy.

Nesting Dolls

The only truth we know is that
Paint on human skin is riddled with deception
We create our own armour
Our canvas is the world

At the dawn of each day
With paper mache, clay and practised talent
Create your layers with perfect patterns for each new moment
This is the real you

A sprig of datura in painted hair
That's layered up with natural time
To barely shroud the Devil's trumpet
Cries that echo of my reputation

A mouse's nose peeks carefully from a sculpted snout
And the fangs of snakes caress my lower lip
As I speak of mattering happenings
And the past that remains untouched

I shroud the labels of my soldier's garments

With imprints of individuality
That sew holes into my carefully laid mask
Truth seeps through and throughout

I cover the cracks forming at my chest
With delicate designs and equations
That never quite add up
To equal one another

If your paint is similar
You may see beneath
Where a mock orange bracelet
Declares me something else entirely

I sew red rosebud to a hood
To hide my spiked coyote ears
And paint my garments the bright yellow
Of the sun and golden calcite

Leaving my mouth slightly ajar
So my sharp serpent's tongue slips free
Wide magnified doll's eyes
With which I see all

I cover the cracks forming at my chest
With witty remarks and soft laughter
Which crumple
Under further examination

In the comforting confines of
Home sweet home and closest family
Another layer slips away
Revealing softer skin and quicker smiles

A delicate blue twisted into a silky dress
Inlaid with purple crocus and morning glory
The invasive growth of eager emotions
That feed on affection and predictable normality

Unspoken languages sewn into the hem
With the threads of unforgotten memories
To be read by looking upwards
At the twitch of a mouth and a crinkled eye

I cover the cracks forming at my chest
With soft cloth and warm fabric

That cannot possibly
Go unnoticed

Deep inside
We shed our skin
Emotions
Reveal oldest thoughts

Sticky fingerprints and poster paints
A tiny dress covered with stains
And truthless truths wrapped in a bow
Attached to clothes that I have sewn

A daisy chain wrapped around my neck
A tiny face that smiles and waves
In shadowed rooms and empty halls
Two wide green eyes gape like fish mouths

I cover the cracks forming at my chest
With the lies I tell myself
No part of me left untouched, unpainted
A canvas has one purpose: to be covered

Shauna McNamara, 17

I am a self-proclaimed professional daydreamer from Ireland. My notebooks are covered with doodles so I don't have to deal with the blank page, and my desk is covered with character profiles and lines of poetry written on scraps of paper.

Balance

As the ground beneath me shook, my balance I struggled to find,
With the strain giving me all the more reason to hide,
To delay dealing with the inevitable, I pushed it all aside,
After countless attempts failing, of me trying to take it in my stride.

I finally opened all the doors I feared to, hearing rusted hinges
creak,
Hesitant to face everything behind that could cause me to break,
Surprised at the awaiting amount of gaiety, lack of ache,
It all now looked assuringly transparent, all that had earlier seemed
so opaque.

It took a while to grasp how not to fall through the rifts,
With how unexpectedly peace and pandemonium shifts,
Once mastered, you move how on quiet waters a vessel drifts,
The trembles stop, with all calm and seemingly swift.

Trisha Pai, 16

I'm passionate about poetry, music and dancing. I love starting my days listening to some of my favourite music, and ending them with writing a poem about the

emotions I felt throughout. I also enjoy writing for a few mental health pages I have started, and like doing my bit in giving back to the community by helping animals and interning at my local veterinarian's clinic. Poetry is and has been a form of expression for me, and a way to put out my feelings when I can't do so in words. With the way rhyme and rhythm help slow me down, poetry is my main emotional outlet.

Mirror eyes

He stared deeply into me
Infatuating my baby blue pearls
 with his dusty brown
I tried to work up a smile,
 I crumbled out of my frown
 Until he was finally pleased
He watched my face twitch and cringe
 He saw my knuckles squeezed
as his hands danced under my dress,

He saw me uncontrollably laugh
until my hair was a mess,
and saw my eyes water up
like sprinklers in summertime,

anyone could recognize when a little girl isn't fine.

His glare,

a deep drowned out brown
Dark enough to work as a mirror

I shake my head refusing to make eye contact with them
And everything below and above

I mean, who would want to watch themselves getting taken advantage of?

There was nothing I could do

I look at him

My eyes meet his glare

I could do nothing but sit there and stare

Watching the girl sitting in front of me

Dressed in a sparkly thin slip dress

Her hair raggedy and wrinkled

Her shoes blemished and crinkled

She looked okay

I mean she looked alright

Of course she didn't know exactly what happened at the time

But

She felt it

And she

She hated him for it...

She came to terms with what occurred

Her eyes dampened

Her vision blurred

She thought..

Maybe this is what it feels like to have a brother

Is this what all families do to each other?

Casey Law, 15

I am a queer, female, and Jewish poet who was born and currently resides in New Jersey. I have published a teenage mental health poetry book and my work has been published in cultofclio.com and I have upcoming work in poetrynation.com and [GENCONTROLZ](http://GENCONTROLZ.com). I am on Twitter: [@caseycannoli](https://twitter.com/caseycannoli)

Boys

There is someone behind you wearing
the same uniform as you.
But they wear it differently. But
they wear it better.

It's the library of a boarding school because
of course it is, mahogany and deep green curtains because
even the colours scream rich,
It's the library of a state school and I'm slamming you against
the metal of the bookshelves.
It's summer. We are alone.

We did not go to the same school.
My hair is short, now, my shirt is
wrinkled and my glasses are smudged from when I
cleaned them with the wrong material. But it felt
right, so it must be fine. I just need glasses cleaner.

I don't have glasses cleaner.

You always do, though. You don't even wear glasses.
But you said I complained too much, lightly,

and when I said nothing, when I couldn't look at you, you
started cleaning them for me when I
wasn't looking. Clean glasses and a

Double blind trial- We don't know what you're giving me,
And I don't know, exactly, what I'm taking from you. But I keep taking it,
And you keep giving it. The results are

I'm wearing a
white shirt and brown slacks,
blood on my lips from the copper statues
they never built of you-
copper wishes of cohabitation,
another life we might not lead.

We ran track already today and running through my head again are
the only questions I can't ask you, because
These ones I'm not sure you'll know. And they're
Do you want this? Do you want me?

Robin Danvers, 17

After becoming overly attached to English Literature and the improbable dream of becoming a writer, I started to write poetry regularly in 2019. Since then I have become maybe an inch taller and a couple of years older. I have also-in my opinion- become better at writing poetry, worse at playing scrabble, and remained exactly the same in trying to order food in public. You can find me at @r.j.danvers on instagram, @rjdanvers on twitter and ignoring the pile of books on my bedside table in real life.

The Droplet of Tibet

Water (life)

In a silver bowl

Carried by a young monk,

A tributary.

He slips, trips, spills a drop,

And carries the rest to the shrine.

The droplet of Tibet

Seeps into sand, made mud,

Trickles down to join the groundwater.

The lofty droplets in the sky

Collect

(Unable to get past the mountain),

Cool down, fall.

The groundwater is joined by the skywater;

They begin their journey.

The ground cannot hold them:

They rise to the surface,

Bringing the ground with.

There is always a crevice,
Or if not, they'll make one.

A cobra
Whose poison heals
Wraps, slinks around,
Rubs its back on the mountains.
Always persuasive,
A door is made.

There are many cobras
Whose poison heals.
When they join, they combine.
Each tributary
Gives tribute to one course.

During Kumbh Mela
The droplet of Tibet,
All the droplets of Tibet
Cleanse
The Hindu pilgrims.

Trystan Willis, 16

I love learning about stories and perspectives which differ from those that I'm used to and which cross national and ideological boundaries. It's for that reason that, at school, history and philosophy are my favourite subjects, and one story which particularly fascinated me was that of the break between Hinduism and Buddhism, how two religions that are so closely related ended up in such different places, and yet feel the echoes of each other's influence. It is this story which inspired this poem: though the Himalayas separate them, the water from Tibet feeds the Ganges.

masquerade ball

everyone on earth must attend
this purposely prolonged Party.
you must stay until your time is up -
to Leave Early is Unheard Of.

but your face is horribly Scarred,
so you fasten a Mask -
and as far as you're concerned,
this is now a Masquerade Ball.

it looks realistic enough -
so long as you're not under light,
no one will be the wiser.

but there're far too many people here -
and the Mask affords you only tiny breaths
and the heat tests your spirit,
dancing spots obscure your vision,
but you must remain,
or risk Disgrace.

to maintain this illusion,
you slink to the shadows,
turn your back to the crowd,
unveil your Ugliness to the wall,
and wipe the sweat off your brow.

but you can't sit out The Party for long...
back on goes the Mask,
and into your Masquerade Ball you go.
everything will be fine -
so long as your Mask doesn't slip.

this perpetual cycle repeats.
pretending and hiding,
Masking and dying,
concealing your Unsightly Flaw.

you deceive almost everyone,
but the sweat pooling under
the perfectly put-together face they see
reminds you of the truth
that can't be hidden for long.

but you keep taking breaks
to wipe your face
and gulp fresh air
until it all becomes too much,
and hands that aren't yours anymore
push open the door
to leave The Party early.

after all,
Dishonor couldn't be worse than this.
suffering through a half-life,
doomed from the start.
perhaps you just weren't a party person...

Ali Ximines, 16

It took me a bit of time to wrap my head around the idea of being a writer. I've always enjoyed escaping into the fictional worlds of books, but creating those realms myself is an honor I also quite enjoy. It's my dream to publish a novel at some point, but for the moment, poetry and short stories are my passion.

