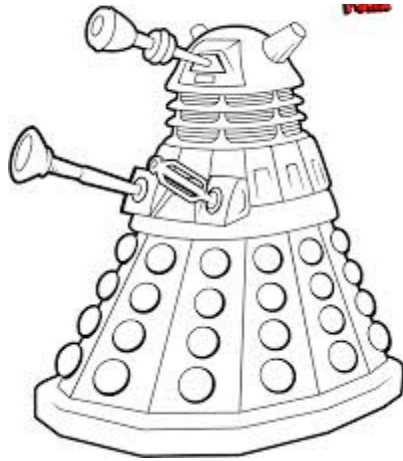


Dr Who Childhood

Scariest than all the Cybermen
And all the Daleks:
was mom and dad arguing
Or rather mom's sustained
verbal attack
On dad.
She may as well have been screaming
"exterminate, exterminate".
Hiding behind the sofa
Didn't make it go away.

One time they argued in the car,
All the way to Wales.
I wanted to move in time and space,
Escape this confined place.
But I was only seven,
And not a Timelord,
With only one heart
And no Tardis.

Frank McMahon



The road warrior

Get Lost in highway bricabrac stores
Take a cat nap by the side of the road
Rain and sunshine mixed sparkles up my day
The drive is hard n heavy down this freeway
I see fields of gardenias as I drive
south for the winter
The tar macadam tickles my tyres
as I ride this steel horse
I pick up a hitchhiker going into the
blue yonder
Roads were built for man to cross
the wastelands
I see a beast split in two panting at
the side of the road
Thunder and lightning burns the
desert skies
The moon whispers light on the
windy pass way
I camp beneath the glittering and
glowing stars
And yes it's here on the road I find my heaven

A Sole



HEAVENS BELLS

Timeless chiming of a church clock late at night,
fond French memories in the dark and out of sight.
The heavy weight of present, lightened by the past,
laughter and sunshine, the lingering moments last.

The clock strikes again, even louder now it seems,
shattering the memories, the hopes that lie in dreams.
The dead spoke to me brightly, in conversational tones,
as if they lived and breathed, were not just piles of bones.

Another peal but longer as the night soldiered on,
the ghosts slipped away at the cockerel's morning song.
The hard grey mist, rising out of sepulchral night,
faded as pink streaks crossed the dark sky light.

Cacaphony of bells welcomes the new day,
a sense of loss lingers for the night passed away.
Then silence falls, guillotining the harsh din,
another dawn, another chance of breaking free from sin.

JP WILLIS

The Wolves

The only team known more by their nickname
Than their official one.
That's fame.
But now all we've got is the name
And a still large still suffering fan base,
And past glories;
Old men's stories
Of rattles, short back and sides,
long shorts, heavy leather balls
And trophies.

Frank McMahon



The Other Night

Your fingers touched me
Set me a-quiver
Your hands ran over me
Set me a-shiver
Your mouth touched mine
I melted into you
Your kisses explored me
What could I do?
I considered a moment
Is this really wise?
You moved over me
I closed my eyes.

Lytisha

Speech Patterns

Some people speak so fast
Like a scatterlogical scattergun
Blasting the senses.
The content,
Incessant shit.

Lytisha

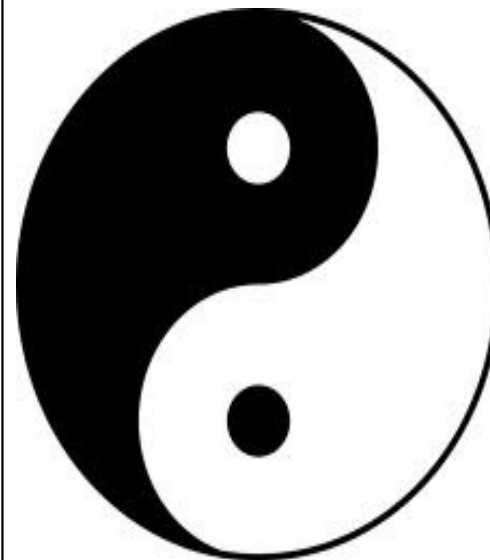


You're talking, but
I'm not listening!

To Live Within This World

Darkened doors lead to upturned skies.
Each night has a finely carved centre.
The centre falls from being,
Makes way for light.
Though lacking understanding,
Day and Night sit together without
question or quarrel.
A respect exists;
Born of the harmony sometimes
found in opposites.
Thriving because of,
Not in spite of, their contradiction.
To live within this world,
Is to inhabit all that is,
And all that will be.
Acceptance offers possibility;
A chance to savour the day and
hold the wonder of the night.

Fiona Bird



MUSIC 4 LIFE

**Timothy
J Simpson**

**Mojo and
The Crazy
Diamonds**

Black Feather

**Rebeca Munoz
And the
Flamenquit@s**

**@the Maze
Weds April
9th**

**Raising money
for musical
Instruments
for asylum
seeker s with
little or no in-
come**

**For more info
contact Frank:
07889 765917**

SPEECH THERAPY

*Poetry is nearer to
vital truth than
history.*

Plato

**Every fourth
Thursday**



**Hotel Deux
2 Pelham Road
Sherwood Rise
Nottingham
NG5 1AP
07770 226926**

Uncrowned Kings

Distant flicker of image,
Shimmering mirage,
Sand-slide of ocean,
Wadi-Run waves,
Camel hump hillocks,
Pebbles of knees
Carry silhouetted
Sliver of majesty,
Arc of hero,
Of Arabia,
Liberator,
Lies still,
Dorset died,
Brough Superior.*
Hail him
Always,
Uncrowned King
EL Aurens
Bastard
Son of Wales.
Now hail him,
New Uncrowned King
In heaven.
Ireland's
Seamus Peter,
O'Toole,
Actor,
Epic maker,
Of my
Inner child's eye
Of awe.

John Humphreys

*the motorcycle Lawrence died on

Mr Lawson

Mr Lawson
waiting by the phone
eyes bushbaby large
through magnified lenses
watching the front door.

Waiting.
Wooden chair.
Sitting upright, cat-alert.
Jacket, shirt, tie.
Straining
Ready to go.

'You want to come and watch telly, Mr
Lawson?'

I'm waiting for m'son.
He might ring.
He might come to t' door.
I might miss him.

Voice hoarse from lack of use.

'We'll let you know if he rings, Mr Law-
son'

No, I'll stop 'ere

Ready to run.
Perpetual readiness
Waiting for his son.

Clare Stewart



Clean Laundry

Through the dark of sleep
Awareness grows
Slow and thick.
Floorboards snap
Almost silent
Creak,
Speaking
As they flex and stretch,
Reaching for my mother's feet
Greeting her feet
Moving gently
In front of the airing cupboard.

She's sorting laundry
Lays our clothes
On heated shelves
Where we will find them
In the morning
Neat,
clean, ironed, folded.

The floorboards
Seek
and meet
Her feet.
The creaks speak
Tell me she is there.

Clare Stewart



Millwall Football Club

In the arts and popular culture
Poetry, whether written or spoken word
Doesn't appeal to many
It rarely gets to be heard.

'No –one like us, we don't care'
Sings the Millwall Football Club supporter
It's not so different for poets
Few ever sample their word slaughter.

Even so, the rhymes still flow
Poets shuffle their formations
Might get caught offside at times
Always make last-minute substitutions.

Andy Szpuk

Fifty One Again

Still a lot younger than Big Ben
A hotel near Tower Bridge
Complimentary chilled water in the fridge

The world is an oyster when you have the card
Discarded copies of the London Evening Standard
On a tube train, breathing stale air
Disembarking at Leicester Square

Stirred into the sticky syrup of the big city
A quick coffee, people and cars pass by at high
velocity

Floating along to a theatre, the Coliseum
Madame Butterfly awaits, wading through culture's
scrum

The orchestra plays, a story unfolds in three acts
Fortune's whirlwind flies, fate holds the axe
An interval brings a sorbet, flavoured with mango,
Two more acts, conclusion reached, a hell of a
show

Fifty one years of meanderings, many of them me-
lodious

I'd take another fifty one without much fuss
Night and day, navigating oceans of notions
Stirring the potions, pages kissed by words, my
setting sons.

Andy Szpuk