

## SUBMISSIONS

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 27. Poems can be on any theme. The only stipulation is that they are short, twenty five lines or less. This is so that they can fit onto a page of A6. Your poem may be great but if its as long as Paradise Lost then it won't get in. The deadline for submissions is November 25th 2014. Poems should be sent to: [diypoets@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:diypoets@yahoo.co.uk)

**DIY POETS**  
**@ Maze**  
**Mansfield**  
**Road**  
**Nottingham**

For more info:  
Contact Frank on:  
07889 765917 or  
[diypoets@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:diypoets@yahoo.co.uk)  
Or @ [www.diypoets.com](http://www.diypoets.com)  
Or on Facebook



**£3 entry**  
**8 til late**

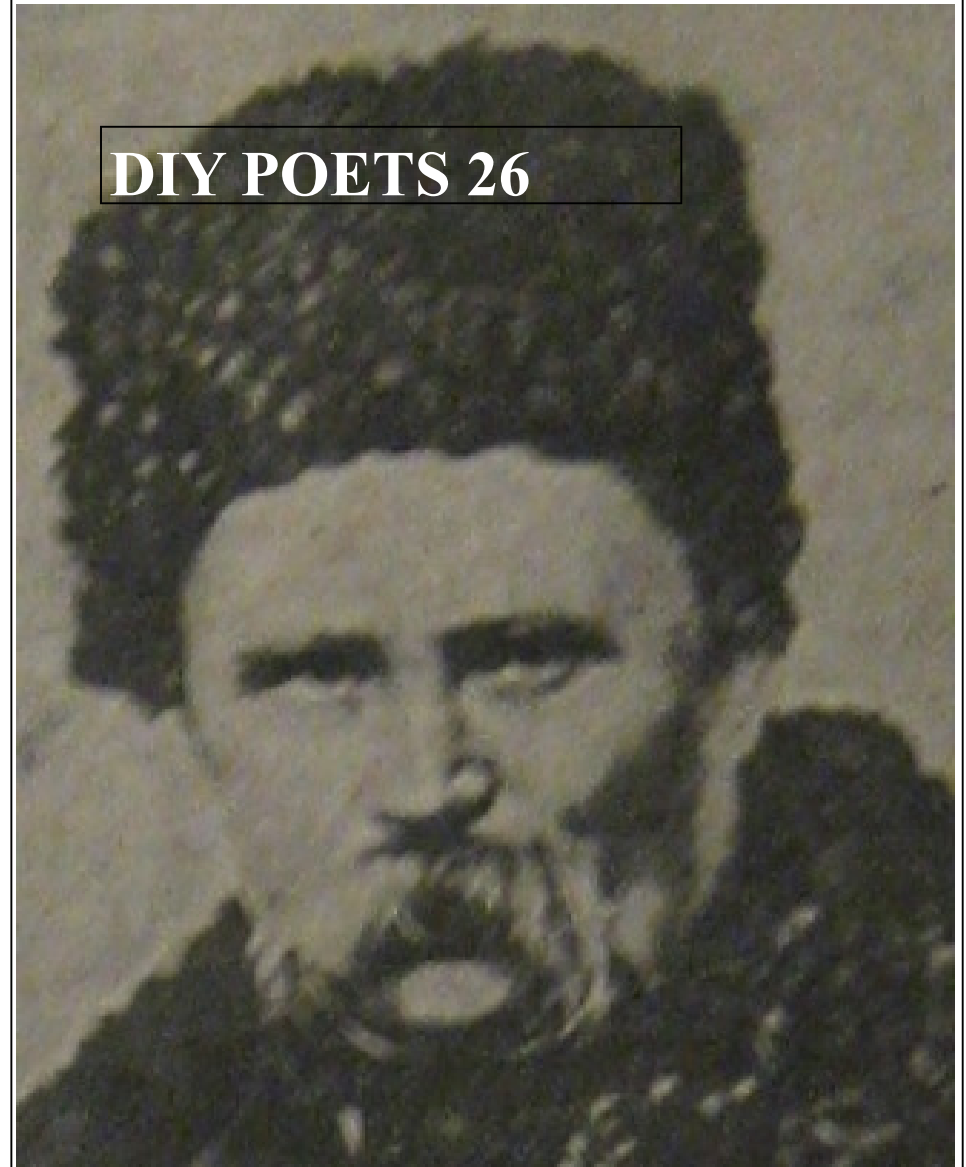
**Nov 13th**  
**Feb 12th**

### FRONT COVER

Taras Shevchenko  
1814-1861), revered  
Ukrainian poet who  
endured  
imprisonment and exile  
to become the voice of  
a people.

**WE'RE NICE AND WE DON'T ALWAYS RHYME**

**DIY POETS 26**



**NOTTINGHAM'S FREE**  
**POETRY MAGAZINE**

**Where are you now?**

Where are you now Dylan bach, poet profane?  
Caught, hanging somewhere between sky and sea?  
Singing forever in a sunset of chains,  
or sunk beneath sips of White Horse whisky?

Spit doubts of fire at legacies reward  
Rage, Rage against Yankee suffocation,  
howl after heron from your distant shore,  
bowed bacchic bard, betrothed to a nation.

Do your tears flood heaven, angel wings drown?  
In salted word-pools of Llareggub charm.  
Tread soft on your 'ugly beautiful' town,  
slip silent through blood-slate skies of Laugharne.

Oh murder of memory, Fern Hill smothered,  
after the first death, there is no other.

**John Humphreys**

**PUNKS  
FOR THE  
HOMELESS**

**HELPING LATIN  
AMERICAN STREET  
CHILDREN**

**FOR MORE INFO  
CONTACT  
EAGLE SPITZ ON:  
mreaglespits@gmail.com**

**POEM**

To you hidden youngster  
Who has been left forgotten  
who the rich have feared  
For being like a beggar  
Because they have not  
suffered  
what it means not to have a  
shelter

You, who have everything,  
tell me why must this life  
be so forbidden  
for my people that I love so.

To you, my dear friend I say  
don't let yourself be forgotten,  
you that has had no father  
and therefore has slept  
on the streets  
making a doorway your only  
nest  
that the rich have invaded  
to be able to finish you off.  
**Ludvin Omar Valdes**  
17 years old  
Former resident of  
Casa Alianza  
Murdered in 1998

4 DV

**MY ARMS ARE ALWAYS OPEN  
WHEN THE GATES ARE LOCKED  
WHEN THE BRIDES DANCING WITH THE BEAST  
AND THE MINISTERS UNFROCKED**

**THE TROUBLES THEY ARE FADING  
THE VISION NOW IS CLEAR  
WE ARE CONDEMNED TO BE FREE  
AND THE BODIES RULED BY FEAR**

**NO RULES AND REGULATIONS  
JUST A RESPONSE TO LOVE  
THE GOLDEN EAGLES ATTACKED THE LAMB  
AND THE SNAKE THE DOVE**

**THE VIPERS THEY ARE VICIOUS  
WITH THE GINGHAM AND THE CROSS  
TURNING BACKS AND CLOSING DOORS  
AND THE SERMONS THEY ARE DROSS**

**YET THERES LIGHT IN DARKNESS  
AND WE MUST ENTER IN  
CONFORMITY AND A COLD COLD HEART  
ARE THE ONLY SIN**

**EAGLE SPITZ**

**House Smelling of Beer**

House smelling of beer

Strange youths sleeping on sofa

I put on headphones

**Clare Stewart**



### Signs of Love

All the hurts  
All the pain  
All forgiven  
Once again

Ken Curran

### Labour 2014

The point has long been reached,  
where you have bleached  
all the red out of the flag.  
Your message begins to sag.

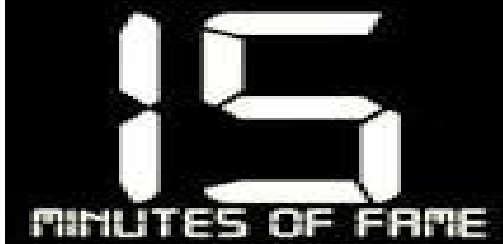
You are about as socialist  
As Shakin Stevens is rock n roll.  
You don't care about those on the  
dole,  
Who you malign as shirking.  
Labour isn't working.

Frank McMahon

### Wyclef

He dated Danni Minogue  
He toured with James Brown  
Now he sits alone in his crack den  
He chimbers on his crack pipe  
He begs for money  
I'll sing for money he says  
His crack dreams can't save him  
His raggedy frame marching round town  
Needles and pins for his sins  
He is the beggar man of Nottingham  
I'll sing for crack he says  
The crack never pays  
His voice lost to the pipe  
His future lost with a wive

### A Sole



# 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**

### Near crash

(For AJB)

A near crash, I guess.

Like decent people,

we avoided collision.

Repelling magnets

swerving contact.

After trying to come alongside,

we travelled different sea routes.

Took different ways.

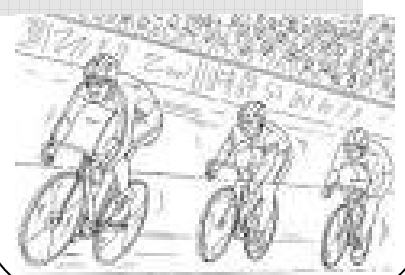
Clare Stewart



### Ventoux

Bleached moonscape rock  
Wind pitted podium ghost  
Wreathed by bidons.

Trevor Wright



**DO YOU WANT TO  
MEET OTHER POETS?  
SHARE YOUR WORK?  
GET THE CHANCE TO  
PLAN EVENTS?  
PERFORM YOUR WORK?**

IF SO DIY POETS MEET  
ON THE FIRST WEDS OF THE  
MONTH UPSTAIRS  
AT BROADWAY  
BROAD STREET  
NOTTINGHAM CITY CENTRE  
FROM 8 PM ONWARDS

**COME AND JOIN US  
FOR A RELAXED  
AND POETIC EVENING**

**FOR MORE INFO CONTACT  
FRANK ON 07889 765917  
OR @diy poets.co.uk**

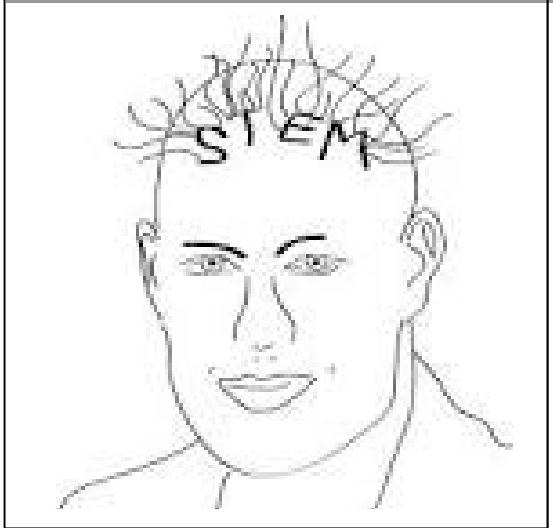
### The Quiff Is Dead

The rain flattened my hair.  
It worried me at twenty four  
but now I no longer care  
As I'm balding, and sport a number one.

Back then, in Smithsian homage, I had a quiff,  
It's gone, but I still enjoy Marr's  
wah wah and Rourke's bass riff.

I turn off the album,  
Out the door I go  
Not caring about the hair-flattening rain.

**Frank McMahon**



### Change the Channel

Act, speak and talk  
With voices of change –  
Fiscal economy, the  
Currency of exchange –  
For an active ideology  
In which artists engage.

**Richard C Bower**

### National Health Service

National Health Service  
Staggers along  
On a Zimmer frame  
One eye on the clock  
A creeping disease  
Infecting the system  
Hospital doors revolve  
Patients arrive  
Some get home again  
With a brand new infection  
Doctors' notes reveal  
A classic illegible scrawl  
Anxious relatives sit  
On grey, plastic chairs  
If they're not biting  
Their nails  
They're chewing their  
nerves  
Bottles of tablets rattle  
On rickety trolleys  
Pharmaceutical companies  
Swallow the profits  
The health of a nation  
Is worth something  
To men with deep pockets

**Andy Szpuk**



### Vere Penne (Genuine Penne)

Let me tell you something you should  
know  
When you party with bella donnas  
Italiano  
'Cos a thing that's easy for a Brit to miss  
Is that 'penne' is a pasta  
But 'pene' is penis  
So be very careful if you say  
"I can make my penne al dente"  
Unless you're in a specific situation  
But even then  
I wouldn't recommend it  
So it's safer to say  
Tagliatelle  
Instead  
...probably

**Martin Grey**



### Engaging with Artists

The shy self promotionalist  
Was in a difficult position  
Ordinarily friendly and chatty  
Had difficulties doing the  
ordinary  
With anyone connected to art  
Finally said a timid 'Hi'  
As the artist passed by  
The questions went unasked

**Lytisha**

The **Dilettante Society** is a newborn Nottingham based alliance of novice artistes, aesthetes, degenerates and decadents intent on arousing creative dawdlers and daydreamers out of their dwellings to find mischief and inspiration. We aim to entertain, suggest and inspire your right brain with ideas, anecdotes and alliteration. **We meet on the second Tuesday of each month at 7:30pm in the Golden Fleece on Mansfield Road for a light hearted evening of good conversation. Everyone is welcome, do pop down for a drink and say hello.**