

SUBMISSIONS

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 29. 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 May 10th 2015. Poems should be sent to: diypoets@yahoo.co.uk

DIY POETS
@ Maze
Mansfield
Road
Nottingham

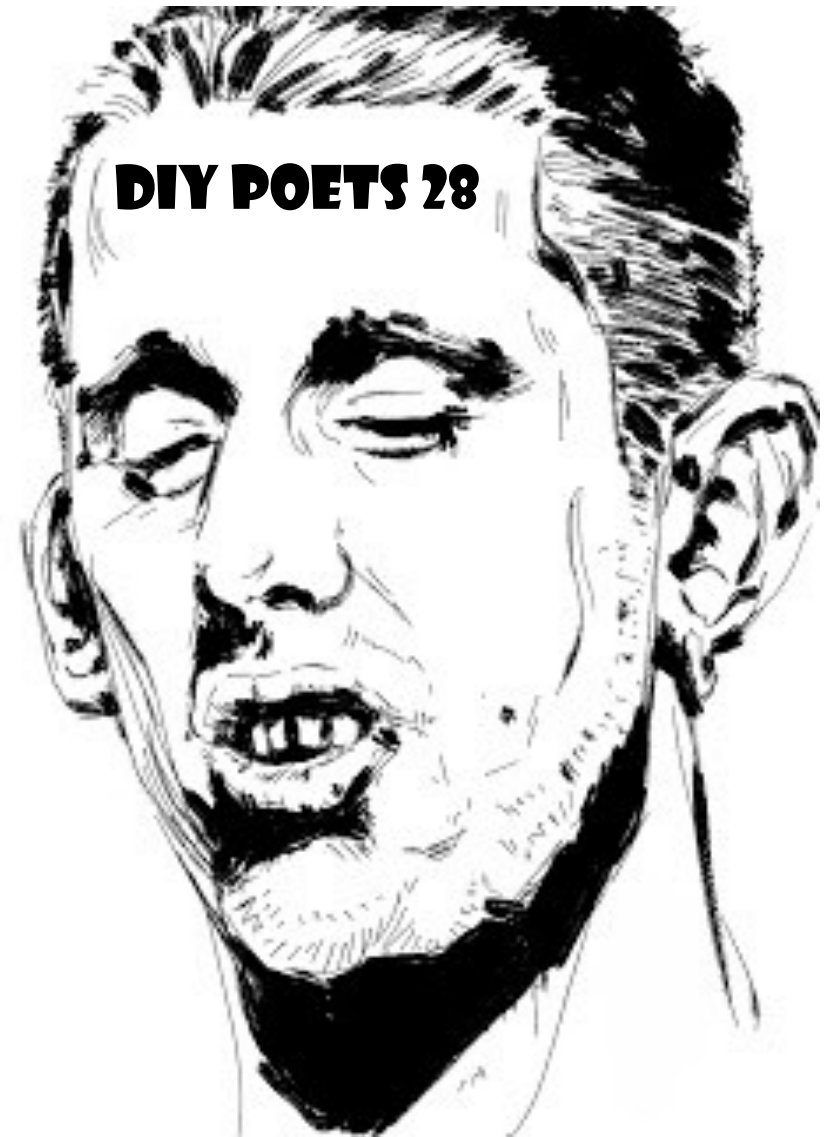
For more info:
Contact Frank on:
07889 765917 or
diypoets@yahoo.co.uk
Or @ www.diypoets.com
Or on Facebook



£3 entry
8 til late

May 14th
Aug 13th
Nov 12th

WE'RE NICE AND WE DON'T ALWAYS RHYME



DIY POETS 28

NOTTINGHAM'S FREE
POETRY MAGAZINE

LABOUR AND SLAVERY

Miliband was a bit too eager
To wear the t shirt:
'This is what a feminist looks like'
He should have been more alert
In a factory somewhere, in the tropics
For the lowest pay, working long hours
Those t shirts were stitched together
A sweat shop running on slave labour

Andy Szpuk



PUNKS FOR THE HOMELESS

**HELPING LATIN
AMERICAN STREET
CHILDREN**

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



Tony Benn

You were told you immatured with age.
You took that as a badge of honour.
Often with a pipe but never slippers,
Drinking gallons of tea,
With socialism a nice strong brew, undiluted,
Not the tepid dip in and out
Of Wilson, Blair and beyond.



TONY BENN
1925 - 2014

"IF WE CAN FIND MONEY TO
KILL PEOPLE, WE CAN FIND
THE MONEY TO HELP PEOPLE."

A parliamentary Orwell,
With the gift of oratory and plain speaking,
Became peerless.

Frank McMahon

BAD HOUSEKEEPING

An old vacuum cleaner that's lost its suction
The Tories obsess over deficit reduction
Average wages stuck in a deep freeze
Sell-by-dates fast approaching, a lurking malaise
Swept under the carpet is a thick bed of grime
An army of dirt busters couldn't clear this slime
Shirts may be pressed, shoes all polished and shiny
Meanwhile, the kitchen sink is piled high with dirty crockery

Andy Szpuk



Mobile Phone

She built an extension
onto herself
thinking
she needed more room
for more friends
She just built more space
to be lonely in.

Clare Stewart



Pinned to the floor
Washed in the wind
Absorbed in the atmosphere
Cradled in creation

Breached by the force
Stretched by the truth
Love from a lie
Lit by a thought

Lost in a moment
Found in reality
Clutching at straws
As I grasp for my sanity

Joseph



Frustration

I could rise, rise, rise all the way,
a glossy-bright yellow helium balloon
against the even brighter blue sky,
if I didn't have this bloody big black heavy
smiley face stuck on.

NOAM LIVNE



Mandela-Hitler Guilt

I may not be
Nelson Mandela
But at least I am not
like Hitler
I may feel bad about not being good
enough
but at least I can feel good
about not being bad
and tough.

I may not be an umbrella
but at least I don't piss on your head
I may not be a great poet
but at least I don't burn your books
I may not be a great inspiration
but at least I don't blow out your can-
dle.

It's the best I can say about me
at the moment.

It may be blandela
to say that
I'm not like Mandela
Hell, son, I just ain't a Nelson!

And I maybe feel guilty
up to the hilty
for being a quitter
and a bit of a flitter.

And I may Be a whittler
but at least I'm not Hitler

At least
you can say
I am not Hitler.

Clare Stewart

A Psychic Bombshell from Jimmy Savile

I used to 'Service' Maggie
quite Regularly
whilst Dennis was out
playing golf.

Then one terrible day
She said "be on your way
I've met an Australian painter
called Rolf"

yours

*LordBiro
ChurchOfTheMillitantElvis
SeanceParlour*

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**

**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 @diypoets.co.uk**

The last crimson poet

I know the dream
of the last crimson poet
Chained by a lack of belonging
he was afraid once he joined
Desperation seen through the desolate roads
As if he was freed by the remainings
of his love
Life became a secret immortal fear
His remembrances
about to disappear.
"I'm a spy
In the house of love
I know the dream
That you're dreaming of".

Alfredo Pesoli

One day a lady told me to start a
revolution
I felt naked
Without any thought
Without the mask that we all carry
on the back of our head
Without words
Without a bone to play with
Without self-esteem
Without a nose.
I felt the arcane mystery of the soul
The reconciliation of a muse with
her own dream.
We know nothing of who we were
And yet forward we look.

Alfredo Pesoli

Generation Gap

I'm fifteen years nearer than you
To meeting my maker.
My favourite Doctor is Tom Baker.
You like David Tennant the best.
You barely know the rest.
You don't use paper a- z's.
or remember life before google maps.
Have we no Tardis to bridge
This Generation Gap?

Frank McMahon



It was the two of us against the world
The world won.

Orla Shortall



Trouble with Spelling? Imagine you're Stephen Hawking.

eYE DOWwnt nO MuUtCh AbOWWT
pOWitri AanD KayEr vErRi
LeEtIL fOUr THEE AknoliiJEd
konVENSHuNs Off
SpEllin
PuNkchEWayshON aNDd
PReSenTAYshoon BuTt att
LEest MEyei
GrAmMAAr iZZ akssePtABil

Steven Rolls



Errors of Judgement

Eton boy Cameron, so slick,
It just makes me wanna be sick.
Sir Malcolm Rifkind, the
munchkin,
I just wanna punch him.
67 grand ain't enough wages of
sin,
But Jack Straw hang your head
in shame,
Cos on the Red Flag
You've left a blue stain.

John Humphreys



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.**