

## SUBMISSIONS

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 30. 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 July 30th 2015. Poems should be sent to: [diypoets@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:diypoets@yahoo.co.uk)

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

**£3 entry**  
**8 til late**

**Aug 13th**  
**Nov 12th**

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



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

## DIY POETS 29



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

## Jeremy Clarkson

Jeremy Clarkson, now what use?  
The BBC, an Aesop Goose  
That laid the Top Gear golden egg  
Motormouth, verbal abuse  
Ideal for comic verse  
Offensive behaviour  
His punch is worse  
Than his bark, son  
Another BBC presenter to sack  
Who are you gonna call?  
Clarkson dismissed, much baggage to pack  
Director General, Tony Hall  
One time, another man with the initials JC  
Died on The Cross and arose from death  
Jeremy is popular with millions of people  
Perhaps he will appear again  
At Easter, with chocolate eggs  
Jeremy, we know there are folks you don't like  
Please renew my contract, he begs  
Here is your P45,  
On your bike!

## Andrew Martin

### Robin

I knew you'd hit the bottom  
when your trousers hit the floor,  
on the Dale.  
No pants, eyes fixed on the Special Brew in  
each hand.  
No concern for the bus, frozen in shock;  
Children, eyes covered, old ladies mouths wide with shock.  
You walked, or waddled, like a penguin, not stopping until you could put  
your cans on the wall.  
Eyes on the cans, arse in the air, you lift your trousers, turn and sit,  
Unaware of the commotion.

## R Eagling



### **Chocolate Bunny:**

I want you, cannot resist  
I want to nibble your ears  
I've gone too far, I'm biting  
your neck  
I want you  
Like a passionate teenaged  
kiss,  
A compulsion, to stick my  
tongue down your throat  
A moment of panic, as you  
envelop my tongue  
And then, your shell crum-  
bles  
Your sickly sweetness fills  
my mouth...  
And afterwards?  
A little shame only  
A little guilt  
I crumple your flimsy foil  
wrapper in my hand  
It is still two days till Easter

### **Hazel Warren**

### **Twisted logic.**

Forty thousand philosophers flying in a Fokker. Tight squeeze?  
I'm a Fokker.  
Therefore  
My capacity for rational thought is limited.  
**Steven Rolls**

### **I Never Saw Son House**

*(Delta blues singer 1902 – 1988)*

It haunts me still, the poster,  
The Old Vic 1986 or maybe 7,  
Son House, blues originator.  
I didn't know of him then,  
not that it wasn't in his picture  
etched in every line on his face.

A few years later,  
lost to a rainfall of regret  
the hiss of tape  
releases that primordial howl  
butting the National Steel's  
visceral whine.

They say he was the real deal,  
showed Robert Johnson  
and Muddy Waters the way,  
I read also he was plagued  
in '74 by cancer of the larynx,  
the deepest cut for a singer.

So there never was a poster,  
least not for Son House  
at the Old Vic in '86 or maybe 7.  
Was it '88, a tribute the year he died?  
or was it me, somehow knowing,  
that Son done finally sung his last truth.

## John Humphreys



### **CONTAMINATED MAYONNAISE**

The lap dancer hovered, swinging her  
tassels  
The birthday boy ogled, drunken and  
frazzled  
He squirted mayonnaise on to siz-  
zling beef  
Bit into his burger, enjoying the over-  
cooked meat  
She twisted and swayed, a vision so  
exotic  
Hot steam rising all around, melting  
lipstick  
Moisture from her body poured from  
the stage  
Droplets of salty sweat contaminated  
the mayonnaise  
**Andy Szpuk**

### Poetry: Suck It and See

Poetry, why not suck it and see  
You might find,  
Despite those bad experiences at school,  
That it may not be like sucking a lemon  
But more like a sherbet lemon.

No more twee and afternoon tea.  
And mumbling posh voices  
As your interest is then tumbling.  
We need Keats

But not done in a plummy voice,  
Utterly unlike his Cockney one.  
Shelley had his balls ripped off  
His statue at Oxford  
We're going to put them back on.  
It's been rebranded as spoken word  
Semantics are not for me.  
I'll have poetry.

Try our free A6 magazine  
Fit it into your pocket.  
Let your imagination rocket.

Frank McMahan



Turn the tides  
Like they try to turn the tables  
Flip it back  
Don't bow to their decree  
Do you agree?  
If not, go dead against them  
Stick to your guns  
Truth is all we need  
No one can use what is true  
against us  
Lies can be formulated into  
weapons  
Be fearful of all that will damage,  
Trying will not damage you.  
Never fear stepping into the unknown  
As it is those we know that are  
more likely to kill us

Alice Short

*when in*  
**DOUBT**  
*tell the*  
**TRUTH**

### Disobedient Objects

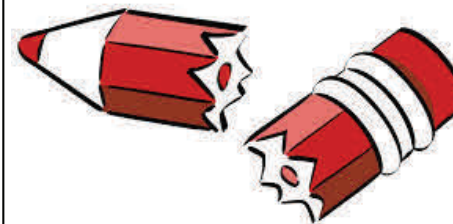
We went on trips to art galleries in London with school and scoffed at the washing line – not knowing that my mum was an artist.  
Little did I know when at Greenham that I should save my banners for posterity.  
Maybe I should've smiled on marches screaming “Maggie, Maggie, Maggie”, for the video cameras to record.  
How ironic that our venom has become art.  
We wander round the V&A- tourists.  
Our lives on display,  
for people who would never stand against a solid line of police horses – breathing hot steam – brown flesh steaming – shiny bit – leather boots kicking flanks, grunting their displeasure.

R Eagling

### THE PENCIL SNAPPER

The pencil snapper sits in his mansion  
Around him lie fragments of graphite and wood  
When he's displeased he snaps a pencil  
again  
Knee deep in debris, he swears he's misunderstood

Andy Szpuk



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

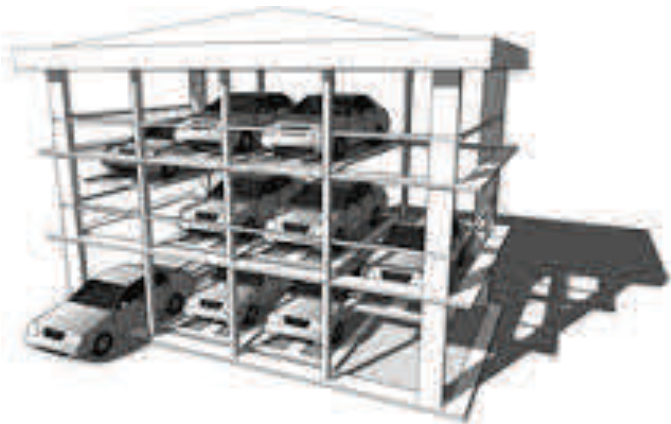
IF SO DIY POETS MEET  
ON THE FIRST WEDS OF THE  
MONTH UPSTAIRS  
AT BROADWAY  
BROAD STREET  
NOTTINGHAM CITY CENTRE  
FROM 8 PM ONWARDS

**COME AND JOIN US  
FOR A RELAXED  
AND POETIC EVENING  
FOR MORE INFO CONTACT  
FRANK ON 07889 765917  
OR @diypoets.co.uk**

### Desolation

Her eyes look out across the space.  
Remembering it had once been her playground,  
A space for the imagination.  
The dens that had been created,  
The stories imagined,  
The lives lived out  
In summers never ending.  
Where were the trees they'd climbed?  
Where were the bushes they'd danced around?  
Where were the voles, foxes, field mice they'd watched?  
The sound of the water babbling in the stream  
Was subdued, buried in plastic pipes.  
Birds no longer sang here  
The space was devoid of any green.  
This harsh concrete world  
Of the car park,  
And that unused,  
By the 'new factory'  
Long since abandoned.  
So much change in 20 years.  
Memories ungrounded.

Lytisha



### Foolish Boat People!

Foolish boat people!  
Somewhere they've heard  
that the lucky happy people  
across the water  
believe in kindness compassion love.  
They think  
our news has told us  
of their problems and  
we are anxious  
to greet them  
and help them dock  
and give them hot soup  
and a bed  
and calm  
and safety  
and find a doctor  
for their children.  
They think we are  
ready to help  
because we are  
wealthy and lucky –  
and who doesn't share  
wealth and luck?  
They think we are worried  
and sad for them.

But they don't  
know about  
Katie Hopkins.  
And they haven't met  
Nigel Farage.  
Clare Stewart



### Freckles

Please darling, think with your head  
And not your heart  
You're burning up  
And your scent is wearing off  
Suitcase and adolescent freckles  
You don't care how you hold your  
cigarette  
As long as you can inhale something  
Other than broken promises  
And little white lies.  
Please darling, follow your instinct  
And not your gut  
Soon the sun will rise and the street  
lights won't be needed  
Nor the candles  
But remember you are needed  
And "It's better to burn out than to fade  
away".

Megan Neill

### DILETTANTE SOCIETY

The **Dilettante Society** is a new-born Nottingham based alliance of novice artistes, aesthetes, degenerates and decadents intent on arousing creative dawdlers and day-dreamers 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.**