

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

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
Or @ 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 McMahon



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

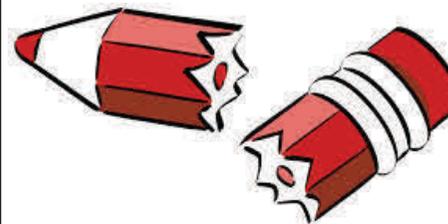
We went on trips to art galleries in London with school and scoffed at the washing line – not knowing that my mum was an artist.
Little did I know when at Greenham that I should save my banners for posterity.
Maybe I should've smiled on marches screaming “Maggie, Maggie, Maggie”, for the video cameras 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?**

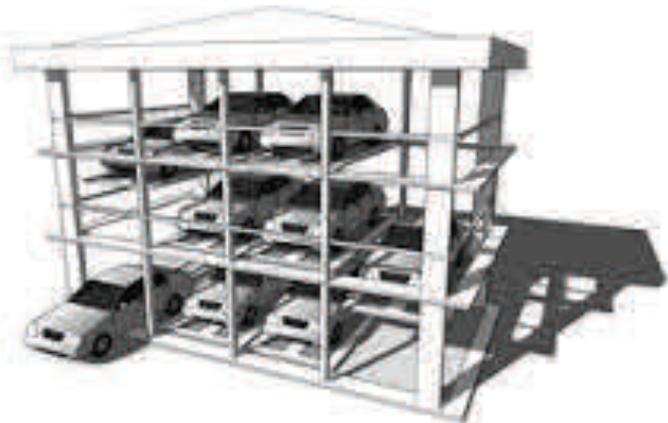
IF SO DIY POETS MEET
ON THE FIRST WEDS OF THE
MONTH UPSTAIRS
AT BROADWAY
BROAD STREET
NOTTINGHAM CITY CENTRE
FROM 8 PM ONWARDS

**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.**