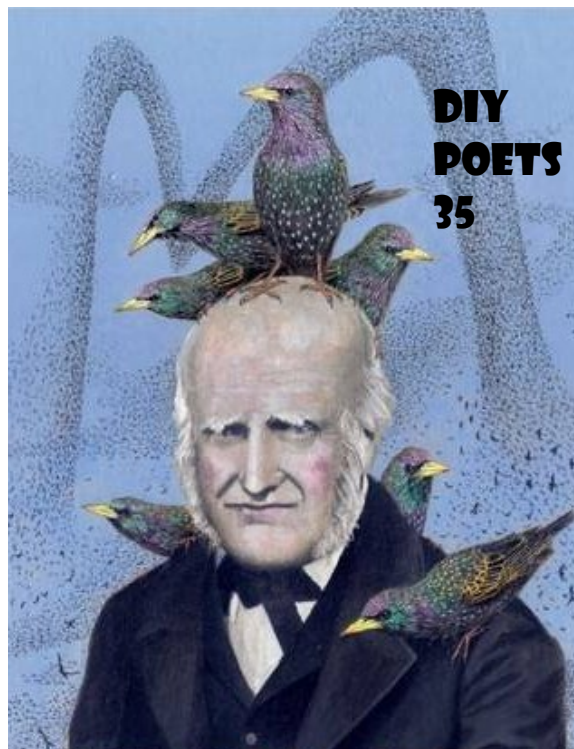


**WE'RE NICE AND WE DON'T
ALWAYS RHYME**



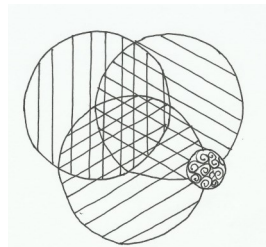
**DIY
POETS
35**

**THE FREE
POETRY MAGAZINE**

Us

We are indefinable
Unkept promises and unwritten love letters
Overdue library books left on petrol station forecourts.
We are a fraction, divided by zero
The movement at the edge of the Venn diagram
Spit spat onto hot pavements.
We are your final warning and your very last chance
We are dead celebrities and living politicians
The smell of rotten vegetable matter, tobacco and raw meat.
We are not quite one thing or the other
A window shattered by the body of a bird
The stringless guitar strumming silent melodies.
We are woodsmoke and wanderings
The scent of sex in stained sheets
A three course meal in a shitty restaurant.
We are cyclical arguments
A long-lost sibling with too many memories
Rusted padlocks on a chain-link fence.
We are the tip of your tongue and the back of your mind
We are everything and nothing
And that's just the way we like it.

Leanne Moden



The Wizard of Bullshit (Richmond Station 11.10pm)

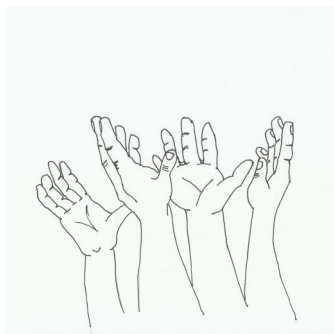
The wizard of bullshit dances with his fag end,
Espouses the virtues of talking to strangers
As I smile back accepting.
“you know, talking is better than anything, better than a book,
although I carry a book, A particular big one at the moment”
“you can learn things from others, you can discover magic, you
know?!!”
The wizard of bullshit falters, a little unsteady, but rights himself
slow,
Like a dancer would, trusting the moment
And his own internal rhythms.
His Keith Richards’ sandpapered choking laugh and grin,
his near feet spin.
“Some people miss it, to spell out words, is to cast a spell,
‘cos words are magic, to spell out words, cast a spell,
Most people miss it, tragic.”
Then his chariot appears, the R68 to Hampton Court,
Off to consort with kings and commoners, anyone who’ll listen in,
The wizard of bullshit off into the night, a fag-end wave and that grin,
lighting up the sky, with stardust, shadows, and talking.

John Humphreys



Touching you

Around the sun we turn
The forgotten motion
Don't take a second for granted
The needle only finds music
when it remembers
Dares to reach, set aside
doubts, cautions. Reach
through the entangled darkness
Reach, as does the first filament
of a new shoot reach
Reach, reach
And when it
touches
it discovers there
nothing less than everything
We join where we bleed
We love where we touch our
single soul

Kevin Jackson**Teens blush too**

Pewter pottery and pink potpourri
smell,
Gel red nails tapping,
Tap against veneers that,
Glitter and shine,
Her pampered person,
Soft and warm and wet,
The dirty dark places,
Blushing rosy red.

Jessica Gaten

That Theresa May

It's hard to heed a word she'll say
She's a fraud is that Theresa May
She'll 'give control' any way she can
But they'll overturn your fracking ban

She loves her shoes, she has insisted
But foreign workers must be listed
She's not nasty, we're assured
Just don't check her voting record

Hard Brexit, that's Theresa's way
The single market's gonna pay
So prep yourselves for sleepless nights
While she rips up your human rights

She's shown you that she doesn't care
if you're a 'citizen of nowhere'
While her careful words on refuge say
that refugees should go away

Her country that's for everyone
would beat you up until you're numb
But if she doesn't get you vexed
then just you wait until you're next

It's hard to heed a word she'll say
She's a fraud is that Theresa May

Martin Grey



The Shepherd

He trusted the Shepherd.
Never strayed.
Did all a good sheep should.

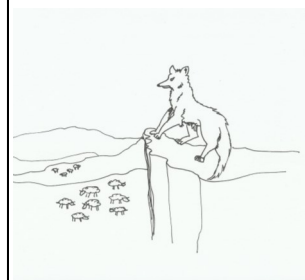
But the Shepherd was away
finding
the more valuable
Lost Sheep.

Left the faithful flock un-
protected.

And then the wolf
showed up.

He'd trusted the Shepherd.

Clare Stewart



Post Brexit Blues

I woke up to the news
I got the post Brexit blues.
Took my Remain poster down
Felt down

Brexit won in the Money Shop towns
On their way down.
Bleak backwaters
Facing economic slaughter.
The lie was spun:
Blame the immigrants
Taking our jobs, taking our daughters.
They're taking our water!

The promise
Of extra money for the NHS
Was a mistake, says Farage.
The promise of something better
For ordinary folk, just a mirage.



Art/Prevail

My Art will always prevail.
It's better than the entrails
Of life we are fed from birth:
Chastised by work
Our artistic soul is repressed:
Freedom of thought is discouraged
This is evidence
By the dummies placed in our
Mouths to stop us whining
To the Dummy's which
Run our government
Keeping out art in hiding
Whilst they debate around
The table *we* paid for
On how best to waste *our*
cash
In times of war and times of
peace.
It's mostly war, with little
peace.
There's only thing I can say
for
Myself.
My art will always prevail.

Jamie Thrasivoulou

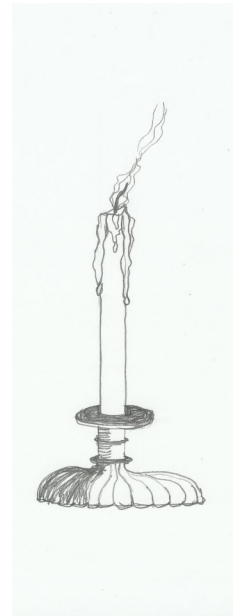
Faith

My faith was never a beacon of light
more of a flickering candle at night.
My Father's beliefs were always strong
perhaps somehow I got it all wrong.
In spite of those hymns I love to sing
for me it's more a borderline thing.

But I see things in a different way
I don't spend time praying each day.
For me God's love is practical too
shared with others in the things we do.
Through help we give to those in need
whoever they are, whatever their creed.

A man lies bleeding in the dark of night
prayer won't save him and make him alright.
A helping hand will, so that's what I'll do
and he may feel God's love there too.
Maybe I'm right or maybe I'm wrong
but this is how me and faith get along.

Tim Kitchen



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Internet scam .con

Wham, bam, thank you mam
Gonna bombard you with tonnes of spam.
Take all your money in an internet scam
Leave you a mess and don't give a damn.

To me you're nothing but a list of names
"Your computer has a virus" my usual claim
Like a cat hunting mice, I'm playing a game,
Soulless, heartless, without any shame.

We must log on now and install a fix.
This isn't just a job, I'm doing it for kicks.
Gotta do it NOW sir, quickety quick
Of *course* it's legit and there'll be no tricks.

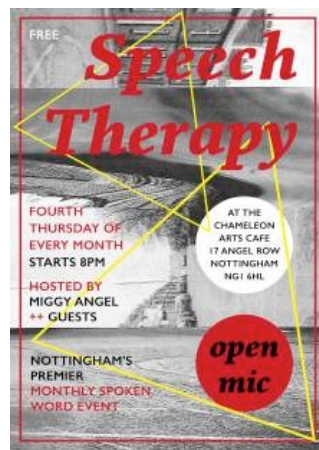
Give me all your passwords, now don't you fret,
When I finish cleaning up you can always reset.
If you don't let me in you'll be full of regret.
I know you've been warned, but don't hang up yet.

As I remote control, you can sit and stare
And watch me dump malicious malware.
There'll be Trojans and viruses everywhere
And a knackered computer in disrepair.

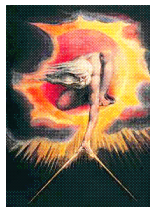
I've got what it takes, to take what you've got.
If it's not what it seems, it seems that it's not.
My clever little scam is one you didn't spot,
Because you didn't hang up, now I've pinched the lot!

© Jeff Marshall 2016





**SEND YOUR
ARTWORK
OR AN IMAGE
OF YOUR CHOICE
TO GO WITH
YOUR POEM
(NOT
COMPULSORY)**



**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**

Painting On The Wall

Their eyes bridged the sacred
hush of the Art Gallery,
Wolverhampton's cultural gem
Her scarf wrapped smile
and deep blue eyes greeted
his trembling hand and faltering
steps like the perfect host

My dad
my cuddly all-my-life
Dad has a new flame
He asked her home she said
yes, but her lips said *no*

Fast forward three months
Flickering TV, double vision, single chair
She watches him with her scarf
wrapped smile and deep blue eyes
hanging from her vantage
point upon the wall.

(c) M. Dean 2016



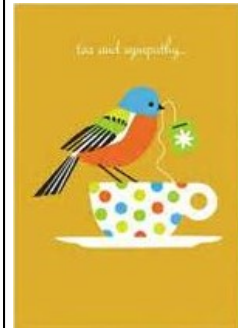
Tea and Biscuits

When I couldn't make
it better
she would make a cup
of tea
When I couldn't use my
hunger
she always had some
biscuits
Plain digestives, mostly
...but no dunking

I couldn't do anything
about her old age
the loss of her mobility
the times she didn't
recognise me
...about her cancer

But I'll always have
some tea and biscuits
for when you're feeling
down

Martin Grey



TO THE EDITOR

sir year after year after year
from a postman's sack
comes this thumping great thwack
that breaks the flimsy back of it
I don't know
would a padded envelope
put a stop to this
surely it would help
better than that brutal paper-thin skin
you send it in
it traumatises me
just as much as it does him
the lover on the cover
with the battered face
that wends its way to me
every autumn
here in the asylum at Northampton
send next year's journal
in bubble-wrap please
so we get a lesser thwack in future
sir if you could have a care
for the memory of John Clare
and my sanity
use the bubble-wrap please

Tom Ryder

John Clare Would Not Be Disappointed

I'm not fond of fronds.
I can take or leave leaves.
Can forget forget me nots.
I'm not assiduous
In classifying trees deciduous.

But I like elms unfallen,
Music making, sheltering,
When it's raining
or sweltering,
Except when they're winter
wiry.

Frank McMahon



SUBMISSIONS

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 36. 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 January 10th 2017. 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
@ www.diypoets.com
Or on Facebook

£3 entry
7:30 til
late

Nov 10th
Feb 16th
May 11th
Aug 10th

