

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



DIY POETS 36

**THE FREE
POETRY MAGAZINE**

Mobiles

Mobile phone with charger,
Like a baby tied to umbilical cord,
But it's really us that are tied
And have not found our feet,
As we toddle along, phone in hand.
We hear it crying
And have to answer it,
Can't neglect it,
Hugging it close to us,
Constantly checking in on it.
Heads down, looking at pixilated
Rainbows,
Unaware of the rain.



Frank McMahon

Cloud busting

In such times,
unless we are heedful,
blood red clouds
will ricket our children,
strip dreams back to
bleached skeletons tombed
by squalid mounds of rust.



We have been better
than this and can be again
if we learn to distil today's rain
into tomorrow's spirit,
to write ourselves,
to write ourselves a greater story
than the story that is killing us today

Trevor Wright

Men Are From Bars

Sherwood, Winter evening, weekday
How do people spend their time
I chose walk in park with fresh air
Observations formed this rhyme

Men in 'bookies', public houses
Slim their wallets, bellies grow
Women learning, sharing interests
Workshops, textile, cook'ry, know

I am intrigued, fascinated
Such apparent gender norms
Males drinking, betting, thinking
Fe-ma-les, creative forms

Sewing, knitting, altered clothing
Bake in kitchen, stitch 'n' bitch
Spending money, drinking beer
Gamble, hoping to get rich

What conclusions can be agreed
Eating, drinking, often fun
You bet, might win, or be loser
If you make dinner, you have won

Andrew Martin, August 2015



Love in your smile

Love was in your smile
And your cry
Love was all of you

Your pleasure and your pain
Your speech and your silence
Love was in your heart
And your limbs
In every atom of matter
And the spaces in between

Your invite
Your peace and your war
Your fight and your flight
Love

Love was in your smile
And your turning
Your sleep and your wake
Your leaving and returning
Your care and concern
In your past and future

Present
You are

The love you put in us
Your love is in our smile

Abdul Malik

The Bruising

Could you quantify the why in all the choosing?
That simplicity that seems to make it more and more confusing
For complicity that suckers the excusing from the bruising
With whatever 'find your way' is meant to mean.

Could you glean a kind of wreckage from the weaning?
A sheen to cut you clean from that asthmatic aspiration
That trends your trepidation for the losing in the bruising
Til redemption wants to bludgeon what you've seen.

Could you demonise the doubts that would devour?
With the power from the memes that tell us all to 'be our
dreams'
That would scowl at and shatter the enthusing in the bruising
When it wouldn't matter what you would have been

Could you?

Cos I don't think I can

Martin Grey



Capture the Moment

Catch the ball
throw it, kick it
watch it fall

I can do it, let me try
this time: next time
- see it fly

Smiling, laughing
concentrating,
celebrating, participating

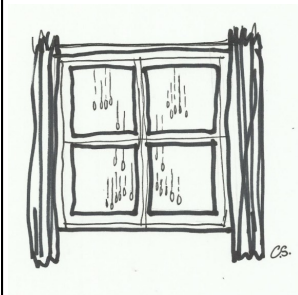
Seaside inside, sand and shells
bunting fluttering
and candy floss smells.

Lytisha



Window Pain

The
 Rain
trickles
 down
the
windowpane,
like,
 the
tears
 trickled
down
 the
cheeks
 of
your
 face:
window pain,
Lover's game
No-one's gain.
Tom Ryder



Fire Pit:

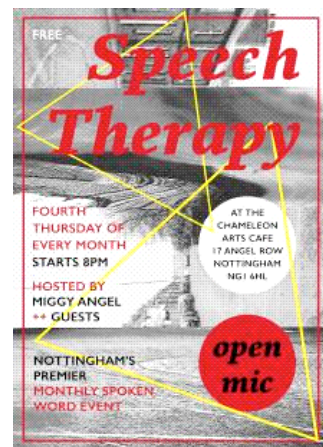
By the fire pit, in the darkness
Squeezing out every last ounce
Of fun to be had
I look around
Wide eyed, wide eyes
The strange, the strangers
And the stranger still beside me
Telling his same story for at least an hour
now
"Why are we here?"
A question so profound
Yet so tangible by firelight
Reflected in the wide eyes
Of the wide eyed strange, the strangers
And yet the stranger still beside me
Telling his same story for at least two hours now
Why are we here?
I don't know,
let's go back to the tent

**Hazel Warren**

The Woodlands of the Word

I search for a leaf of love,
beneath crumpled leaves of self-loathing,
for years my only clothing,
hidden from the heart, but seen by the world.
Falling folioles, flesh unfurled,
made vivid foliage of late seasons' suicides,
ley-lined capillaries to limbs that died.
Roots buried beneath furrowed inky frowns,
lids wrapped tight,
canopied shields over empty eyes,
lost to all but silver-birch seas of imagination's light.
Stanzas of trees, arbour lines of air,
breathe me freedoms of forests,
cities of chestnut, congregations of conifer,
asylums of oak in the woodlands of the word.

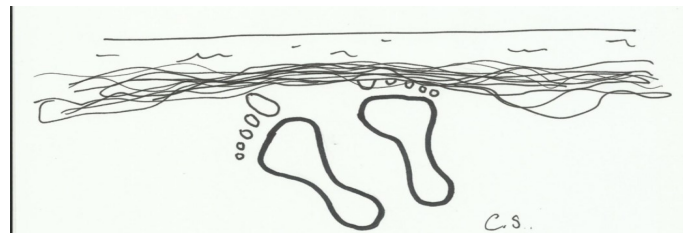
John Humphreys



Words Falling Grains Of Sand

Words falling like flakes of snow
People living like footprints on the shore
Waiting for the inevitability of incoming tides
One of impressions to be washed away
In endings there is no place left to hide
In beginnings just grains of sand
Grains of sand to be reshaped and reformed
Humility found in a candle flame
Lit again and again
Burning brightly yet not the same

Peter Hoult



I've been thinking about

What I want
What I deserve
What I'm capable of
Everything I never had
Things I should have done
Things I shouldn't have done.
Never learning for my mistakes
All the things you did me wrong.

Should I stay
Stand by my man
Should it be this hard
No one said it was easy
It's getting harder to hide
That doesn't feel the same.
Got to be true to what's inside
Time to confess, you're not the one
Holly Cassidy

Reckless Winter

Let me follow you,
holy ghost of the sun.
Both eyes struggle
against your tinkling light.
Won't reveal the secret
of every whisper
in the night. There is a new
world far beyond mine
where I finally
find the certain words
to lie: Mom's
coming back home,
am I right...?

Samuel Isaac

**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**

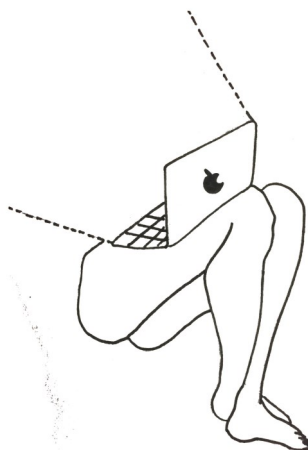
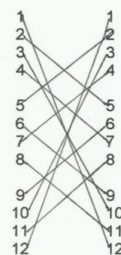
How your laptop really feels – a pantoum

He loves you. Well, that's no surprise:
You turn him on each day and night.
You let him perch upon your thighs.
He bathes you in admiring light.

You turn him on each day and night,
And, tenderly, you tap his keys.
He bathes you in admiring light
And sings to you in binary.

And, tenderly, you tap his keys.
You let him perch upon your thighs
And sing to you in binary.
He loves you. Well, that's no surprise.

Leanne Moden



THE ARTISTS !

Most of the poems have been wonderfully illustrated by **Clare Stewart** and

Hannah Whitlow:

Hannah illustrated the following poems:

Capture the Moment

Men Are From Bars

Lap Top

Clare illustrated:

Capture the Moment

Fire Pit

Mobiles

Gorgon

Laptop

Falling Grains of Sand

The Bruising

Gorgon

I don't like the me
I see
in your eyes.
An ugly snakey Gorgon.

I diminish under your stony disdain
reduce under your rocklike regard.

You are blind
Already made of stone.
This Gorgon has no power.

If I had power,
I would not turn you grey and cold.
If you could see,
my smiling eyes would turn you fleshy soft
and warm.

See?
My hair is made of hair.

Clare Stewart



SUBMISSIONS

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 37. 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 April 10th 2017. Poems should be sent to: diypoets@yahoo.co.uk

**DIY POETS
@ Maze
Mansfield Road
Nottingham**

**£3 entry
7:30 til
late**

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**May 11th
Aug 10th
Nov 9th**

