

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



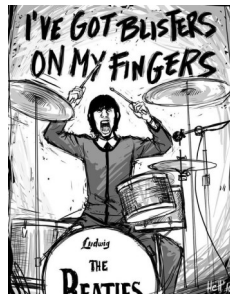
DIY POETS 37

**THE FREE
POETRY MAGAZINE**



Ringo

Ringo was not like George, mystical,
He was not like John and Paul
The yin and yang of the avant garde.
Ringo seen as exotic as bingo.
Him and Maureen left the Maharishi
After a week.
The food and him did not agree.
He knew his place, did his bit.
Loose limbed and underrated,
Behind the kit.



Frank McMahon

Crocuses

The nights are long, the sun is pale,
Some scatter crocus seeds and dream.
As pawn by pawn, protections fail,
With doubtful hearts, we search and scheme.

With cold, hard minds and empty hands
We steel ourselves to go without,
And no-one really understands,
And fear prevails. The knives are out.

But always, winter frost abates.
Plain reason settles fear.
As stitch by stitch we mend our fates,
With adult minds we watch and steer.

And consciously we learn to care,
And duty conquers doubt.
Though spring is not quite in the air,
The crocuses are out.

David Otieno

Breastbuds

That summer
playing in the garden
tiny breastbuds forming,
pretending to myself
I haven't noticed.

Knowing
it was the last time
I would play in the sun
free.

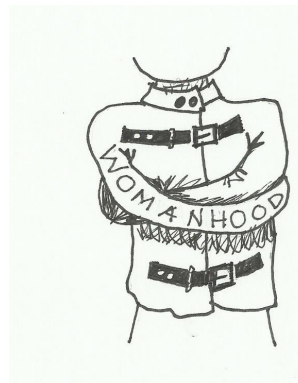
Knowing
womanhood
was about to wrap itself
around
my little girl body,
tight and restricting.

Me
pretending
My brothers
laughing

My mother
saying

Go and put your top on.

Clare Stewart
February 2017



String Section

The indie band,
What do they do
When there's a deficit
Of inspiration,
When melody
Is beyond detection?
They employ a string section.

Frank McMahon

The list:

Sharing secrets in the darkness
We reel off a list of guilt and shame

The lies, mistakes and pain
Emptying our own Pandora's box
To find that in the bottom, there remains
Hope

We hold it carefully in our hands
Equal parts confidence and desire
A gentle dissection and resection occurs
Our hopes aligned

Giggling at the enormity of our honesty
We peel back layers of vulnerability
And beneath all this
It is love we find

Hazel Warren

**Love**

Love is distracted, misdirected, sent to the wrong station,
to the wrong tracks, or halted all together by anger, frustration,
hurt, past injuries, pain and fear.
Fear it will not arrive, fear it will not be accepted, fear
of recurring pain, fear for fear.
But love is not painful.
Life should not be painful.
Giving your heart to the world is not a process of ripping your heart
from your ribcage and presenting it dripping on a plate to an empty
table, an empty room in which if anyone does enter
they only sneer at it.
It is the un-expectant, silent flow passing through your body, your
entirety, to the grateful, completely accepting world and universe.
No words, no gesture, no nothing, but everything. **Nel Begley**

Standing female skewed

(inspired by Carol Ann Duffy's
Standing Female Nude)

You've got me all wrong Pablo
Trying to corner me
With your palettes.

I gave you the brush off
As you mused on my angles.

You have your concept,
I have mine.

I have no need for your
Many tacks and turns

Traced into your reality
I lose my femininity.

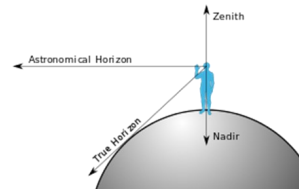
It does not look like me.

Sue Allen



Nadir

Sweet you are
Dark you are
Treasured you are
Cherished you are
Witty you are
Warm you are
Dear you are
And the nadir
of my life you are.



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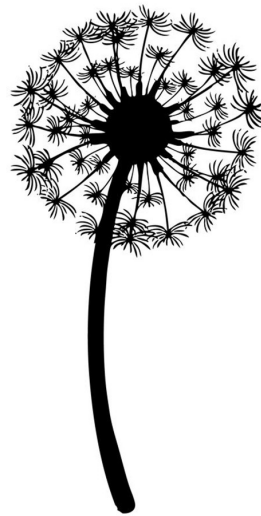
Crybaby

Deep wells, satisfied.
My chest heaving
In a silent coded outpouring.
Still more.
Self exorcism,
I'll be baptised again,
Reborn in the translucent holy water
of my own making.
Still more, more, more, more.
Still.

**Grace Dawson****If you look**

Fear again
inside and out.
It seeps under
the smart tech,
the shiny skin,
the celeb
tweet treats...

Leaves something
like shampoo
in eyes, stinging.
Blinded to the kindness,
prolific as dandelions
right there in the daily
places, the broken places,
gloriously
alive

**Kevin Jackson**

Duct Tape Messiah
(for Blaze Foley 1949 -1989)

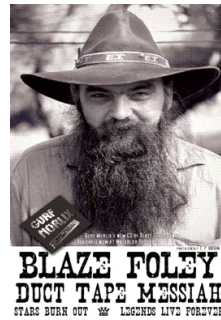
*"He's only gone crazy once,
decided to stay" – Townes Van Zandt*

*To Blaze a skyward trail,
If he Could Only Fly,
not sink beneath it all, alcohol, no sails.
Just a drowning of duct tape
holding everything precious together,
hair curlers, broken toys and old 45s.
And if Clay Pigeons are wingless,
his words find the airstream.*

*Carey January put a hole in him with a '22,
a wound, where the light enters through.*
Townes dug him up for a pawn ticket,
release a guitar so he can sing those words,
no more 'sinking suns' or 'lonely nights'
and he'd finally fly, n' kiss this world,
goodbye.*

**acknowledgements to Rumi*

John Humphreys



**THANK YOU TO CLARE STEWART FOR ILLUSTRATING THE
FOLLOWING POEMS:**

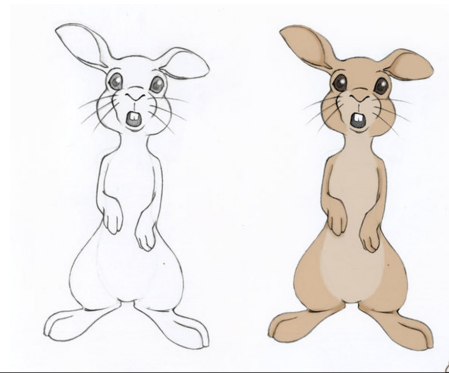
STANDING FEMALE SKEWED, DRIED OUT,	BREASTBUDS
IF YOU LOOK	NADIR
CRYBABY	WATERSHIP DOWN
	AN ENCOUNTER WITH PEACE

Watership Down

Richard Adams died aged 96 in Dec. 2016

Run, rabbit, run, rabbit, run, run, run
Beware jolly farmer, aims his gun
Beware rabbit farms, breed fur fun
Vivisection, dissection, no stun
Watership Down, manuscript, declined
Two-hundred-thousand wise words, warrens
Major publishers reject, repeat
Nineteen-seventy-two global sales
Fifty million copies
Berkshire Downs, rabbit society
Evocation, Southern England
Political, allegorical
Bright Eyes, rabbit, rabbit, Bugs Bunny
Rabbit's foot, a lucky charm, perhaps
Unless you're a three-footed rabbit

Andrew Martin, January 2017



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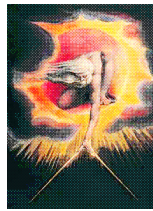
Dried out

Why did you plant those radiant seeds in my barren mind?
You failed to water them, thus they did not grow, but die,
Transformed into that sad, old withered, hopeless shrine,
A shattered plant pot with crumbling soil wrung dry.
A sunny day I was trying to find,
To save me from the harsh storm inside,
You gave me hopes of Spring- but lied,
In a desert, left to pine.
Can't bloom with words unkind,
My feelings denied,
But I shan't cry,
I am fine.
Just dried
Out.

Emily West



**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**

An Encounter with Peace

I thought I had encountered peace
A peace of mind and soul
But what I thought, I didn't have
T'was but one big hole.

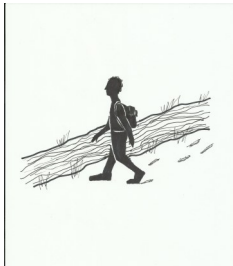
Enchanting skies, sweet lullabies,
A draft of breeze through hair,
A good night's sleep, some time to weep
With just no grief nor care.

The smell of mud, so fresh and damp,
The sound of rain so pure,
A stroll beside a running stream
Such a soothing, painless cure.

A cure for rage, for wrath and awe,
A cure for a hundred sins,
A cure that no other can surpass,
Yes, peace always wins.

I encountered peace, thus joy and pride,
I've never felt more kind,
What good is looking high and low
When peace is in your mind?

Akhil Kapadia



HEARTS AND HORSE-CHESTNUTS

(inspired by the poet John Clare)

The horse-chestnut trees stood high with barren boughs,
the fallen leaves once green were now a yellowy-brown,
and they lay thickly upon the asylum's grounds.

The old lunatic who walked alone looked on
as fellow patients kicked the leaves all around,
and searched beneath them for their seasonal share
of the unseen spiky burs that lay in waiting there,
He could see them, as they played the ancient conker game,
time and time again, as the losers threaded the string
through the holes in the new nuts' soft kernels.

Then he remembered how once he went in search of love,
and found hidden hearts just like those horse-chestnuts -
each time he felt the lance of loneliness go through him
at the thought of those games of love he did not win.
Where once a battered heart, now a piece of knotted string;
all feelings best forgotten for what might have been.

Tom Ryder



SUBMISSIONS

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 38. 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 20th 2017. Poems should be sent to:
diypoets@yahoo.co.uk

**DIY POETS
@ Maze
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Nottingham**

**£3 entry
7:30 til
late**

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**Aug 10th
Nov 9th**

