

SUBMISSIONS

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 20. 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 October 19th 2012. Poems should be sent to: diypoets@yahoo.co.uk

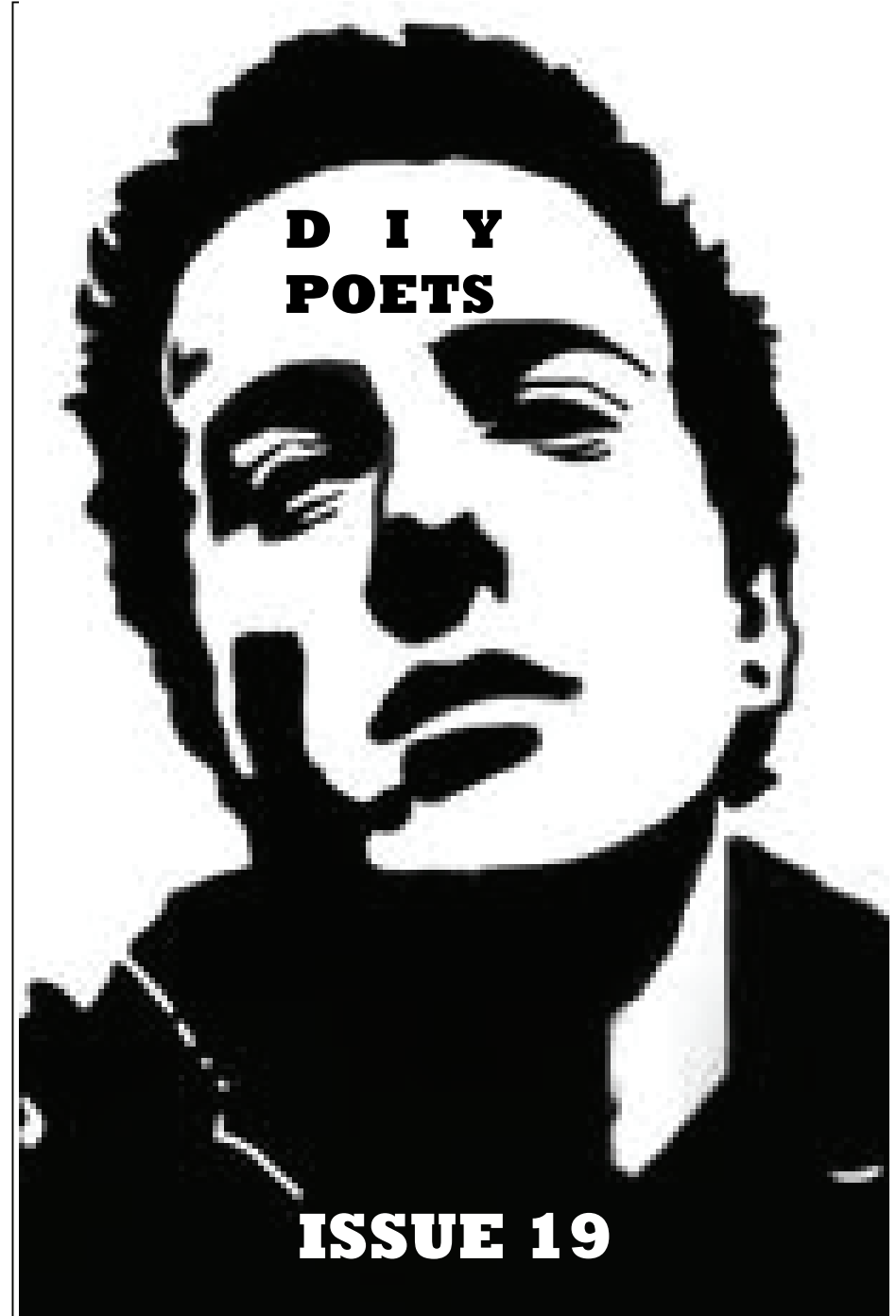
DIY POETS
@ Maze
Mansfield
Road
Nottingham

For more info:
Contact Frank on:
07889 765917 or
diypoets@yahoo.co.uk



£3 entry
8 til late

16th Aug
8th Nov
14th Feb



Syd

I've taken more antacid than acid
But you still connect with me.

Out of your nest British psychedelia was hatched
But you were more than semi detached
From reality and the mundane.
Over and over I play Arnold Layne.

Without your lunar inspiration
Floyd had only the dark side of the moon.

You may have been a crazy diamond,
Except diamonds are hard and tough.
Well before the end you'd had enough.

You ended up a recluse in the suburbs,
All your beauty gone.
You were back to being Roger.

Frank McMahon

Haiku

Your cousin has died
the answerphone message
says.
Slowly, I sit down.

Clare Stewart

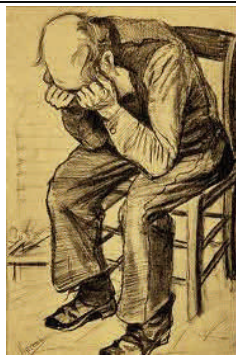


Yellow Teeth

She stopped brushing her
teeth
to see if anybody would
notice.

Cruddy and yellow,
They furred.
She smiled for
the school photo.
And hated the photo
So she started brushing
again.

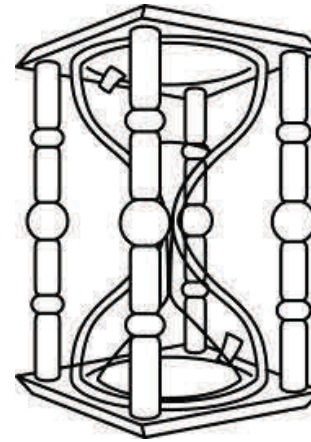
Clare Stewart



Haiku

Eve was curious.
Wanted wisdom and knowledge.
All she got was shame.

Clare Stewart



In An Old Photograph

In an old photograph, well 1982,
me 17 and stick thin, yes stick thin
not beer belly round as now.
I stare at the photo unbelieving,
unrecognising, denying,
jealous to my core,
that I'm not him anymore.
Then I think again, take stock
of this person I am not.
This lanky youth who had never been in love,
never had his heart hurt
and got back up brushed off the dirt.
Who broke down and cried
on hearing the news his father died.
Then surfaced in corners of the globe,
breathing dust centuries old
that filled his eyes, his head,
left smiles at the memory of sunsets.
Danced with words,
spun romance from the absurd,
and sometimes, though never enough,
thought of others worse off.
So much life done, distance run,
holding fast to this fuller frame,
the timid path spurned, life made flesh,
each extra pound gained
from blood and scars earned
in the breath and fight of living.

John Humphreys

The Pest

Some people think i'm a
waste of space
scavenging for every last
crumb
bopping along
tireless searching

You'll find me sometimes
hobbling
gobbling and wobbling
Chased by manic youths
Legless
Harrassed
Harrassing
Spreading crap
Getting in the way
I did not volunteer
to be born a pigeon

Lester Allen Shipley

THE MAZE
OFFICIALLY NOTTINGHAM'S BEST
UNDERGROUND MUSIC VENUE

info@themazerocks.com

257 Mansfield
Road
Nottingham
NG1 3FT

Forgetting

Seven years since the swimming accident and not a day different – except the fuss dissolved.

In a high tide the event explodes, vomiting jetsam over innocents who listen.

There is breath in this body, but the home in my head lies ransacked. On a lost edge, I live in external time

skating on ice, scratching the spot. Learning to scramble across stepping stones, which

pop above a low spring tide of feeling, avoiding the spaces of deepening loss.

So, I look for a projected future – re-grinding the lens using toughened glass.

Tomorrow, I'll dwell in that space, but for now Christ, how do I organise chaos?

Patrick Gallagher



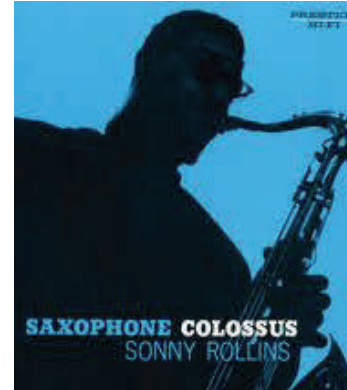
SPEECH THERAPY

Poetry is nearer to vital truth than history.
Plato

Every fourth Thursday



Hotel Deux
2 Pelham Road
Sherwood Rise
Nottingham
NG5 1AP
07710 226926



Sonny rolling with the trains *(for Sonny Rollins Saxophone Colossus)*

Early morning
on Manhattan's Lower East Side
he blew his horn.
on the Williamsburg Bridge,
high above the East River.
The perfect place,
above the boats
across from the train track.
Practicing 15, 16 sometimes
17 hours a day
for the love and the truth of it,
to know within his heart
that it was right.
Starting before the trains came,
then rolling with them.
Alone with the wail of the sax
the clicking of the tracks,
the flowing of the river.
Bowing before time, nature,
and the God of all things possible.
Stretching infinity, all sound
unwound in the seconds and minutes,
then reconnected,
remade through each decade.

As Sonny said
"It's all about creation and surprise.
It just needs to be appreciated
and watered like flowers...
You have to water flowers".

John Humphreys

GET INVOLVED BRING YOUR POEMS

DIY POETS MEET
EVERY FIRST WEDS
8PM UPSTAIRS @
THE BROADWAY,
BROAD STREET
NOTTINGHAM
FOR MORE INFO
CONTACT FRANK ON
07889 765917 OR
diypoets@yahoo.co.uk

BOUNCING BOY

The Dragon danced and Ewey too

The tumblers tumbled in the dew
Reedy music hung in chilled air
And fireworks crackled every-
where

As Ewey's smile lit up the sky
Already scarred by rockets high
The crowd ood and ahed then
sighed

When silence fell on parkland
wide

But Ewey sang and danced for joy
All the way home, the bouncing boy

JP Willis

Destined Never to Finish On the Black

You were told that with your lifestyle's
Already poor shot selection,
(you often snookered yourself)
You'd never make it past thirty.
You made it to sixty one,
A useful break,
In the circumstances.

In your prime your cue power
Was a battering ram
On the drawbridge of a moribund game,
But you made sure
you never stormed the castle of authority.

Always with a cigarette and a bet,
You weren't one for the safety game.
Throat cancer, you never let it beat you,
But when you stopped eating
And lost your appetite for life
I knew then you were destined
never to finish on the black.

Frank McMahon



The Roulette Wheel

In the unforgiving sun of the desert,
A human skull sits serenely, grinning.

One, with the glowing eyes of the
pervert,
So righteous when he set the wheel
spinning,
Has washed the blood from his pale
hands;
The spider now spins in the king's
palace.
Bones, broken, and flesh ripped on the
sands.
One sinner destroyeth much hope and
bliss.

The roulette wheel has yet to slow and
stop;
But wherever the ball lands, lives will
be lost.
The pursuit of knowledge won't end
the rot;
Deeper, *darker*, the cave reveals its
cost.

Robin Hardiman



Hungover:

A bout of beverage boffinry,
Is your brain banging?
Bashed from all the beat-hopping-bopping?
Bass, boys and birds,
Bouncing in a big blow-out.
A new bruise, belittled by booze, now blissfully benign?
Are you now blessed by your bedraggled but bed ridden body?

Before your brandy blunder,
Burying bottle talent under a bushel!
Way beyond bedtime,
But you're having a bubble!
Believed. Behaving the bees-knees...

Best not to behold the bottom of the bottle.
Now from beneath your blanket you beg,
Only for a boat-sized brew.

Tori



Helen

Come on
Grab some clothes
Shower...Ready...out of here
Lets hit the Town (so to speak)
Be together
Talk...laugh...chew the fat...
Over Coffee...or a beer
It's your call
Even the silence between us is good
And I am all made up
Just to be with You (Helen)
To look at you
Hear you, touch you, hold you
Even the silence between us is good.

Dwane Read

