

## **SUBMISSIONS**

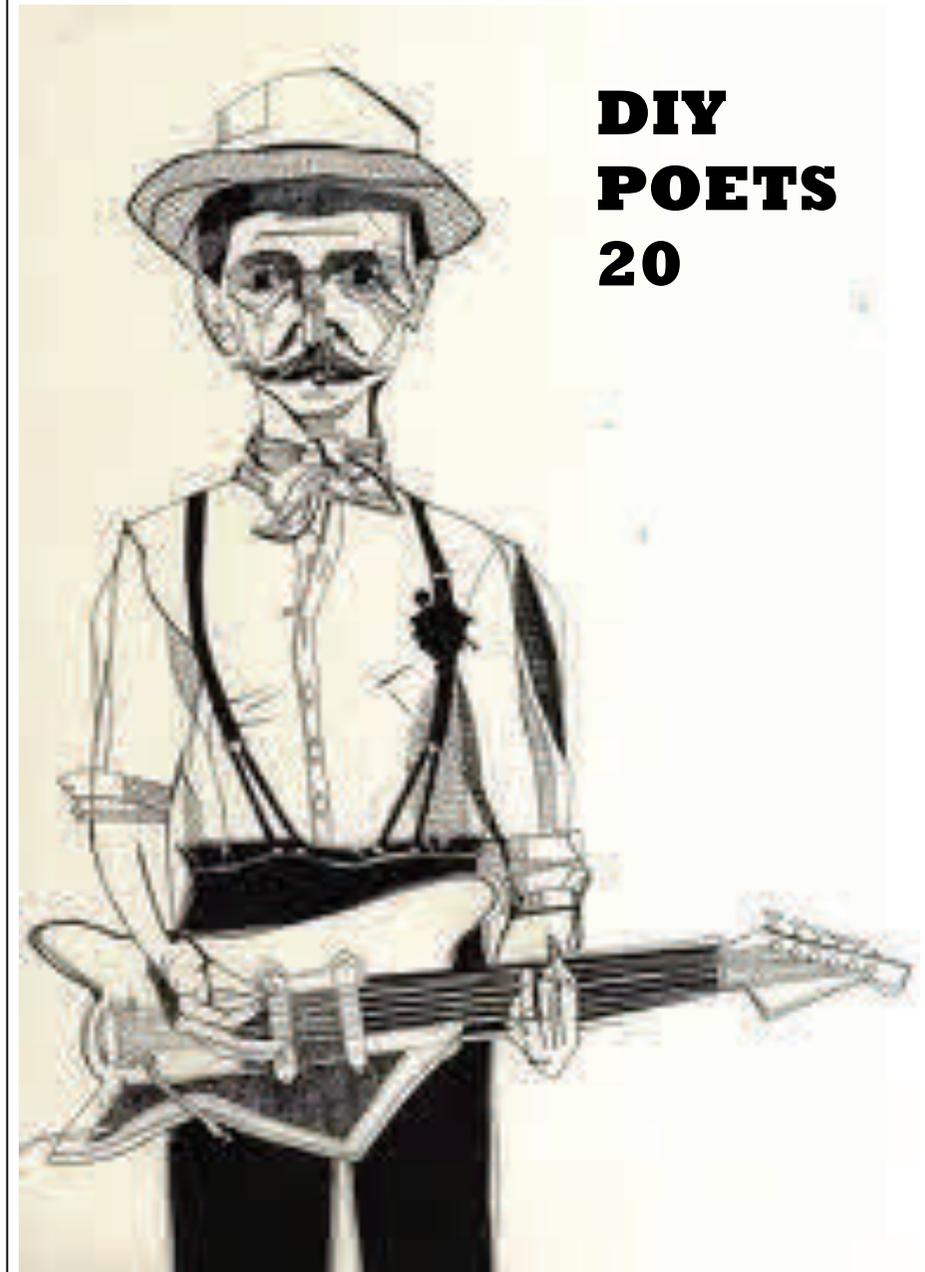
DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 20. Poems can be on any theme. The only stipulation is that they are short, twenty five lines or less. This is so that they can fit onto a page of A6. Your poem may be great but if its as long as Paradise Lost then it won't get in. The deadline for submissions is January 30th 2013. Poems should be sent to: [diypoets@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:diypoets@yahoo.co.uk)

**DIY POETS**  
**@ Maze**  
**Mansfield**  
**Road**  
**Nottingham**

**£3 entry**  
**8 til late**

**14th Feb**  
**9th May**

For more info:  
Contact Frank on:  
07889 765917 or  
[diypoets@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:diypoets@yahoo.co.uk)



## Bass Players

For every Townsend or Page  
You need and Entwistle or Jones.  
You won't notice them on stage  
But they're the scaffolding, the bones.

I play guitar but I'll always  
Make a place for bass.  
Without the foundation  
The pinnacles collapse  
And the guitar hero becomes a zero.

They used to sing as well;  
McCartney, Lynott, Lemmy,  
But today they're told their place:  
In the dark, at the back.  
You won't see their face.  
They play bass.

## Frank McMahon

### Friends redivided

We were close, them and us,  
before distance and time  
turned them into memories.

Now their ghosts whisper  
through social media,  
while fragments of their DNA  
remain lodged in dusty SIMs,  
their stubborn fingerprints  
are retained as evidence;  
relics archived in yellowed pages,  
they smile out from yearbooks  
and 35mm negatives,  
their dried blood fades in the ink  
of bygone birthday cards.

The ouija board moves,  
we don't answer back  
for fear of disturbing the dead.

They feel the same.

Jim Stewart Evans



### Leave it

We are no great threat to the universe  
and I won't be any threat to the balance of power  
or mess with the system  
I have bills to pay and a criminal record to keep clean  
and a holiday to book and a fridge to fill  
and somebody else's expectations to live up to  
and a serious addiction to quietly tend to  
*'Fran Caspar'*



## DIY POETS

### NOTTINGHAM FESTIVAL OF WORDS

### WRITING AND PERFORMING WORKSHOP

SUNDAY FEB 17TH  
1:30 -3:30  
NEWTON BUILDING  
NOTTINGHAM TRENT  
UNIVERSITY

£ 3 ENTRY

## Tribe Of One

Once I was nearly a rockabilly rebel,  
I now have a quiff of regret that I didn't commit.  
Then Two Tone lured me into a Harrington  
and a number two haircut.  
But the Harrington was a cheap copy,  
and the barbers 'trim' a misunderstanding  
so great I had my school photo retaken  
to stop my identity being mistaken.

Then nearly a shoe gazer at 'uni',  
but I wore trench-coat green  
on the outside of the black  
fell at the lack, of Crombie credibility.  
Whilst too much staring at the sun  
destroyed Goth intentions before they'd begun.  
Indie boy undone by a love of jazz,  
Country, Folk and other jokes.

Today I stand alone, unsung,  
a tribe of one, fixed to no one scene or sound,  
except the opposite of popular,  
just to be contrary and particular,  
fuelled by too many years  
looking at life from the perpendicular.  
And I always, as a rule,  
prefer their early stuff before they 'sold out'.

John Humphreys

# THE MAZE

OFFICIALLY NOTTINGHAM'S BEST  
UNDERGROUND MUSIC VENUE

info@themazerocks.com

257 Mansfield  
Road  
Nottingham  
NG1 3FT



### ABSTRACT VOICES

Sat on a bus  
Talking into a cell phone  
Faceless voices  
Talking back

There are forty conversations  
But, not with the persons sat opposite  
Or next to you  
Just faceless voices talking back

Into a cell phone  
**Dwane Reads**

### JS Haiku

Sir Jimmy Savile  
Britain's dirty old uncle  
How's about that then?

**Clare Stewart**

### 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**

# 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**



### Punk Billy – Childish?

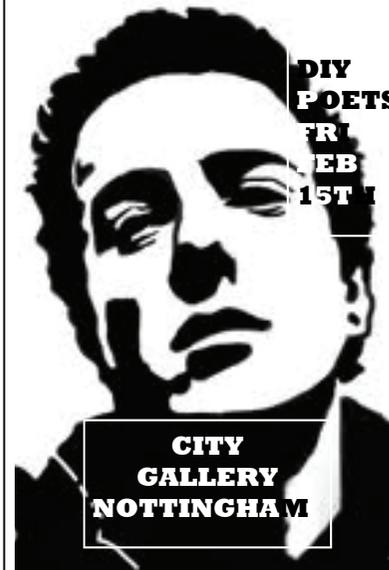
Rebecca the art dealer said,  
Billy's art protest posters  
Were "fun". "fun"???  
But he's using Auschwitz im-  
agery,  
for which some  
would string him up,  
for daring to abuse  
the memory of those  
dragged through  
the inhumanity of ghettos  
with death in their eyes  
attempted genocide.

But in his (art) world,  
where Saatchis ... and worse,  
dictate their state like ideologi-  
cal Nazis.

Billy fights their curse  
With all he's got,  
the humanity of humour  
the power of shock.  
Its what any true punk would  
do  
Would they not?

Its 'Art Hate'.  
Past Stuckist, art's Johnny  
Rotten,  
railing like Don Quixote  
at the windmills of Tate Mod-  
ern.

**John Humphreys**



**DIY  
POETS  
FRI  
FEB  
15TH**

**CITY  
GALLERY  
NOTTINGHAM**

### The Views From St Peter's Tower

Black to the east,  
Green to the west,  
The old contrast  
Is in the past.

Today, to the east  
You'll see only grey, not black,  
When not so long ago,  
If you climbed St Peter's tower  
To view the panorama,  
You'd see a land of industrial drama.

Still, to the west on a clear day  
The blue hills  
Housman dreamed of,  
An escape from cash tills and red bills.  
Of course, from all points,  
The throttling ring road.

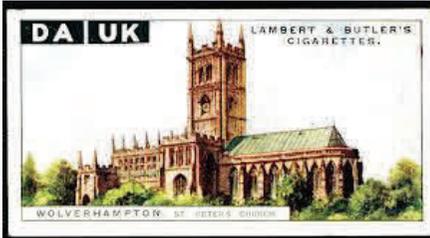
All this from St Peter's tower,  
Which to newcomers seems shockingly  
Medieval, a sudden flower in the desert.

### Frank McMahon

#### A haircut

This kid  
he had hair down to his elbows  
and it was so greasy it would  
shine  
and people would tease him for it  
and it was a permanent fixture  
that ruled him out of a decent  
school status  
One day he cut it all off  
and everybody thought he looked  
good  
but he still kept the hair  
on a hook on the wall in his room  
sort of proudly  
like a trophy hunter

### 'Fran Caspar'



### Surfing

I surf the wave of anger  
laughing in the spray  
the height of the wave  
the radiance of the sunshine.

I surf the anger-energy  
refuse to go down  
refuse to drown

I ride the anger  
Boudicca on her chariot  
Apollo riding the sun.  
Speed, spray, storm

I surf the wave  
I will Not drown again.

### Clare Stewart



### Transient Tides

Whispering waves  
Like a pencil on a page  
Curling and unfurling onto serene sand  
Adorable donkey's stand and stare  
I wander if they care?

Seagull's surf the breeze  
Vacating couples  
Dogs on and off leads  
Starling's scrounge stray chips  
Reality is momentarily eclipsed  
In the transient light of mid-September  
At the twilight of summers last dieing ember

This peaceful beach scene  
Imprints like a memory  
Where feet have been  
Sounds of the city erased clean

The tide slowly sucks away  
In and out all day  
Cant stay  
Must be on my way

### Lester Alan Shipley

### Soldier Sons

Soldier sons play in parks, have a lark, cry in the dark.  
Soldier sons play with drums, cap pistols and fake guns.  
Soldier sons join the ranks, march in time in straight lines, stiff as starch.  
Soldier sons have brave hearts, go to war, when it starts.  
Soldier sons don't all return, they pay the price for our life.

### JP Willis

### SIMON COW

Well Simon Cow  
had a dream  
that Sharon O  
would be queen  
take our souls  
and give sod all  
well pride comes  
before a fall  
manufactured creativity  
nothing to do with you or  
me  
so put your boot  
through the screen  
and smash their worthless  
idol dream.

### Eagle Spits

