

SUBMISSIONS

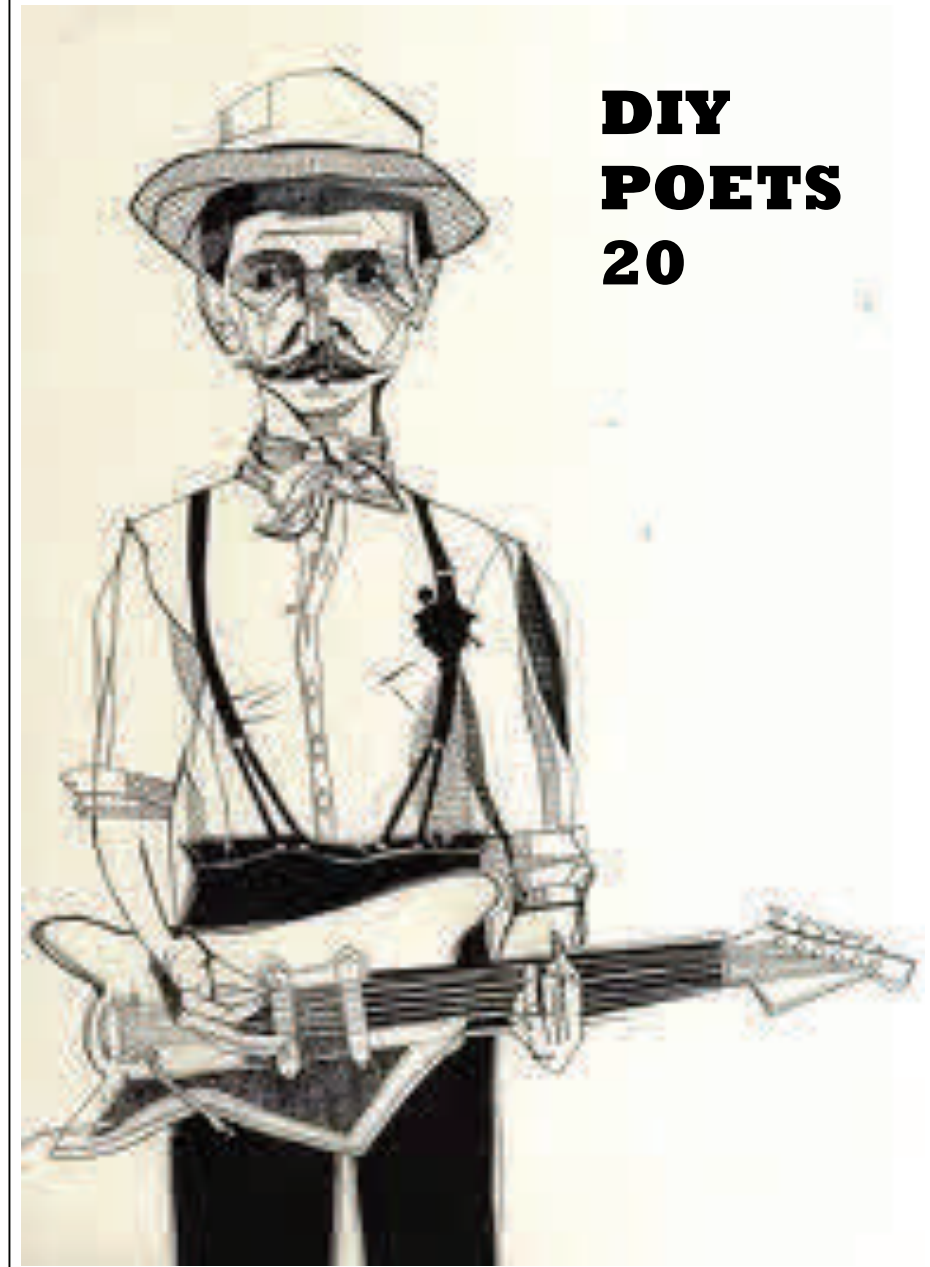
DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 20. Poems can be on any theme. The only stipulation is that they are short, twenty five lines or less. This is so that they can fit onto a page of A6. Your poem may be great but if its as long as Paradise Lost then it won't get in. The deadline for submissions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

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



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 uni-
verse
and I won't be any threat to the bal-
ance of power
or mess with the system
I have bills to pay and a criminal rec-
ord 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 Harring-
ton
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?

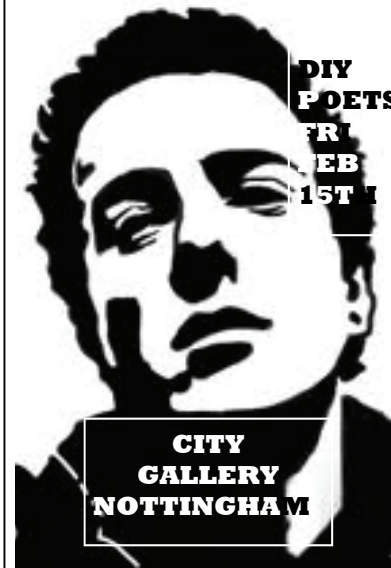
Rebecca the art dealer said,
Billy's art protest posters
Were "fun". "fun"???
But he's using Auschwitz im-
agery,
for which some
would string him up,
for daring to abuse
the memory of those
dragged through
the inhumanity of ghettos
with death in their eyes
attempted genocide.

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

