

## SUBMISSIONS

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 22. 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 May 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**

**9th May**  
**8th Aug**

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



## WHAT SYLVIA PLATH TAUGHT ME.



**DIY POETS 21**

## PAIN

Like a leper with a candle  
I want to feel the pain  
I want to have the impulses  
Sent into my brain  
I want life in all its fullness  
I don't want to run and hide  
I don't want your analgesia  
I want to feel alive  
I don't want your sanitation  
Your soma or your calm  
I don't want your nanny government  
Protecting me from harm  
I want life on the knives edge  
I want to live by grace  
I want to be obnoxious  
And shout right in your face  
I want the alarm call  
That tells us things aren't right  
I want openness and honesty  
And to turn on the light

I want to attack the lion tamer  
And get injured in the fight  
I don't want your religion  
Nor politics left or right  
I don't want your law and order  
So keep me in your sights  
I want Jesus Christ the anarchist  
To set this place alight.

## Eagle Spits



## Sunset Eyes Will Paralyse

Sunset eyes were dilating again  
Refracting on a one way shame  
Getting drunk on a hapless love as if  
smoking couldn't kill you  
Because sunset eyes will drown  
your blame  
They're as helpless as a biscuit in  
the rain  
A life long pact with lustre for a  
hope one day they'll thrill you

Sunset eyes will paralyse  
They're a mushroom cloud within  
my highs  
Those sunset eyes they get me  
Every single time

Sunset eyes will lend you lies  
Lies that lend you back blue skies  
Stowing away on ships not sailed  
for a need that just can't will you  
But as those sunset eyes looked  
back at him  
Under some eyelids and over some  
skin  
Elusive but omnipotent, that's how  
those eyes will bill you  
Because if sunset eyes give you the  
shove  
They're a kind of black hole where  
light is love  
A loveless love of destiny, a love  
that can fulfil you

Sunset eyes will paralyse  
They're a mushroom cloud within  
my highs  
Those sunset eyes they get me  
Every single time

towelintherain

## Atomic cage.

Matter don't matter  
Meet me in the sky  
Dance on lightwaves  
Dance to soundwaves  
Look to the shadow of the sun  
My heart beats is where the war is won  
Matter don't matter  
Reach for the sky  
Float on moonbeams  
Float on by  
When it's time to die and say goodbye  
come meet me in the sky  
and in the heart of the sun is where we'll lie

## A Sole

### Red Shirt

Your political ideals were a Garibaldi red shirt,  
The colour of the people's flag,  
But the washing machine of life  
With its cycle of defeats and compromise  
Has faded it to salmon pink.  
The shirt's been washed  
But you don't feel clean.

### Frank McMahon

## 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



## The Flashman Express

It's flashy, it's dashy

It's Hard and It's Chromium

It Dazzles our eyes

It's the 'Flying Etonian.'

Lord Byro



### Solitude

Company can be like the sun,  
Without it we feel dark and sad,  
But sometime it can burn overbearing,  
And solitude seems snug beneath  
The wood's broad hat.  
It s umbrella insulates  
from the rain patter  
of constant chatter.

Frank McMahon



# SPEECH THERAPY

*Poetry is nearer to  
vital truth than  
history.*

Plato

**Every fourth  
Thursday**



**Hotel Deux  
2 Pelham Road  
Sherwood Rise  
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## NIGHT FALLS

Night falls, darker than death,  
black holes of emptiness

The insidious, slithering, gathering gloom,  
consumes my ever smaller room

Dark thoughts flicker through my mind,  
memories of unhappy times

Take hold of my consciousness,  
ensuring I can get no rest

Barbed feelings tear within my soul,  
will I ever be quite whole?

JP Willis



## Unicorn Tales

By day, he worked putting the holes in cheese  
When he wasn't an extra in My Little Pony  
Or

It was endless auditions for storybook tales

Sorry but unicorns don't exist

The sugar candy world of make believe  
Is what it is--- - fantasy  
Please don't tell the children

Dwane Reads



## The Silver Queen

The Silver Queen floats by;  
She is beautiful, I have heard –  
But I look not upon her face.  
For the light shining  
From the lamp on her barge,  
Is more useful than beauty,  
As I pick herbs in the dark.

Tim Harris



### Who Tried to kill Poetry?

Was it the bored teacher  
who dragged classes through trenches of WW1,  
as if poetry was as much fun  
as mud, gas, death and guns.

Or the preachers' reading of Funeral Blues,  
stopping mourners and clocks with consummate ease,  
in claiming to represent the deceased,  
when tawdry tabloids were all they'd read.

Was it the teenage angst thrown at a world  
in lines where pain always fell like rain,  
as if to say Keats could rest safe again,  
once more his dark star crown unclaimed.

Or the too pretentious poet that  
constructed a literary quagmire,  
as publisher and poet conspire  
to keep you baffled for 60 pages at £10.99.



### ...And who kept poetry alive?

Was it the teacher who won over  
and with passion, fledgling minds shaped,  
made poetry more than an exam headache,  
lit sparks to catch inspiration's flame.

Or the great poets whose works  
catch souls that yearn to explore,  
with lines that burn through the ages still more,  
fireflies of imagination to pierce a heart's core.

Was it the labouring unknown poet,  
digging to expose a richer unseen soil  
with every ounce of talent and toil,  
growing hope from the spew of life's turmoil.

Or the local writing group who  
publish again in love and faith,  
whose members join in the eternal praise  
of all that mere words can make.

**John Humphreys**

### The Bookworm

On a street called road  
stands a terrace-shouldered home.  
red door as red as the kin's spilt blood.

Behind this stitch of old brown bricks  
sits a flock's nest, decorated not  
with twigs, but books.

When the north wind blows  
and the windows rattle, and the old man  
returns, breathing the fire of his alcohol

the young boy beds down between the pages.

**Miggy Angel**



### The Master Baker

After fifteen years testing and tasting  
the Master Baker told her  
he'd never liked  
her baking.  
Not even at the beginning.

If this was intended to force her  
to prepare a feast  
If this was intended to push her  
to study the Delia Sutra  
If this was intended to make her  
improve her kneading, to beat her  
into studying the oven-heat,  
firm fleshy dough,  
delicacy of raising agents,  
the satisfying knock,  
exactly to his liking  
it failed.

Advice to master bakers – when cold,  
it all goes a bit unleavened

**Clare Stewart**

