

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

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



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 Byron



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
Nottingham
NG5 1AP
07770 226926**

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

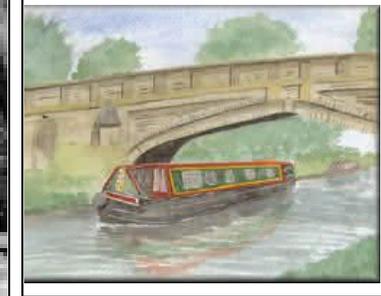
Dwane Reads



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

