

SUBMISSIONS

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 23. 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 Aug 31st 2013. Poems should be sent to: diypoets@yahoo.co.uk

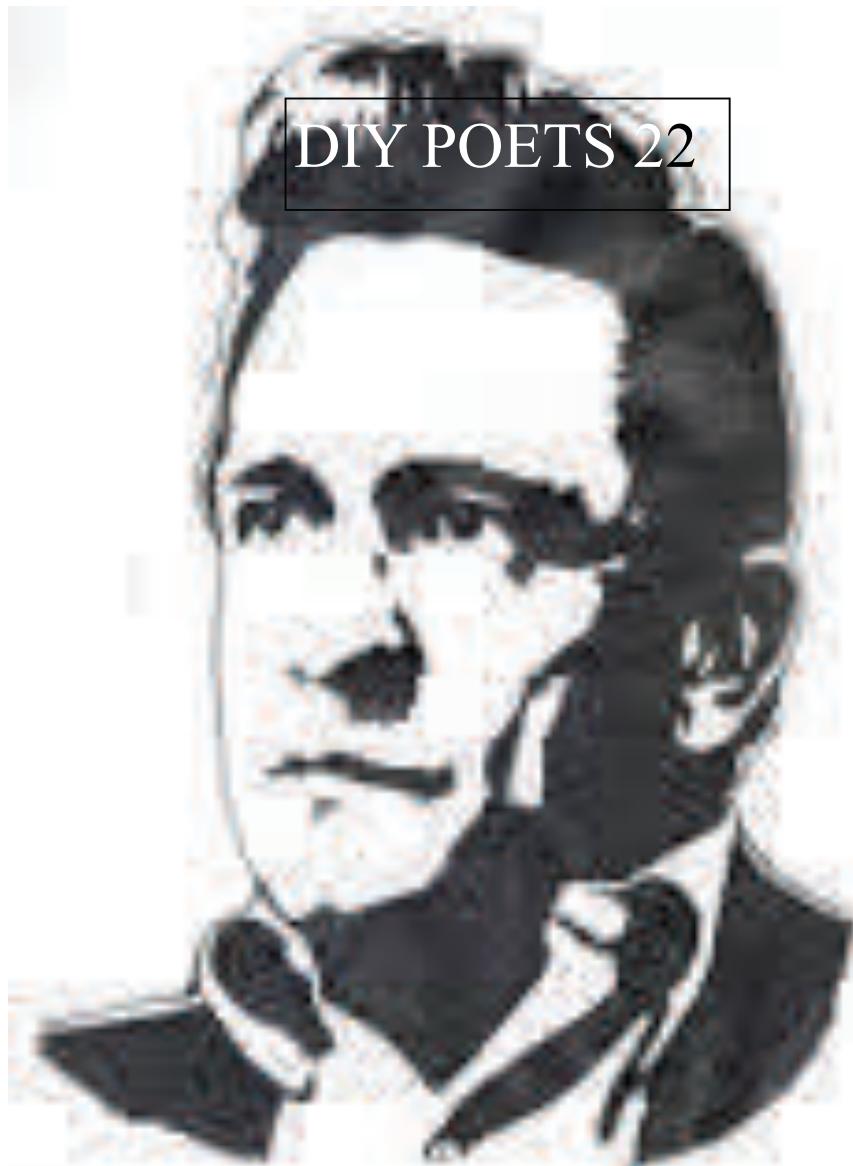
DIY POETS
@ Maze
Mansfield
Road
Nottingham

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



£3 entry
8 til late
8th Aug
14th Nov

DIY POETS 22

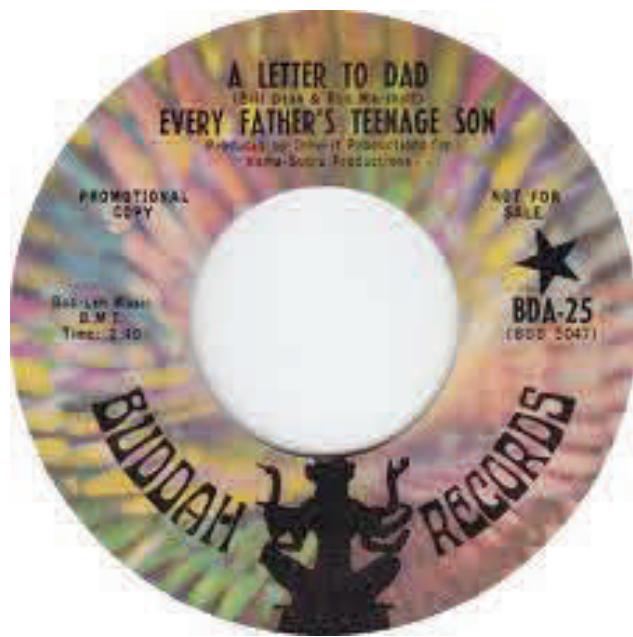


For My Father

You said if you can't afford it you shouldn't have it,
and I stay grounded in the shadow of its truth.
You told me of Malta and North Africa,
As longed for shores of a young man's life.
Forgave my miscreant ways,
outwardly at least.
You played me music from the ground-up,
although my Skiffle never found its freight train.

Gave the gift of words, through books,
that first gave me poetry, on which I build my sky.
You showed me celluloid vistas
that stretched beyond suburbia's limits.
Provided a sense of family, if through misery, rarely happy
it seemed to me. Perhaps its a truer love that swims oceans?
And I remember that Sunday you cried, when,
I couldn't hold the future tall enough in my dreams.

John Humphreys



Grantham Grim

Grantham Grim,
It's a her, not a him.

Her philosophy of me, me me
And there's no such thing as society
Destroyed our industry
More than any Luddite.

Her slogan was dole not coal.
The miners fought but to no avail.
King Arthur won't rise again.

A Spectre now haunts Europe
The spectre of Thatcherism.

But whenever I'm wearing a frown.
I play Costello's *Tramp the Dirt Down*.

Frank McMahon



Night Mary

She looked down the hallway
Demons appeared at every window
They screamed, hissed and howled
As she walked she knew her ghost
Would surely swiftly guide her.
She lit a candle and sang
a sad single song:
Tell me all your lies, she sang
Show me your disguise
When April comes
And April goes
And where she stops
Nobody knows
Her song swept up the hallway
The demons were soon gone
She was all alone
And then her ghost returned
To her blood and her bone.

A Sole

The Executioner

Every axe-man Jack of the forest
lustful for lumber to hack must stalk
the dark wood until he locates his one
destined tree. The sole devilish plant
pierces
the earth like a lightning strike.
Trunk-charred hangman. This silver cedar
This pine This awful oak bites
back. Each branch a gallows bejewelled.

Miggy Angel



Drunk

His walk stutters as he almost tripped himself that time

Swaying from one side to another

He's drunk

Smashed

Avoidable

His stagger has no strut

There is no swagger

Just a balancing act

Without the wire

Without the net

Keep off the road

There's dangers there

Nobody matters... nobody cares

If he falls

He's drunk

Smashed

avoidable

Dwane Reads



GET INVOLVED BRING YOUR POEMS

**DIY POETS MEET EVE-
RY FIRST WEDS**

**8PM UPSTAIRS @THE
BROADWAY,
BROAD STREET
NOTTINGHAM**

FOR MORE INFO CON-
TACT FRANK ON
07889 765917 or @
diypoets@yahoo.co.uk

Man in Black

You were the Man in Black
Was it because it was easier to keep clean,
To colour co-ordinate?
I don't think so.

You wouldn't wear the colours of the rainbow
Until you saw this world's darkness go,
Until you saw the shadows go.
To the end, you remained
The Man in Black



Frank McMahon

If I woke you...

I'm sorry if I woke you
With my thoughts
they are stiff and reluctant
as arthritic joints
like a log axed on a cold
wooded hillside
they

Crack!

Like a sudden spark
Like a sniper shot.



Tommy Donachy

Something formulaic

This is a the first sentence. The second sentence follows and is tainted by the stain of the first: either content with seeming relation or struggling to differentiate itself from the first. This is further compounded and amplified in the third, and so on. The youngest children are most likely to be forgotten; the importance of the first is self-evident. But at least the last is graced the final say: the dink in the context or kick in the face before the silence begins.

Jim Stewart Evans

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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Ethical Fortress

Standing outside my own ethical fortress
expelled and alone
released but not free

Crying beside my own ethical drawbridge
banished and damned
my portcullis lowered

Pacing around my own ethical fortress
my wasteland darkens
my own winds howl round me

Marching around my own ethical ramparts
my wolves on the heath
my own wolves approaching

Howling outside my own ethical fortress
my wolves on the heath
my own wolves come to find me

Padding around my own ethical fortress
walking
howling
marching
pacing
pacing
pacing

Clare Stewart

Mohammad Dali

Sting like a butterfly
Float like a boot
Rumble art rumble

A Sole

The C Word

What we don't see
Is the teenage boy
Hairdresser— full of promise
Loves his mum
Mum gets sick—son
Starts drinking.
We try to help. He says
In eloquent terms
How he misses her.
I try to help,
Explain the effects of alcohol.
He begins to shake.
We try to help.
He cries and says he just
Wants to be with mum,
Goes yellow.
We try to help
26—liver failure.

Mum is glad to see him.

Rachel Joy Eagling

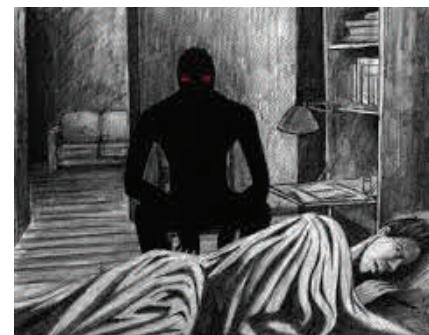


RALPH'S GLASSES

I kept Ralph's glasses.
A cylindrical "100 years of the Famous Grouse".
A square "150 years of Mr Jack Daniels".
An over blown eighties beer tankard,
Commemorating, a decade of service to Allied
Colloids.
A Stella Artois lager glass, so good they named it
twice.
Two large red wine glasses, for large red wines.
A pair of black, round, 'Elvis Costello' spectacles.
Clearly a man of good taste.
Some drink to forget.
I drink to remember, him.
I kept Ralph's glasses.



JP WILLIS



Goodnight

Black is night's cape,
inferno, it encapsulates -
Until, banging her drums,
Dawn screams as she comes!
Abrupt, and so certain,
a pure relentless momentum;
I'm kicked, and I'm torn,
I am totally beaten,
this rhythm of life leaves me yearning
dark evil inferno of night.
Goodnight.

Richard C Bower

Exoticmeatrock

"See you later Alligator
On a plate of mashed potato"

"You shudda stayed in the Nile
Your Croctail Soup sounds ruddy vile!"

Bill Haley and the Vomits

(arrangement by Lord Biro)