

## **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](mailto:diypoets@yahoo.co.uk)

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

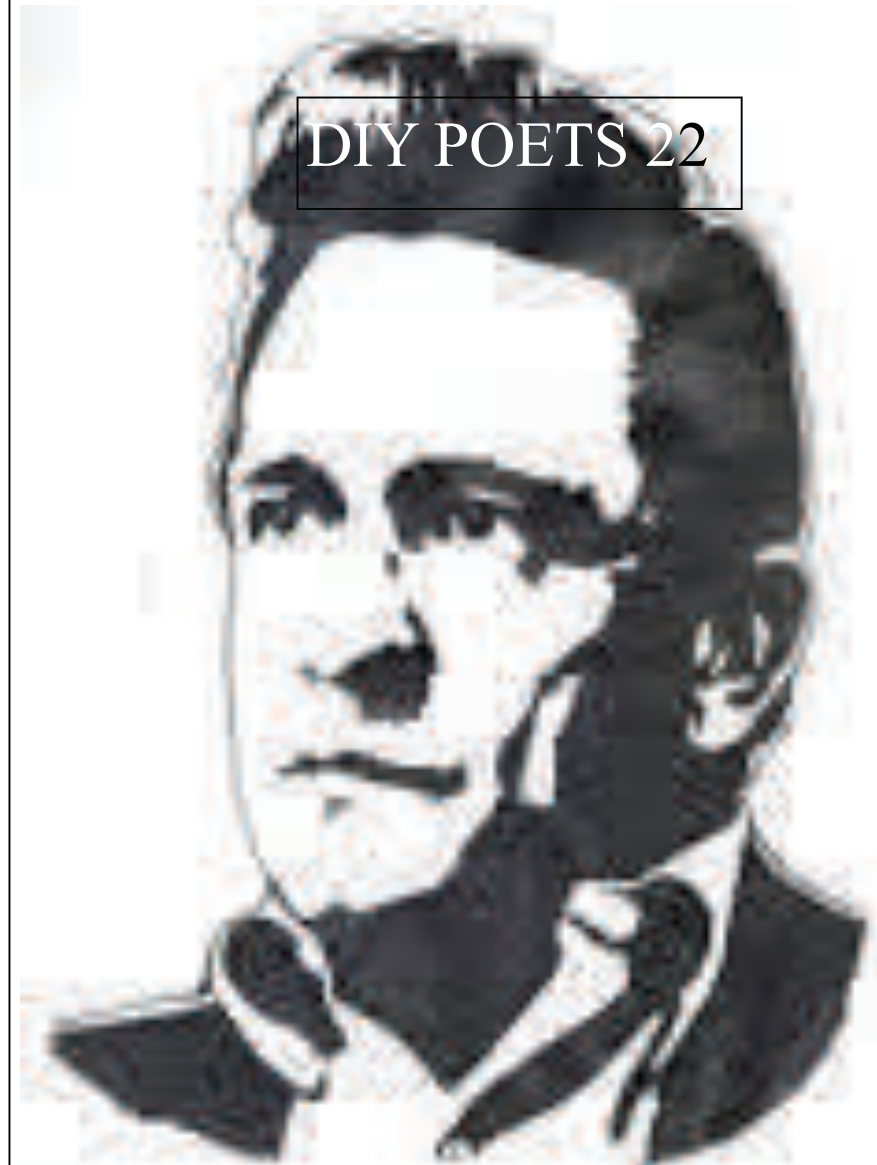
For more info:  
Contact Frank on:  
07889 765917 or  
[diypoets@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:diypoets@yahoo.co.uk)



**£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 McMahan



### 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 EVERY  
FIRST WEDS

8PM UPSTAIRS @THE

BROADWAY,

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  
Nottingham  
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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,

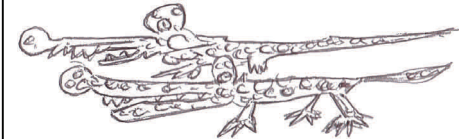
I am totally beaten,

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)