

SUBMISSIONS

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 24. 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 10th 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
Or @
www.diypoets.com



**£3 entry
8 til late**
**14th Nov
13th Feb**

DIY POETS 23



**NOTTINGHAM'S FREE
POETRY MAGAZINE**

On the Shelf

She did not want to be left
On the shelf, waiting
to be opened,
her heart gathering dust.

The web site promised the ideal lover
But most of the men
Only judged her book by her cover.
The online chat only allowed her to see
The blurb on their dust jackets.
Jack was one of those,
Who claimed scintillating prose
But upon meeting, was monotone, mumbling.
She felt her attention tumbling.

Frank McMahon



Methods of Madness

Methods of madness observed and suffered
Thought content depressive
Not bettered or worsened
Delirium tremons
Laughed at with concern
Failed suicides
Minds that burn



Tommy Donachy

Touch

To touch you woman of women
Is to tremble
That temple of wonder
You cradle and protect
Between your thighs
As journey
As destination
As pilgrimage
Never fails to make me gasp.
Hearts and souls
Are lost and found there.

Anon



Gary

Gary was a Teddington punk, him and me
sat at the back of geography,
I'd do the work and he'd copy,
always far too busy
composing the next punk 'hit', to study.
Fascination turned to incredulity,
as he shot an air pistol in chemistry,
at a workbook, held (up as a target) gingerly.
An air pellet whizzed through the book speedily,
Just missing 'Honey Monster's * ear
by an inch or three
lodging itself into the blackboard cosily.

Sent to the headmaster to explain the gun,
tried to slash his wrists with a plastic ruler, the dunce,
as stupid stunt followed stupid stunt.
I heard he ended up in court, nowhere to run,
self fulfilled prophecy come
home to Gary, Teddington punk.
I now often wonder where he ended up...
will I see him for *Rebellion's 200 bands plus?
Or is he one of life's lost fuck- ups?
And still through my head, his words run on...
"Elvis is dead and long forgotten...
Now The King is Johnny Rotten".

**Honey Monster was the teacher's nickname on account of the fact he seemed to have no neck, spoke in deep tones and bore an uncanny resemblance to the breakfast cereal hero.*

*Rebellion - Largest punk festival in the world in Blackpool !

John Humphreys



www.diypoets.com
Recent editions of magazine

Blog

Poetry events news
Get your poems online
And much more

Ribena Bed

I'm on a ribena bed.
I want orange juice.
The nurse says I can't have orange juice
because this is
a ribena bed

I want orange juice

I don't like ribena.

Clare Stewart



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**

On The Couch

I sat on the couch
I tried really hard to concentrate

I had a lot to do
The computer lay open
Blinking at me
On my knee

But I couldn't focus on it
My mind was disengaged
In la-la land
Full only of thoughts of you
Your smile
Your hands
Your kiss

I sat on the couch
I tried really hard to concentrate
I had a lot to do
The computer lay open
Winking at me
I thought of you

Lytisha Tonbridge

The Royal Baby

Riding along in a chauffeur-driven perambulator
The Royal Baby is never far from mater□

With a teddy bear, hand-made from the finest silk
Regally, the Royal Baby gurgles for milk

People of the land wave their flags and cheer□
The Royal Baby cries elegant tears□

With a silver-plated piggy bank gifted by pater
And a bursting bank account, ready for later

With a maid to service the Royal stool□
And an en suite swimming pool□

The Royal Baby will be well cared for□
Might even grow up to join the Air Force

A baby gro emblazoned with the Royal mark□
Rows of garages for visiting push chairs to park□

The Royal Baby even owns a yacht□
And a servant to wipe away the Royal snot

The Royal Baby bangs the table with a silver spoon
Royal admirers all look on and swoon□

The cotton buds used to clean Royal Baby's ears
Are handmade by artisans in Tangiers

The Royal Baby will grow up to be□
A valuable addition to the Family□

Waving from balconies, clapping at the boat race□
With someone on hand to squeeze out their toothpaste

© Andy Szpuk 'The Pre-Apocalyptic Poet' 2013

Onions

He was taught
As a boy,
To express opinions
Not emotions
Being successful
Managing minions.

So tears only came
When chopping onions.
His mother
Chopped onions,
Removing only outer layers.



Frank McMahon

No.22

Home. Five years. Just four walls and roof, you say.
Well, that's right in a way.

Think of all the words said. Thoughts thought?
Loves left, loves loved. Laughs and tears and pain.

Change. Progress. Growth?

I could pack it up and sail away,
But only with you. Wife.

In my other life, I see all the world.
Shiny, breathless, worn and gartered.

So, it's a new home. Four new walls to resonate with:
Dreams, plans, and bright ideas. Jobs, babies, cars._

That's all we want. And a place to sit, and talk about;
our other life.

Just four walls and a roof you say?_

Mark Walter

Let me not be mad"

I may not know what day it is
I may have misplaced the milk
I may search for the specs on my nose
I may have called my son Rose
I may have eaten sausage with strawberry
I may have forgotten the time
I may be getting old, my dear
I may not remember much
But we learned at school king Lear, my dear
No matter if things look bad
Whatever happens, promise me this
Let me not be mad

Lytisha Tonbridge



Bread

I really thought my bread jokes
Would butter up my friend
That I'd rise to the occasion
As she became all dough eyed

I thought for years we'd toast that moment
But I hadn't used my loaf
She didn't like bun liners, you see
And ran my feelings through the kingsmill

She said...
'I could never crust a man like you'
'You're just not bready for the world'
'I've breaded the day we have this conversation'
'And by the way your jokes are crummy'
As I dried the tears monsooning from my eyes

But that turned out to be the yeast of my problems
She said...
'Seriously, how many jokes
were you going to bake about bread'
I said 'Plenty, I was on a roll'
It was then she grabbed a knife
And tried to cut me into slices

Towelintherain

**DIY POETS MEET@
8PM UPSTAIRS AT
BROADWAY BAR
BROAD STREET
NOTTINGHAM
FIRST WEDS OF EACH MONTH**

**BRING YOUR POEMS
FOR RELAXED
CONSTRUCTIVE FEEDBACK
GET INVOLVED
IN PLANNING
AND PERFORMING AT FUTURE
EVENTS**

Scraping

The cookery teacher
cleaned and scoured
scraped and scrubbed
til the bowl was empty.
Saving
the smallest scraps.

I thought she was
fussy
stuffy
stingy
stale
stifling
small-minded.
Time-wasting.
Life-wasting.

Now
I
scrape the bowl
saving
the smallest scraps
Wasting my own time
Somehow willingly.

Clare Stewart

