

SUBMISSIONS

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 33. 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 April 10th 2016. Poems should be sent to: diypoets@yahoo.co.uk

DIY POETS
@ Maze
Mansfield Road
Nottingham

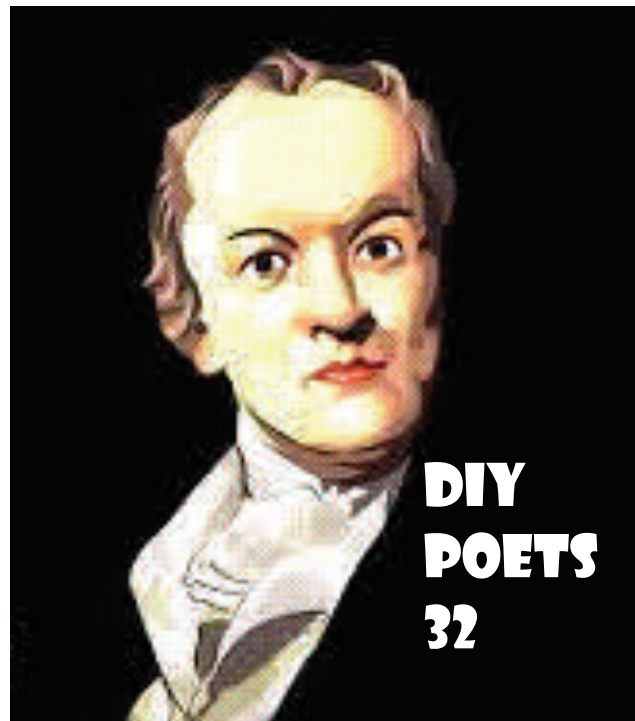
£3 entry
7:45 til
late

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

May 19th
Aug 11th
Nov 10th



WE'RE NICE AND WE DON'T ALWAYS RHYME



NOTTINGHAM'S FREE
POETRY MAGAZINE

Grandad's Great War feats Explained to me as a Small Child

I took ten toes away you see
I had to they were attached to me
One night they shot off on their own
Five were lost did not come home
That's why my feet are like you see
One foot two toes, the other three



Gerry Colvin

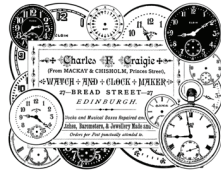
Mr Ticktock

Every thread-fine screwdriver had a home
and a story. That French ormolu 7 day
knew them all, hoarded them
with its tainted gold. Mum told me

they called him
Mr Ticktock when she was a kid.
Even then his face seemed
as old as those swelling his shelves.

Barren shelves now, playgrounds
for spiders. His hands worked the tiny tools
within the ormolu's heart with lover's obstinacy.
He didn't look up, even when his own stopped.

Kevin Jackson



Know your North

We spin through life's twists and turns
We float, orientate, discombobulate, deflate
We pick ourselves up, turn around, show a cheek
We live
This is life

Sanity is to find your North

Lytisha



The Male 'Feminist'

I thought I was a feminist
You still washed the dishes
I thought I was a feminist
Yet went against your wishes

I told you I'm a feminist
But still displayed a power
I told you I'm a feminist
Then screamed
and made you cower

I call myself a feminist
Yet still I shift the blame
If I am still a feminist...
I must hang my head in shame

**Stacey McMullen – For a
good friend**

PLUVIAL LOVE

Isn't it strange,
while alone I shower,
that from the sound of running
water
I feel that past love dwells
nearby;
and equally strange,
that the voice of song is gentle,
its melancholic call cascading,
penetrating beyond the surface
of the ceramic tile;
stranger still,
that memories of Love should
be pluvial,
when once you bathed me,
In the rays from your sun-
bright smile.

- Tom Ryder

Man: Shed

The finger tips that gouged both armchair rests:
Relaxed.
The knees that were rocking the heaving chest:
Extended.
The heart from which all hope had been culled:
Walked.
The fists thrashing cells deep down in the skull:
Purposed.
The thought that screamed I just want it to stop:
Focused.
The belief that they all would just be better off:
Directed.
The neck that braced out your masculine ideal:
Stretched.
All tears cried inside so the world would not see:
Arrested.

In 1980 twice as many men committed suicide than women. Now it's 4:1.

Trevor Wright

Raincloud

She was not a problem-solver
sat beneath a problem as under a cloud
waited for it to drift away
or evaporate.

When we went caravanning
if we were under a raincloud
we packed up
and drove to the sunshine.

It's easier if your home is on wheels.

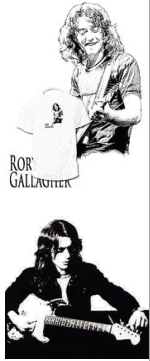
Clare Stewart



Rory

I wish I could play guitar like Rory Gallagher.
A lot of blues guitarists just twelve bar bored
But your Stratocaster soared
Into the stratosphere.
You became afraid of flying
But wanted to keep touring,
But prescription pills to beat that fear and alcohol
Meant your liver gave up.
Hendrix admired, never tired guitar giver,
Unsuccessful liver transplant,
Hospital acquired MRSA took you away
But your playing remains infectious.
You died at forty seven.
I'm an atheist but I picture you and Hendrix
Playing together in heaven.

Frank McMahon



HAPPY CHRISTMAS (WAR IS NEVER OVER)

You can't see the bombs on Santa's tracker
Dropping from blue skies, Christmas crackers
A distant land, where shepherds watch their flocks
Exposed to a storm, no shelter from the aftershock

Wise men send expensive gifts, surprises that are lethal
A glittering display, lighting up the night, an awesome spectacle
Steel angels sweep across eastern lands delivering a greeting
May your Christmas be merry, if your hearts are still beating

Andy Szpuk

Looking For Elvis

Glen D Hardin, pianist
with Elvis' Taking Care Of Business Band,
is still playing those tunes,
now to a 50 foot screen image of the king.
But he says he often turns round to look for Elvis
expectantly.

At 50, I'm buying a ticket to James Burton
'Master of the Telecaster', sideman
to the boy from Tupelo.

He's on my bucket list to meet.
Me, like Glen D, still looking for Elvis,
or The Big O, Hank W, Nina, Billie,
musical saviours I never got to see,
who've long since left the building,
to carry me
home.

John Humphreys



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OPEN MIC

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Ho ho ho

Ho, ho, ho
No snow, no
Poor show, yo
Winds do blow

Blow, yet blow
Rain, floods, go
Oh dear, oh
No glow, know

Flow, wet, flow
H, 2, O
Life boat row
Live save pro

Go, get, go
See, spend, owe
Ho, ho, ho
Lots of dough

Go, bet, go
Win, lose, so?
No, no, no
To and fro

Cash, cards, owe
Owe, debt, oh
Oh dear, oh
Owe, owe, owe

Andrew Martin

Vikings

Sky above me, open wide and free
Terrifying enormity
Earth below me, shaken tectonic shift
Crusty surfaces adrift
Fire within me, threatens to burn me
down

I raised my village to the ground
(Ever since you came to town)

Hazel Warren



**DO YOU WANT TO
MEET OTHER POETS?
SHARE YOUR WORK?
GET THE CHANCE TO
PLAN EVENTS?
PERFORM YOUR WORK?**

IF SO DIY POETS MEET ON THE
FIRST WEDS OF THE MONTH
UPSTAIRS AT BROADWAY
BROAD STREET
NOTTINGHAM CITY CENTRE
FROM 8 PM ONWARDS

**COME AND JOIN US
FOR A RELAXED AND POETIC
EVENING**