

SUBMISSIONS

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 28. 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 February 20th 2015. Poems should be sent to: diypoets@yahoo.co.uk

DIY POETS
@ Maze
Mansfield
Road
Nottingham

£3 entry
8 til late

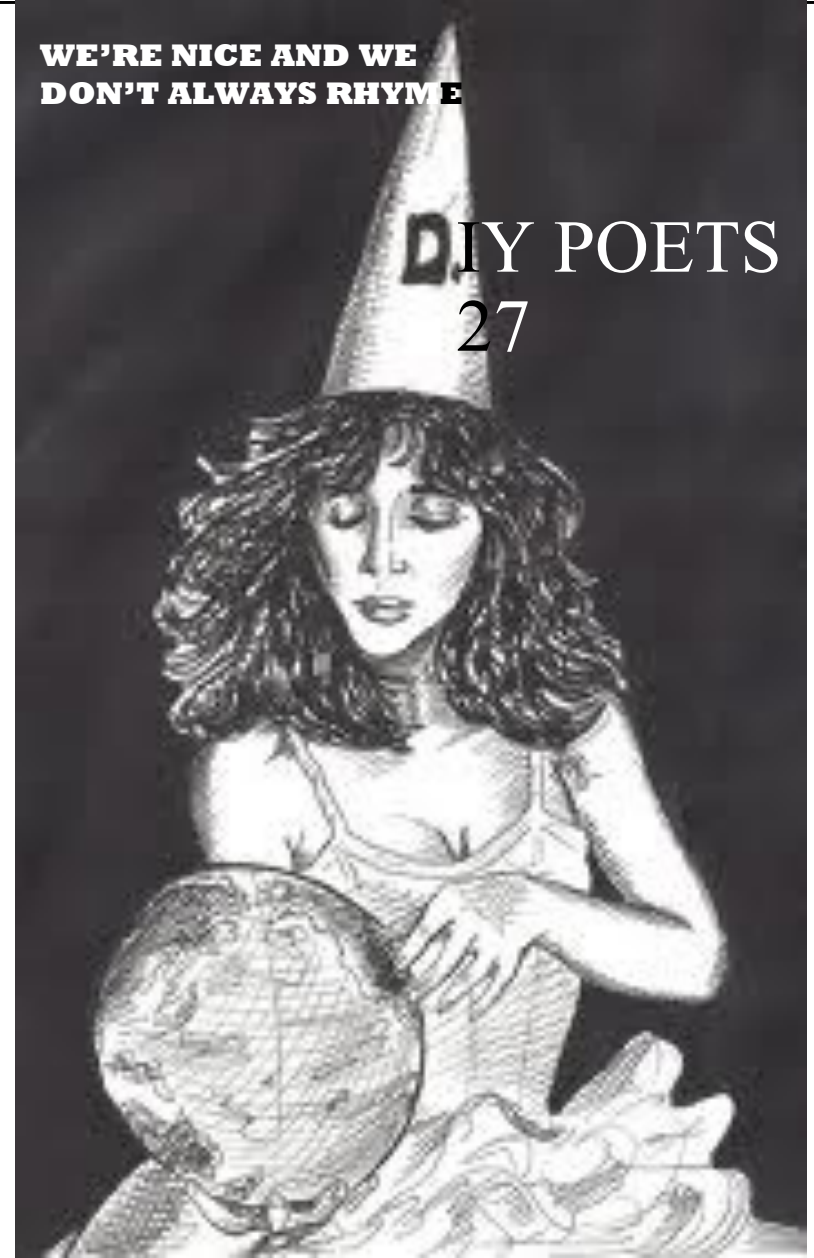
Feb 12th
May 14th

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



WE'RE NICE AND WE
DON'T ALWAYS RHYME

DIY POETS
27



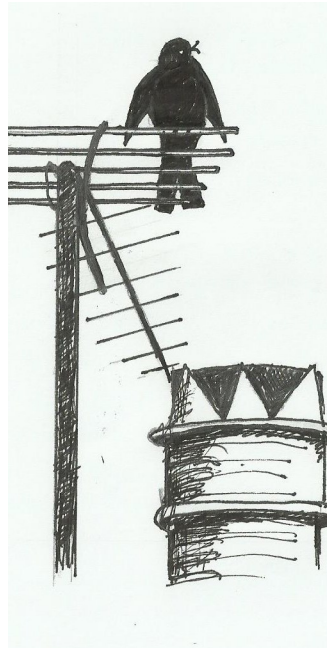
NOTTINGHAM'S FREE
POETRY MAGAZINE

Offload

What is this human need to
offload our thoughts?
Other animals don't, do they?

The blackbird on the TV aerial
maybe is calling to prayer?
An imam preaching from a minaret?
Whales singing philosophical debates?
Dolphins click-cracking jokes?
Bees dance-opining on the subject of hon-
ey?
Mice pleading for fairness and equality?
Dogs bark-bossing at dusk?
Sloths disseminating wisdom slowly?

And humans write poetry.
Clare Stewart



The Gang

Their frequent words and occasional fists and slaps,
numerous social mishaps
left me black and blue
but it was the blue and black of denim and leather,
whatever the weather
that saved me.

The gang was where I could belong,
a shield of metal,
a stem to my petal.

Looking back,
I need a sartorial tutorial,
but we hated fashion and the trendies.
We thought rock was permanent,
Mount Rushmore Deep Purple style.
Trends were just ice cream,
soon to melt away.

Frank McMahon



UKIP Limerick

Nigel stopped em all comin in ere
From abroad and every damn where
But that bee in his bonnet
Truly got no marmalade on it
When he deported Paddington Bear

Trevor Wright



United Nations School 2014

Ring o ring o rises
A compound full of posies
Then tissue and sinew
Bled into the ground.

Excuses in the water
Morals all at sea
Whose left to grow up
And set Gaza free.

Trevor Wright

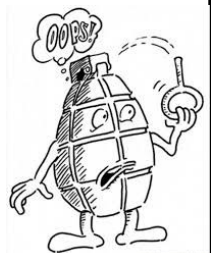


ADRENALIN TOURISTS

A selfie snapped from the eastern front
A bona fide firefight, not a poolside stunt
Sending postcards home is not so important
When adrenalin tourists wander out from their apartments

They don't phone home to say, 'wish you were here'
Khaki fatigues are their essential holiday gear
A bullet in the head, the final souvenir
Left behind, a half-finished, ice cold beer

Andy Szpuk



My Dad.

My dad. George. Jud.
As English as cricket.
He even used a walking stick,
A clever man my dad,
but prided himself on not being modern.

Cup of tea and overflowing ashtray.

Hidden behind a newspaper-
for most of my childhood.
Constantly outraged and ranting to no one.
Obscure poetry quotes and perfect calligraphy
gently hint at what used to be.

Twice a day, like a silent spectre,
Off he went to the pub.
And that, is my childhood memory of dad.

Mark Ransford



Lump of Coal

“I’m sorry” I say to my mum
whose front door won’t shut,
when I won’t let her leave it
to be fixed by 80 something year old Henry,
a marvel with all things needing mending,
but who may not come when he’s said... again,
and may not have the right tools ... again.

“But I worry...always have,
did I lock my front door?
did I leave the grill on?
did I leave the iron plugged in?
did I leave the fire on?”

“You know your problem” she says,
almost smiling in her half asleep state,
“you’ve grown old before your time!”
“Me”... I reply,
with the world’s most feeble retort ever,
“I was born old.”

A lump of Coal, I think to myself,
that never got to be a diamond.

John Humphreys



SPEECH THERAPY

*Poetry is nearer to
vital truth than
history.*

Plato

**Every fourth
Thursday**



**Hotel Deux
2 Pelham Road
Sherwood Rise
Nottingham
NG5 1AP
07710 226926**

Youngerly

We were the Princes of our twig and leaf hall,
The world around us-clay.
Sitting amongst wrappers, the remains of our feast,
Next to a fire more smoke than flame
We dreamed our Kingdom.
Each tree a ladder for cloud catching
Every puddle a great ocean to swim.
Never was I tired, and
ill only when it suited.
Hot and grazed I would lie with
My ear to the grass, listening to the
Scuttling of worlds upon worlds.
Flowers were taller then, grass too, and as we
Ran through green seas they tickled us
Until laughing was our breathing...

The days are concrete now
And I dream of being a boy, running.

Joel Young



Looking In

"Mummy, look!"
Here we go
"Look, the fishy!"
Here comes the banging
"Hey, I'm knocking for you."
I'd better show myself or it'll only get worse
"Look! Look, Mummy, look!"
The fishy came out to play
I think he likes me
He always comes out when I knock!"
Yep, that'll be it.

Writing exercise in Core class. Speaking
with dual voices / perspectives

Lytisha

Looking Out

I see them
They come and go
Faces up close, intruding
Or, maybe worse,
Passing by unnoticed.
For days sometimes
No-one notices.
I go about my business
But always an eye out
Ready to respond to any hint of interaction,
So often disappointed.
I console myself.
They know no better
All those individuals out there
Going about their lives
Swimming their own directions.
I know not their boundaries
I know only mine.
Two feet, by three feet, by one.

Exercise in core class to write
from perspective of someone removed.

Lytisha



Hippy Ted

You took too much man!
You took too much!
A psychedelic sacrament
Sent to keep us clean
I met him at a Psy-trance night
You took too much man!
We are the survivors
The survivors of wars
The survivors of disease
Our ancestors survived
Our ancient genes survived
You took too much!
The geriatric psychedelic
The skyline had traces of acid
His face was painted
Weekend warrior paint
He danced with people
People a third his age
This painted sage
You took too much man
A hallucinogenic Hippy
Who never took enough



A Sole

The **Dilettante Society** is a newborn Nottingham based alliance of novice artistes, aesthetes, degenerates and decadents intent on arousing creative dawdlers and daydreamers out of their dwellings to find mischief and inspiration. We aim to entertain, suggest and inspire your right brain with ideas, anecdotes and alliteration. **We meet on the second Tuesday of each month at 7:30pm in the Golden Fleece on Mansfield Road for a light hearted evening of good conversation. Everyone is welcome, do pop down for a drink and say hello.**