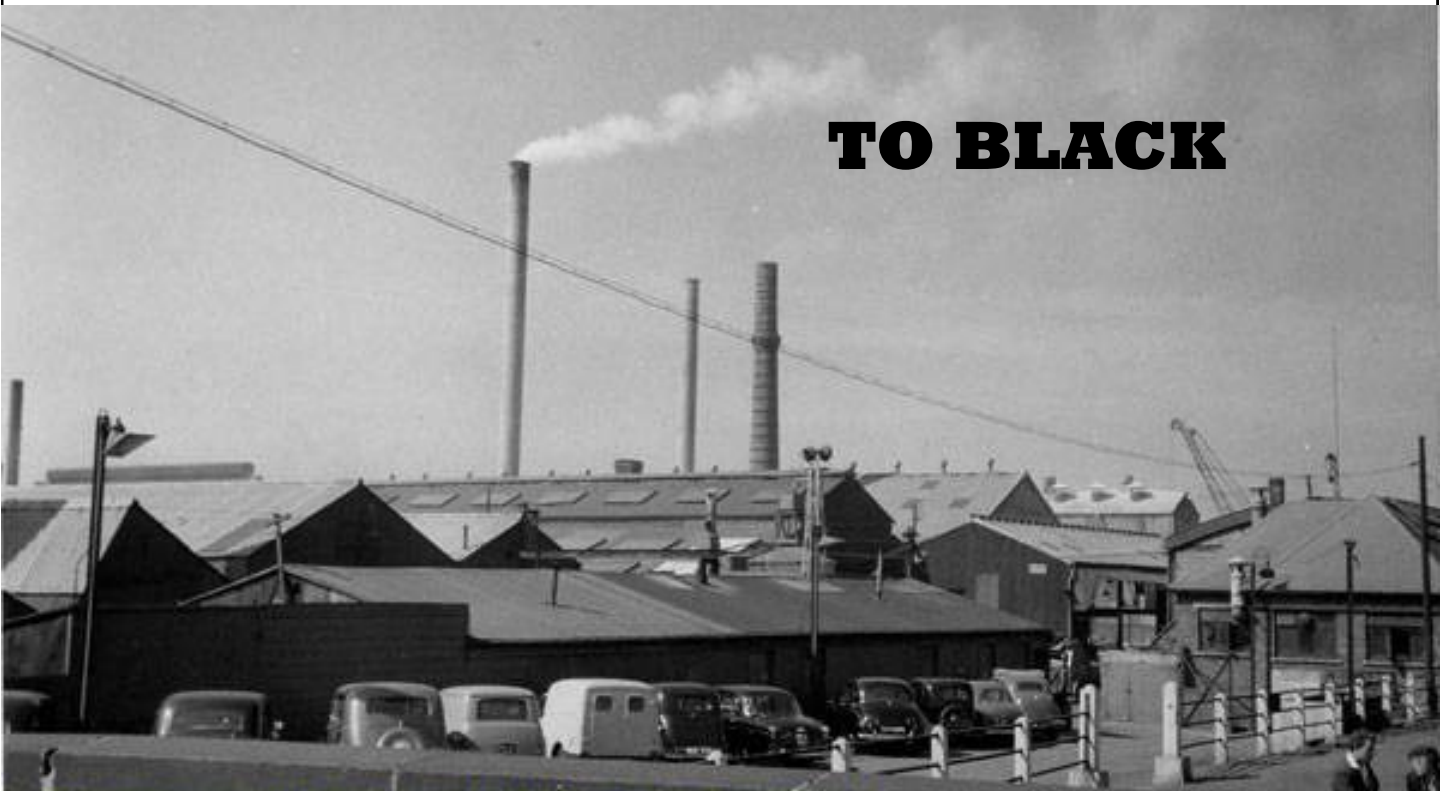


**FROM GREEN**



**TO BLACK**



**FRANK  
MCMAHON**

# **Acknowledgements**

**The following people have helped in the production of this booklet, from reading proofs of the drafts or encouragement and constructive criticism (but never garlands of useless praise) in the year that I have planning this third volume.**

**Martin Haddelsey**

**John Humphreys**

**Clare Stewart**

**Jim Willis**

**Andy Szpuk**

**Martin Grey**

**A big thank you to you all.**

# Contents

- P4 From Green To Black; Big Bad Wolf**
- P5 Self Defence; Sports Teacher**
- P6 Labour 2014; Letting Go**
- P7 Race Hate; Politics**
- P8 Alienation; Tony Benn**
- P9 City Status; Pay Your Road Tax**
- P10 White Van Man Converses With Cyclists; Monarchy**
- P11 Martian; Blokes**
- P12 Singer Songwriter; Pub Folk Singer**
- P13 Jeremy Paxman Upon His Retirement From Newsnight; Don't Call it Folk**
- P14 American English; Sixties Architecture**
- P15 The Journey; Calvary**
- P16 Sad; Gig**
- P17 The Blues; Snakes and Ladders**
- P18 Your Negativity Meant; Before and After**
- P19 Revolver; Your Voice**
- P20 Just for Me; No Longer Out of Service**
- P21 Shirts; Talk Time**
- P22 You've Gone But I've Still Got the Pillows You Bought Me; Rebound**
- P23 Self Worth; Break Up Email**
- P24 Tourist Sights; Don't Bleat**
- P25 Smiths Fan 1989; Age Appropriate**
- P26 Polite Excuses; First Date Fear**
- P27 You Used to Be Passive; Cleaning Up Your Act**
- P28 When I Have Failed to Assert Myself; Dutch Courage**
- P29 Opening doors (Fire Escape Poem); Mystical Doggerel**
- P30 Soul Windows; Listening**
- P31 Your Garrulous Talk; Funny Man**
- P32 Bed Boy; Yesterday's Newspaper**
- P33 Cross Words; The Gang,**
- P34 Boxing Ring; Half a Hope**
- P35 New Manager; The Wolves**
- P36 Where Did it All Go Wrong?; Elvis**
- P37 Graham; The Quiff Is Dead,**
- P38 Not Satanic; George**
- P39 Winston, Syd Barrett on CD**
- P40 Syd the Roger Dodger, Facebook**
- P41 Attachment, Patience**
- P42 Open Mic, Generation Gap**
- P43 Laughter Lines, I've Never Seen Anyone Read Poetry On the Train**

## **From Green to Black**

**From your green country  
to the Black Country,  
to a factory with more people  
than your home town  
but with fewer Catholic steeples.**

**From forty shades of green  
to forty shades of grey.  
Black below and above the coal seam.  
You were used to coal beneath your feet.  
You did not follow your dream  
but went to where the jobs were,  
an Irishman feeling small in Willenhall.**

## **Big Bad Wolf**

**At school,  
they should teach kids  
assertiveness and self-esteem.  
Then, when they're grown up  
the big bad wolf of disappointments  
(romantic rejection and all the rest)  
will not blow their houses down.  
Their hearts will be made of brick  
not straw.**

**Life is no fairy tale,  
but it can have some happy endings.**

## **Self Defence**

**Kids learning karate and judo,  
sweet-looking in their white suits.  
Are they learning that more intangible  
defence needed against life's jackboots?**

## **Sports Teacher**

**You made us do diving rugby tackles in the snow.  
You said it would make our characters grow.  
We all just wanted you to go.**

## **Labour 2014**

**The point has long been reached,  
where you have bleached  
all the red out of the flag.  
Your message begins to sag.**

**You are about as socialist  
as Shakin' Stevens is rock n roll.  
You don't care about those on the dole,  
whom you malign as shirking.  
Labour isn't working.**

## **Letting Go**

**'I'm afraid I'm going to have  
to let you go'  
as if I was a caged animal  
that you sadly would have to release  
into my natural habitat.**

**Downsizing.  
You make it seem  
like you were slimming the industry  
of all its heart-breaking fat.  
I'm meant to be happy in my natural habitat.**

## **Race Hate**

**Israel was formed in 1948,  
A state for those fleeing  
Nazi race hate.**

**Today it gobbles up Palestine.  
Builds a wall to say "it's mine."**

## **Politics**

**Politics seems irrelevant to many.  
Mention a left winger  
and they think of a tricky bloke  
hugging the touch line.  
Their life's not fine  
(they can just about afford the ticket  
and little else)  
But social change seems impossible  
against the system's resolute defence.  
It seems to have an extra man  
and dissent is quickly closed down.**

## **Alienation**

**He was trapped in a job  
as exciting as a seventies salad,  
Just lettuce and tomatoes, no dressing.  
The stuff always left over.**

**Tony Benn**

**You were told you immatured with age.  
You took that as a badge of honour.**

**Often with a pipe but never with slippers,  
drinking gallons of tea,  
with socialism as a nice strong brew, undiluted,  
not the tepid dip in and out  
of Wilson, Blair and beyond.**

**A parliamentary Orwell,  
with the gift of oratory and plain speaking,  
Became peerless.**



## **City Status**

**In 2000 it was given city status  
but the recession makes it look  
as if it's in some long hiatus.**

**Calling it a city  
is like calling it a mountain  
when it's only a hill.  
Words aside,  
it's all much the same, still.**

## **Pay Your Road Tax**

**Four wheels good  
Two wheels bad  
A parody of Animal Farm,  
as you are about to do me harm,  
and I'd end up  
a mess of limbs and spokes.**

## **White Van Man Converses with Cyclists**

**Get off the fucking pavement**

**Get on the fucking pavement**

**Get on the fucking road**

**Get off the fucking road**

**Pay your road tax.**

## **Monarchy**

**Some Americans may think it's quaint.**

**The Queen thinks everywhere's got fresh paint,  
but most of us have little gloss in our lives.**

## **Martian**

**I have got a penis  
You are from Venus  
Is there too much difference  
between us?**

## **Blokes**

**I'm a bloke,  
should be the one to tell the joke.  
You Jane  
You listen and laugh  
You can have my autograph.  
I'm the rock star  
You're the groupie.**

**I list my achievements.  
I barely acknowledge  
your recent bereavement.  
*Still, life must carry on.***

## **Singer Songwriter**

**Singer songwriter, a voice,  
sweet as a nightingale,  
but with just as little to say.  
Singer songwriter,  
vague fighter for justice.**

**Why not stray  
from D to A,  
avoid your dumb strum?  
Your A minor romances  
takes no chances.**

## **Pub Folk Singer**

**You insist on sounding like a yokel  
with each vocal.  
Those traditional songs fall flat.  
I just picture a pirate  
in his hat.**

**Just like that  
you commandeer the folk tradition  
I hold dear,  
(with its songs of love and loss,  
work and occasional leisure).  
You bury its treasure.**

## **Jeremy Paxman, Upon His Retirement From Newsnight**

**You liked to berate  
those politicians who obfuscate  
at every opportunity.  
There was no relaxing  
for those who should be held  
to account, as each taxing  
straight question  
was fired at them.**

**Now those grey celebrities  
sigh in yellow relief  
as they no longer have to suffer  
that sneer of disbelief  
at another lie,  
another evasion.**

### **Don't Call It Folk**

**Even though you went to Harrow  
and your experience was narrow  
you sound like a yokel  
with your affected vocals,  
but don't call it folk.**

**Banjoes and waist-coats  
won't get my vote,  
in fact they get my goat  
and don't call it folk.**

**Beige songs and an acoustic guitar  
won't get me to move from the bar  
and don't call it folk.**

## **American English**

**You invented the modern popular song  
but those red lines on my computer  
tell me that my spelling's wrong.**

**An episode of Columbo reminded me  
that you have cream in your coffee, not milk.  
Maybe that's one factor in your obesity crisis,  
or maybe it's all the donuts.**

**You believe you're at the center of all things  
with your improved spellings.**

**Your spoken voice often sounds like its yelling.**

**Think about how people of color are treated.**

**Talk in Britain about shopping malls appals.**

**They are shopping centres.**

**You think the world owes you a debt**

**when you are in det up to your eyes,**

**but I can envisage you changing the spelling.**

**There's one different spelling that I don't mind.**

**Mum is mom but they say that in the West Midlands.**

**For us that's no Americanism.**

## **Sixties Architecture**

**Buildings as sturdy as old treasure chests,  
the sort pirates would hunt for,  
tossed aside.**

**In their place oversized cardboard boxes.**

## **The Journey**

**Whenever I get the train home,  
more than a change of clothes or a good book,  
or even my Citalopram,  
(in the absence of good news),  
I need to pack my running shoes,  
beat the blues  
and my pool-table flat mood,  
at least for a while.**

**Bouncing along for a few miles  
absorbing the shocks,  
from pavements,  
and life.**

**Then it's back to my thin soled shoes.**

### **Calvary**

**I did not go to Calvary,  
the ending was said to be depressing.  
Something about a priest,  
told in the confessional  
that he'd be murdered in a week,  
by his future killer,  
who wanted revenge on bad priests,  
even though he was a good one.**

**So I spent Easter without the cinema.  
I was feeling low. Even the lightest  
of crosses would be hard to bear  
and the simplest of tasks:  
getting dressed, making toast.  
The road to Calvary seemed unending  
and my will was bending  
under the weight.**

**But I managed to push away the tombstone  
and slowly rise again.  
I've done it before.  
It did not roll back on me.  
(Sisyphus is a myth).  
So now I know that when I feel crucified  
by grief and loss,  
there will be a resurrection.**

## **Sad**

**Like the jaws of a vice  
or hounds hunting foxes,  
the nights are drawing in.**

**Like Hitler's three year siege of Stalingrad  
or Custer's last stand,  
the nights are drawing in.**

## **Gig**

**When I was younger I'd try and get to the front at gigs  
But there were always blokes redwood tree tall  
In front of me.  
I could see .... all.**



## **The Blues**

**When it hits,  
doing the smallest things,  
perhaps playing a Ramones riff,  
seems as hard as playing Rachmaninov at double speed.  
A simple A becomes a G sharp diminished.  
The simplest tasks remain unfinished.**

## **Snakes and Ladders**

**I worked hard to make it work,  
climbed the ladders of happiness,  
not just be a slave to the throw of a dice,  
but when you became no longer available,  
I slid down the snake  
of disappointment and rejection,  
Almost to square one,  
but I've worked hard  
to climb back up the ladders of self-esteem.**

## **Your Negativity Meant**

**Your negativity meant**

**I could think of nothing else.**

**Those stressful thoughts was food force-fed  
through a tube.**

**There was no space**

**for my apple crumble thoughts.**

### **Before and After**

**When I felt low**

**the Beatles, the Wolves,  
the poetry of Edward Thomas,  
films of Ken Loach,  
staring at the night sky,  
interest in what was important  
to my friends,  
seemed far from me,  
as if I needed a telescope  
to see them at all.  
they seemed so indistinct,  
so small.**

**Now, my mood has lifted,  
the Beatles, the Wolves,  
the poetry of Edward Thomas,  
Films of Ken Loach,  
staring at the night sky,  
interest in what is important  
to my friends,  
no longer needs a telescope.  
I can zoom in on them.  
They're in the foreground now.**

## **Revolver**

**It's St Valentine's  
And I don't feel fine.  
I'm playing *Revolver*,  
McCartney's singing *Good Day Sunshine*  
"I'm in love and it's a sunny day."  
I wish the song and the day away  
And fast forward.  
I'm thinking happiness is a warm gun.  
There's no hint of sun.  
The rain comes and I want to hide my head.  
I prefer Lennon's vinegar wit  
And his fine wine voice.**

## **Your Voice**

**As soon as I heard your voice  
I knew I had no choice.  
like when I first heard  
Presley or Lennon.  
Things were different from then on.**

**But this was your speaking voice,  
different from the local accent,  
which sounded like dustbins dragged  
across gravel.  
You made my heart unravel.**

## **Just For Me**

**Just for me,  
you bought Marmite.  
that was dark,  
but you made my mood light.**

## **No Longer Out of Service**

**You were a bus  
(although much prettier  
than this metaphor implies)  
with a '*Sorry Out of Service*' sign  
but then you saw me walking past  
and your number lit back up.  
You let me climb on board.  
You didn't notice the others  
waiting.**

## **Shirts**

**I want to impress you  
with a different shirt  
each time we meet.  
This is no mean feat  
as we meet often.**

**The obvious problem  
is that my shirt collection is finite  
and my desire to see you infinite.  
I'd therefore have to buy  
three a week at least.  
I'd have to get a second job  
to fund all this.**

**But then I'd see you less.**

## **Talk Time**

**After I met you,  
I had to get an unlimited  
talk time tariff  
as my phone bill was five times  
what it was before.**

**I no longer need that talk time,  
now that you're no longer mine.**

## **You've Gone but I've Still Got the Pillows You Bought Me.**

**I wanted us to part amicably,  
so that I could lie comfortably,  
on the pillows that you bought  
when you were still my lover,  
to help me recover  
after my operation.**

**I wanted us to part amicably  
so that I could continue to display  
the Marvel superhero wrapping paper  
you put lovingly in a frame.  
It reminds me of your name  
and all your super powers.**

### **Rebound**

**Two months after the break up  
of your family,  
you were not looking  
for any old coat to insulate you  
from the wind and rain and cold  
of your resentment towards him.**

**But then I came along,  
a coat of the right  
cut, colour and style.  
We'd liked each other for a while.  
I was a good snug fit  
You wanted to wear me  
even without the wind and rain and cold  
You wanted to wear me  
You liked my style.**

## **Self-Worth**

**Don't get your self-worth  
from your lover's reflection.  
It may be a fairground hall of mirrors  
giving you break up terrors.**

## **Break-Up Email**

**She dumped me by email.  
I tried in the absence of calling her  
to analyse it, as if it were Eliot's The Waste Land,  
when it just meant things didn't work out  
as we'd planned.**

## **Tourist Sights**

**In the first few months of romance,  
we see only the tourist sights,  
the galleries and museums  
of attentiveness and best smiles,  
the gondolas of bliss.**

**We only slowly notice  
the back streets and bin collections  
of their moody side,  
money worries  
and tatty underwear.**

## **Don't Bleat**

**Don't bleat because you are not Keats.  
Don't think you've had enough  
because you'll never be Van Gogh.  
Just be the best you can be,  
even if that's a review in the NME.  
A mention in Left Lion  
would be more than fine.**



## **Smiths Fan 1989**

**You implored me to Ask.  
I half realised there's no sense in reticence.**

**Back then I was a student  
but not at the university of life.  
Far too emotionally prudent.**

### **Age Appropriate**

**We were fifteen year olds dwarfing  
the swings and slides. “How old  
do you think you are?”**

**Time to move on  
from the magic roundabout.**

**Now, as I look at the lads and girls  
with their skinny ties in the club,  
I'm that fifteen year old  
dwarfing the magic roundabout,  
expecting to hear that question.**

## **Polite Excuses**

**We were due to meet.  
Then you changed your mind  
at the last minute.  
Your text was too detailed  
to be convincing,  
a very long winded  
version of “I’ve got to wash my hair.”**

**I felt like a crap job  
you didn't want to do,  
your excuse as poor  
as saying you couldn't make it  
because of the snow,  
when none of it had settled  
and what was left was melting:  
Islands of white  
amidst oceans of green and grey.**

## **First Date Fear**

**The date was stilted  
as if I was cycling uphill,  
straining at conversation,  
with the heavy rucksack  
of nerves and expectation on my back.**

**I wanted to get over my first date fear,  
tried changing gear,  
but gained little on your terrain.  
Each silence seemed an eternity  
of taciturnity.  
It started to rain.**

**You had a gap in your teeth  
(that did not detract)  
that the profile photos did not show,  
but the gap in conversation was bigger.**

## **You Used To Be Passive**

**You used to be passive,  
a gate swinging on your hinges,  
opened and closed at the whim  
of the winds of other minds, flapping,  
open and shut, unsure, changeable, capricious.  
Your green garden lay open to the wrong types,  
manipulative and vicious as a January gale.**

## **Cleaning Up Your Act**

**You promised to clean up your act  
but you are just a Hoover  
making all the right noises  
and all the right moves.  
But inside, your bag is full.**

## **When I Have Failed to Assert Myself**

**When I failed to assert myself,  
I was an iceberg hiding almost  
all,  
a guitar part half hidden  
in the mix,  
a riddle hoping to be solved,  
a present waiting to be opened.**

## **Dutch Courage**

**I wanted to be a lion,  
Hungry after slumber.  
A few drinks could make me that  
Or so I thought.**

**I woke up hung-over,  
Still Oz's Cowardly Lion,  
As yellow as the Brick Road  
I'd failed to walk down.**

### **Opening Doors (Fire Escape Poem)**

**She may not reciprocate my knocks at her door,  
may decide to keep it closed  
but may open more doors  
by introducing me to her friends.  
These doors may open to rooms intimate and small  
or a joyous banqueting hall.**

**Or (knowing my luck)  
the next door I'll need to open  
will be the fire escape.**

### **Mystical Doggerel**

**It's the universe  
that has placed a curse  
on you, to make your life worse,  
and soon it will put you in a hearse.**

## **Soul Windows**

**You cover your soul windows  
with sun glasses,  
so that what passes  
as a smile seems real,  
so you don't reveal.**

## **Listening**

**You were too polluted  
with your own toxins  
to really listen to her.**

**All your issues were street lights  
that stopped you appreciating  
the many constellations of her charms.**

## **Your Garrulous Talk**

**Your garrulous talk  
as busy and relentless  
as the flow of cars into the city  
at rush hour.**

**My attempts to get a word in  
was me stuck at the junction  
without traffic lights.  
My occasional words cars  
going the other way.**

**On and on you went,  
oblivious to the obvious  
I wanted to say,  
but I was stuck behind  
the white lines of politeness.**

## **Funny Man**

**You wanted women to laugh  
at your jokes only.  
Maybe that's why you're single and lone-  
ly.**

**You thought their laughs were signs  
of appreciation, to the point of orgasm.  
That's why there's a chasm  
between them and you,  
between you and reality.**

**You want to be the initiator of jokes,  
not other blokes.**

## **Bed Boy**

**You know everything there is to know  
about beds and the right mattress,  
but you are young and single, hopeless  
in getting action on your single bed,  
in your parent's house. You've sold lots  
of double beds  
but never bought one for yourself.  
You've developed the sales patter  
but just not where it matters.  
You see lots of couples try out the beds  
and see blokes with king sized confidence,  
all seen through your single bed eyes.**

## **Yesterday's Newspaper**

**Tossed aside, yesterday's newspaper.  
Bought in the morning, old by evening.**

**But my anger has been yellowed by time.  
What was pathos  
becomes merely bathos.  
Whole things as important  
as yesterday's newspaper.**



## **Cross Words**

**Those halcyon days when cross words  
were just a puzzle we did together  
in amiable competition.  
Communication was never cryptic  
and usually concise.**

## **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.**

## **Boxing Ring**

**My childhood was in a boxing ring,  
or at least it seemed so at the time.  
Mom and dad fought,  
with no redemption bell of divorce  
to stop the fight,  
no fists but a crueller war of pummelling words,  
with my dad firmly fixed on the ropes.**

## **Half A Hope**

**I was listening to the latest scores,  
final game of the season,  
sipping half a Hope,  
drinking and feeling bitter,  
looking for something bright in  
Brighton.**

**My hopes weren't dashed  
(as I didn't have any)  
and down the league we crashed.**

## **New Manager**

**My newly relegated club,  
second successive relegation,  
have sacked another manager.**

**The choice of possible replacements  
is between the tea lady  
and the bloke who puts the white lines  
on the pitch.**

**The owner relies on our addiction,  
banking on the fact that whatever happens  
we'll be back.**

## **The Wolves**

**The only team known more by their nickname  
than their official one.**

**That's fame.**

**But now all we've got is the name  
and a still large still suffering fan base,  
and past glories;  
old men's stories  
of rattles, short back and sides,  
long shorts, heavy leather balls  
and trophies.**

## **Where Did It All Go Wrong?**

**The new England World Cup song  
should be called Where Did It All Go  
Wrong?**

**The last time they won  
the Beatles *Revolver* was released.  
Now more of the players are deceased.  
The album was then a nascent form  
and men with rattles were the norm.  
We'd not yet been to the moon.  
Now England's grounded all too soon.**

### **Elvis**

**John said you died  
when you went into the army,  
DA cropped, Like Samson  
you lost your mojo,  
and the warmth and echo of Sun  
seemed long gone.**

**Ten years later you were resurrected,  
68, the Comeback Special,  
after the slow crucifixion  
of Wooden Heart  
and ever worse movies.  
Scott and Bill were back by your side,  
back to ride the Mystery Train.**

**But behind it all was the Colonel,  
chicken torturer, huckster father figure,  
willing to sacrifice his son  
to bad films, vulgar Vegas  
and prescription pills.**

**Nine years later you were dead.**

## **Graham**

**You're the master of the Telecaster.  
You like your effects pedals,  
but you should try playing without them,  
once in a while.**

**Your music is a pretty girl  
who wears make up all the time  
when she is beautiful unadorned.  
Without pedals you'd still be adored.**

## **The Quiff Is Dead**

**The rain flattened my hair.  
It worried me at twenty four  
but now I no longer care  
as I'm balding, and sport a number one.**

**Back then, in Smithsian homage, I had a quiff,  
It's gone, but I still enjoy Marr's  
wah wah and Rourke's bass riff  
from *The Queen Is Dead***

**I turn off the album,  
out the door I go,  
not caring about the hair-flattening rain.**

## **Not Satanic**

**Heavy metal is not really Satanic.**

**Ozzy does not worship the Devil.**

**He's just a self styled rock n roll rebel,  
like me at sixteen,**

**wearing an upside down cross ear ring  
at my Catholic school sixth form.**

**Just wanted to be different from the norm,  
but still part of the gang.**

**Today, there is Norwegian death metal,  
extreme right wing, burning of churches.**

**Compared to this, Black Sabbath and Venom  
are as scary as Dr Who to someone fully grown,  
or the Wizard of Oz to anyone but the Cowardly Lion.**

**Cod Satanism is nothing new.**

**Venom said they were at War With Satan,  
apparently inspired by Paradise Lost,  
but talk to them about blank verse  
and they'd give you blank looks.**

**They had a drummer renamed Abaddon  
but they didn't converse with the dead.**

**Were just Geordie pissheads.**

## **George**

**Dark horse with unrecorded, unrecognised songs.**

**Confined to uneconomic solos which Paul thought were  
wrong.**

**You were a third largest, second smallest  
Russian doll fitting discretely inside, covered.**

**John and Paul took charge, their partnership revered.**

**Smiling mop top Beatle was your public role,  
far from the anonymous poverty of the dole  
or even blue suburban skies. Photo call unity  
hid that latent, then less latent enmity.**

## **Winston**

**Half of what you said was meaningful,  
but you did not think so, doubt racked,  
you had that voice double tracked.**

**Mordant mortal, caustic soda outlook.  
Wanted to break every rule in the book.  
Winston, winsome loser. You were the man.**

## **Syd Barrett on CD**

**I was listening to Syd Barrett on CD  
but when he released records the format was the LP,  
which could easily be scratched if not handled with care,  
they were as vulnerable as Syd seemed to be  
following the effects of LSD.**

**I was listening to Syd Barrett on CD  
but the disc kept jumping  
and became unplayable:  
A bit like Syd.**

**I'll buy a record player.  
I'll have to handle the *Madcap Laughs* with care.  
I can then listen again to Side Two's *Golden Hair*.**

## **Syd the Roger Dodger**

**You were a Roger Dodger,  
thought Syd sounded better,  
more proletarian,  
but you, with your Cambridge vowels,  
could never pretend to be.**

**You turned up to see Floyd  
in the studio, at twenty nine,  
fat and balding. They seemed fine.  
They did not know who you were at first.  
Even then they feared the worst.**

## **Facebook**

**Yet again you've changed  
your Facebook profile  
You have not done anything else for a while.  
You've got five hundred Facebook friends  
but they don't recognise your handwriting  
or know your favourite beer.  
They're never near.  
You've convinced them all  
that your life's one long party  
but you're not feeling too hearty.**

**Everything you do is in cyberspace.  
Your friends have not seen your face,  
not given you a non-cyber embrace  
in a long time.**



## **Attachment**

**For you, attachment is something  
you might get with an email  
and connection is purely virtual.**

## **Patience**

**The river cuts through rock,  
not through strength  
but through persistence,  
but I don't have that amount  
of time in my existence.**

## **Open Mic**

**At the open mic you took the Mick  
out of the poets who read from the floor.  
You might as well have showed us the door.  
You seemed impervious  
to the fact we might be nervous.**

**I stepped up, to recite my memorised verse,  
A couple of poems with cycling metaphors.  
Your comments were ice on the road,  
your put downs a strong wind against me,  
your interruptions a drunken driver  
hogging the road.**

**But I got the audience on my side,  
and the rest of the performance  
became a clear highway,  
and I began to enjoy the view.**

## **Generation Gap**

**I'm fifteen years nearer than you  
to meeting my maker.  
My favourite Doctor Who is Tom Baker.  
You like David Tennant the best.  
You don't remember the rest.**

**You don't use paper a- zeds.  
or remember life before Google Maps.  
We have no Tardis to bridge  
this Generation Gap.**

## **Laughter Lines**

**I know you're getting on a bit,  
but how did you get those laughter lines?  
A few perfunctory cheeses for the camera  
can't be enough.  
Are you permanently cheesed off?  
or is it that you look down on others misfortune  
with a hard cheese lack of sympathy?  
The more I get to know you  
the more I wonder;  
How did you get those laughter lines?**

## **I've Never Seen anyone Read Poetry on the Train**

**I have never seen anyone read poetry on the train.  
Surely there are enough people with a heart and a brain.  
So why have I never seen anyone read poetry on a train?  
They all read novels from Danielle Steele to Steinbeck  
but never poetry.**

**Is it because poetry was administered to them  
as kids,  
cod liver oil literature,  
something that was good for them,  
but as enjoyable as cross country running in the rain,  
something, once free, they would never do again?  
I have never seen anyone read poetry on the train.  
Now I think I know why.**

## About the author

I've been writing poems for about fifteen years. This is my third volume of poetry.

This booklet contains eighty poems ( a few of which are set in the 80's but don't worry there's no space hoppers or Rubik's Cubes). The booklet costs £3 so that 3.75 pence per poem, a lot cheaper than Faber and Faber (I don't have the right connections). All of the poems are short. If they were a person they'd be Ronnie Corbett or maybe Napoleon or possibly Prince.

There should not be too many obscure, esoteric references (It's not the Waste Land), but the internet is there to help if needed.

I'm a founder member of DIY Poets, a Nottingham based poetry collective the aims of which are to encourage more people to perform their poetry and get their words into print. It also wants to make poetry less of a minority sport. At the moment it's the croquet of the arts. DIY Poets want it be cricket at the very least. (There's more about DIY Poets in the advert below).

Hope you enjoy this, my third volume.

### **DIY POETS**

**A Nottingham based poetry collective trying to rescue poetry from elitism and being ignored.**

**DIY Poets have monthly meetings upstairs at the **Broadway bar**, Broad Street, Nottingham city centre, 8pm on the first Wednesday of each month.**

**DIY Poets produce a free poetry magazine based in shops, bars and cafes throughout Nottingham city centre.**

**DIY Poets produce a quarterly night of spoken word and music at the **Maze** on 257 Mansfield Road, Nottingham NG1 3FT**

**For more information phone 07889 765917 or email: [diypoets@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:diypoets@yahoo.co.uk)**

**Join us on Facebook**

**VISIT OUR WEBSITE @: [www.diypoets.com](http://www.diypoets.com)**

### **Review of Difficult Second Volume:**

**"What appears to be a flat back four of everyday prose is illuminated by bursts of free verse magic, placed all over the pages with pinpoint precision by a playmaker of modern poetry. Thatcher, racist humour and narcissism are tackled and exposed for what they are." **Left Lion magazine****