

### **SUBMISSIONS**

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 31. 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 October 15th 2015. Poems should be sent to: [diypoets@yahoo.co.uk](mailto: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](mailto:diypoets@yahoo.co.uk)  
Or @ [www.diypoets.com](http://www.diypoets.com)  
Or on Facebook

**Nov 12th**  
**Feb 11th**  
**May 12th**



**WE'RE NICE AND WE DON'T ALWAYS**  
**RHyme**

## **DIY POETS 30**



**NOTTINGHAM'S FREE**  
**POETRY MAGAZINE**

### **Almost 50**

Almost 50 years old  
Almost broken the mould.  
Almost SAGA  
Almost too old to dig Lady Gaga  
Almost retire-able  
Almost undesirable.  
Almost permanently frumpy  
Almost always grumpy.  
Almost “in my day”  
Almost hair totally grey.  
Almost way too slow  
Almost beyond technophobe.  
Almost unable  
Almost unstable.  
Almost beyond raving  
Almost beyond saving.  
Almost always needs a bright light to see  
Almost verging on antique.  
Almost wrong but only admits to right  
Almost permanently lost, but not quite.



### **John Humphreys**

#### **Poem**

When the first one arrived,  
in the middle of a sleepless night,  
I laughed out loud and hugged it.  
Following the rule, I allowed it to settle  
and rest, like a good wine before tasting.

When the second one arrived,  
I took great care to record it accurately,  
no less sleepless, but relieved.  
There might be more, where they came from?

Now, I am beginning to chase them –  
grab their themes to get my teeth into elusive airs.

**Barbara Schaefer**

### **All the Things You're Not**

You are not more beautiful than all the stars in the sky  
but you're more fun to chat to than those suns on high.  
You are not more soothing than the ocean's mighty  
swell  
but you are there when a long day has just been hell.  
I would not lay my life down at your sanctified feet  
but I would put it into your hands in a heartbeat.  
I do not know that I will love you until I die  
but for now I like you enough that I want to try.

**Chris Page**

#### **Muse**

At times, no matter how  
weary this fragile consortium of  
chemicalised blood, sinew and bone.

Setting the alarm, turning off the light,  
eliciting the pillows comfort, can be  
the most incendiary act.

**Trevor Wright**



### Alpha Male?

Alpha, Bravo, Charlie, Delta  
I celebrate the warmth and  
Light of the Summer sun  
With the caveat that shady shelter  
Can be easily found  
With the cool and calm inside a building  
Otherwise, fresh air outside  
Beneath a tree  
To save my skin from being fried

Not for me the term 'macho'  
Or tanned torso, rippling hulk, athletic hunk  
I prefer food products, like gazpacho,  
Colourful veg. batons, in the relay race of life  
And warm crusty bread to dunk  
Not for me, great muscles, rips  
I devour sprouted chickpeas and seeds  
With salsa and houmous dips  
For all my body needs  
Lush green curly kale  
I am an Alfalfa Male!

**Andrew Martin**



### November Glow

As waning sun sinks ever low,  
I gaze upon it's golden glow,  
His crown is gold, his robe is purple  
He sits enthroned above Earth's circle  
Ne'er before this day did my eyes this dying orb behold  
Nor ere again this glorious sight blaze quite so brilliant gold  
For nothing lights the sky like the burning, glowing ember  
Of a waning, golden sunset at the end of cold November!

**Phil Deakin**

### Liverpool Half Marathon

We started in the rain at the Three Graces,  
Not yet any red faces.  
I did it for charity  
But also did it for me.  
I no longer think endorphins  
Are cute endangered marine mammals.  
Otterspool Park, speed limit 5 miles per hour.  
We were all breaking it.

The course was mainly flat  
But the atmosphere was not.

We finished in the rain at the Three Graces  
A few more red faces,  
The colour of the Kop.  
But we no longer noticed the rain.

**Frank McMahon**



### Widow

Widow -  
A new word,  
She's been Wife  
For so long.

She wears his  
huge  
Gold wedding ring  
On a chain  
Round her neck.

**Clare Stewart**



### SPEECH THERAPY

*POETRY  
OPEN MIC*

*HOTEL DEUX  
2 PELHAM RD  
SHERWOOD  
RISE  
NOTTINGHAM  
NG5 1AP*

*4TH THURS  
OF MONTH*

**After the Funeral:**

All property is theft  
We used to joke then  
About the Earl Grey - remember?

Steal what you can, I say  
Steal a glance, steal a kiss  
I steel myself for what's to come

I wish I could have stolen more time  
Before the grandest theft of all  
The greatest heist  
That stole you away

I'll put the kettle on,  
Boil up some more clichés  
Tea heals all, tea and time  
The great healers

Proper tea ain't theft  
Mortality, that's the one to watch for

**Hazel Warren**



**Andy Warhol's Soup Tins**

Portraits of hunger are hanging  
On the faces of children  
In the towns and cities of Donbas  
A landscape scrawled on by marauding gunmen.

A mother could sketch a bowl of fruit  
And wish that still life into existence  
If a picture could somehow become real,  
Let it be Andy Warhol's, the one with the soup tins.

**Andy Szpuk**



**The Middle Of The Bed**

The middle of the bed  
Cool and spacious as the med  
legs and arms widely spread

The one consolation (she said)  
for your spouse having fled  
is the middle of the bed!

**Vanessa Osbourne**



**sharkfoot and the clown**

dreary death walks into a bar  
far from the muddy crowd  
I nearly drowned in the pit  
I scooped out my soul  
blood thirsty jackal bit my heart  
I closed in on death  
Its breath buried my body in the bog  
I smiled at death sleazy subtrack  
smoking bloody murder of crows  
who murdered the crows  
bloodsheet molecule on my back  
the frozen clown frowns in smiles  
my sharkfoot bleeds red tonight

**Artisidol Sole**

**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**