

## SUBMISSIONS

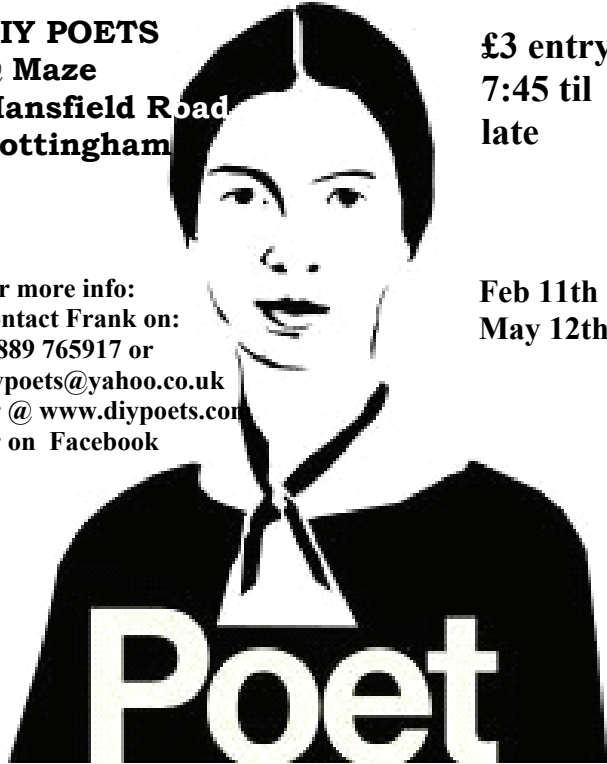
DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 32. Poems can be on any theme. The only stipulation is that they are short, twenty five lines or less. This is so that they can fit onto a page of A6. Your poem may be great but if its as long as Paradise Lost then it won't get in. The deadline for submissions is January 10th 2016. Poems should be sent to:

**DIY POETS**  
**@ Maze**  
**Mansfield Road**  
**Nottingham**

**£3 entry**  
**7:45 til**  
**late**

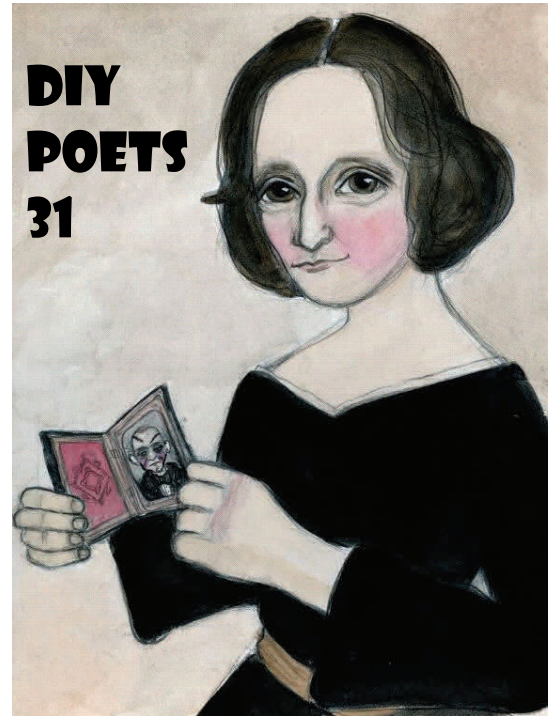
For more info:  
Contact Frank on:  
07889 765917 or  
diypoets@yahoo.co.uk  
Or @ www.diypoets.com  
Or on Facebook

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



## WE'RE NICE AND WE DON'T ALWAYS RHYME

**DIY**  
**POETS**  
**31**



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

**Lacerated Sky**  
(after a good night on the beer)

Morning brings a reckoning about,  
Sharp as pale ale, dark as oat stout.  
Hoppy brain and this pint is not clearing  
ears thick as porter, not hearing.  
Eyes rusty as a ruby red,  
The smell of good times, gone dead.  
Head mixed-up as the drip tray,  
make this Skull Splitter ache go away.  
Tongue fur-ball fuzzed like on old tom cat,  
this drinks been left out too long, gone flat.  
All focus lost, thoughts frizzing,  
the sparkler to this tap is missing.  
Pull through the new day with haste,  
rid nights' bottom of the barrel waste.

Lacerated sky is beer still pouring,  
lacerated heart is memory calling.

**John Humphreys**

**Divided We Stood**

When Thatcher died  
Divided we stood  
From ex yuppies exulting 'wasn't she good'  
To the countless communities she murdered  
Revered and reviled in equal measure  
But it's not her death where I'll take pleasure  
As 23 years after being sacked  
Her final breath  
Changed nothing  
Didn't know or didn't care  
She didn't matter any more  
But I'll keep the champagne on ice  
Until the death of the schism  
The schism  
Called Thatcherism

**Martin Grey**



**Goal Posts**

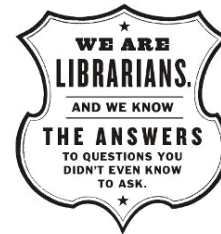
I'm thinking of football  
Jumpers for goal posts and gender roles  
And whose most hard done by  
Generations expectations, all to play for  
And how it's ok for a girl to be "boyish"  
The tomboy, so strong  
But for a boy to be "girlish"?  
Well, that's just wrong

He shall not wear pink, or play with dolls  
And tea sets, are forbidden!

But all this really reflects is the utter contempt  
In which society holds: The Female  
These trinkets, that symbolise "girl"  
To be "girlish", to be soft or caring?  
To be small, meek, weak  
To never be daring  
Or brave, or bold

To be humble and small  
And show your strength  
Only in a quiet way  
That lets your brother, stand tall

**Hazel Warren**



**National Poetry Day 2015**

Not the big words  
nor halos of bards  
impressed it upon me,

But a tiny act by  
librarians behind the  
scenes who printed  
and rolled up  
a poem per sheet,  
black length  
of string around.

So everyone  
who wanted, could  
pick and celebrate.  
- Never mind Emily  
Dickinson: I celebrate  
the unknown librarian  
who tied the knot.

**Anon**

## Rough Guide to Donetsk Airport

The duty free shops are permanently shut  
Designer perfume replaced by smoking gunshot  
Cigarette cartons looted, expensive timepieces trashed  
Chocolate boxes damaged, vodka bottles smashed

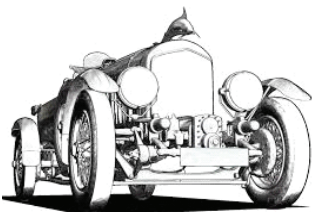
Like the chicken salad, the whole menu is chargrilled  
Broken coffee machines stand empty, no one around to refill  
Ghosts of cyborg soldiers haunt the premises  
A tour bus lies on its side, the occupants were dying to visit

## Andy Szpuk

### Selling my Classic Car: a Haiku

An excellent day  
Good price for my classic car  
Then I shed a tear"

### Chris Grey



### Corbyn has Spoken

Kendall has broken, against a Socialist  
Corbyn has spoken, Cooper placed third  
JC is MP, for Islington North  
Opposes Trident, for all he's worth

Vice-chair CND, and vegetarian  
Backs public ownership, of British banks  
Nuclear weapons, seeks to scrap pro-  
gramme  
Opposed Iraq War, nonsense with tanks

Morning Star writer, well known with  
beard  
Bicycle rider, what's not to like?  
Tuition fees in, England, abolish  
Withdraw from NATO, Tories go hike!

### Andrew Martin

## Earthquake Snoring

In Liverpool, three of us sharing a room;  
There was no ignoring the earthquake snoring,  
A rumbling reggae bassline.  
After each snore I stared at the door,  
Thought about crawling out  
To sleep in the bath,  
Like John in Norwegian Wood,  
Or even to sleep under the bush  
Isn't it good  
A full night's sleep?

### Frank McMahon



## Autumn Blues

Deciduous September,  
The autumn chill creeps in,  
Seeping silent, insidiously,  
Caressing heart and limb.

Scorched by your cold sunlight  
At melancholy dawn,  
Summer's withering exuberance  
Leaves me feeling saddened and forlorn.

Quickly light is fading.  
Infinite miles of empty skies—  
The month of decay and migration,  
Is synonymous with Love's demise.

### Tom Ryder

## **SPEECH THERAPY**

**POETRY  
OPEN MIC**

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

**4TH THURS**

A Charm for Inspiration

Seashells gathered from the silt  
A silver thread, a sense of guilt  
Saffron flowers, pressed and dried  
A stone worn smooth by time and tide  
Midnight's sky, all pricked with pins  
A spell to wake the muse within  
To help the soul re-learn to sing  
To make the spine remember wings

**Leanne Moden**



**Breaking News For Mr C**

Today, at 2.33 p.m. the intravenous tube of breaking news drip fed the future face of Europe into your blue iced veins.

Smoke you thought artfully consumed, bled out from your wasting cells, and nourished by fresh air morphed into one long, accusatory human crocodile, its forensic tail pointing back to every hand dealt from the bottom of a loaded deck.

The future face of Europe reads its cards, saws the omens, and across the table, calls. Whose face you going to save?

**Trevor Wright**

Two Minutes

What good does it do?  
These two minutes in which nothing is said?  
Just as nothing was said in Munich  
Just as nothing was said in Harare  
Just as nothing was said in Mogadishu  
Just as nothing was said in Rangoon  
Just as nothing was said in Kiev  
Just as nothing was said in Damascus  
Perhaps it's time for two minutes noise?

**Leanne Moden**



**Coldsore**

Evil little blisters  
sit on my kisser  
hurt-cluster  
pain-twister

Please mister  
                                    or missus  
Scientister,  
a cure for the blister  
would be bliss,  
biting bliss  
kissing bliss.

**Clare Stewart**

**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**