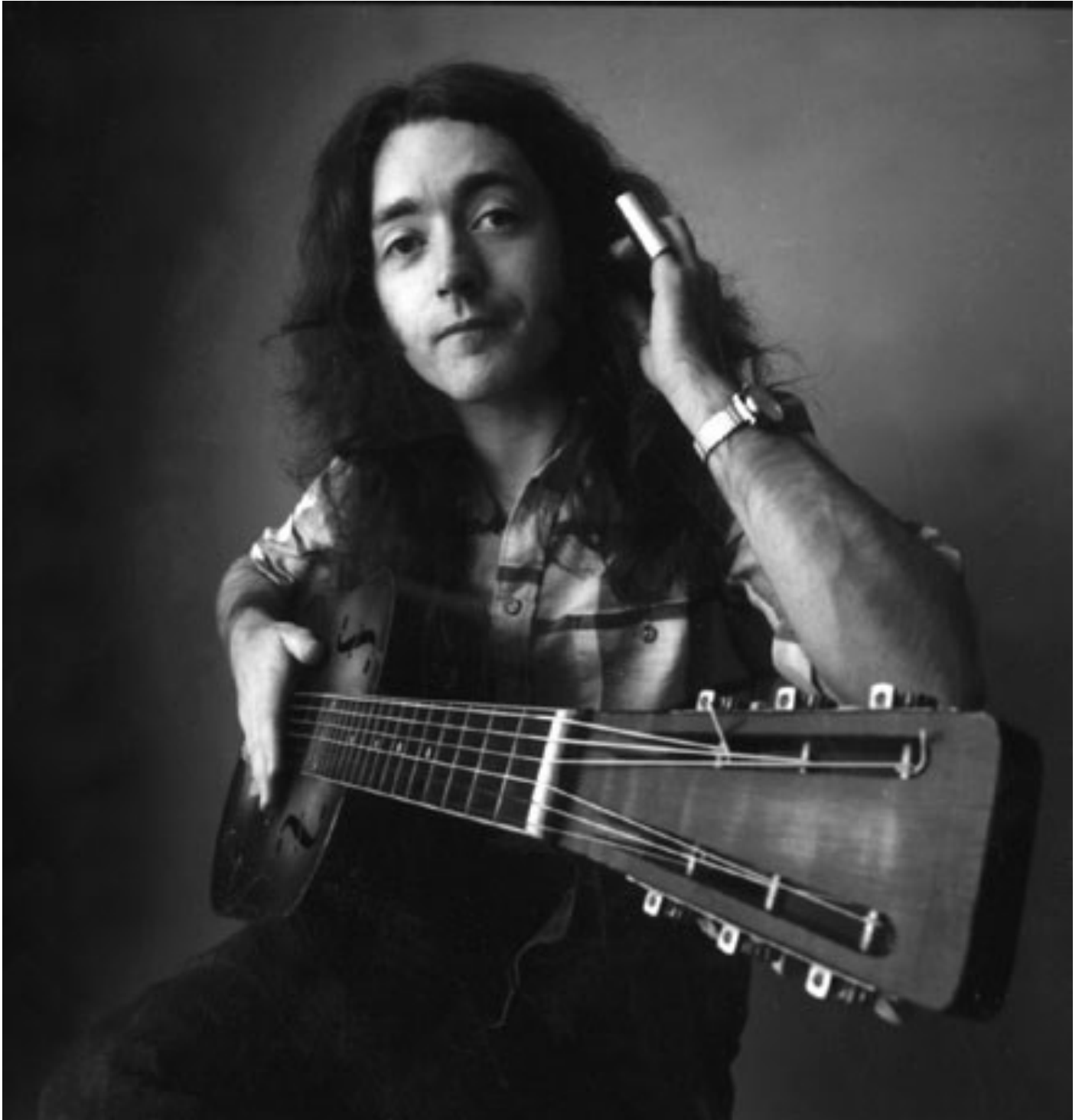


# **I WISH I COULD PLAY GUITAR LIKE RORY GALLAGHER**



**£4 A BARGAIN!**

**FRANK  
MCMAHON**

# **Acknowledgements**

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## **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,  
Died at forty seven.  
Hospital acquired MRSA took you away  
But your playing remains infectious.  
I'm an atheist but I picture you and Hendrix  
Playing together in heaven.

## **1984**

1984 is the name of Orwell's dystopia,  
Prescient but depressing,  
But I also had the desire, more pressing  
To my long haired teenage self,  
To buy 1984 by Van Halen,  
As literary dystopias seemed a bore.

I don't really like Van Halen any more  
But at fourteen I loved their 1984.

## **Madness**

They wanted to develop musically,  
Maybe not that far  
From their original ska,  
But at least one step beyond  
The songs the eleven year old me  
Became fond of.

### **Morrissey Wolverhampton Civic Hall December 1988.**

Morrissey for his first solo gig,  
Chose Wolverhampton Civic Hall  
Which wasn't small  
But not that big either  
And for just one night.

Some say 20,000 fans  
Tried to get into the venue,  
Criteria for entry a Smith's T shirt.  
There was less chance of all the fans  
Getting into the Civic,  
Than a camel threading the eye of a needle,  
Or Morrissey feeding the five thousand  
With just a few loaves.  
He could not use the fish.  
The 20,000 had just one wish,  
To meet their Messiah.

They camped or slept out,  
But spare a thought for those  
Whose lights went out  
When they could not get in.  
It was like being barred  
from the gates of heaven.

## **Folk Revival**

English folk songs were originally a capella,  
Some ordinary girl or fella  
With a dream of strawberries and cream,  
Songs of the common people,  
Where apples were not a downfall  
Away from the steeple.

Only later did the guitars and fiddles arrive,  
Meddling sometimes with the song  
Like a gooseberry on a date,  
Giving our ears too much choice,  
Over arrangement causing estrangement.  
When there should be only listener and voice,

But with imagination a Carthyesque guitar  
Becomes a restaurant,  
Becomes the ambiance  
On the date between us  
And the voice.

## **You've Ruined the Tune**

I don't want to bring you down  
But you've got a singing voice like Ian Brown.  
You've ruined the tune,  
An old style pub with snugs,  
Made it open plan,  
Sent it down the pan.

## **Do You Want to Know a Secret?**

Do you want to know a secret?  
I always thought it was John  
Who sang the lead in the song  
But I was wrong.  
It was George.  
John wrote it but only sang harmony with Paul.

In those early days George was half hidden,  
A Beatles Russian doll inside  
The bigger dolls of John and Paul.  
Voice and songs less tried.  
His doll did not want to remain small.

## **Rhythm**

I taught myself to play guitar,  
An autodidact,  
But my rhythm wasn't exact,  
And I had trouble spelling it.

Playing with another musician  
Made me tighter to the beat.  
Felt musically more complete.

## **Bass Players 2**

For every Entwistle or Jones  
There's a what's his face  
Who plays bass.  
We don't notice him  
As he plays just the root notes  
To the chords.  
Rooted to the spot  
We become bored.

Mentioned if at all,  
Only as part of the rhythm section,  
Second fiddle even in that,  
Avoiding detection.

There are exceptions:  
Lemmy did it his way,  
Played with an iron fist.  
He's much missed.

## **Suede Reunion (Second Chance)**

From dealing with fevered fans  
To driving a delivery van.  
The last album did not sell.  
You did not spend your royalties well.  
From now on it was early mornings,  
Asking people to sign for parcels,  
Asking for their autograph.

But you were delivered with a surprise  
When Brett asked you to re-join Suede.  
Now, it's your signature that's wanted.  
Not as much as Brett's of course,  
But then you are the bass player.



## **Indie Bands and Strings Sections**

Usually, when the indie band  
Employ a string section,  
There's been a defection  
Of inspiration.

## **Singer Songwriter**

You've a voice of velvet  
But I don't get  
What you're singing about.  
Your voice is sort of Mid Atlantic  
(Languidly anti frantic)  
Rather than the Midlands  
Of your speaking voice.

You think you can convey sadness/  
With a few strummed chords,  
With an A minor thrown in.  
I'm bored.

## **Tour?**

Can it really be described as a tour  
Where there's only four  
Gigs? Is it merely tourish  
Or a tourette.

## **Not Saturn V**

Rehearsing songs over months and months,  
I did not quite expect us to be Saturn V  
And did not think we would 'arrive'  
On the local musical scene,  
But I strived for progress.  
But her voice was not the best.  
(I'm not saying I'm Hendrix)  
I should have told her sooner  
And we never made it to the Moon  
Our one live performance,  
Three songs at an open mic,  
Just fireworks on a rainy day,  
Temporary colour against the grey.  
The rocket was not Saturn V,  
Only had about thirty yards of flight,  
Short-lived against the starry night.

## **Pink**

I'm not a particular fan of pink,  
But it's good to be healthily in the pink,  
As the song says: *Enjoy yourself, it's later than you think*  
And age and infirmity can come soon.

I'm not a particular fan of pink,  
But I love cheery blossom  
As it signals spring,  
And I love Bag Puss when he comes to life,  
No longer an inanimate thing,  
Although he was always black and white  
On my TV.

## **I Like Red**

I like red not because of blood,  
Anger, embarrassment or shame,  
Not because of the stop of traffic lights,  
Or the red of danger,  
But because of the colour of the people's flag  
And its fight for what is right

I also like red pillar boxes,  
As getting a hand written letter is always better  
Than an email.

## **Yellow**

Yellow is maybe my least favourite colour,  
The colour of cowardice  
And of jaundice  
And of pages yellowed by time.  
But it's also the colour of custard,  
(I've a sweet tooth,)  
And almost of mustard  
And of turmeric which looks nice  
Colouring my rice.

Yellow is the colour of The Sun,  
Citrus bitter pages,  
But it's also the colour of the sun,  
The one of light not of lies.

## **Orange**

Orange is not easy to rhyme with.  
The future may be orange  
But not in the green part  
Of the north of Ireland,  
As Orangemen  
With their parades and raids  
Into the other side of town.  
It is not the only fruit.

It is the colour of a Sainsbury bag,  
And the gold part of the Irish flag.

It is a minority hair colour.  
Without difference life is duller.

## **Purple**

Purple can be:  
A haze,  
Rain,  
Deep  
I like them all  
But I like most  
Lilac Time.

## **White**

I don't like White,  
The colour of:  
Klansmen  
And of surrender,  
The truth being whitewashed,  
The boring good witch  
In the Wizard of Oz.  
I much prefer black with green.  
White gets dirty too easily.

It's also the colour of the White Stripes  
And of the White Album  
But there again there's Whitesnake.

## **Brown**

Least loved of colours,  
I've come to you last.  
Can't think of a football team  
In any of your shades.  
I think of Brown Shirts  
And brown nosing.

But there are chestnuts and caramel,  
Coffee and chocolate,  
Things our palates rate.  
There's A Pair of Brown Eyes.  
There's the soil in which we toil  
To create the yellows, blues and reds,  
Which get all the attention,  
While you beneath,  
Get barely a mention.

## **Black**

I like black:  
Black Sabbath  
To be in the black,  
(Hard under capitalism)  
The Black Country,  
Which is now more like grey.  
The black of coal,  
The miners preferred Coal to Dole.

## **A Level History Exam**

My right of the Labour Party history teacher, Mrs Thomas,  
Said she'd kill me,  
If I had attempted the question on Marx,  
Thought it would affect my final mark.  
But I was still tempted,  
I was a seventeen year old Trotskyist,  
A firm believer in the revolutionary road,  
Didn't want to do what I was told.  
I was tempted but did not attempt it.  
Did the question on the French Revolution instead.  
I'm glad as I avoided her guillotine,  
But I felt confident about Marx at seventeen.

## **Hallward Library**

A fresher, eighteen,  
I thought the Hallward library  
Was so named as the halls of residence  
Were behind it.  
But I was blind to mundane reality,  
It was really named after some rich benefactor  
First name Bertrand.

## **Fourth Doctor**

I can remember the hair, black and curly,  
And the eyes, bulging  
But I remember most of all the scarf,  
A scarf and a half  
Which could surely stretch  
Half way round Gallifrey  
Or our single moon,  
Or all the way round the inside  
Of the Tardis.  
I can only remember the scarf in black and white,  
Blame it on our TV.

I can't remember much else  
Between ages four and eleven,  
Too young to appreciate  
The Doctor's companions,  
Though I would do with later regenerations.

## **Bagpuss in Black and white**

My parents struggling to pay the mortgage meant  
Bagpuss was always in black and white for me.  
Oz was not a revelation of colour.  
I missed out on seeing the Wicked Witches green face,  
The Yellow Brick Road and Dorothy's ruby slippers.

The Daleks did not need colour  
To put me behind the sofa,  
But compared to the rows about money  
They were as scary  
As the Magic Roundabout.



## **Three Green Hearts**

The shamrock, three green hearts,  
Meant to symbolise the Holy Trinity,  
But that's no longer important to me.  
Hearts mean love  
And I've not experienced  
Any of that from above.  
Although my middle name is Patrick,  
I don't share that man's faith.

## **Shamrock**

Every St Patrick's Day,  
Until I was fifteen,  
My mom made me wear a shamrock,  
Made of plastic, to school  
(As green as I was green)  
As I was second generation Irish,  
Plastic shamrock,  
Plastic paddy,  
Sham shamrock.

## **Seventh Generation Irish**

His name is John McNamara,  
American citizen,  
But wants to find his roots in Connemara,  
He's seventh generation Irish.

## **No Pot of Gold**

They didn't all believe in leprechauns,  
And knew there was no pot of gold  
At the end of the rainbow,  
At least not in the Old Country.  
That's why they had to go  
And find work in dark cities across the sea.  
Hard slog, rainbows  
Hidden by industrial smog.  
Maybe they'd find gold when they were old,  
Or maybe a sliver of silver,  
But for now mainly coppers,  
As they built the ring roads and high-rises.  
In England, there was sunshine and rain.  
Unlike the high-rises, the Irish remain.

## **Passenger**

My dad bought my mum a car  
With her own number plate  
But she became ill at the same time.  
Her mental illness means  
She's never again likely to drive.  
Remission is not likely to arrive.  
She'll remain a scared passenger  
In her life, for the rest of her life,  
But stuck at home paranoid,  
No longer wanting to roam,  
Even to the local shops  
Or the hairdressers.

I have not driven for about the same time  
As my mum,  
But I'm more neurotic than psychotic.  
I can overcome my fear,  
I'm not a passenger in my life.  
I can choose easy roads and quiet times,  
To ease myself back into things.  
I can use logic to get behind the wheel,  
And even if I don't,  
I'm free to roam,  
Not stuck at home.

## **Left the Building**

Mom played Elvis on cassette in the car,  
While she drove me to swimming lessons.  
I was terrified of water. Flaming Star  
Was the song I liked the best.

Now, I say "mom used to like Elvis"  
As her mental illness  
Has made what made her my mom die.  
Now she has left the building.

People know where they were when Elvis died,  
On a plane, on the beach,  
But I don't remember where I was when she  
Slipped from reach,

## **Making A Difference**

I'd felt I'd made no difference.  
She was as ill and paranoid as ever,  
As if she was never the mother  
Who liked football,  
Who was keen on Robbie Keane,  
As if that person had never been.

Me just going home every few weeks  
For a day or two,  
Was just watching the match on Sky,  
Shouting at the TV,  
Not being heard.  
I wanted to do more,  
To at least be at the match,  
Make sure she was taking her pills.  
If she was then maybe I'd know  
There would be no end to her ills,  
But at least I would have done all I can.

## **Mother**

You used to take pride  
In the way you looked,  
Got your hair done regularly.  
But now the illness has left  
You toothless, hair unkempt,  
A Medusa I can barely look at.  
If only my heart could be turned to stone

## **Yuletide Bus Ride**

I was waiting for the Sky Blue 45 to arrive  
Against a grey December sky,  
A Yuletide bus ride.  
There did not seem to be more  
Than 45 minutes of light.  
Three days before the shortest day,  
But out of darkness comes light.

Someone gave me a spare all day ticket  
It lightened my mood.

## **Male Friendships**

I don't want friends  
Who only talk about DIY and Top Gear.  
It's good to have friends  
Who talk about DIY Poets and fear  
And vulnerability,  
As well as a Jaguar's driveability.

## **Coe and Ovett**

Ovett has not been caught yet.  
There's still a bit of the race to go  
But there's no catching Coe.  
I loved watching Coe and Ovett.

But running at school  
Was not made cool.  
It was mainly confined to cross country,  
In the mud, in the rain.  
Taylor wanted us to feel pain,  
Pay for our sins.  
It wasn't about endorphins then.

## **Date**

I travelled to Huddersfield for a date  
But it only yielded disappointment.  
It was an April bank holiday  
But as bathetic as New Year's Day.

She had a gap in her teeth  
Which was not in her dating profile  
But I did not mind this  
But there was a gap between emails connection  
And being face to face.

I'd bought a new pair of jeans  
But the conversation was as exciting as Milton Keynes.  
What did the spring date in Huddersfield yield?

## **Insurance**

When we lose someone  
We are not insured against their loss,  
Can't get a like -for-like replacement  
(Once we have quantified their value)  
On the insurance  
Even though we feel they've been stolen  
From us. There can be no reassurance,  
Only consolation.  
They're not a bicycle or car  
Even though they took us places  
And now they are not even far away.

There is no crime number,  
Not even the faint hope of finding them at last  
Like a lost pet,  
Where you think  
"They'll come back yet"

## **Conga**

You joined another conga  
But were on it's tail,  
Again. Are you there just to make it longer?

You need to spend more time and attention  
On a few,  
Then you'd be inside the conga,  
A stranger no longer.

## **Bike Stolen**

I woke up one morning  
To find my bike gone, stolen.  
Two locks had not deterred the thief.  
My mood punctured,  
Putting a brake on motivation.  
The bike was blue  
But my mood was red.  
His time need to steal it, as fast  
As a Grand prix pit stop  
But the wheels were not replaced  
And I would be without wheels for much longer.  
A week and half's worth of work to buy,  
A minute and half work to steal.

He left his bolt cutters in the rain,  
In a hurry  
Or a lack of hurry?  
The rain wiped clean prints and DNA.  
He'd got clean away  
With his dirty deed.

I've beat myself up about the lack  
Of a lock on the back yard gate  
But it's too late for any of that.

## **Introspection**

If you're too introspective  
You won't get laid, I'm afraid.  
You'll be Blake's Newton  
Bent down, staring at the prism.  
You won't be turned on  
To a face that's a rainbow  
In the sky: your reactions too slow.



## **Rebound**

When you were dumped  
You felt eclipsed,  
Feeling sudden darkness  
As the light was snatched away,  
An emotional eclipse  
But you thought your Sun  
Permanently hidden,  
Darkness came unbidden.

You needed light straight away.  
You needed love's dear day,  
Away from your heart's black and grey.  
You looked for a rebound  
Even if that light proved artificial  
And gave no warmth,  
No vitamin D  
As you had to flee  
From loneliness.

## **As You Get Older**

As you get older  
Loves seems less frequent  
And drops by like buses at night,  
Or maybe a Sunday service.  
Do you hop on when one does arrive,  
Even though it's not quite the right destination?

## **Poster**

I was trying to make an impression,  
But I was just another  
Gig poster on the wall.  
She didn't notice me at all.

## **Eye Contact**

He could not meet her eye,  
As if she was Medusa  
And her gaze  
Would turn him to stone.

He could not make eye contact  
As if she were a hot potato  
He had to get rid of.

Her eyes on him were too much.  
And he became a clumsy defender under pressure  
To hoof it, get rid.

## **The Moment 1**

Make sure you don't miss the moment;  
Visit them before they go  
Ask those questions  
Don't let the café of life close  
With all the chairs stacked up,  
The closing down of blinds,  
As you get there,  
Just too late.

## **The Moment 2**

Don't let the café of life close  
With all the chairs stacked up,  
The closing down of blinds  
As you get there just too late.  
Make sure you don't miss the moment;  
Visit him before he goes,  
Ask those questions.

## **Aloof**

Figures aloof,  
Under the same roof.  
Maybe one makes some sort  
Of contact  
But is ignored.

Reciprocate  
Before it's too late,  
Before we become  
Mood droppers  
In an Edward Hopper scene.

## **Fame**

You wanted fame  
But after the sixteenth minute  
You were just a name  
Wanting to blame.  
Nobody was grieving  
About you leaving  
The land of red carpets  
Except you.  
You only had fame  
And name.  
Your talents were tame.  
Never had the acclaim  
You would have had  
If you had talent.  
Your public time is spent.

## **Impatience**

He waited at the traffic lights,  
The really slow one,  
Which seemed to straddle day and night.  
By the time it went green  
All the leaves he'd seen  
On the trees were gone or on the ground.  
Maybe he'd have time to grow a beard  
Or at least some stubble  
In the time it took for them to go green.

## **Hungover**

Hungover, the morning hits me  
Like sunlight to a vampire.  
I pull the duvet over me  
Before I disintegrate.  
Knew I should not have stayed up so late.  
The night before seemed right  
But what I could remember  
Was not much.

The post alcohol fuelled depression  
Meant that what should have been  
Little thorns,  
Seemed like stakes through my heart.  
I can only lie and wait for  
This head pain to depart.

## **Youth**

The truth is your only advantage is youth  
And consequent full head of hair  
And your lack of care.  
You don't realise you are half formed.

You see yourself as Superman  
But as you get older  
You notice where the Kryptonite is.

## **Instinct**

Don't let your instinct  
Become as extinct  
As the dinosaurs,  
But using your instinct  
Does not mean a return  
To walking on all fours.  
Just don't let everything be cerebral.

Your instinct  
Will say whether Ruth  
Is an emotional sabre tooth,  
Whether Jake's a snake,  
But Ryan could be a lion.

## **Your Negative Remarks**

Your negative remarks:

I don't know if they are car door  
Opened on the road without thinking,  
Or a hit and run,  
But if you are bicycle thin skinned  
You still feel the collision.

You said that I was too sensitive.  
Only 4 by 4 egos should be allowed,  
On your road.

## **I am Not a Tourist**

I have written about depression,  
But I am not a tourist  
Who may know the main landmarks,  
But has never lived among the locals  
And felt the thready pulse of their life.

I have lived, if just for a short while,  
Among its tower blocks and dead ends.

## Nottingham Doesn't Like its L's

Sillitoe and Lawrence,  
Lord Byron,  
Legendary use of language,  
UNESCO City of Literature,  
Laced with lyricism.

But the locals don't seem to like their l's  
*Told* comes out like a frog's less glamorous cousin  
And *cold* sounds like something to be broken with logic.  
Is this magic or tragic?

## Fatalism

In Hardy's last published novel  
Jude remained obscure,  
Told that a working man  
Should not intrude  
On Christminster's ivory towers.  
Sue Bridehead would see her children dead,  
And she will learn to rue  
The Sue that learned to think and challenge.

Earlier, in *Far From the Madding Crowd*,  
Fate was not so loud.  
Bathsheba chose and chose well,  
Gabriel Oak, solid bloke.



## Unhappiest Town in Britain

The Right Move survey,  
Undoubtedly scientifically rigorous,  
Has named my home town, Wolverhampton  
As the unhappiest in the land.  
You could call it  
The post industrial town  
Always wearing a frown.  
Average income 18000 a year.  
Goodyear closing,  
Not a good year.  
People could be excused  
For feeling tired, deflated.

Was the survey conducted at the Molineux  
(where disappointment is nothing new)  
At ten to five on a Saturday afternoon,  
Crowd hoping goals will come soon  
Maybe next week?

I wait in the city centre for a mate  
At night, he's late.  
I notice there's more litter  
Blowing in the November wind  
Than people.  
St Peter's, Grade 1 listed, unlit.  
But Wulfrunians have a motto;  
Out of Darkness Cometh Light.

If you ever get lost in Wolves  
(Assuming you have a reason for visiting)  
The locals will be helpful, they're bostin.

### How Deep?

Not everyone moves from left to right,  
But when you said you supported the miners,  
You didn't dig deep  
And crawl underground  
Hacking away at the hard thick black seam.  
You did not follow Orwell  
On the Road to Wigan Pier.  
You went nowhere near.

## **They Shun the Sun**

In Liverpool they shun the Sun,  
And have done since the death  
Of the 96 in 89.  
It's the tabloid they avoid.  
It's been hardly read  
Since they lied  
About fans pissing on the dead.

## **No More Walls**

We don't need to build a bigger wall,  
To keep families out,  
But a bigger table to welcome all,  
Who travel by dinghies on oceans  
And under lorries.

We don't need to build a bigger wall  
Like in Israel, and create an Old Testament Hell  
To keep out all,  
Who are from the wrong tribe,

## **Hipsters**

Hipster beards are like leaves  
In a deciduous tree,  
Their commitment variable,  
Their ability to give their all  
Gone with the fall.  
It's better to be the roots.  
You'll be much less seen,  
But you persist.

## **Frugal**

In this time of austerity  
Most of us have to be frugal,  
But not Google  
Who get away again  
Without paying their way.  
It should not be too taxing  
To find a way for them to pay,  
And Starbucks while they're at it.  
What does it say on the net  
About tax avoidance?  
I'll Google it.

## **Lion's Roar No more**

One day soon,  
The lion's five mile roar  
Will be heard no more.  
We will have shut the door.

There are ten thousand lions in London  
But they are all made of stone  
Outnumbering all those of flesh/skin and bone,  
Left in the world.

Shelley's lions rose in unvanquishable number  
But that was two centuries ago  
And the conscience of the world seems to slumber.  
So do we let the trophy hunters win in the end?  
Will there be no new Leo's for MGM?

## **GP surgery**

The difference now with GPs  
Is that there's much less deference,  
Unless you're poor.  
There seems to be more  
People per surgery  
And less time,  
Patient time enough for two pop songs,  
For the doctor to right your body's wrongs  
(Or at least signpost someone who can).  
You wait for your number  
As if you're at Argos.  
Seems somethings been lost.

## **Finally Unencumbered**

By the time most of us are unencumbered  
With a mortgage and job,  
Our days will be numbered.  
We will have finally escaped jobs full of tension,  
Waiting for seventy five to arrive,  
With a pension barely worth the mention.  
Paid off the mortgage death pledge,  
But not enough strength left  
To trim the hedge.

## **Politicians Promises (They Promise the Earth).**

Politicians with their environmental summits,  
Make promises  
Which reminds me of a pub toilet hand dryer  
Called World Dryer  
But afterwards my hands are still damp.

Politicians promise the earth.

## **Shed and Garden**

Wolverhampton is now a shed  
Nobody wants to be seen dead in,  
The tools rusty, dusty, unused,  
But step outside this little place  
And there's a great green garden before you.

## **Refugees**

Your bombers have destroyed the water supply.  
We cannot drink poison.  
They want to let us die.

We cross the sea  
Where we could drown  
In our dinghies  
Or chained under the hold  
Of a smugglers boat,  
That might sink.

We do all this to end up in a land of rain  
That is famed for being green,  
But we only see the grey.  
But at least there is water  
And we won't drown.  
We don't want to drown in your hate.

## **The Old Buildings**

The old buildings like suits from Saville Row  
But 60's architects thought they had to go,  
As if they were rotten teeth.  
They were built to last,  
Until they were torn down  
To make the modern fab town.  
Their replacements were mass produced  
Casual wear with poor stitching,  
Brutalist shell suits  
Replacing the tailoring of old.  
Holes quickly appeared.

## **Sky TV's the Limit**

At the start of the season,  
As I searched for a reason  
To buy match tickets,  
I thought we could get automatic promotion,  
I thought the sky's the limit.  
But today Sky TV's the limit,  
Chose to watch the match on Sky,  
With a pint or two, warm and dry,  
Save enough money for three cinema trips,  
As I already knew the denouement:  
There'd be precious little entertainment.

## **Race for the Title**

At the start of the season

Only a jester

Would have fancied Leicester

For the title.

It would have seemed like Eddie the Eagle

Winning Olympic gold.

But now it's not too bold

A statement to say

They can withstand the arsenal

Of the big guns with their big funds/ of big guns with  
big funds.

An even greater achievement

Than the team in red up the road,

Winning under the man in the green jersey.

Not saying they're the greatest

But they could be in the top one.

## **Sheepish in a Wolf's Clothing**

I'm now almost embarrassed

To say I'm a Wolves fan.

I feel sheepish in a Wolf's clothing,

Which I now only wear on match days.

I wear the retro Wolves tops

No sponsors

When it was not a shirt of shame,

When the team were a big name.



## **Poems Live**

I'll give a little intro  
But before I perform my poems live  
But I don't go into too much detail.  
I won't explain, decode, unwrap them.  
They are not Chaucer needing to be translated  
Into modern English.  
There will be no York Notes  
Giving explanation.  
With both my words and explanations I'm frugal  
If anything's confusing  
There's always Google.

## **Political Poetry**

I care that the world is starting to smell  
But political poetry is not something I do well.  
Could animal Farm have been in verse?  
Would it have been worse?

I care that the world is starting to stink.  
I want to write Shelley like odes that will remain fresh,  
Which will get us all to think.

## **Edward Thomas,**

You took the road more taken.  
A choice between going to America with Frost  
Or going to the front.  
To prove you were no coward  
You travelled eastward,  
So that English trees that fell in storms  
Could be easily moved  
By the living lads on the farm.  
The pastoral norm restored  
And your bravery proved,  
To the person who most reproved  
You, you.  
The choice cost you  
Your most important friendship,  
As Frost embarked on a US bound ship.  
You would never see each other again.

Frost got you to write  
Those three years of poetry in the shade  
Where your name was made,  
Many rejections later.

The poetry stopped  
When you got to the trenches.  
You died on Easter Monday 1917,  
No bodily resurrection,  
Just the slow rise  
Of your poetry's acclaim.

## **Buy My Poetry Books**

I will soon have to move  
From my lovely terrace  
To a bigger place  
With more space  
For my unsold poetry books.  
Please take a look.  
I plead with you to read them.  
More buying will send my spirits flying.  
The lack of sales is trying.  
Each unsold book  
Feels like a rebuff.  
I've had enough.  
I'll need an empty bookshop  
To house them all.  
Maybe the prices will have to drop.  
I've made them glossy,  
Given them each a spine.  
The poems have backbone.  
They're mine.  
Make them yours.

## **No More New Year's Resolutions**

I no longer do New Year's resolutions.  
I had one: to avoid hangovers,  
But I broke it on January 1<sup>st</sup>,  
Due to my New Year's Eve thirst.

## About the author

I've been writing poems for eighteen years. This is my sixth volume of poetry.

This booklet contains seventy nine 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 £4 so that's just 5 pence per poem, a lot cheaper than Faber and Faber (I don't have the right connections). Nearly 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).

### **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****