



**£4 A BARGAIN!** **FRANK**  
**MCMAHON**

# **Acknowledgements**

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## **Guns of America**

There are more guns in America  
Than Americans.  
More guns than brains to blow away.  
Soon it will double  
There will be more guns  
Than the number of fleeing American legs,  
More guns than the number of hands  
Held up in the air,  
Than the number of eyes  
Fixing on the last thing they will see  
Before they say goodnight.  
*But it's a constitutional right.*

## **For the Many, Not the Few**

*Amazon*, with its rain forest of tax avoidance,  
Not going to be cleared anytime soon.  
*Google* is frugal  
When it comes to paying its way,  
Pushing it to the max  
To avoid corporation tax.  
*Starbucks* don't give a f..k  
About community, about you or me.  
*Apple* with its orchards upon orchards  
Of profits, don't want to give us  
Even a teaspoon of their juice.  
It does not compute to them  
That they should pay their way.  
But surely it's not too taxing.  
Let's get fair revenue.  
For the many, not the few.

## **Santander**

Looking at my bank card,  
The first five letters spell *Santa*,  
And it's suitably red,  
But they are never in the mood for giving,  
In any season, for any reason.  
In adverts, banks like Santander  
Have voices claiming they care,  
They're on your side.  
But they're not, even at Yuletide.

## **Tory Narnia**

The Tories want us to fall to their knees  
With their wage freeze.  
Their hearts will never melt.  
They want a Narnia  
Where it's always winter  
But never Christmas  
Except for a splinter,  
A few, who can afford warm climes.  
But the White Witch,  
Strong and stable for so long,  
Seems to have lost her powers.  
I can see the first flowers.

## **Invisible Hand 2**

Jim was slapped from out of nowhere.  
By an unknown assailant,  
Nowhere to be found.  
Jill was punched to the ground  
By an unknown assailant,  
Nowhere to be found.  
Stole the little that was in her purse.

John was knocked to the floor.  
Got up shakily  
Felt he couldn't take anymore  
From this hidden villain.  
It was none other  
Than the invisible hand  
Of the free market.  
Enemy of anything planned.

## **Hate Crimes**

Those who are prolific at acts horrific,  
Don't usually follow Islam.  
It's the state  
That provides the bombs  
And bullets of hate.

## **Orange and Green**

Orange will remain part of their tradition  
Even if it is not their future.  
No more twits in bowler hats,  
With drums, triangles and baseball bats.  
They shall have to see  
That orange and green can mix  
In more than Tic Tacs.  
Nobody wants to go back to terror attacks  
Of either colour.

Those who wear green;  
It's not the colour of envy  
And peace is no longer a green callow notion.

## **Blue Is For Boys**

In the toy shop there's a no-man's-land  
Between the girls' petal pink toys,  
And blue for boisterous boys.  
Science and exploration,  
Addressing history and mystery,  
Versus dresses and decoration.  
Don't step out of gender line  
Or you'll face court martial,  
If you're a girl partial  
To telescopes or cars,  
Or a boy liking toys less martial.  
Kids wear different uniforms  
From when they're barely formed.

## Orange

Orange is impossible to rhyme with.  
It's not the only fruit.

It may be the bright future  
But I don't like Orange marches,  
The colour of supremacy,  
Disguised as tradition.

I love Orange Juice,  
Falling and laughing as I listen.

## Better Than Robin Hood

I'm glad that most of the time  
We are not Robin Hood and Little John,  
Fighting to get across the stream  
When there's only room for one at a time.  
*Precious seconds will be wasted making way.*  
If neither give way,  
Both end up in the water.

A car gives way,  
Allows a cyclist through.  
Something small but good.  
Better than Robin Hood.



## **Macho**

You're left alone  
With just your testosterone  
And your phone.  
You brag about the size  
Of your bone.  
Nothing you say is a surprise.

## **Man Up (Nothing's Wrong)**

He did not want to whinge.  
After all it was only a twinge.  
He would grin and bear it.  
It was only a tear.  
Not worth a tear.  
He did not want to share it.  
A trip to the GP  
Not to be.  
Nothing was really up.  
Just man up.

## **Not Moved**

The only time he admitted being moved  
Was with the help of an estate agent  
And a delivery van.  
He's a man's man.

## **My Unused Turntable**

I'd like to be able  
To afford albums  
For my turntable,  
Not spluttering, stuttering cds.  
The promises, predictions and reassurances  
Of Tomorrow's World, *smear jam on them*  
*And they will still play,*  
Proved false.

I 'd like to be able  
To afford albums  
For my turntable  
But there's a public sector wage freeze,  
A stuck record repeating for eight years.  
Torie's promises, predictions and reassurances  
Proved false.

## **Mausoleum Monday**

It's Mausoleum Monday;  
Back to work  
After a cultural holiday  
In the colosseum  
Or just a museum.  
Yearning for the weekend  
And romantic Carpe Diem.

## **Cycle Safety**

The night cyclist,  
As many lights as a Christmas tree  
Even though not all drivers  
Are in the festive spirit.  
Helmeted like a roundhead  
In the civil war between two and four wheels,  
Both cavalier to safety.  
Always aware of the flaws  
In driver concentration, opened car doors  
Leaving cyclists bereft of life or limb.  
Anticipate, anticipate, the driver may be late  
In stopping at the junction  
As if unaware of its function.

Once you've survived the journey,  
As many locks on your bike  
As a Chubb factory.

## **Public Sector Wage Freeze**

Feeling deflation  
At our wages not keeping pace  
With insurgent inflation,  
For the eighth year running.  
Time for two Olympics  
And their failed economics.

A wage freeze,  
We're on our knees,  
Inflation surges ahead,  
An Olympic athlete.  
Our wages wheeze behind.  
The bosses' wages surge ahead,  
Via a lift in a luxury saloon.

## **Blue Collar**

You were as blue collar  
As Springsteen had been,  
But now you've got the dollar.  
It no longer matters about your accent  
Or which school you went to.  
Music has allowed you  
To leap your class.  
Its given you that poor-to-posh pass.

## **If Wilde Was Alive Today**

If Wilde was alive today  
His epigrams would not be the same.  
Big business is to blame  
As our world will be soon be in the gutter  
And we will be so polluted,  
We won't be able to look up at the stars.

## **Sylvan Path**

I ran off Arnold Lane,  
Away from engine noise,  
I recovered my purpose and poise  
Along a sylvan path  
Next to a golf course,  
With a green wall  
To protect against stray golf balls  
And all else that appals  
In suburbia.  
The trees and hedgerows  
Provide a bullet proof vest  
Against cars and adverts  
And primary coloured shops.

## **In the Long Run**

My head was boiling  
From the toiling.  
My engine needed oiling.  
Soaking sweat was spoiling  
My clothes.

This was not from recreational running  
But the constant gunning  
Of the nine to five  
Striving to arrive,  
At the chequered tape  
Of the far flung future.  
Just when things seem almost fine,  
They add a few more inclines,  
Several more slopes  
Bills arrive as big as hills.  
Each evening just a water station,  
A ration of rest,  
Gulped down as you gasp your way forward.  
Energy levels diminish  
As does sight of the finish.  
If you get injured  
You won't get the pension medal,  
Made of base metal or plastic.  
Even at seventy five  
They'll want your muscles elastic.

### **Personal Best**

Maybe I'll run the parkrun in 21:12,  
But to do so I'll have to dive and delve  
Deep into my reserves.  
I will have to Rush  
And throw away thirty years  
And run as fast  
As the teenager who loved the blast  
Of progressive rock bombast.

## **PBs as Years**

20:54

Can't ask for any more.

In years my parkrun pb is thirty seven

Into the future .

I want to get better

So my pb is a year that's past.

Start off modestly, maybe the Millennium.

Then a rock n roll 19:56

A revolution of energy

To take me to 19:17.

Is a Victorian 18 something

A stride too far?

## **Gerard Manley Hopkins**

Gerard Manley Hopkins

Was constantly atoning for his sins,

Sackcloth to assuage God's wrath,

The density of his poems

Can go up to eleven,

But the best of his verse is heaven.

## **Performing Poetry**

To be on the performing poetry money  
You don't have to be shouty or funny.  
Melancholy can be your currency.  
Your poems can be unsunny  
The audience will still bask in its glow,  
But remember to go slow.  
You don't have to be loud,  
Just audible.  
Your poems can be cloudy,  
Give a quick intro for clarity.  
The audience will be generous  
But without charity.

### **Shaping Up to Write a Poem**

Don't want to write poems  
Whose lines make a collective shape  
On the page.

The shape of a bird won't lift me  
Or fly me to anywhere else.

A diamond shape won't make the poem glitter  
Or make the metaphor more valuable,  
Although it may look pretty,  
Adorning the page's skin.

I could make a poem  
The shape of a guitar,  
But I'd want the reader to hear the notes,  
The minor chord progression/ regression  
Of a sad poem.

I'm not interested in making poems round  
But more into making a certain sound.

Making poetic shapes  
Is like a leaf on my coffee,  
But the way it tastes  
Is what matters to me.



## Teenage Poetry

When I say I write poetry,  
People reply that they used to write  
When they were depressed,  
Things in rhyme they confessed,  
About teenage lives without zest  
How their parents repressed  
Them. It's true they f... you up.  
Mostly they no longer write  
And rhyme less poetry they detest.

They hate their kids treating home  
*Like a hotel guest,*  
*Who feel they're misunderstood.*  
*And their teenage rhymes are not good.*

### The Doctor Meets Keats

If I had the gift of time travel  
I'd stop Keats's illness before  
It made him unravel,  
A Tardis to stop tuberculosis.

A different kind of doctor  
To the surgeon Keats,  
I could treat the pulmonary bleeding  
But not the public unheeding.  
I'd give him penicillin,  
Stop what was killing him.  
But doubt I could boost his sales.

If I returned in my special box,  
I'd see him at seventy five,  
In medicine or in poverty,  
Still waiting for recognition to arrive,  
Still envious of Lord Byron.

## **Bank Holiday Revellers**

Wanted to prove they were the best  
In this Bank Holiday Wild West  
In the East Midlands.  
They'd been in the saloons since noon,  
Until they could see the moon  
Or maybe two or three.  
Bragging about how they are fastest  
On the pint draw.  
Proper men still standing  
While others were flagging.  
Feeling fight -frisky  
After a few whiskies.  
Picking a fight with a lone deputy  
Of the sheriff,  
Miffed and angry.  
A trip of the city,  
Then it's back to the frontier towns.  
The railroad will get them home.

## **Ghost Town**

There are no longer enough people  
To paint the town red  
On a Saturday night.  
It feels almost dead,  
Except for twenty Saturdays a year  
Where the town is painted old gold,  
With some black as well,  
if we've lost.

## **Never a Lake**

Calling it a city  
Is like calling a large pond a lake.  
It's my home town of which  
I'm sometimes fond,  
But reclassifying  
Does not make it any deeper.  
It's a big post-industrial pond  
Never a puddle  
But for God's sake  
Don't call it a lake.

## **Satellite Town**

You realise your home town  
Is not really a city,  
Despite what the signs say,  
And is a bit shitty.  
A satellite town,  
One of a few,  
Orbiting the plush planet,  
Unable to escape its big city pull  
In your town it's a permanent lull,  
Seems devoted to being dull.

Your town is not like the Moon,  
More like space hardware,  
About which nobody seems to care,  
Except you.

## **Bostin**

Had not heard bostin for a while in Wolves  
The city centre with its empty shops ay bostin.  
The boa constrictor ring road ay bostin.  
The centre at night as dark as the Blitz ay bostin.  
The town an unresponsive comatose patient ay bostin.  
But the Gold and Black, defence and attack,  
Together as a pack,  
After being toothless for years,  
Are bostin.  
Wim Wolves ay we.

## **Come On Me Babies**

Come on me babies against the Baggies.  
Let's beat the Tesco Carrier Bags  
Next season, I hope by a handful.  
Let's fill up our trolley with goals,  
Check out of the ground  
With bags full of pride.  
Every little helps.

## **Out of Darkness Comes Light**

The fans had got so used to a lack  
Of skill from the old gold and black  
In both defence and attack,  
But now, the Wolves hunt as a pack.  
Old gold shirts and black shorts  
Out of darkness comes light.  
No longer in the first (third division)  
Or fearing a return there,  
With results and hoofball inviting derision.  
Ball played on the floor  
And much more  
In the way of innovation.  
The pitch a giant green baize,  
Ablaze with exotic sunny clime skills  
In a Black Country November.  
Only those who saw the 50's side  
Can remember  
Anything like this.  
Out of darkness has come light.

## **Nothing Gets Past Them**

The central defender guards the goal  
A well paid night club bouncer,  
Repelling any chancers,  
Who have only a winger and a prayer  
Of getting past him.  
It's *not tonight lads* to every attack.  
As broad as Buddha  
He plays the ball out with serenity.

## **Early Retirement**

Thirty five and he's already  
Had a lot of mileage on the clock,  
Time's tick tock.  
Thirty five and it seems like yesterday  
When we saw him arrive in football's showroom.  
Now he runs out of fuel sooner.  
His tyres almost bald.  
He's superseded by new models.  
Finds it harder to overtake  
Those full backs.  
Breaks down more frequently.  
Nobody trusts him anymore  
Now he's beginning to rust.  
Not so long ago he was gleaming.  
Had the fans dreaming.

## **Facebook Palaces and Hovels**

When I see your Facebook profile  
It does not make me smile.  
I don't bear any malice,  
Maybe just envy,  
As, compared to your palace,  
My cottage is a hovel.

## **Facebook**

Facebook, where everyone is on the beach.  
All disappointments beyond reach.  
It's all smiles, waves and gentle waves.  
You see the images, feeling all at sea,  
On dry land thinking "Is it just me  
Who is somehow missing out?"  
Nuclear families without fall-out,  
Who never shout.  
All the while the viewer feels sandcastle fragile.  
He's not had any sort of holiday for a while.

## **Fish Lyrics**

*Venomous verbs of ruthless candour,*  
Syllables a million in Marillion.  
The musical equivalent  
Of Hopkins gash gold vermilion.  
Whereas, if you wanted to find musical Kipling,  
Something simple to sing,  
You'd find Sting.

## **Slade at the Albert Hall**

Slade at the Albert Hall:

(Nottingham's, not the Royal London one)

I'd be lying if I said

It didn't interest me at all.

But it was Slade 2

Without Noddy and Jimmy.

The Midlands Lennon and McCartney,

The Beatles without John and Paul.

Left with Slade's Ringo and George,

Without that eight legged stomp forged

By the noise of Black Country forges.

## **Still Steven**

*England is Mine,*

Not a film for the masses.

I'm expecting an audience

All wearing NHS glasses,

Short sighted or not.

Bedsit bards for whom life

Is especially hard,

When the world won't listen.

It's set before Morrissey meets Marr.

He's still Steven

Trying to get even

With life and djs.

So there's no romantic riffs

Or even a quiff.

A contrarian

Not sure yet

If he's even vegetarian.



## **Still Steven 2**

You got a nosebleed  
At the thought of recording  
In London.

The phone call;  
They don't need you.  
Only Billy.  
He gets the train,  
Which heaves into Euston  
Without you.

Deflated, on the edge  
Of a cliff  
Or the Manchester equivalent,  
Without even a quiff.  
An erstwhile Nosebleed  
With a quick sniff  
Of The Bigtime.

What next for Steven  
Soon to be known as Morrissey?  
Back to the non-taxing job  
At the tax office, dealing  
With the Jones and Smiths.

## **Rory at Ulster hall**

The only one to play Belfast  
During the Troubles,  
When rock stars ran for cover.

You got fans to forget  
Whether they were green or orange,  
With your red checked shirt and some blues.  
Made them forget the nail bomb news.  
They could leave being George or Paddy  
At the door.  
You made them forget for a few hours more  
Those balaclava bullet blacklist blues.

As you entered the hall  
The crowd made peace signs.  
They knew you were on their side  
Replacing their blues with your blues.

## **Music Today**

I can listen to a record before buying.  
Can then see if there's any truth  
Behind the hyperbole.  
Can find out for free.  
Can try on the album before  
Deciding whether to buy.  
See if it's a good fit to my taste,  
Of if it's too tight with its inspiration.  
Spending my money without waste.

## **Long Past Sixty Four**

Does McCartney still play  
*When I'm Sixty Four*,  
Now he's a few years more  
Than that then ancient age.  
He thought it would never arrive  
When he wrote it  
At twenty four or five.  
He's seen so many lights go  
And it's too late to mend their fuse.

## **Georgie Best**

Went round defenders, fit and fine,  
As if they were the Maginot line.  
Left them stoney stuck and lifeless,  
As if they'd met Medusa's gaze.  
A mere slip of a lad giving them the slip.

But in the end, you created your own  
Immovable centre backs,  
Created by your lack  
Of self-discipline.  
Had bottle and battle on the pitch  
And battles with bottles off it.

## **Jimmy**

You used to easily  
Jump the tube ticket barriers.  
Security tried in vain to stop you,  
Getting clean through,  
Breaking the rules,  
Like safety shot players  
Trying in vain to stop the balls  
Flying into the pockets,  
Your little guided rockets.

You no longer try to jump the barriers.  
You watch as young players  
Jump the barriers you used to hurdle.  
You try in vain to stop them.

## **Nottingham Beach**

They've got the beach in Slab Square,  
For the summer,  
But it's as far from the sea  
As anywhere in England can be,  
Apart from Coventry or Dudley,  
Where there's sandstone but not sand.  
In Slab Square there's never enough  
Sand on hand.  
Nottingham's got countless caves  
But no waves.  
If you want rides  
Go to Goose Fair,  
But Notts is not top for tides.

If you really want the beach  
It's not totally beyond reach.  
Get/Go to Skegness,  
Where you can drown  
In tackiness.

## **How to Avoid a Bad Poem**

A poem, to avoid being bad,  
Should be sufficiently sad.  
Of melancholy it should be made,  
More Slayer than Slade.  
Of sadness it should be suffused.  
Minefields of mindless merriment,  
Need to be defused.  
I want to hear about your breakup,  
Not your make up.  
No joy, only Joy Division.  
Anything else will invite derision.

## **Bridgnorth**

Bridgnorth has no e,  
Which surprises many.  
But there are many e's in the Jewel  
Of the Severn.  
It's got a High Town and Low Town,  
A Shropshire Budapest,  
But best of all,  
Although its small,  
With thirty three pubs it's blessed.

## **Shrewsbury**

The Severn surrounds it,  
With only a small break  
In the circle,  
A wedding ring,  
A flooding thing,  
A possessive lover.  
In olden days defence and cover.

## **Attention Span**

We can't focus on a pop song,  
Never mind a symphony.  
Something is wrong.  
If we're away from our smart phones  
For the length of a limerick,  
We start to feel sick.

## **Window**

She's finally got a window in her diary,  
But it's as thin as an archer's arrow hole  
In a castle.  
Getting together  
Seems such a hassle.

## **Connect Four**

I knew I shouldn't have drank more than three,  
When I found I could not concentrate  
On playing Connect Four.  
Four in an evening row of pints  
Meant I could not get my counters together  
The next day.  
My opponent had a clear head  
And got the consecutive combination,  
While my head was suffering post- inebriation.  
The evening before, alcohol was used  
To help me make connections.

## **Man in Black**

He's the man in black.  
Always got at least half the crowd  
On his back.  
He's not revered like Johnny Cash,  
Making a hash of it again,  
Say at least half the crowd.  
A priest, who is very forgiving  
To the other side,  
Say at least half the crowd.  
He's as loathed as Darth Vader  
But not as feared.  
He's a geeky goth in shorts  
Inciting the wrath  
Of at least half the crowd.  
Every decision greeted with derision ,  
By at least half the crowd.

## **Detectorists**

Looking under the ground  
For something ancient.  
They did find something Latin;  
A Status Quo badge,  
From the Double Denim Age.

The Detectorists has a gentle cynicism  
Under the surface.  
If you look in the right place  
You will find comedy gold,  
Underground on BBC4.

## **The Dark Side**

In a Samsung Galaxy  
Not very far away,  
There's no time for play  
And imagination.  
The smartphone unleashes  
The Dark Side  
Of social media  
Where everyone is posting  
That the Force is strong with them.



## **Friend of a Friend**

Meeting a friend of a friend  
Is not meeting a friend.  
It means we are both planets  
Orbiting around the celestial charm  
Of our mutual sun.  
The friend of a friend  
Is not my friend  
And holds no warmth and light for me  
And it's probably the same for them.  
This meeting a friend of a friend  
Must end.

## **Friendships**

Friendships are worth more by far  
Than any expensive car.  
We're aware of flash motor's price  
Depreciation  
Over a short time,  
And friend priceless appreciation  
Over a long time.  
We're appreciative of it.

## **The Great Depression**

When I'm in a depression,  
Worrying about the impression  
I've made or not,  
My mind is in a recession,  
The factories of fightback closed,  
Or on a three-day week.  
Optimism has had to be let go.  
My hopes are in a downturn,  
Self-esteem is unemployed.  
Life does not seem to be there  
To be enjoyed.  
Don't want to put my goods  
In the shop window.  
What if trade is slow  
And they go unsold?

## **Socialist Worker**

I was just seventeen  
Trying to push the one solution  
For me at that age,  
Trotskyist revolution,  
Like an unsuccessful Jehovah's witness.  
We were strategically witless,  
A camel more likely  
To go through the eye of a needle  
Than worker's councils in Wolverhampton.

## **Lost**

I miss a note,  
Hit the wrong fret or string,  
And am suddenly lost,  
Like Hansel and Gretel  
In a deep forest of chords.

I somehow find my way back  
Like Theseus with the thread  
From Ariadne,  
To avoid the Minotaur of embarrassment,  
Or the cueist  
Taking the long pot

## **Cars**

Cars for me aren't real  
Unless it's a Chuck Berry automobile.  
They make me sick,  
Unless it's a Springsteen Buick.

## **Guitar Great Without a Case**

The lonely guitar great  
Had brittle strings, ready to snap.  
Tone dulled like Monday morning eyes.  
A couple of strings gone, unreplaced,  
Like missing teeth.  
He'd lived so long without  
A case to cover him  
From life's jolts and bangs.  
He was getting out of tune too easily.

## **No Narrative**

What wouldn't I give  
To write great narrative,  
Stories for Jackanory  
Gory and folklorey.  
But I'll have to be content  
With being a lyrical man,  
Not a Pullman.

## **Alaska**

He wanted to ask her,  
But she was as aloof as Alaska.  
Wanted to go and seek her,  
But it was no use.  
She'd never be as warm as Africa,  
Or even the Mediterranean.  
He might as well be an alien,  
Who didn't appear in her skies,  
An unidentified flirting object.

## **Rock N Roll Lifestyle**

You said I lived more  
Of a rock n roll lifestyle.  
It's true I liked a few pints  
At the weekend  
And a couple in the week  
But I was hardly Keith Richards  
You lived like Cliff Richard,  
Whereas I had more sympathy for the devil.

## **Happiness**

Is happiness when  
I can buy a pair of jeans  
Instead of baked beans?

## **Imagination**

I'd like to see green flowers, black flowers,  
Such a thing as bees that never sting.  
Such things the imagination can bring

## Revenge

He thirsted for revenge  
For a deed done  
Before the building of Stonehenge.  
His grudge would not budge.  
It was set in stone.  
He wanted blood  
He wanted bone.  
His beef was beefed up  
Through the years.  
His anger a thief taking  
Away all energy  
For anything else.

## Inexact

Sometimes we are vague;  
*At the end of the day*  
*It is what it is*  
*I'm not being funny.*  
We are as inexact  
As the calling times  
Of British workmen  
Or the delivery times  
Or large electrical appliances;  
Will you be in each morning in February?  
That's why I like poetry.

## **Silver**

I can't find a rhyme for silver  
Pilfer comes close  
But that's too paltry a word  
For this precious metal.  
Super shiny  
Mirror metal,  
Reflecting the face of Judas,  
Thirty times.

Silver service,  
Silver Surfer,  
Silver Machine  
Silver Lining  
Silver nation  
We shouldn't cry for.  
Silverware  
My club rarely gets nowadays.  
Family silver.  
A sliver of silver  
Is better than a tonne of steel.

## **Copper**

Most metals look duller  
Than copper. It has colour,  
Almost Martian red.  
It's what really makes bronze.  
Forget tin.  
It's the first fiddle within  
That alloy.



## **Bronze**

I like bronze because it's an alloy,  
It's good to couple together,  
Create something new and not just destroy.

It's got a whole age named after it.

It symbolises coming third.  
But don't think of it as defeat,  
It's an Olympian feat.

## **His Body He Likes to Slaughter**

His body he likes to slaughter  
It's a sacrifice for him to drink water.  
Being another Brendan Behan  
Is not any way of being.  
The whisky-soaked genius is overrated.  
They just die young and dehydrated.

## **New Year's Resolution**

Do you wait for another ellipse  
Of the earth around the Sun  
Before you make your resolutions  
Which last as long as an eclipse  
Before they are shadowed  
By irresolution.

January means join the gym  
But such intentions grow distant and dim  
By February.

If you want to make changes in June  
Don't for seven months procrastinate.  
It is never too soon.  
Don't wait for a blue moon.

## **Final Pages**

They looked blank, his final pages.  
He should have been revered as a sage,  
Respected as an elder,  
Not ignored by staff on minimum wage.

He was in a home  
That was not his home  
He did not feel at home.

The only time his page became written on  
Was when they played  
Those war time songs  
But they would not meet again.

It was near the end of his story,  
But it didn't seem long  
Since his kids watched Jackanory.

## About the author

I've been writing poems for twenty years. This is my tenth volume of poetry.

This book contains seventy eight poems The book costs £4 so that's just a little over 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****