



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



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 melancholic 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

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

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, sees the omens,
and across the table, calls. Whose face you going to save?

Trevor Wright

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**

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

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.

DIY POETS
@ Maze
Mansfield Road
Nottingham

£3 entry
7:45 til
late

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Or @ www.diypoets.com
Or on Facebook

Feb 11th
May 12th

Poet