

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



**DIY POETS 38**

**THE FREE  
POETRY MAGAZINE**



**On the 69 Bus**

He had a backpack on his backpack  
Headphones on his head  
He was dancing on the 69  
On a Tuesday night

He had a backpack on his backpack  
Headphones on his head  
He was happy in his own world  
On a Tuesday night

He had a backpack on his backpack  
Headphones on his head  
No one could get past him  
On a Tuesday night

He had a backpack on his back pack  
Headphones on his head  
The bus never emptied  
On a Tuesday night

He had a backpack on his backpack  
Headphones on his head  
No one could get past him  
On a Tuesday night

He has a backpack on his backpack  
Headphones on his head  
He was dancing on the 69  
On a Tuesday night

**Lytisha**



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**Bus Stop**

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### **The Joy of Trucks**

The nub you latched the grease gun  
Onto and gave it a squeeze – the grease nipple.

As if anything about the subframe  
of a heavy goods vehicle could be erotic,  
as if giving anything a squeeze  
might be a turn-on in this environment,  
or being supine on a crawl-board  
shade one's thoughts towards a masseur  
and a happy ending. Rather consider  
the contortions required by the confines  
of a sleeper cab and understand why  
the breathless history of erotica  
never offered up *Tropic of Scania*  
or *Lady Chatterley's Trucker*, even  
in a truncated edition where Mellors  
spends five days on the road, one day  
servicing and just wants a shower and a pint.



**Neil Fulwood**

### **She and I:**



'She is photographic perfection,  
Filtered through these glassy eyes,  
Where I am a broken mosaic,  
All pieces missing  
And sharp to the touch.'

**Jake Wildeman**

### **Crossing Consonants**

Drawn by a blithe zephyr  
a thin sprinkle of stars  
worms its twisty way  
through the faintest chink,  
and there in the vowels of the earth  
lights up a spore  
A tiny spore that blinks  
and upscales into brave new words  
each phrase brimming with resonant purpose  
buzzing with fizzy giggles.  
Fingers trace each frisky serif  
and caress every polished flourish  
For this is the inside of your heart  
and you have crossed consonants.

cr	bl	br	cl
dr	fl	fr	sh
wh	th	gl	gr
pl	pr	sn	sp
sl	sk	tr	tw
st	ch	sw	wr

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### **Paper boy**

He used to bob up at our front door,  
the paper boy, one of the few allowed.  
Had no name, or words. When  
his drummer boots left our lane  
he was gone, gone like childhood,  
pulled from secretly like that little  
brook in Old Scopeses bottom field,  
slipped away under the ash tree  
  
Now I'm paper boy, here when  
my papers are here, pen  
spidering page to page  
Catching the juice  
of a harvest day. Then gone  
Slipped away under the ash tree

**Kevin Jackson**

### **ON CHOOSING CLOTHING**

When I am choosing clothing, it requires converting the mathematical equation of life into squares, romantic shapes and accidental perfection.

A fabric of great texture is sensual and demands to be placed on the body in the way that is specific to its weight, colour and touch. I consider lots of elements when I am dressing and it feels almost like a moment of elevation is happening and I am unified with all aspects of my reality as I prepare myself to venture into the external.

I am always aspiring for these moments of unification; where all the elements seem to slot like triangles into triangle shaped holes and it is seamless.

**BILL.SHAKEY**



### **Wisdom**

Shakespeare wrote some wisdom  
A long old time ago,  
Like "there's nothing good or bad,  
But thinking makes it so"  
Now that's some sure and sage advice,  
But what I wanna know,  
Is what do I think of a one-eyed monkey,  
Riding a pedalo?

**Al Lane**

**Only put your hands up when dancing**

Only put your hands up when dancing  
Not at work on minimum pay  
Your time is my time when working  
Said the employer on induction day

What do you mean? Go to the toilet  
Hold it. Try keeping it in  
Until I say you can go said the manager  
Your workload is currently thin

Doesn't matter if you're fifty or over  
Your background is honest and right  
Your shift pattern is early or afters  
Or part time weekends or nights

Just before two years in employment  
With no time off or shifts starting late  
No union to advise or give guidance  
The office meeting awaits



Thanks for your hard work and effort  
having monitored how you have climbed  
we are sorry to have to inform you  
we are relieving you  
of your post at this time

only put your hands up when dancing  
preferably not on our shop floor  
we don't want it influence anybody  
where going to the toilet receives an encore

**Dwane Reads**

**John Clare**

Your nightingale was the read bird of seclusion.  
Keats Ode was all classical allusion.  
You saw the dowdy brown bird  
Hiding from rowdy men,  
Rarely seen.

Patronised peasant poet.  
They enclosed the common land,  
Enclosed your heart.  
They felled sweet music making elms,  
So there was no longer a place  
For you to shelter,  
From life's raw rain and swelter,  
From its beltering storms.

The five mile move  
To the Fens, flattened  
Your heart and mind.  
By nature you became less defined.

Your editors wanted to erase your dialect,  
So London readers  
Would find you impossible to detect.

**Frank McMahon**



### **The Septic Isle**

So full of hate  
Whatever made us think  
That we were great?  
A Christian nation?  
Well where's the love?  
More like vultures

Less like doves  
Empires and bombings  
Bowing to pride  
Nowhere for the poor  
To live or to hide  
Governments lying  
And appealing to greed  
Racial hatred  
And the poor  
Forced to bleed  
No sense of community  
Just serve the self  
Brains and hearts  
Left on the shelf  
Hope for the heroes  
Those who would kill  
This country's sick  
And it's making me ill

### **Eagle Spits**



**This zine is  
printed on  
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07542788243

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07473338886  
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**EXOTIC  
MOTH**

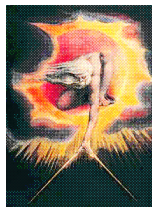
Exotic moth of vivid colours  
red and black wings in tatters  
my frozen heart shatters  
at the sight of spoilt beauty.

To see your torn wings tremble  
in the harsh daylight it seems  
that the dark night has been  
cruel to you, as Love has to me.

**Tom Ryder**



**SEND YOUR  
ARTWORK  
OR AN IMAGE  
OF YOUR CHOICE  
TO GO WITH  
YOUR POEM  
(NOT  
COMPULSORY)**



**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

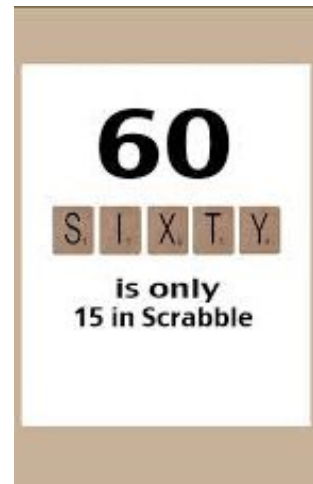
**COME AND JOIN US  
FOR A RELAXED AND POETIC  
EVENING**

### **Sixty-poo**

My dear old NHS,  
hearing that I'm sixty  
and loving me no less,  
requests my poo  
Wants it through the post.  
Sixty-poo-Sticky-poo

Six little smears  
over three little days,  
I collect, incremental,  
the loved  
excremental  
Send it through the post.  
Sticky-poo-Sixty-poo

**Clare Stewart**

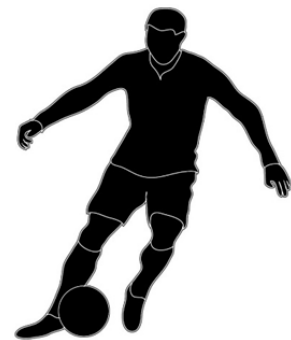


### **The boy I knew**

Make him safe-stuck,  
the boy I knew.  
Behind pane of glass  
abutting frame  
or over canvas  
let him stay.

Summer grass,  
air thick with heady shouts  
unleashed from curbed pavements.  
The ball always goal-bound,  
running as long as the day  
held shadows.

**John Humphreys**



**Talk Time**

The kids today  
Their online chat  
Smartphone this  
The past, what's that?

The kids today?  
Don't know they're born!  
Talking clock tale  
Dismissed with scorn  
Nonchalance  
Or worse, derision  
Spoken concept  
Pendulum precision

The Speaking Clock  
Eighty Springs  
Summers, Autumns  
Ice Winter brings  
The Speaking Clock  
The Silent Spring  
Timeless nature  
Cuckoo's wing

**Andrew Martin**

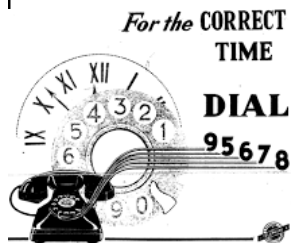
**For M and P**

You go together  
like coffee with a Sunday morning  
Bleary eyed, stretching, still  
yawning

Just as your day is dawning  
The future stretches out  
And you can draw the map  
Never fail, to conspire  
To inspire one another to Great  
Acts

You go together  
like ice cream and hot weather  
Or like salt and vinegar  
Sprinkled on chips  
Eaten straight from the bag  
on the way home  
And together,  
you can be more than  
The sum of your parts  
When you align your dreams  
With one another's hearts.

**Hazel  
Warren**



### **SUBMISSIONS**

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 39. 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 10th 2017. Poems should be sent to: [diypoets@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:diypoets@yahoo.co.uk)

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**£3 entry  
7:30 til  
late**

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**Nov 9th  
Feb 8th**

