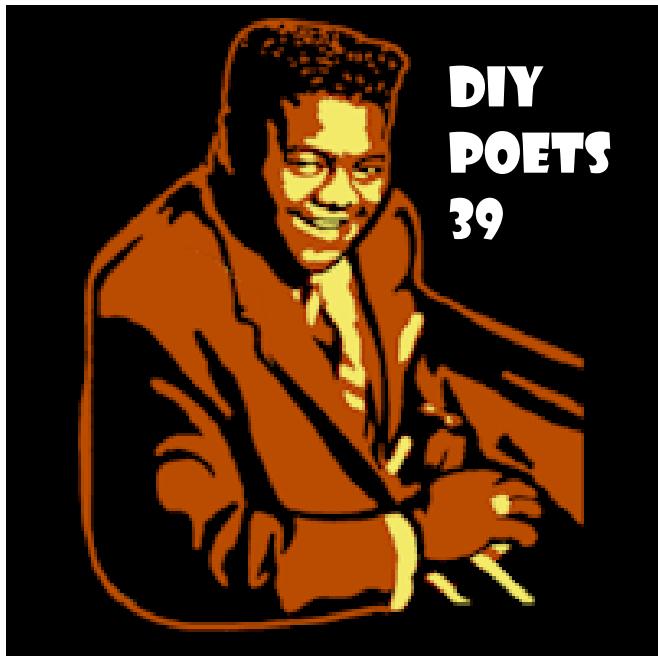


**THE FREE
POETRY MAGAZINE**



**DIY
POETS
39**

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



I am the right person to swing a sledgehammer
at Broadmarsh car park,
because...it would be my one and only chance
to make my civic mark!
To go down in history as the demolisher
of this Nottingham landmark.
A task to get rid of this graceless monument,
I would gladly embark.
People would cheer me on!
"Knock it down!" they would remark.
I'd swing that sledgehammer through the air in a wide arc.
I wonder if there'd be splinters or maybe even a spark?
Goodbye! Farewell! Good riddance to Broadmarsh car park!
P.s regarding the engraved sledgehammer,
I'd have a real good aim,
and the engraving wouldn't cost that much
as there's only seven letters in my name!

Joy Rice



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.

Frank McMahon



Homoerectus Poeticus

He wrote poetry
in his basement
to get girls –

His mother loved it.

RJ Davey

Wenlock Poetry Festival Presents

Love and Seduction



Saturday 15th February
The Edge Arts Centre

Instructional poems
by modern poets
dispensing advice or
love, seduction and
relationships

McDonalds' Strike

Cambridge, Crayford colleagues
serving Happy Meals
digestive deals
leave a bad taste
Zero hours, low pay
poor conditions, few rights



Company boss Steve Easterbrooke
earned eleven million pounds in 2016

Vast profits, fast food
Capitalism with lies, to go

Workers are not 'lovin' it'
Ronald McDonald, catering clown
Restaurant, almost every town
119 countries, globally

Zero nutrition with fries
Strike small, significant
Dissent, unrest, uprising
Golden arches, cheeks of arses

Andrew Martin, September 2017

Mousse

Philippe skims the mousse from my beer
With a blade and a smile in Place Vernier
Where Rene, once upon a time lost his head
To a guillotine, being poor his only crime.

(c) Martin Dean 2017

Cup Final 1973

At the time, Leeds United were a footballing superpower
They had some fine players, and a bagful of dirty tricks, opponents would cower

I sat down to watch the game on TV with my dad, he poured me a shandy

Sunderland faced Leeds in the FA Cup final, in the spring of 1973

Their manager was a fella called Bob Stokoe, he had a unique charisma

But could his team defeat the Don Revie machine? It was too much to hope for

The magic of the cup back then was something real, results could be unexpected

And then we saw, the swing of a Sunderland boot, the ball found the back of the net

The crowd went crazy and so did we, my dad poured me another shandy. We sat back

And watched Leeds pour on more pressure, pushing Sunderland back, attack after attack

Montgomery in goal for Sunderland, pushed a shot on to the cross bar

We held our breath, watching until the death, a one nil victory something to pray for

The final whistle arrived and the underdogs had won, history was written

It was symbolic, and added to our belief, that Ukraine could one day be a free nation

Andy Szpuk

On Repeat

Round.

Journey end?

Back and forth, full pelt

What happened?

What have I felt?

The future. The past

Within a blink of an eye, so fast

Taking all of eternity; pretend

Gods and parallel dimensions

'Truths' to defend

and plenty of silly pretensions.

Yet I remain none the wiser,

not even a tiny bit closer,

To the point, to the meaning,

to anything -

just the limits of human
understanding.

Our potential for kindness

Our penchant for blindness

All that suffering, all that blood

for some belief, some possibil-

ity.

What we could, and should,

have been. So, with history

to which we are eternally bound

We continue to go round and...

Harry Wilding



FREE

Speech Therapy

FOURTH THURSDAY OF EVERY MONTH STARTS 8PM

HOSTED BY MIGGY ANGEL ** GUESTS

AT THE CHAMELEON ARTS CAFE 17 ANGEL ROW NOTTINGHAM NG1 4HL

NOTTINGHAM'S PREMIER MONTHLY SPOKEN WORD EVENT

open mic

Dance Hall. (Ghost in the Atmosphere).

Dance Hall

Where lullabies sung secrets kept

Relationships flourished promises met

Who follows who in a dance from the past

Sat out on stools wait till you're asked

To Dance

The evening

Foxtrot or jive

Sweating, gyrating, held close, being alive

All of that's gone now lost to the past

Dance Hall stands empty silent and still

Floor littered in dust amongst faded handbills

Musicians instruments before logotype stands

Conductor twitched batten start up the band

The place in our town where most people danced

A snake queue of trilby new home-made dress

Courtships, chance meetings, bustling dancefloor

Back three generations, if counting four

Scent hovers nightly

How sweet

Breath in air

Ghost couple lost, only to Dance

Memories hidden of a forbidden Romance

Tobacco stained paintwork Outdated worn flock

Met of an evening under chimes of a clock.

Dwane Reads

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.

Frank McMahon



**This zine is
printed on**

Risograph by:

Dizzy Ink

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St. James'
Street

Nottingham

NG1 6FG
(please get in
contact before
visiting)

Call us:

Benjamin -
07542788243

Craig -
07473338886
[www.dizzyink.
co.uk](http://www.dizzyink.co.uk)

Self-care.

Today I bought a succulent"

Succulent" is an interesting word,

It's a botanical term

meaning" to have thick fleshy leaves or stems,
adapted to storing water"

It can also be used in relation to

food, meaning "tender, juicy and tasty"

The word "tender" seems

appropriate to use in the botanical definition as well

Tender to touch,

Tender in its request to be cared for,

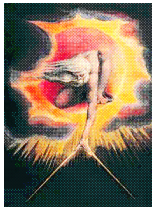
Tenderly you treat it,

Tenderness is what it promotes

Today I bought a succulent.

Today I decided to be tender with myself. **Erin Hampson**

**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**

The last of them

Here's an unsung song
from my ancestral heart.
A story charting the ruined
distance of many truths.

A journey outside
the heraldic map's reach.
To the deeper darkneses
held in the flesh folds of time.

The contoured lines
of collapsed grace.
The last ship of the line,
stopped in the grey waves.

John Humphreys

The Universal Lie

I tell the same lie
every time.

I need to make
admissions.

“Yes, I've read
and understand

All terms and
conditions”

Alistair Lane



Kim's Rhyming poem

Dedicated to Frankie Peaky.....

Yam Bostin me Bab
I've hurt me tab
I fell on the floor
And then through the door.
Stop making me tea
Cos its making me pee
I love you my friend
All the way round the bend.

Kim Jepson

Honey Bees

I wonder how she sleeps at night, what eyes,
Turn to her as hers upon sweet dreaming?
And gazing long to join her starry sighs,
And wonder as weeping light falls streaming;

Through curtain break as through nimbus parting,
Round her sleep and slumbering reveries;
Sacculi sweet with stingers starting,
Whirl one hundred and fifty honey bees.

For each one many flowers effloresce,
And to her fly, and for dreams flying swarm;
A hive alive with stings and innocence,
And patterns for eyes seeking wonders form.
For honey bees such scenes as languid fly,
And as read, sting sweetly and slowly die.

Samuel Le Huquet



DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 40. 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 2018. Poems should be sent to: diypoets@yahoo.co.uk

DIY POETS
@ Maze
Mansfield Road
Nottingham

£3 entry
7:30 til
late

For more info:
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07889 765917 or
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www.diypoets.com
@
Or on Facebook

Feb 8th
May 10th
Aug 9th
Nov 8th

