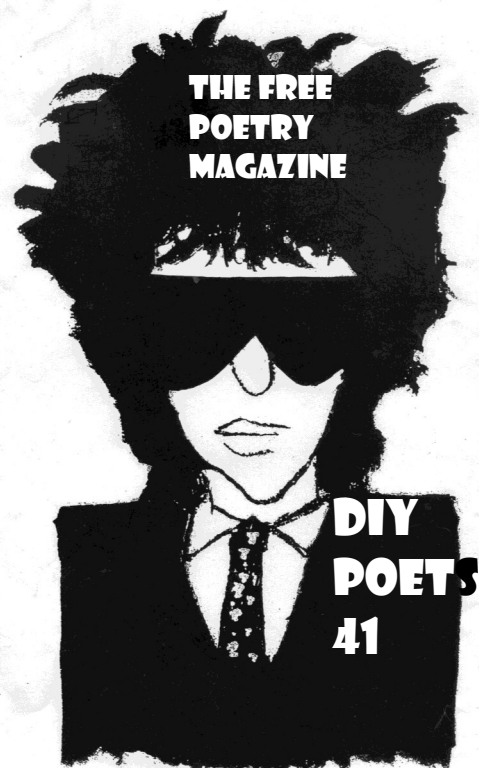


WE'RE NICE AND WE DON'T ALWAYS RHYME



JOHN COOPER-CLARKE - P.B.

Part

The long farewell
Of moving on
Go north, go
south
For this has gone
On different paths
We are to be
With few regrets
But broken hearts
Although we see
What has to be
It's when we part
We have to start
To take the steps
In letting go.

Fiona Bird



THE PROTEST AGAINST CAR CULTURE

At Waterloo Bridge - 10.6.17

Naked cyclists are flooding
towards Aldwych
across the bridge
this sunny afternoon of Summer !
Women warmly go bra-less;
hair dyed scarlet
blue or violet !
They race along both bright and glorious.
Men too are cycling -
hairy chests -
some smooth - some vests !
(seats so uncomfortable, I'm
thinking...)

Spectators laugh - glad to see
such English eccentricity !

Mike Green



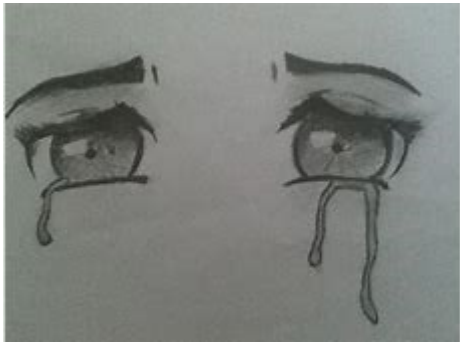
Tea Tears

When you drink tea
and the tears still come
you know this
will not be shrugged away
This – what is this?
This presence of

Earth's oceans, centred
rising, imminent
to drench every cell.
Liquefied bones
carried through
as if never was.

A fleck, a feather
on the breath of night.
Now-known ghost star
leaked away in
endless remembrance.

Kevin Jackson



The Three Ages Of Man

One:

"Don't go out without a coat
Never talk to strangers, note
Mind your P's and Q's and swear
You'll never wear long hair"

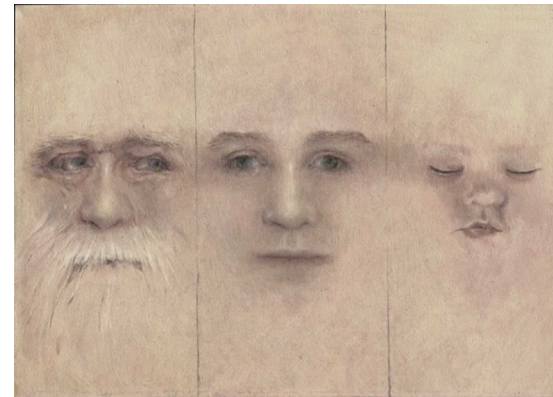
Two:

An adult, I have loosed my chains
Impervious to wind and rains
I deign to leave my coat at home
I wear my greasy hair uncombed

Three:

My short grey hair lays thin and scarce
The winter winds cut low and fierce
And trussed up like a winter bird
I hear my mother's waiting words
"Don't go out without a coat".

Martin Dean



Theresa's Targets

Housebuilding targets,
potential yawn,
proposed planning reforms and quotas,
Theresa tells companies,
bright Tory dawn,
build many more boxes, woo voters

Theresa's new policy,
carrots and sticks,
homes ev'ryone, me and you,
potential source of
housing bricks,
primary colours, red, yellow, blue

The spectrum of shades,
surplus stocks,
red, blue, fantastic, and yellow,
one selling point,
the building blocks,
now discount price, plastic, from Lego

Andrew Martin, March 2018



By the Church of San Miguel Alto

Let's look at the Alhambra
that dominates the city beneath us

Let's look at its towers
where we strolled like caliphs
and old catholic kings

Let's look at the narrow streets
through the white houses
that showed us the best of ourselves

Let's look at the valley
that becomes hills of olive trees
hugged by snowy mountains
until our heads are in the clouds

Let's look at the distant rain
so we can see the future
that comes back to us piece by piece
with every time we don't think

Let's look at your hand
that helped me sit here with you
on this wall of graffiti
by this abandoned church

Let's look at the moment
where everything is alright

Let's look

Martin Grey

Should I ask John?

Usually I awaken with questions in my mind
Sometimes existential, often pragmatic

Resolving the question
Can be as simple as answering the door or phone

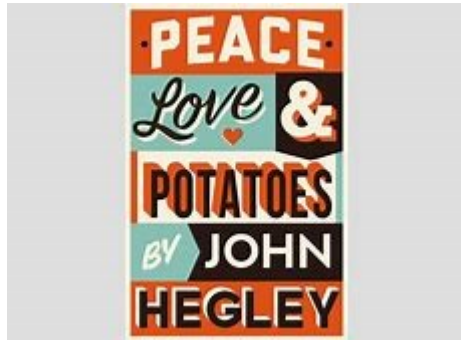
Sometimes reference to the book beside the bed
Occasionally checking in with my bedfellow

But when you use an alarm tuned to R4
The questions can be somewhat obscure

It's midday now and the question that remains
Is how do you measure the libido of a guillemot

And would John Hegley know?

Lytisha



Taking Another's life

With a knife
Isn't worth the sacrifice
Of your own freedom
Feeling big carrying a weapon
And leaving a man bleeding
Without any feeling
Or thought or compassion
How did this become fashion?
The youth need leading
Into wisdom and freedom
Stop the hating
There's no debating
A generations demise
Influenced by gang culture & crime
Media influences making them blind
It is time
To stop
This madness
Love a brother
Instead of taking him from his mother
Take a moment and think
Life is precious
And can be taken in one blink.

Jesse "Jessense" Freeman



This zine is

printed on

Risograph by:

Dizzy Ink

First Floor 14
St. James'
Street

Nottingham

NG1 6FG

(please get in
contact before
visiting)

Call us:

Benjamin -
07542788243

Craig -
07473338886
**www.dizzyink.
co.uk**

Disco Shark

Wallowing, he's a hefty weight,
Waiting to strike
He'll knock you off your push bike
He's got sharp teeth, and he's ferocious
Please understand, this is serious.

In the deep, dark, very cold ocean
Shark tails wag, in fishy locomotion,
It's a dance that never became popular
It could be a floor filler, a real killer.

Andy Szpuk



**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
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Martin Dean

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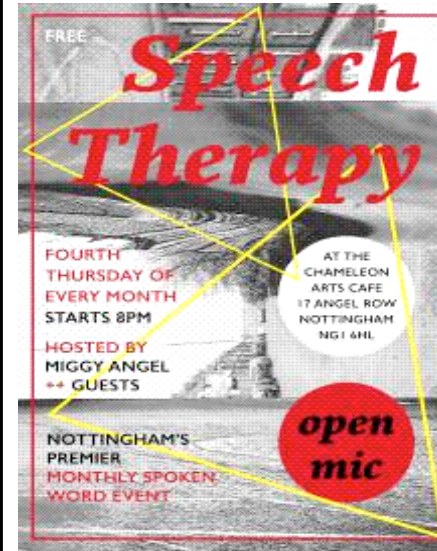
Acupuncture Pain Centre .co.uk

23 years' experience

** Painful conditions*

** Male/female fertility issues*

*** British Acupuncture Council Member**



This is a rant

Fear
Anger
Stupid
Idiot
Fear
Anger
Stupid
Idiot

Fear

Anger

Stupid

Idiot

Dwane Reads

The Lark Ascending

The Lark Ascending;

Composed before the War that would be ending
All wars, and the men and boys would be home
By Christmas.

The music is not all bucolic frolic.
There are hints of warfare's bubonic plague.

It was delayed, the premiere,
Due to what was happening, over there,
Where soldiers were up with the lark
But could only hear gunfire.

The pastoral was past.

The Lark Ascending, a bit of heaven postponed
Until 1920,

A land not of plenty,
And not for fit for heroes,
Where Lovely Joan was now alone,
Where Wilf would have been
Seventeen Come Sunday.

Vaughan Williams collected the songs
Of the common people,
Up with the lark who soars
Over church and steeple.

Frank McMahon



I wannabe John Cooper Clarke's Hair.

I wannabe John Cooper Clarke's
hair

Standing up proud in the night
When there's nobody there

I might look scared

But really I'm hard

I want to be the barnet

Of this latter-day bard

I wannabe be John Cooper Clarke's hair

I wannabe John Cooper Clarke's hair

A startled expression of

"I just don't care"

Uppercase justification of

A broken face

Getting high on being out of place

I wannabe John Cooper Clarke's hair

I wannabe John Cooper Clarke's hair

A rabbit in the headlights of dis-repair

Only doing it for a dare

Standing alone – no two a pair

Looking like a broken flair

A signal to the world – beware!

I wannabe John Cooper Clarke's hair

Sue Allen



The Crow Parliament

Cackling and croaking: a corvid cacophony,
Caarks of condemnation against the accused.
A judicial judgement from an unjust jury.
A corvus chorus from the carrion crows.
The avine assembly angrily argues;
Claim and counter-claim; a case conducted,
Unrecognisable to reason or rational law.
A kangaroo court of carcase consumers,
Deciding delivery or death on the defendant.
Now, raucous rattles as they reach a resolve.
An execution, an extinction, an eternal extinguishing,
Of the flickering flame of the life of a fowl.
Oh! Finite life, soon forsaken forever.
Thus the cruel creatures turn to creep closer,
And abrasive black beaks bear down on the bird,
Butchering, blinding, battering, buffeting;
A terrible, toothless tantrum of tearing;
A frightful, fear-filled flurry of feathers.
Until, with wing beats they abandon the body.
*And from the trees the cawing grows,
A warning to the witness of this murder of crows.*

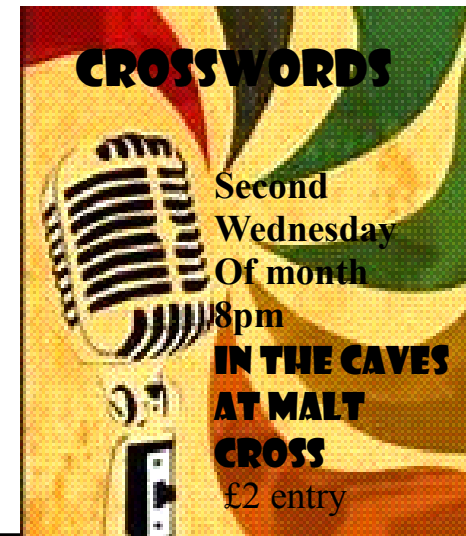
Dave Mooney



New World

*The early morning filled
with the possibility of everything,
is interrupted, as light bruises the day,
opens its' eyes widely, as this new world
appears in all its stark brightening,
daring you to find the joy within.*

John Humphreys



CROSSWORDS

Second
Wednesday
Of month
8pm
**IN THE CAVES
AT MALT
CROSS**
£2 entry

Oil Rig Woman

A woman like a North Sea oil rig
stands her watery ground.

She's in my lane.
I've never seen her before
My scorn-filled deduction:
 New year's resolution swimmer.

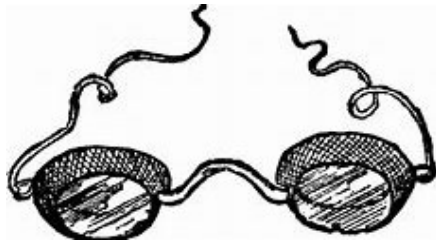
She's enormous.
Floats tied around her waist floating,
Standing, concrete legs
ballast-feet sunk into the seabed.

I power swim at her
A challenge that says
Get out of my lane.

Oil Rig is not moving.
Glares at me bluely
 through blue goggles.

I swim around her.

Clare Stewart
January 2018



DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 42. 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 July 10th 2018. Poems should be sent as a Word attachment to diypoets@yahoo.co.uk We also encourage poets to send images to accompany their poems.

DIY POETS
@ Maze
Mansfield Road
Nottingham

£3 entry
7:30 til
late

For more info:
Contact Frank on:
07889 765917 or
diypoets@yahoo.co.uk
@ www.diypoets.com
Or on Facebook

Aug 16th
Nov 8th

