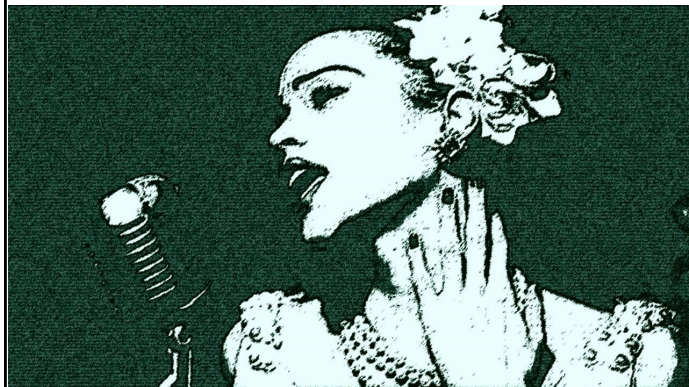


**WE'RE NICE AND WE DON'T
ALWAYS RHYME**

DIY POETS

4



**THE FREE
POETRY MAGAZINE**

INTO MY SNOW-LIKE SOFTNESS

Heaven has opened
and from the cold snap
many crystals have formed
into snowflakes that fall,
slowly,
gently,
softly,
they fall –
and now they glisten
in the Winter's dawn.



My heart's frozen core
has become splintered and raw
from strands of strained fibre
not even the thaw
nor new love could cure.

Because,
your beauty,
has imprinted,
deep
into my snow-like softness,
an image of perfection
most rare.

Tom Ryder

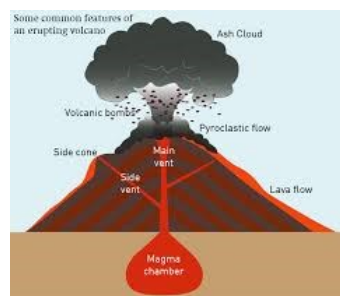
Grief and all is devils,
loss, fear and aging grip your thinking.
Time with its blurry lines,
compelling you to run, hobble quickly maybe,
anywhere baby, as long as it's far away.
Just any damn horizon as long as it's new,
unexpected, fierce as shouting.
Away from the cold sweat here, knife-cut now,
never turn back from that road, Jack, of diamonds,
Jack of shadows, Jack of dreams.
Keep singing them old songs to torture memory,
scar the heart with belonging, longing
for when the promise was everything to come
that never did. So that now
all you have are the stories, worn through to holes
where the rain gets in.

John Humphreys



Ghost Walk

Sometimes, when walking out,
do you pick up the scent
of trails you once crossed?
Intersected, do you trace out,
every sunken scar
via thin leathery soul?
On such nights, on these walks
do your eyes lift to pray
for pyroclastic rain?
If you do.
Come kneel with me.

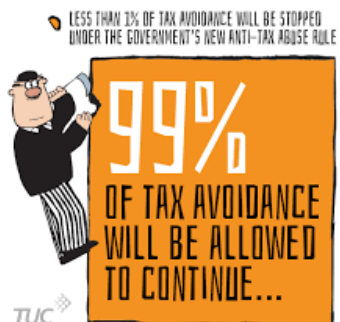


Trevor Wright

TAX FRAUD ON TOAST

Tories appoint ministers with dodgy credentials
Who preside over tax evasion on a grand scale
Accountants take sumptuous lunches at the Ritz
Tax fraud on toast, a dish some find hard to resist

Andy Szpuk

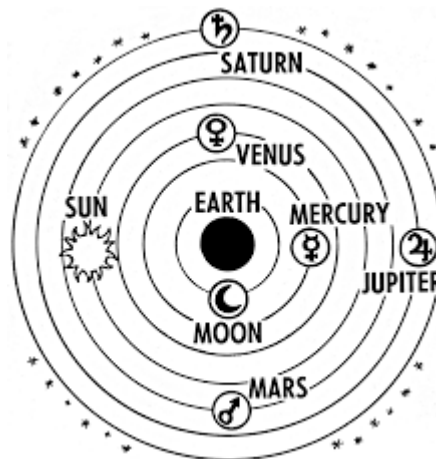


Space/Time Continuum

Planetarium, National Space Centre,
comfortable seats,
film animation,
universe creation.

I awoke, surface water on
planet green and blue,
dawning realisation,
my short sleep at the dawn of time,
I missed the birth of Planet Earth.
A few minutes and millions of years,
I had dozed as the cosmos was composed.

Andrew Martin, December 2017



Pillar box nation

On the banks of Derwent
Pre-war council estate
soil rich in forgotten history
With only a road sign for clues
Seeking foundry plates
Upon ornamental ironworks

Sage green hexagonal penfold
Replaced by familiar crimson red
Anonymous blank without royal cipher
Re-introduced 1887 Victoria Regina

We are a pillar box nation
Cast by local craftsmen
Soaked in sweat from toil
Britannia works Duke street
Expansion of railways enabled
Transportation nationwide
Throughout empire, across the world

Within our towns upon our streets
Suburbs, estates, villages
A pillar box aperture awaits
With no prize for design
Just check the black painted base
To find Handyside Derby

Dwayne Reads



Pixels

Pixels pass on by
My thumb throws them on
toward the sky
...through the gaps in the Wi-Fi
that will bring me different pixels
to throw
toward the sky

Martin Grey

Title: To Be?

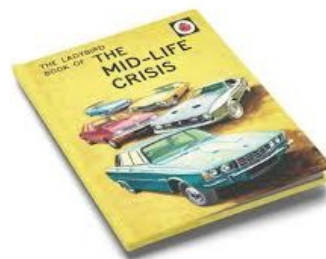
Zombie Shakespeare
Said to thee:
Life for me, is
"Not to be"!

Alistair Lane

King of the Hill

If I only knew back then what I
know now
I'd have figured out the
Who
Why
When
And how
Cock of the North
And dressed to kill
King Of The Hill
It's a mid-life crisis
I'm like a dog with a bone
Won't somebody take me back to
My Comfort Zone

John Medd



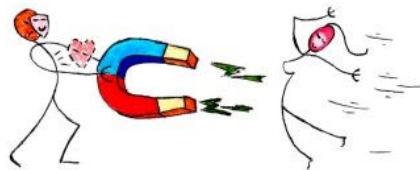
Love you liar

Love you liar
I believed all
The poetry and song.
The fairy-tale
That love could last
Forever
And now it's gone.

And oh
The sharpness
Of the blade
That dissects
My heart.

Love
Your lies
Are tearing me
Apart.

Sue Allen



This zine is

printed on

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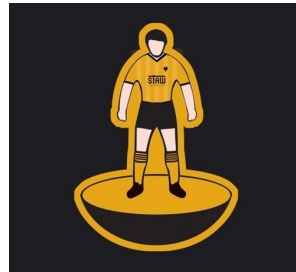
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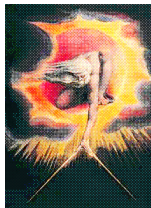
Bostin

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 Old Gold and Black, defence and attack,
Together as a pack,
After being toothless for years,
Are bostin.
Wim Wolves ay we.

Frank McMahon



**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?**

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Martin Dean

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Carpe Noctem

Delicate awakening

The bird chorus calls dawn in –

Blue skies entice aural delights, and

Sunlight breathes in

MORNING!

The eyes - primed -

Ignite a passion within

Desire burns bright

PROJECTING

A mental and physical being

That entwines, and waltzes

Hand in hand, (and)

Glides through the nuances -

Through expressions borne of the mind

A dance that lightens up darkness

And of private dreams

That seize the night

Richard C Bower

For all the
aspiring poets

Out there.
Welcome. Join us.

Release your
words.

Take the
opportunities.

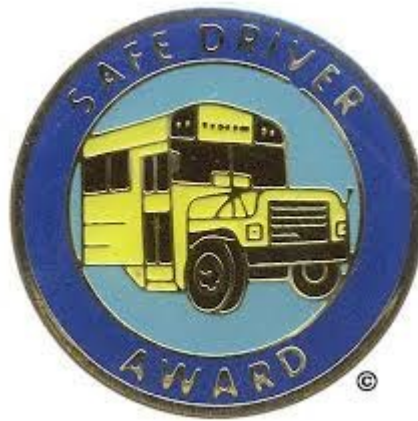
You are why we
are here.

Lytisha

The Bus Driver

Our driver knows this city off by heart.
He traces routes upon his well-worn palms –
his knowledge isn't science, it's an art;
it takes more than a jam to shake his calm.
He knows just how to act, and plays his part
down Derby Road and up to Assarts Farm.
He loves this job: the streets, the early starts;
the traffics lights have yet to lose their charm.
The regulars all call him 'Juke Box Jim'
because he knows the words to every song.
His radio bleats out its joyful din–
it's so infectious we all sing along.
Being on his bus is such an honour:
I love it when he listens to Madonna!

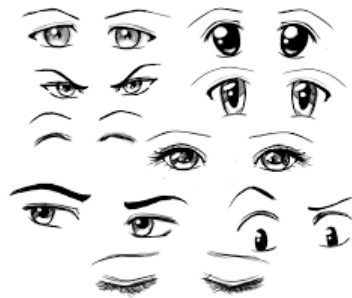
Leanne Moden



The inside out

With your hand on my heart
You look into my eyes
Searching.....
For you to see
For me to expose, betray
Hidden secrets cloaked behind a blink
Heavy lids, curtain heavy hearts
A glimpse
A gaze
A twisted maze
Of emotion concealed in the fluttering of lashes
A scatter of changing colour
Iris expanding, reducing, revealing
So much more than a lens of view
Disclose the truth
Bare the corners of the soul
Without words, display
A glance conveys
So much.

Fay Dellor



The Silent Tinder Match

Swipe, swipe – congrats!
To the right – new match!

Fingers crossed, I wait a day
dated etiquette be cursed!
But it's more often the way
that I'll have to message first.

Not just a standalone 'hey'
or some simple 'how are you'
I will say something funny
related to your bio.

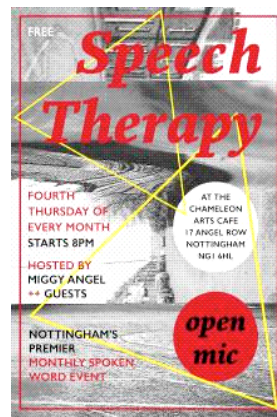
Satisfied, phone down, I wait.
No reply that night, I see.
No problem; of course; you're great;
and cool. So clearly busy.

No reply the second day –
so perhaps, just perhaps,
on a weekend away?
In your kitchen collapsed?

A week has now passed.
I send message two
(first message was lost?)
Must be worth a go...

Then: there's some activity!
Oh. You've gone
and unmatched me.

Harry Wilding

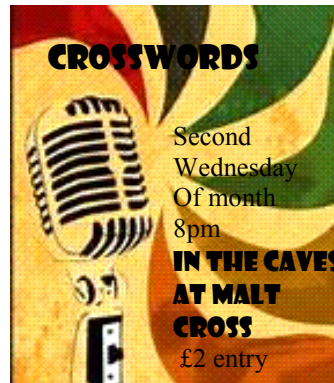
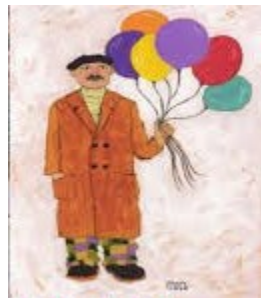


Balloon Man In A Small Piece Of Luxembourg

Her dark felt tip eyes and chiselled rosebud mouth
toy with the small girl who holds her naked shyness
behind dark-skinned hands. She chuckles brightly
as her new desire parades her pretty
pink dress and click-clacks her rose tinted shoes
in front of the sea of smiling faces pressed into
this small, densely-packed scrap of Luxembourg.
'La Danseuse' replies the brightly dressed balding
man with the eccentric balloon
headress. He bends to tame a squeaking black-nose dog
at his feet. 'I have trained for five years
with the world's best' he shares as he pumps, fills,
pulls, stretches, smiles and twists his bloated charges
into life; by his hand.
The shy girl giggles and writhes, bewitched by
the dancer with the pink hair bow who
he delivers into her arms to yelps of delight.

Five euros of unbridled joy.

Martin Dean



Creative Quarter Blues

Well, you can
knock
me down and
Flatten mah
quiff
a Haircut in
Hockley
Is sure
expensiv!

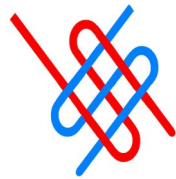
Bus pass Elvis



Friendship

Friends can lighten the load of a tonne.
A friend is worth all the hazards one can run.
Friendship can be troublesome, some loving, some fun.
A true friend is more warming, than the rays from the sun.
Comforting hugs, that makes a heart hum.
Starving friends can feast on a portion of crumb.
Friends can be few and far between so be careful of some.
To a heart filled with love, true friendship shall come.

© **Jamahl Peterkin**



SUBMISSIONS

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 41. 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 April 10th 2018. Poems should be sent to: diypoets@yahoo.co.uk

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**May 10th
Aug 9th
Nov 8th**

