

**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

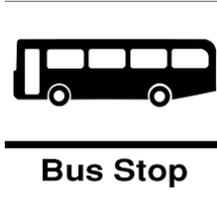
He had a backpack on his backpack
Headphones on his head
No one could get past him
On a Tuesday night

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



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

(c) **Martin Dean 2017**

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



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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

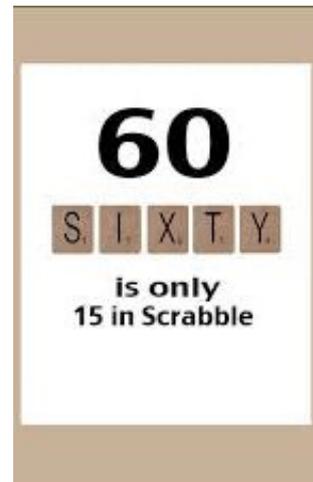
**COME AND JOIN US
FOR A RELAXED AND POETIC
EVENING**

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

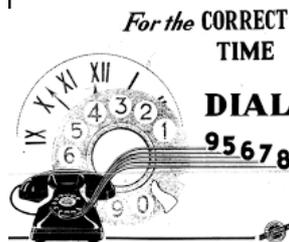
For M and P

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

**DIY POETS
@ Maze
Mansfield Road
Nottingham**

**£3 entry
7:30 til
late**

**For more info:
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Or on Facebook**

**Nov 9th
Feb 8th**

