

SUBMISSIONS

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 35. 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 2016. Poems should be sent to: diypoets@yahoo.co.uk

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 31st
Nov 10th
Feb 16th
May 11th



WE'RE NICE AND WE DON'T
ALWAYS RHYME

DIY
POETS
34



NOTTINGHAM'S FREE
POETRY MAGAZINE

Cars (Not Like in the Adverts)

Cars can't make you feel anything.
They're just plastic and steel.
There's only a fragile freedom behind the wheel.
Those ads are glossy odes to the open road,
Cruising without a care.
The bang, blast and blare
Of the rush hour and the motorway,
Seems not to be in their world.
Theirs is not the only way
But if you could give me a lift
That would be great.

Frank McMahon



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WORKSHOPS**

THE
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EVENTS**

EXHILARATING MUSIC

**35 WARSER GATE
LACEMARKET
NOTTINGHAM NG1 1NU
For more info contact:
Ian on 07887 405264**

Garden Monsters

Sliding slowly on silvery slime,
Targeting tubs, taking their time.
Slugs and snails silently steal.
Masticating monsters munching meals.
Little left of lettuce leaves.
Gardeners gasp and groan and grieve,
And wearily, wistfully, wonder why
Don't dastardly, dark destroyers die?

Jeff Marshall



Soulmates

I think it is happiness, with maybe even a wisp of love.
it's visited fleetingly before,
when a boy was resting his head on my chest,
But now it is different, it returns for longer.
Ephemeral at first glance,
but my god it strengthens with every laugh,
until I am filled with tears.
Dizzy but not disorientated, light headed but with soft focus
on the minds that surround me with their goof and their gander.
It fills me up, until I am giddy and heavy.
Quiet too, when I contemplate it later,
or notice it in a moment without drama or reticence;
just cucumber and humorous with the TV.
It's easy and it's accessible
with the small crowd I share myself unforgivingly with,
who I rely on
who I can cry on.
I will carry them with me forever, plus an eternity,
because they have forged me
of imperishable strength,
with infinite happiness and an abundance of love.

Jennifer Gall

A Broken Tail Light

Poppa could have fixed that easily enough
He wound down the window. Bang! Then a puff...
The inside of the car filled up with smoke.
It tickled my nose. Then the silence broke

Momma screamed, I thought she would never stop.
Boys point toy guns, then they shout 'pop!'
I've seen them in the yard at school
They grow up and become cops.

Andy Szpuk



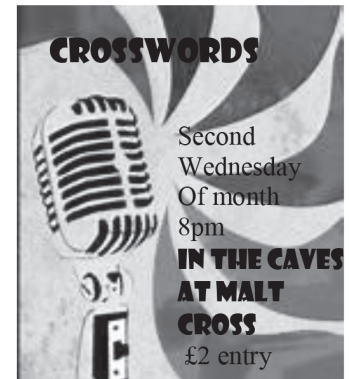
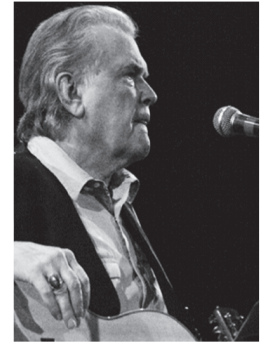
Dublin Blues Revisited (for Guy Clark 16.11.41 – 17.5.16)

It's an emptier world sent back to zero,
somehow life feels more alone,
I need your coat from the cold
because you've gone
and I've lost another hero.

So I sing those Dublin Blues tonight,
try to trust my cape, take the leap of faith,
hold tight the Randall knife,
trying to find that better tear
for what you meant to my life.

Guitar man play the song again
'bout the old man and the boy,
how some people always stay,
I'll close my eyes, dream up that kitchen,
like those desperadoes still waiting for that train.

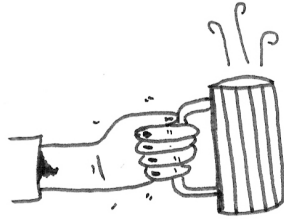
John Humphreys



Abuse

He says "Woman, turn that telly off"
So she puts down her tea
She shuffles across the living room
And she turns down the TV
He waits until she's settled back
Got comfy with a tray in her lap
Then he glances up
And as she lifts her cup
He says "That's not off that's down"
That's not off that's down"

Paul Carbuncle

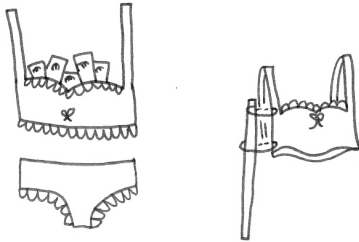


Bra Wars

High Court bra battle
Underwire technology
Would you like a lift?
Global clothing predator
H and M, breaches patent

Long Eaton firm wins
Keep abreast of legal case
Millions of pounds
Ha, your cup overfloweth!
Business avoids going bust

Andrew Martin,



Loves Garden

The garden troubles my eyes
It's shaggy lawn recounts the reasons I haven't
Had chance to get the mower out lately.
That's not why I'm here.
I'm tearing an old flag
Friend of many marches
Into vertical strips slowly
Separating each ribbon so none are hurt.
Their mound spreads untidily
Like hopes do and excuses
And fears. When 49 is reached
The whole garden loosens
As if weeping. It takes
All the days the sky can hold before
I perceive the earth's bone- dry
Except where my tears
Have self-seeded. One by one
Tree branches swell with rainbow leaves.
They flutter, like new-born butterflies
With unsteady wings.

Kevin Jackson



**DO YOU WANT
TO MEET
OTHER
POETS?
SHARE YOUR
WORK?
GET THE
CHANCE TO
PLAN
EVENTS?
PERFORM
YOUR WORK?**

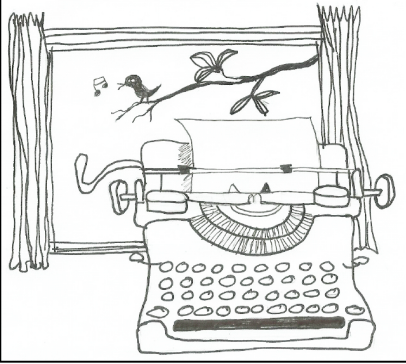
IF SO DIY POETS
MEET ON THE
FIRST WEDS OF
THE MONTH
UPSTAIRS AT
BROADWAY
BROAD STREET
NOTTINGHAM
CITY CENTRE
FROM 8 PM
ONWARDS

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

So You Want to Be a Writer?

At the monks' hour
 he stares at the white blank
 ratcheted on the typewriter.
He puts himself on the word-rack
 and cranks.
Lights another cigarette
 Exhales as the dawn birds
 sing
 so easily.

Clare Stewart



Sometimes

It is important
to take the time
to pair your socks.

It is important
to move the furniture
around the room.

It is important to pause
to reflect
to see things from another angle.

Sometimes,
it is important
to pair your socks.

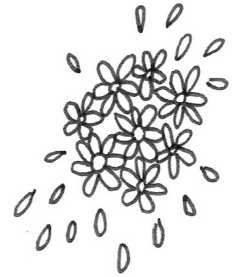
Lytisha



Violet

Challenged,
to write a poem about a flower.
Told,
I could describe it beautifully,
I strode out,
to capture a vivid, flourishing bloom.
But could only,
sketch remnants from dried collections,
until I lost myself,
in the whorl of a wild meadow violet.
Yielding in a spark
to the colours she pressed into my soul.

Trevor Wright



Miedos y Sueños

Nuestros miedos parecen nuestros sueños
Brazo en brazo estarán juntos
Robaban el alma de tus ojos
E ya no tienes oxígeno por tus fuegos

Siempre dices voy
Pero nunca dices soy
Tu vida de luego
Hará tu vida
De nunca

Our fears look like our dreams
Arm in arm, they will be together
They've stolen the soul from your eyes
And you're already out of oxygen for your fires

You always say I'm going to
But you never say I am
Your life of later
Will make your life
Of never

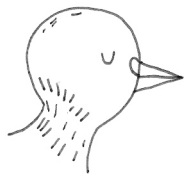
Martin Grey



Pigeons

it is not the weak
and feeble who
should be judged
as pigeons in the
street rats fending
for themselves
penitently overtaking
every town square
it is you the
privileged
a life of choice
the first in life
shall be the last
in heaven
you must have grace
for those pigeons
are fed
on the white throne
where lonely people live
the centre of the
community
let them be
be the voice
of justice
let them be

David Holloway



To the People of Our Earth

*we are the world
we fight by thoughts
like PETER BENENSON
pacifist is a way
like a sensitive poem
like a kiss
my prayer is to unite
our strengths
to win for peace
thanks to Martin Dean and people of
Nottingham
you and I are a piece of this planet
to open our heart
and fly a huge balloon
to remember the 13th November
2015*

Miss Pascale of Saint Raphael,
France



Pompeii

Seeing you, is like picking a scab
Irresistible, but tinged with morbid fascination
Like revisiting the site of some old devastation
You are Pompeii
You are Chernobyl
And I should stay away, but don't know if I'm able
I'm placing a bet that I'm bound to lose
'Cos seeing you, is like pressing a bruise
I only do it
To check that it still hurts.

Hazel Warren

