

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



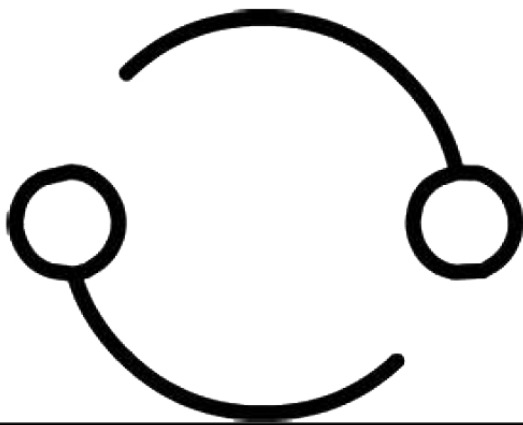
**DIY
POETS
33**

**NOTTINGHAM'S FREE
POETRY MAGAZINE**

FATE

Now I know
how the fated buck or doe
must feel
when confronted in the open field
by the farmer with his loaded gun,
for I equate such an encounter
with the sudden approach of love.
Lover, when you came near
my every breath, my every sinew,
did surrender to my heart's rapid thump;
like a frightened rabbit
I trembled, body and mind benumbed.
I could not muster
enough strength to run
from that fateful explosion
when the naked trigger-finger pulled:
I shall forever feel
the impact from your look,
I shall forever reel
from the power with which it struck!

Tom Ryder



4 George

When Victor made
you
he forgot your soul
don't forget
the bell will toll
don't forget
you have to sleep
as the disabled struggle
as the poor don't eat
When Victor made
you
he forgot your heart
you had no compassion
from the start
pure greed
runs in your veins
the blood on your
hands
merely stains?
When Victor made
you
he forgot your brain
cuz in the minority
you will remain
so tell me George
what will you do?
We are many
you are few.

Eagle Spits

To The People Of Paris

*Dedicated to the 129 people who
lost
their lives in the terrorist attack
on Paris, 13th November 2015.*

A minutes silence
A heart skips a beat
Light a candle in the street
Je suis
La monde
How do we fight
Insane people with insane thoughts
But with open hearts and flowers
And prayer and song
Who are the brave
But the ordinary people
Who flood the streets
And weep for the dead
Je suis
La monde

Martin Dean

They Shun the Sun

In Liverpool they shun the Sun,
And have done since the death
Of the 96 in 89.
It's the tabloid they avoid.
It's hardly been read
Since they lied
About fans pissing on the dead.

Frank McMahon

Through Music

I am making love to you
right now
Through music
I can feel how smooth
your skin is
I can feel the softness of
each of your cells
As the piano goes
I get closer to you
You are warm
And you breathe intensely
You are nervous
You blush
You can sense me
Getting every second
Closer
I can smell your neck
And your hair
I can see how your
shoulder moves
Asking me to move
Closer
As the piano goes
Closer
Until you and I
And the music
Are just one

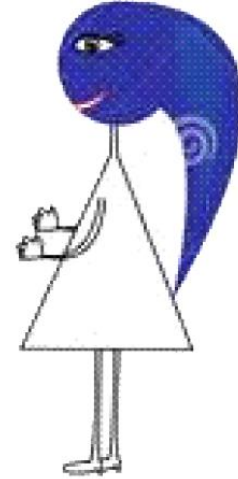
**Barbara
Esteves Ribeiro**

Grammar with an E

Comma, comma, oh how I love thy grace
But comma, comma won't you tell me why
I tend to find you in the wrong fucking place?
I love you comma but not when you lie
In the bed belonging to the colon.
Not when you flirt with a period's heart.
Comma, comma, you know this can't go on.
This affair was never supposed to start.

You were made for the spaces between breaths.
You tell me everything I want to know.
Comma you do not need to change yourself.
So give all your facades their little deaths.
Make your words and my sentences run slow.
Comma, comma, you own worth is your wealth.

Chris Page



**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**

Appendix

I like the ones in articles and, inside books, they're fine
But the one that burst inside of me was a total waste of time.

See, my appendix wasn't filled with useful information;
Mine was like a ticking bomb of pus and inflammation.

Things were going fine until my guts pushed "self-destruct".
(And when your stomach wants you dead that's when you know
you're fucked.)

My appendix must have found diplomacy outmoded –
It didn't tell me what was wrong: instead, it just exploded.

I would have listened to complaints; I would have compromised.
I'd eat more fruit and vegetables. (At least, I would have tried!)

My scar looks cool, and now my guts continue unimpeded,
Appendix gone – despite the fuss, I didn't really need it.

Leanne Moden

Love

A love without love is a love I can't love
Yet my love for your love was so lovely
All that love I'd have loved in a love that I had
For a love that was never about me

Yet when I'd contained all the love that remained
For my love that did never once doubt me
I was smitten with love for a love that won't love
Not the love that was shouting right at me

For a love that will make every simple mistake
Is a love that will never once flout me
While a love that you'd love me to love that I love
Is a love setting all of us free

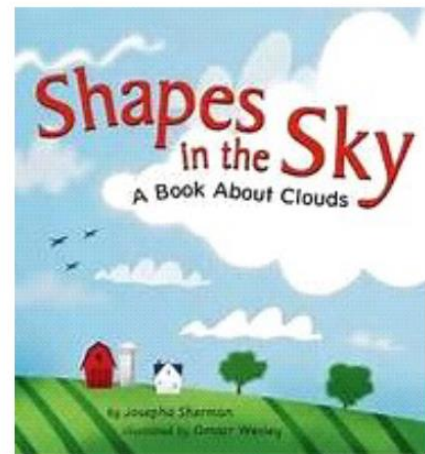
Martin Grey

A poem about cloud shapes.

Elephant poodles and baby whales
Pterodactyls and billowing sails
Parade across a sky blue back drop

Cumulus motifs in bewildering array
The costumer allowed to run riot in this play
But what of the plot?

Hazel Warren



Lace and Steel

The chimneys stand
But smoke no more
The forge is cold
The sparks of fire gone

The clickety-clack
Of shuttle and beam
Is silent here in Nottingham



Hammer and steel
No longer ring upon the mighty anvil
But these are the sounds that forged our hearts
in Nottingham and Sheffield

So disparate these industries
Yet uniquely intertwined
For how could good folk sit to dine
Without the cloth upon the table
And how would one serve up the broth
Without the Sheffield Steel ladle?



Phil Deakin 2015 ©

The Rhythm

I wake to a rhythm as old as time itself
The bed gently rocks as I feel him.
Fast breath catches in his mouth,
as I barely conscious, decide whether to join in ,
or leave him to his private pleasure.

How often have my sisters and brothers woken,
to similar sounds and sensations.

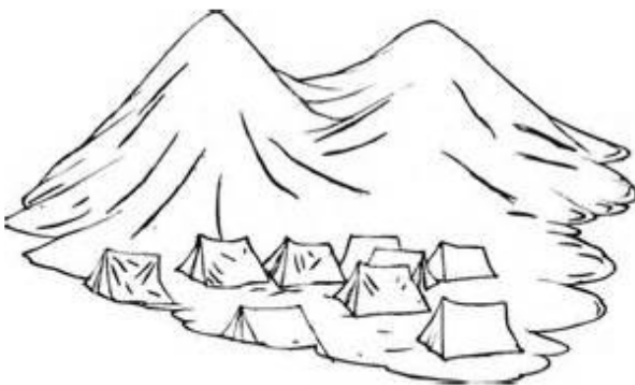
In Bedouin tents,
While the desert whispers outside,
cool respite from the heat of the day.

To igloos,
wrapped in warm animal hide,
wind whistling as the snow drifts.

To Caravans,
With the noise of rain overhead,
gently rocking.

Like the pulse of a nation ,
He judders and all is calm once more.....

Rachel Eagling



Chancellor Nursery Rhyme

Georgia
Porgie pie in
the sky
Kissed the
disabled
and made
then cry
The voice of
the people
came out to
play
So Georgie
Porgie
skulked away

**Trevor
Wright**

SUBMISSIONS

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 34. 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 2016. Poems should be sent to: **diy-poets@yahoo.co.uk**

DIY POETS
@ Maze
Mansfield Road
Nottingham

£3 entry
7:45 til
late

For more info:
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@ www.diy-poets.com
Or on Facebook

May 19th
Aug 11th
Nov 10th

