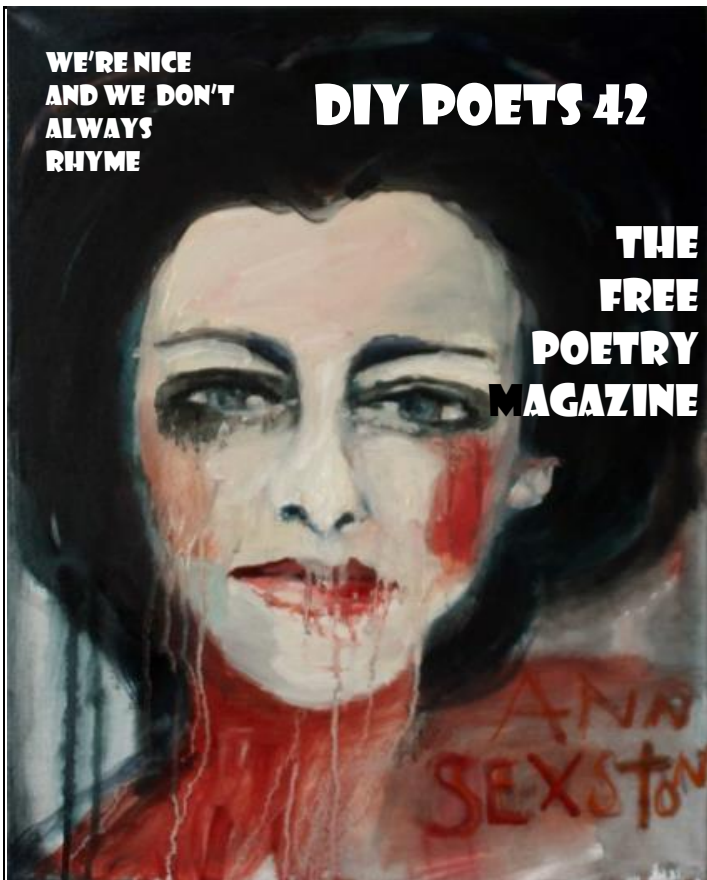


**WE'RE NICE
AND WE DON'T
ALWAYS
RHYME**

DIY POETS 42

**THE
FREE
POETRY
MAGAZINE**



Incompatible

After 'Differences of Opinion I' by Wendy Cope

He laughs at her and scoffs and asks her why
she thinks the world could possibly be round!
He smirks and calls her arguments unsound –
incredulous that she'd believe the lies.

It's NASA and their communist allies
just telling fibs about the convex ground
when any fool can see it's flat, not round!
(An oblate spheroid, but that's by the by.)

She shows him pictures of the earth from space;
he tells her that the moon landings were fake.
He says her faith in science is misplaced;
she starts to think this may be a mistake.

He texts and says that he enjoyed their chat;
She says she'll come around, but leaves him flat.

Leanne Moden



When the Brexit Gets Tough

Boris is a quitter
Davy Davis is one too
But they only quit their roles, you see,
to get the best for you!

Dominic, the Vote leave chief
called Brexit a disaster
While the millions for the NHS
was just a con they mastered

Nigel quit the ukips
to help out Donald Trump
and Marine Le Pen
and the AFD
and Robert Iwaszkiewicz
and Roy Moore
and probably some more

But if Brexit goes all wrong, you see,
he says he'll move to another country

'Cos when the brexit gets tough,
all the cracks start showing
and when the brexit gets tough,
they scarper

Martin Grey



Ted RIP

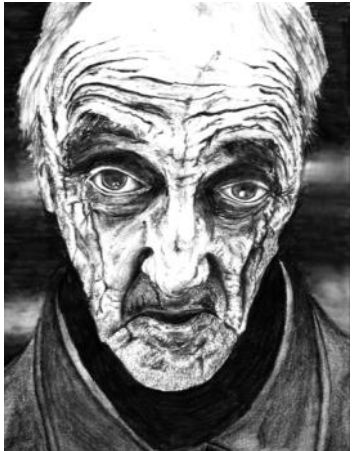
Alone at a Vancouver coffee shop
It's warm and it's dreary
Just an easygoing fellow, 70-something
slumped at a coffee shop table
staring in at the horizon

No one cared cos the homeless don't matter
Ignored by the chatter and the dollar's clatter
he lived away his days
getting thinner as the cancer got fatter

Warmer than the gutter but no kinder
his last breaths go down
as their last sips go down
hard, unsweetened, alone

Just an easygoing fellow, 70-something
slumped at a coffee shop table
staring back at the horizon

Kevin Jackson



Rolls Royce

He always wanted to ride in a Rolls Royce.
It was far and away his car of choice.

He finally got his wish
But he could not enjoy it.
He'd have appreciated the steering,
But now he's no more of hearing.
To reside inside its plush interior .
To drive it while he still had some drive,
And was still firing on all cylinders.
He could not steer his life to such luxury,
Despite the long hours.

It was far and away his car of choice,
But now he has forever lost his voice.
He was silent as the Roller's engine
In which he finally travelled in.

Frank McMahon



RETIREMENT

WELL MOTHER THE TIME HAS COME
TO START YOUR NEW JOURNEY
AS THIS CHAPTER HAS DONE

MARNIE AND STEVE GET YOU ALL TO THEMSELVES
TO SPEND LOTS OF TIME UP AND DOWN HILLS.
YAM BOSTIN MY FRIEND
AND WILL MISS YOU SO MUCH
OUR CRAFTING WILL CONTINUE
ANDKEEP US IN TOUCH.

KIM JEPSON

CONGRATULATIONS
— ON YOUR —
RETIREMENT



Emotion Talk

For a merry heart
Has a continual feast
So let's drive our thoughts
To think on only that which is good.

John Merchant

KEEP CALM

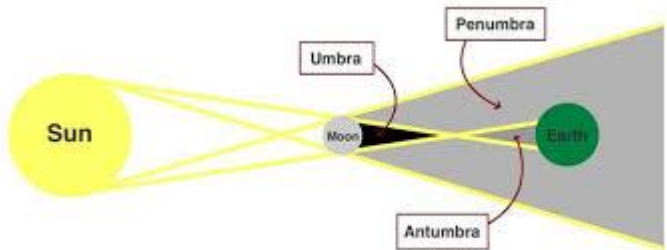


IT'S
TEA TIME
SOMEWHERE

Petrarchan sonnet about something or other.

At times we feel beaten. Mangled. Crushed
By choking, thick penumbral clouds of fear
Which dog us through the days all cramped and rushed,
Until we stoop beneath their weight, so drear
And short, the earth is aught but cakèd mud
Under the ghost of cloud cloaked light now smeared
With all the biting burdens that crowd our blood.
And all is comfy blight, and phantom tears.
But then this maudlin debris we sweep aside,
And simply see the way life breathes and moves,
A fluid sketch in rough, perpetual motion
That buffets all through racing years. Who ride
Their horses of incensed and raving hoof.
We're glad to be amongst the dumb commotion.

Gregory Miller



Electric, eternal

I am a fan of wind power.
January to March,
more electricity from British
windfarms
than eight nuclear energy plants.

This is news, a first.

Some might say,
'the right' might say,
a pity that foreign winds visit our
islands,
when certain British politicians
create much hot air.

Turbines turning, eternally.
No political spin.

© Andrew Martin, June 2018



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Reading Old Annuals.

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Autographs from that fella
the newsagent who played
heading leather laced balls
hat-tricks scored wearing
continental branded boots.
Time spent reading annuals
supporters wearing rosettes
swinging rattles
“play up” they shout, “play up”

Dwane Reads



**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
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**NOTTINGHAM'S
PREMIER
MONTHLY SPOKEN
WORD EVENT**

Bohemian Tramp

A photograph is taken of me on a hillside in a west Wales coastal village at New Year. I am 25, the friend who takes the photo says I look like a bohemian tramp.

Standing atop the scrap heap of memory's imagining,
hair flowing ragged as the billowing wind.
Dark grey great coat clings to landscape
rock and mountain stained Llangrannog sky.
New Year fevers of disappointment run cold as rain
soaked eyes that miss the spark of flint ignited life.
Gulls' symphony of *mundanity missing modernity*,
sounded by the flaps of feathered wings, hangs boastful,
taunting the child man, the wild broken youth
who clings precarious to outcrops as the new born
foal to earth. Standing uncertain as the empty map
of uncharted spaces that sing empty in the heart.

John Humphreys



Gimme Ya Money!

Jay Umpriz

Gimme ya money and your undying respect, for nothing.

Gimme someone I can claim to be in love with.

Gimme something that looks a bit like justice, so I can ease my conscience.

Gimme something to be proud to be a part of.

Gimme the OK to market hate, in a positive way.

Gimme a big stick to keep the peasants at bay.

Gimme a dream. Get me clean. Gimme the means to get started.

Gimme something to be proud to be a part of.

Gimme ya money for one chord sequence and the same old lyrics, about being bored, being poor, and being past my limit.

Gimme three and a half minutes, and I can prove to you my heart's not in it.

Gimme a 20 year old girl,

who can consecutively pretend to be a kid on the Disney Channel and get her tits out on MTV.

Gimme the fame, but let me claim that I'm an artist.

Gimme something to be proud to be a part of.

I just wanna be a member of society.

I just wanna feel like there's nothing wrong with me.

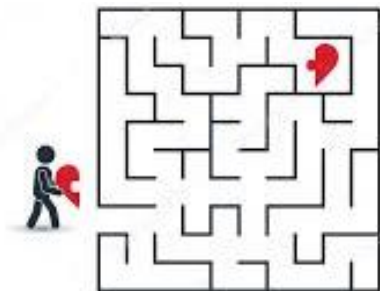
I just wanna have a goal, man; get through the day, but there's really just one thing to say

and that's "Gimme ya money!!!"

LOVE, WHICH IS EVER AS A MAZE TO ME

Love, which is ever as a maze to me,
Hath myriad ways that to nowhere lead;
Yet *Love* which is blind doth bid me to see
The path to her heart and with *Hope* proceed -
But She, bound by honour, hath vowed and kept
Her promise to Him, to no other seek -
So, like *Astrophel* when his *Stella* slept,
Now to the Moone, I too, of *Love* must speak:
O, what help is *Hope* which affords no view?
And what good is blind love - I cannot see!
If there be *Love* at the "heart of the yew"
O Moone say "YES" - then please answer to me:
Will She to Him her solemn promise break?
Will She ever, another lover, take?

- Tom Ryder



Confessions

I use confessions as concessions
when I try to cheer you up,
a little bit of honesty thrown in.
The truth is never wasted
once honesty is tasted,
I find it's always the best place to begin
When I manage your attention
diversion is the key,
I draw away your sadness
with a little piece of me.

Fay Dellor



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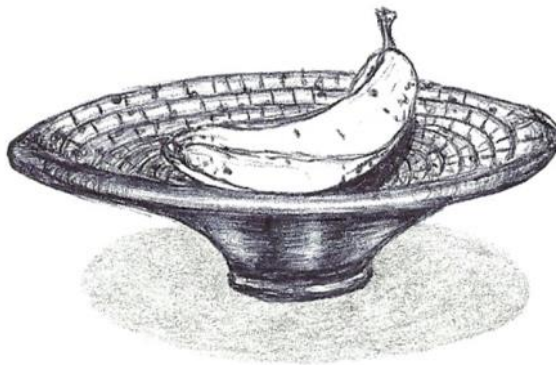
The Children Think We're Old

The children think we're old.

He kisses me with over-ripe banana lips,
so sweet with years of life,
bitter with work and sorrow.
I lift my soft arms that loop him
like coming homecountry after a lifetime away,
like the answer to a secret prayer.

The children look away, but they are smiling.

Laura Gravel



DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 43. 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 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 15th

