

# DIY POETS 43



**THE  
FREE  
POETRY  
MAGAZINE**

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



## **She listens**

She listens  
She hears  
Is this okay?  
Is that okay?  
She looks  
She watches  
Does this please?  
Does that please?  
She touches  
She feels  
Does this help?  
Does that help?  
She tastes  
She savours  
Is this good?  
Is that good?  
She inhales  
She breathes  
She assesses  
Are you okay?  
Are you not okay?



**Clare Stewart**  
September 2016

## The Boy

Near the forest on the meadow in the sun  
Stands the boy  
Long legs at ease  
Looking up at something fluttering

Gentle-eyed and curious  
As he follows the papery movement  
Cream-colored  
With a dark edge

Watching and wondering  
Mouth open  
Pulse steady and slow  
Dreaming and being

Sweet breathed and innocent  
Feet content to stand still  
As long as allowed not eager to know  
Near the forest on the meadow in the sun

Laura Grevel



## Late Bloomers

Don't throw out your gladioli

When the first blooms are gone

Those at the end haven't yet begun

And they can be the most spectacular

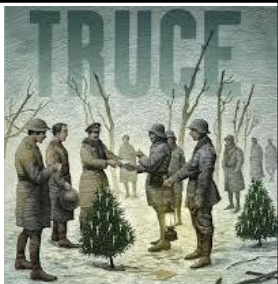
**Lytishapoet.co.uk**

## The Truce

I saw *The Truce*, a statue,  
By St Luke's bombed out church,  
Of two soldiers reaching out  
To shake hands,  
Only a football between them,  
With trench coats for goalposts

They were applying for permission  
To make *The Truce* permanent,  
Soldiers reaching out,  
Unlike the First World War,  
Where the final whistle was blown  
All too soon.

**Frank McMahon**



## **Under the Weather**

It looks like shattered scowers

It's one of those days

**Lytisha**

## **On the Surface**

Narcissus,  
Regarding  
Himself  
*A handsome  
Creature* was  
Too bold  
To break  
The guilt  
Of the glass,  
And died  
Pie-eyed  
In love  
With pride.

**Tony McConnell**



## **Imminent shore**

Rhythmic ferry crossings,  
between brief ports,  
the beauty of buoyancy  
upon sea's salts,  
temporal surf,  
airborne, marine moisture cools  
skin.

Long Scottish lochs,  
adjacent peninsulas,  
muted verdant tones  
of imminent shore.

Sunlight hinting, glinting,  
secrecy of silent sea,  
marine molecules,  
evaporation,  
clouds, precipitation  
streams to estuaries,  
aqua accumulation.  
Secrecy of silent sea.

© **Andrew Martin,**



## **This Place**

This is not a spreadsheet with data row by row,  
It's no job in the city or mind so busy.  
This place where trees grow tall and gentle waters flow.

Here is the quiet, here is the down-beat tempo.  
Forget deadlines and pressure and broken I.T.  
This is not a spreadsheet with data row by row.

By streams and woods lie many pathways to follow,  
Under the drifting gaze of crows that oversee  
This place where trees grow tall and gentle waters flow.

There are no reports here and no figures to show  
Daily performance or the saving of money.  
This is not a spreadsheet with data row by row.

Though I'm often rushing; here to there, to and fro,  
Among these fields, there's nowhere else for me to be.  
This place where trees grow tall and gentle waters flow.

When I start walking through this landscape that I know,  
I take a moment; a pause that will remind me:  
This is not a spreadsheet with data row by row,  
This place where trees grow tall and gentle waters flow.

**William Kummer**

Not so, not so  
So take the strain,  
Take the strain  
No pain, no pain  
Usually others are more clued up  
So it's not so, not so  
In spite of this we still  
Can show we really care  
Really care, be there, be there  
Be others comfort too  
Now we come to stand tall, stand tall  
Yes stand tall  
Get the uplift of hitting things  
He on. go to him that are heavy,  
Heavy of heart.  
Now that's a start  
For none is an island  
Or meant to be alone  
So stand tall  
Do not let doubt, discouragement  
Even get hold  
For be bold  
Bear you one another's burdens  
Share it out, share it out  
Stand tall, stand tall  
With it all, with it all  
Let's build each other up  
Treat it , yes treat it  
Just like we won the cup  
For me are more than conquerors

**John Merchant**

**This zine is  
printed on  
Risograph by:  
Dizzy Ink**

**Nottingham**

**Writers**

**Studio**

**25 Hockley,**

**NG1 1FH**

(please get in  
contact before  
visiting)

**Call us:**

Benjamin -  
07542788243

Craig -  
07473338886  
[www.dizzyink.](http://www.dizzyink.com)



# Chapter and Verse

4:30– 7pm

First

Sat

of

month

Arrive early  
for poetry  
open mic

Jam Café,  
12 Heathcoat St,  
Nottingham,  
NG1 3AA

**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**

the **ACUPUNCTURE** Pain Centre



**Martin Dean**

**07969 41 3 158**

**Acupuncture Pain Centre .co.uk**

**23 years' experience**

*\* Painful conditions*

*\* Male/female fertility issues*

**\* British Acupuncture Council Member**

**FREE**

# **Speech Therapy**

**FOURTH  
THURSDAY OF  
EVERY MONTH  
STARTS 8PM**

**HOSTED BY  
MIGGY ANGEL  
++ GUESTS**

**AT THE  
CHAMELEON  
ARTS CAFE  
17 ANGEL ROW  
NOTTINGHAM  
NG1 6HL**

**open  
mic**

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

## THE UNKNOWN SOUL

The wind whistles gently and picks up the blossom,  
Pretty pink petals, your raindrops from heaven  
A tiny little patch of neat mounded earth  
With no recognition as to why it was there

Every year we'd visit and live you flowers  
Special occasions you missed we'd visit  
So you were acknowledged

Whenever we call it's always been clean  
Unsure who is tending they've never been seen  
Your grave isn't marked, we couldn't afford it  
But the blossom tree keeps you sheltered, protected

It's like your angel kiss tends to it's roots  
The more years went by the more it did bloom  
There is still no stone or a mark  
It does not matter you're whoever we are

**Lolly Dean**



## **Cornish Consternation**

Cornish consternation,  
Greggs is now in town,  
fake bake upstart,  
neither pie nor tart,  
Kernow faces frown.



Official designation,  
West of River Tamar,  
meat, veg, tasty,  
crimped edge pasty,  
best is local, by far.



Impressive annual statistics,  
pastry baking county,  
120 million pasties made,  
2000 people earning a wage,  
£300 million trade bounty.

Greggs copy a West Country niche,  
nothing more, nothing less,  
a Cornish pastiche.

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## **MISSING-**

Your face I see,  
Mind lost in another world.  
Memories of a long time ago.

I face you and smile.

My heart recognises you,  
but sinks like a weighted ship.  
Eyes blank, unsure, untrusting,  
once looked upon me with pride.

I miss you even though you're still here.

**Natalie Hawksley**

### **In Bulgaria Before the Fall**

In Bulgaria the Beatles were seen as evil,  
Never mind the Stones.  
You listened to a forbidden cassette,  
On one side AC/DC,  
Their democratic three chord electric charge,  
Must have been a shock to the system.  
On the other side Foreigner,  
Maybe it was the name that was taboo  
And exotic  
In your closed country,  
As the band were bland  
But maybe a teenage girl  
Wanted to know what love is.

**Frank McMahon**



**BANNED**

## Art 0m30

Art, modern, nouveau, figurative, palliative

Art in the way the sun brushes the patio

In awesome big-boned strokes,

And in the small change that jingles

Every fibre of my being

Art in the coffee on my lips and the jazz notes

That syncopate my feet,

Art in the fabric that frames your smile

And in the perfect companion to my day.

Life in imitation of art.

(c) Martin Dean 2018



## CROSSWORDS OPEN MIC

**Second  
Wednesday  
of month**

**8pm**

**£2 entry**

**@ the Cock & Hoop  
25 High Pavement  
Nottingham**

For more contact Leanne  
[Leanne@nottinghamcityoflit.org](mailto:Leanne@nottinghamcityoflit.org)

## **Soul Mates**

Two people who meet. They may be strangers for a while and friends in the end. The two may share their stories, their ups and downs and maladies with each other.

Many even make our mutual lives have meaning above the mundane. However a friend is both black and white in the game of chess, both pawn and King. Sooner or later somebody loses and inevitably it's check mate. Yet those who watch it unfold, learn from its logic, and lives among each piece; the war like castle, the noble knight and the saintly bishop, rise above the dismay.

These loved ones have lost many times and won without gain. They are the few we call rock, saviour, and hero. And though most of the time we never have peace in our gentlemanly game of war, there are some chosen people in the melee who get to share not just friendship, but a move which defeats all opponents and illusions. They get to share not the spoils of the world, where a Queen rules her people, but an equal heart, who you lay down for and die, and where souls burn and never surrender except for love.

**David Holloway**

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 44. 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 January 10th 2019. Poems should be sent as a Word attachment to [diypoets@yahoo.co.uk](mailto: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](mailto:diypoets@yahoo.co.uk)**  
**[www.diypoets.com](http://www.diypoets.com)**  
**@**  
**Or on Facebook**

**Feb 14th**  
**May 9th**  
**Aug 8th**  
**Nov 14th**

