

DIY POETS BEST OF 2

WE'RE NICE AND WE
DON'T ALWAYS RHYME



£5



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The Bruising

Could you quantify the why in all the choosing?
That simplicity that seems to make it more and more confusing
For complicity that suckers the excusing from the bruising
With whatever 'find your way' is meant to mean.

Could you glean a kind of wreckage from the weaning?
A sheen to cut you clean from that asthmatic aspiration
That trends your trepidation for the losing in the bruising
Til redemption wants to bludgeon what you've seen.

Could you demonise the doubts that would devour?
With the power from the memes that tell us all to 'be our dreams'
That would scowl at and shatter the enthusing in the bruising
When it wouldn't matter what you would have been

Could you?

Cos I don't think I can

Martin Grey



It was the two of us against the world
The world won.

Orla Shortall



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

Capture the Moment

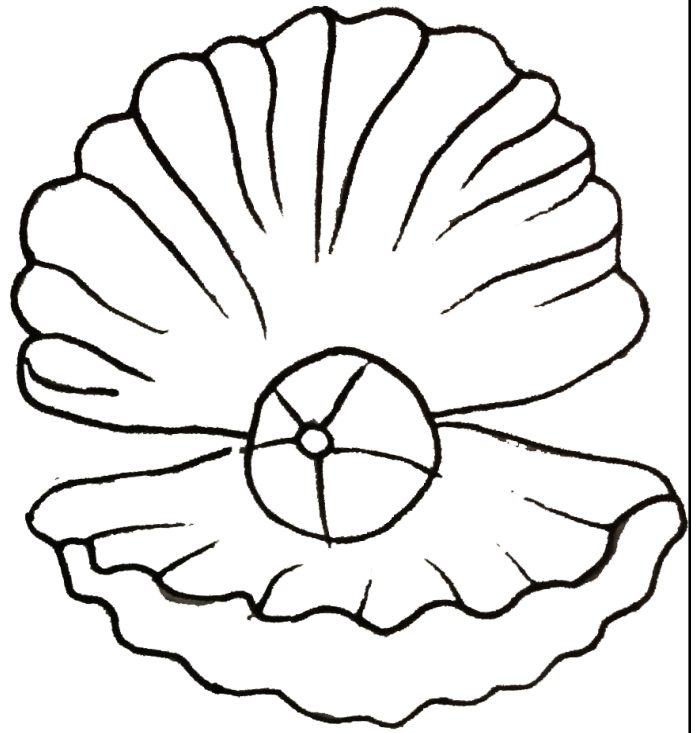
Catch the ball
throw it, kick it
watch it fall

I can do it, let me try
this time: next time
- see it fly

Smiling, laughing
concentrating,
celebrating, participating

Seaside inside, sand and shells
bunting fluttering
and candy floss smells.

Lytisha



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



Fire Pit:

By the fire pit, in the darkness
Squeezing out every last ounce
Of fun to be had
I look around
Wide eyed, wide eyes
The strange, the strangers
And the stranger still beside me
Telling his same story for at least an hour now
"Why are we here?"
A question so profound
Yet so tangible by firelight
Reflected in the wide eyes
Of the wide eyed strange, the strangers
And yet the stranger still beside me
Telling his same story for at least two hours now
Why are we here?
I don't know,
let's go back to the tent

Hazel Warren



The Woodlands of the Word

I search for a leaf of love,
beneath crumpled leaves of self-loathing,
for years my only clothing,
hidden from the heart, but seen by the world.
Falling folioles, flesh unfurled,
made vivid foliage of late seasons' suicides,
ley-lined capillaries to limbs that died.
Roots buried beneath furrowed inky frowns,
lids wrapped tight,
canopied shields over empty eyes,
lost to all but silver-birch seas of imagination's light.
Stanzas of trees, arbour lines of air,
breathe me freedoms of forests,
cities of chestnut, congregations of conifer,
asylums of oak in the woodlands of the word.

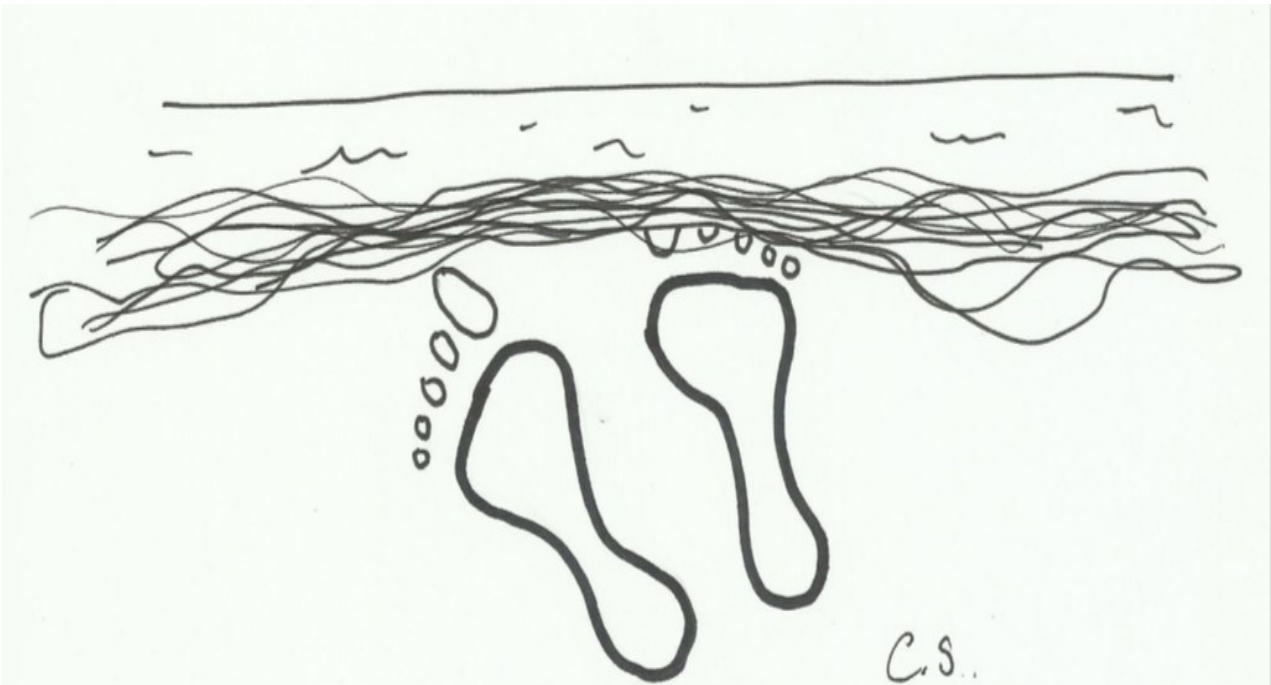
John Humphreys



Words Falling Grains Of Sand

Words falling like flakes of snow
People living like footprints on the shore
Waiting for the inevitability of incoming tides
One of impressions to be washed away
In endings there is no place left to hide
In beginnings just grains of sand
Grains of sand to be reshaped and reformed
Humility found in a candle flame
Lit again and again
Burning brightly yet not the same

Peter Hoult

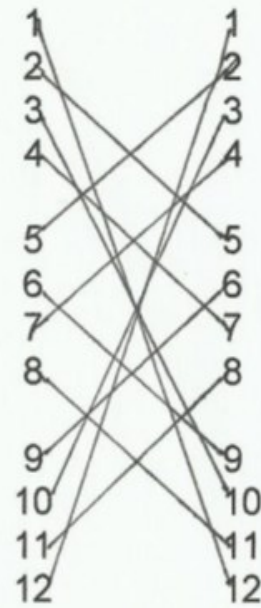


How your laptop really feels – a pantoum

He loves you. Well, that's no surprise:
You turn him on each day and night.
You let him perch upon your thighs.
He bathes you in admiring light.

You turn him on each day and night,
And, tenderly, you tap his keys.
He bathes you in admiring light
And sings to you in binary.

And, tenderly, you tap his keys.
You let him perch upon your thighs
And sing to you in binary.
He loves you. Well, that's no surprise.



Leanne Moden

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 leave 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 its 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



Gorgon

I don't like the me
I see
in your eyes.
An ugly snakey Gorgon.

I diminish under your stony disdain
reduce under your rocklike regard.

You are blind
Already made of stone.
This Gorgon has no power.

If I had power,
I would not turn you grey and cold.
If you could see,
my smiling eyes would turn you fleshy soft and
warm.

See?
My hair is made of hair.

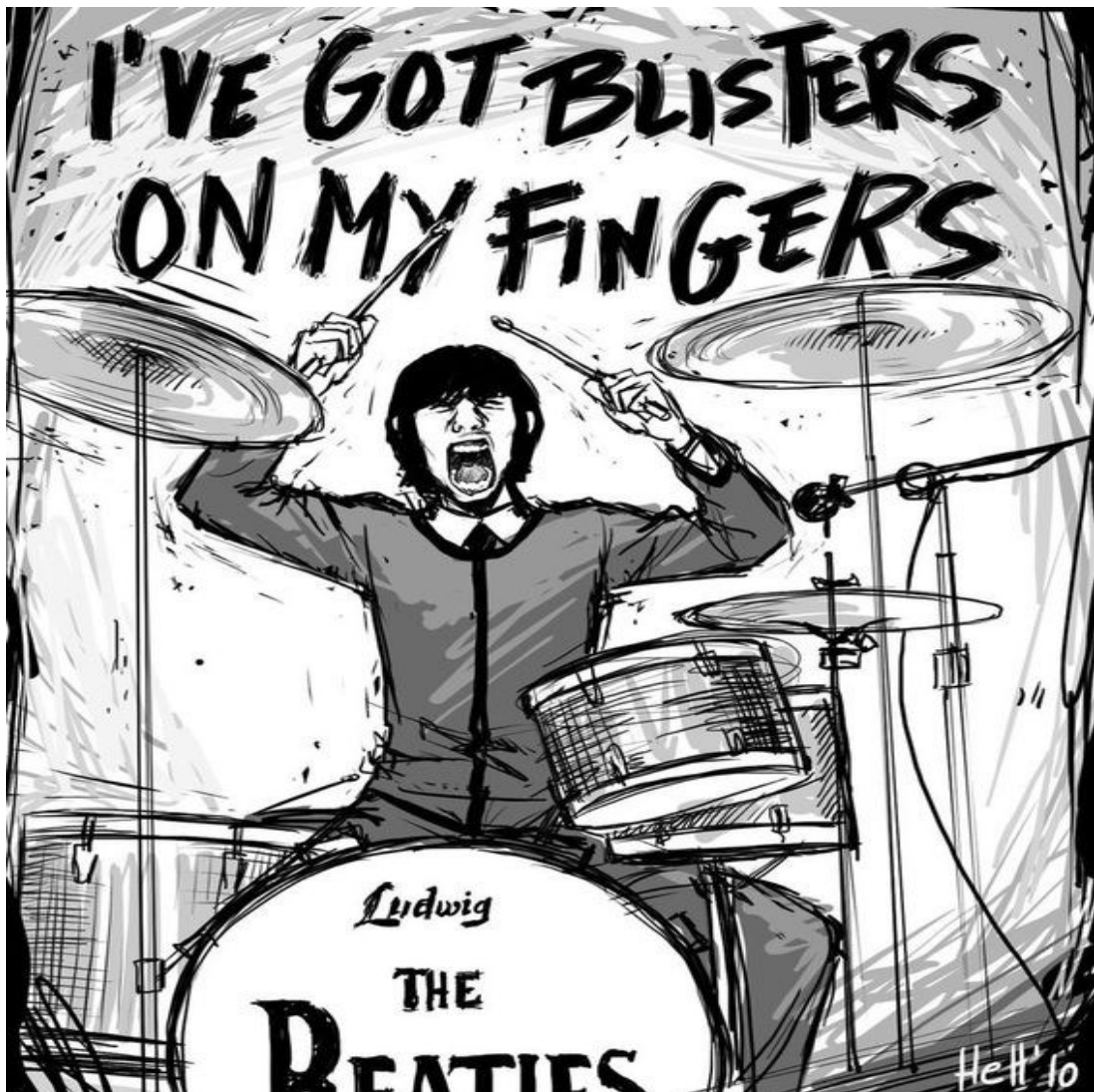
Clare Stewart



Ringo

Ringo was not like George, mystical,
He was not like John and Paul
The yin and yang of the avant garde.
Ringo seen as exotic as bingo.
Him and Maureen left the Maharishi
After a week.
The food and him did not agree.
He knew his place, did his bit.
Loose limbed and underrated,
Behind the kit.

Frank McMahon



Standing female skewed

(inspired by Carol Ann Duffy's
Standing Female Nude)

You've got me all wrong Pablo
Trying to corner me
With your palettes.

I gave you the brush off
As you mused on my angles.

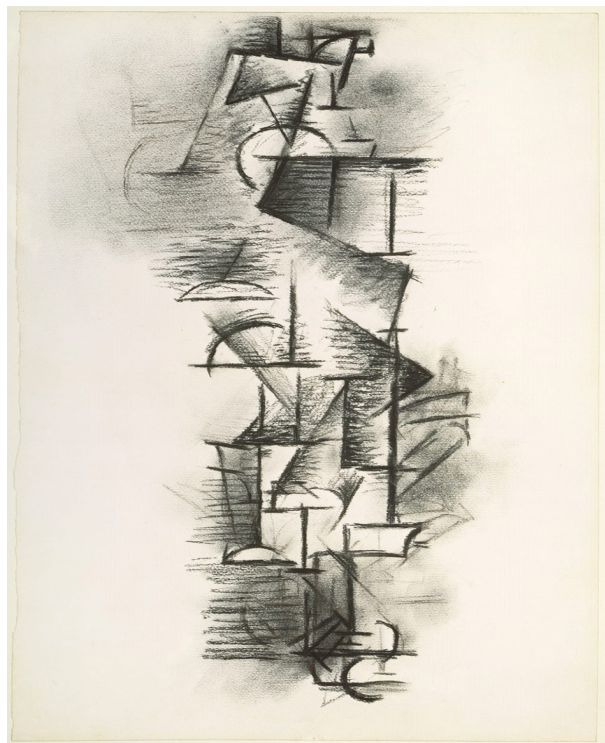
You have your concept,
I have mine.

I have no need for your
Many tacks and turns

Traced into your reality
I lose my femininity.

It does not look like me.

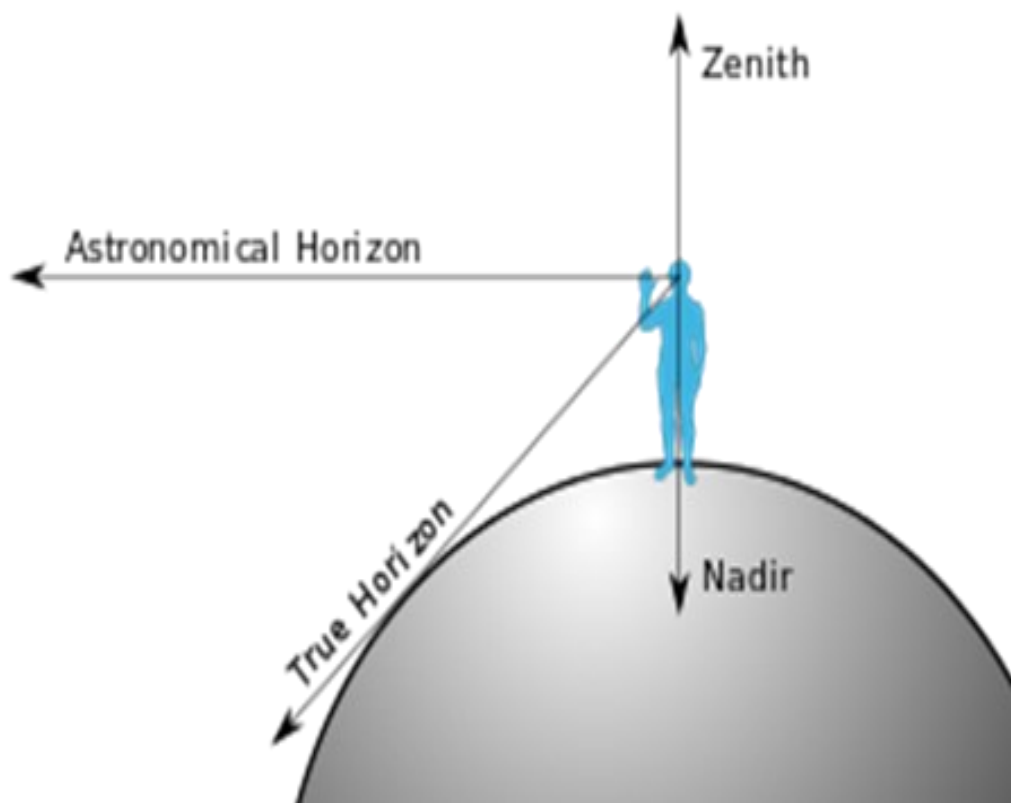
Sue Allen



Nadir

Sweet you are
Dark you are
Treasured you are
Cherished you are
Witty you are
Warm you are
Dear you are
And the nadir
of my life you are.

© M. Dean 2017



If you look

Fear again
inside and out.
It seeps under
the smart tech,
the shiny skin,
the celeb
tweet treats...

Leaves something
like shampoo
in eyes, stinging.
Blinded to the kindness,
prolific as dandelions
right there in the daily
places, the broken places,
gloriously
alive

Kevin Jackson



**Chapter and
Verse**

**LORD ROBERTS
23 BROAD ST,
NOTTINGHAM,
NG1 3AN**

Arrive early
for **poetry
open mic
mic**

**4:30- 7pm
First
Saturday
of month**

Duct Tape Messiah
(for Blaze Foley 1949 -1989)

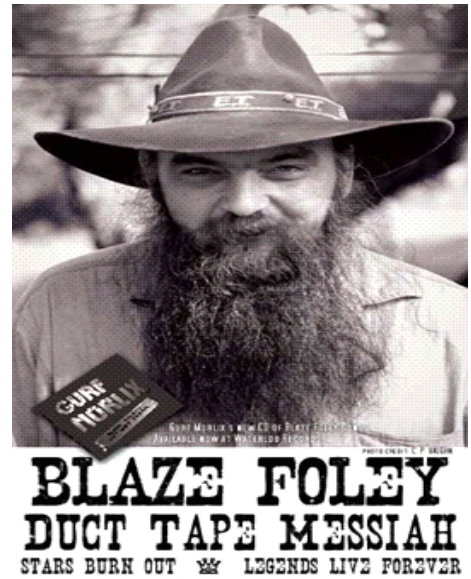
*“He’s only gone crazy once,
decided to stay” – Townes Van Zandt*

*To Blaze a skyward trail,
If he Could Only Fly,
not sink beneath it all, alcohol, no sails.
Just a drowning of duct tape
holding everything precious together,
hair curlers, broken toys and old 45s.
And if Clay Pigeons are wingless,
his words find the airstream.*

*Carey January put a hole in him with a '22,
a wound, where the light enters through.*
Townes dug him up for a pawn ticket,
release a guitar so he can sing those words,
no more ‘sinking suns’ or ‘lonely nights’
and he’d finally fly, n’ kiss this world,
goodbye.*

**acknowledgements to Rumi*

John Humphreys

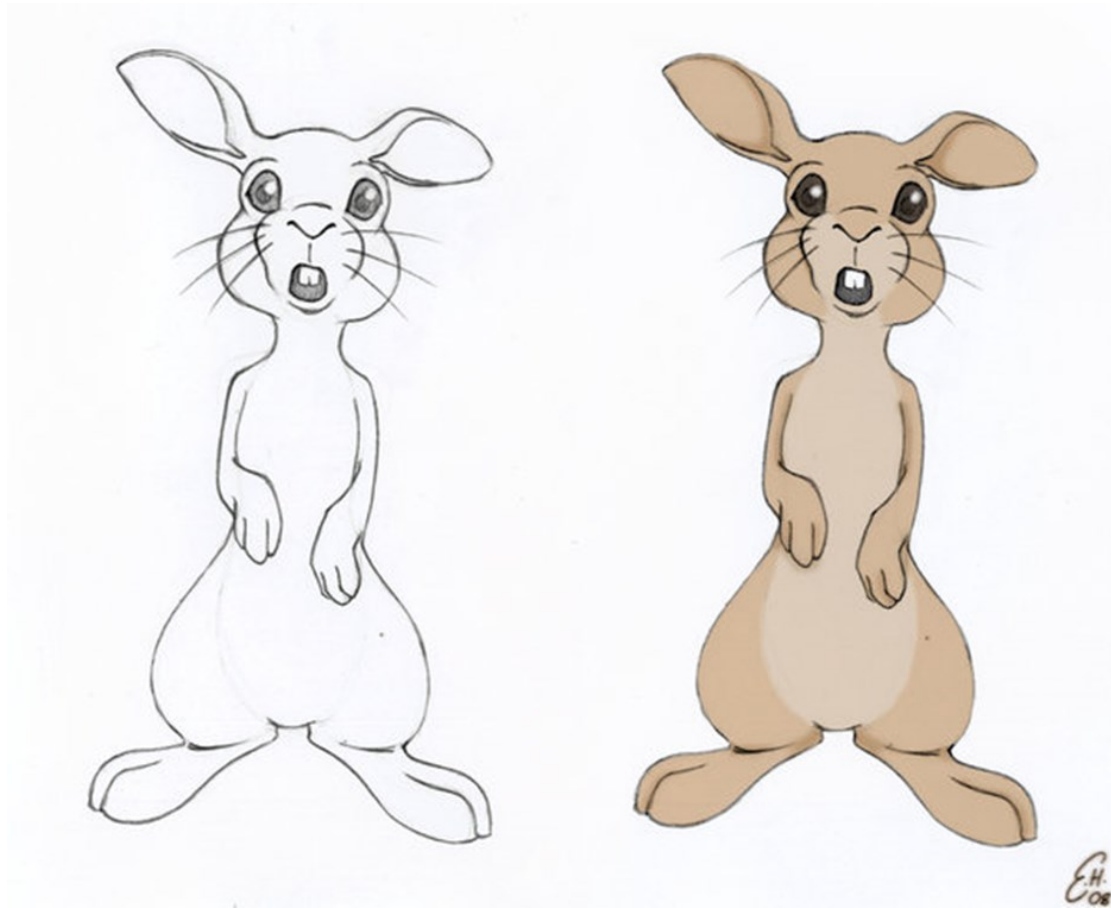


Watership Down

Richard Adams died aged 96 in Dec. 2016

Run, rabbit, run, rabbit, run, run, run
Beware jolly farmer, aims his gun
Beware rabbit farms, breed fur fun
Vivisection, dissection, no stun
Watership Down, manuscript, declined
Two-hundred-thousand wise words, warrens
Major publishers reject, repeat
Nineteen-seventy-two global sales
Fifty million copies
Berkshire Downs, rabbit society
Evocation, Southern England
Political, allegorical
Bright Eyes, rabbit, rabbit, Bugs Bunny
Rabbit's foot, a lucky charm, perhaps
Unless you're a three-footed rabbit

Andrew Martin, January 2017



HEARTS AND HORSE-CHESTNUTS **(inspired by the poet John Clare)**

The horse-chestnut trees stood high with barren boughs,
the fallen leaves once green were now a yellowy-brown,
and they lay thickly upon the asylum's grounds.

The old lunatic who walked alone looked on
as fellow patients kicked the leaves all around,
and searched beneath them for their seasonal share
of the unseen spiky burs that lay in waiting there,
He could see them, as they played the ancient conker game,
time and time again, as the losers threaded the string
through the holes in the new nuts' soft kernels.

Then he remembered how once he went in search of love,
and found hidden hearts just like those horse-chestnuts -
each time he felt the lance of loneliness go through him
at the thought of those games of love he did not win.
Where once a battered heart, now a piece of knotted string;
all feelings best forgotten for what might have been.

Tom Ryder



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



Bus Stop

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.

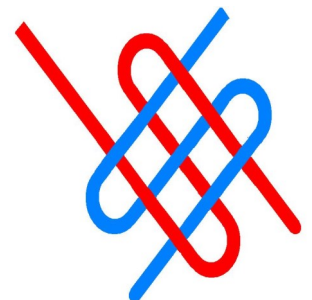


Neil Fulwood

Friendship

Friends can lighten the load of a tonne.
A friend is worth all the hazards one can run.
Friendship can be troublesome, some loving, some fun.
A true friend is more warming, than the rays from the sun.
Comforting hugs, that makes a heart hum.
Starving friends can feast on a portion of crumb.
Friends can be few and far between so be careful of some.
To a heart filled with love, true friendship shall come.

© Jamahl Peterkin



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 secret
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



FOOD BANK BRITAIN?

FIGHT HUNGER
REDUCE CHILD POVERTY
VOTE to
CUT THE TORIES
8th JUNE 2017

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

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 we are more than conquerors

John Merchant

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



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 Deller



**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**

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



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

FREE

Speech Therapy

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

FOURTH THURSDAY OF EVERY MONTH
STARTS 8PM

HOSTED BY
MIGGY ANGEL
++ GUESTS

NOTTINGHAM'S
PREMIER
MONTHLY SPOKEN
WORD EVENT

open mic

For the **CORRECT
TIME**



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

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

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.

(c) Martin Dean 2017

cr	bl	br	cl
dr	fl	fr	sh
wh	th	gl	gr
pl	pr	sn	sp
sl	sk	tr	tw
st	ch	sw	wr

I am the right person to swing a sledgehammer
at Broadmarsh car park,
because...it would be my one and only chance
to make my civic mark!
To go down in history as the demolisher
of this Nottingham landmark.
A task to get rid of this graceless monument,
I would gladly embark.
People would cheer me on!
"Knock it down!" they would remark.
I'd swing that sledgehammer through the air in a wide arc.
I wonder if there'd be splinters or maybe even a spark?
Goodbye! Farewell! Good riddance to Broadmarsh car
park!
P.s regarding the engraved sledgehammer,
I'd have a real good aim,
and the engraving wouldn't cost that much
as there's only seven letters in my name!

Joy Rice



Cup Final 1973

At the time, Leeds United were a footballing superpower

They had some fine players, and a bagful of dirty tricks, opponents would cower

I sat down to watch the game on TV with my dad, he poured me a shandy

Sunderland faced Leeds in the FA Cup final, in the spring of 1973

Their manager was a fella called Bob Stokoe, he had a unique charisma

But could his team defeat the Don Revie machine? It was too much to hope for

The magic of the cup back then was something real, results could be unexpected

And then we saw, the swing of a Sunderland boot, the ball found the back of the net

The crowd went crazy and so did we, my dad poured me another shandy. We sat back

And watched Leeds pour on more pressure, pushing Sunderland back, attack after attack

Montgomery in goal for Sunderland, pushed a shot on to the cross bar

We held our breath, watching until the death, a one nil victory something to pray for

The final whistle arrived and the underdogs had won, history was written

It was symbolic, and added to our belief, that Ukraine could one day be a free nation

Andy Szpuk

Dance Hall. (Ghost in the Atmosphere).

Dance Hall

Where lullabies sung secrets kept
Relationships flourished promises met
Who follows who in a dance from the past
Sat out on stools wait till you're asked
To Dance

The evening

Foxtrot or jive

Sweating, gyrating, held close, being alive
All of that's gone now lost to the past
Dance Hall stands empty silent and still
Floor littered in dust amongst faded handbills
Musicians instruments before logotype stands
Conductor twitched batten start up the band
The place in our town where most people danced
A snake queue of trilby new home-made dress
Courtships, chance meetings, bustling dancefloor
Back three generations, if counting four
Scent hovers nightly

How sweet

Breath in air

Ghost couple lost, only to Dance
Memories hidden of a forbidden Romance
Tobacco stained paintwork Outdated worn flock
Met of an evening under chimes of a clock.

Dwane Reads

The Doctor Meets Keats

If I had the gift of time travel
I'd stop Keats's illness before
It made him unravel,
A Tardis to stop tuberculosis.

A different kind of doctor
To the surgeon Keats,
I could treat the pulmonary bleeding
But not the public unheeding.
I'd give him penicillin,
Stop what was killing him.
But doubt I could boost his sales.

If I returned in my special box,
I'd see him at seventy five,
In medicine or in poverty,
Still waiting for recognition to arrive,
Still envious of Lord Byron.

Frank McMahon



The last of them

Here's an unsung song
from my ancestral heart.
A story charting the ruined
distance of many truths.

A journey outside
the heraldic map's reach.
To the deeper darkneses
held in the flesh folds of time.

The contoured lines
of collapsed grace.
The last ship of the line,
stopped in the grey waves.

John Humphreys

The Universal Lie

I tell the same lie
every time.

I need to make
admissions.

“Yes, I've read
and understand

All terms and
conditions”

Alistair Lane

Grief and all its devils,
loss, fear and aging grip your thinking.
Time with its blurry lines,
compelling you to run, hobble quickly maybe,
anywhere baby, as long as it's far away.
Just any damn horizon as long as it's new,
unexpected, fierce as shouting.
Away from the cold sweat here, knife-cut now,
never turn back from that road, Jack, of diamonds,
Jack of shadows, Jack of dreams.
Keep singing them old songs to torture memory,
scar the heart with belonging, longing
for when the promise was everything to come
that never did. So that now
all you have are the stories, worn through to holes
where the rain gets in.

John Humphreys



Ghost Walk

Sometimes, when walking out,
do you pick up the scent
of trails you once crossed?
Intersected, do you trace out,
every sunken scar
via thin leathered soul?
On such nights, on these walks
do your eyes lift to pray
for pyroclastic rain?
If you do.
Come kneel with me.

Trevor Wright

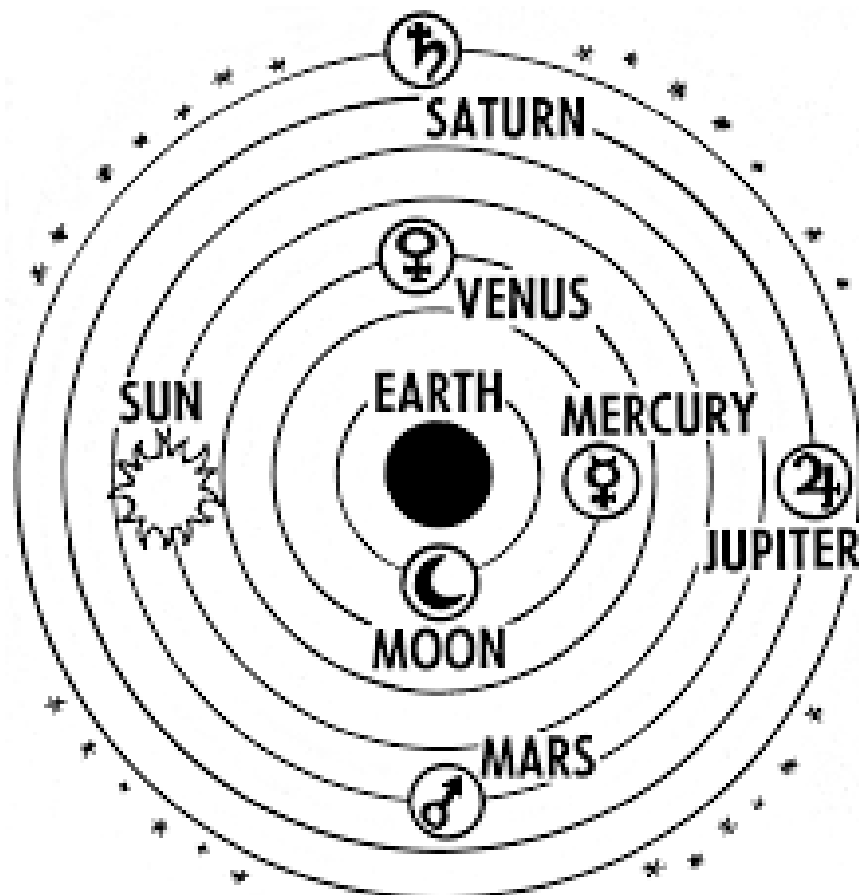


Space/Time Continuum

Planetarium, National Space Centre,
comfortable seats,
film animation,
universe creation.

I awoke, surface water on
planet green and blue,
dawning realisation,
my short sleep at the dawn of time,
I missed the birth of Planet Earth.
A few minutes and millions of years,
I had dozed as the cosmos was composed.

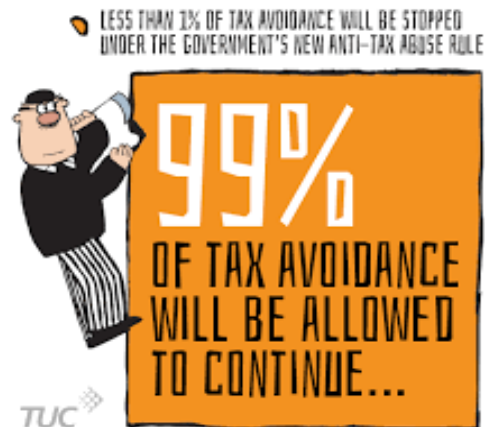
Andrew Martin, December 2017



Tax Fraud on Toast

Tories appoint ministers with dodgy credentials
Who preside over tax evasion on a grand scale
Accountants take sumptuous lunches at the Ritz
Tax fraud on toast, a dish some find hard to resist

Andy Szpuk



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

Pixels

Pixels pass on by
My thumb throws them on
toward the sky
...through the gaps in the Wi-Fi
that will bring me different pixels
to throw
toward the sky

Martin Grey

Title: To Be?

Zombie Shakespeare
Said to thee:
Life for me, is
"Not to be"!

Alistair Lane

Love you liar

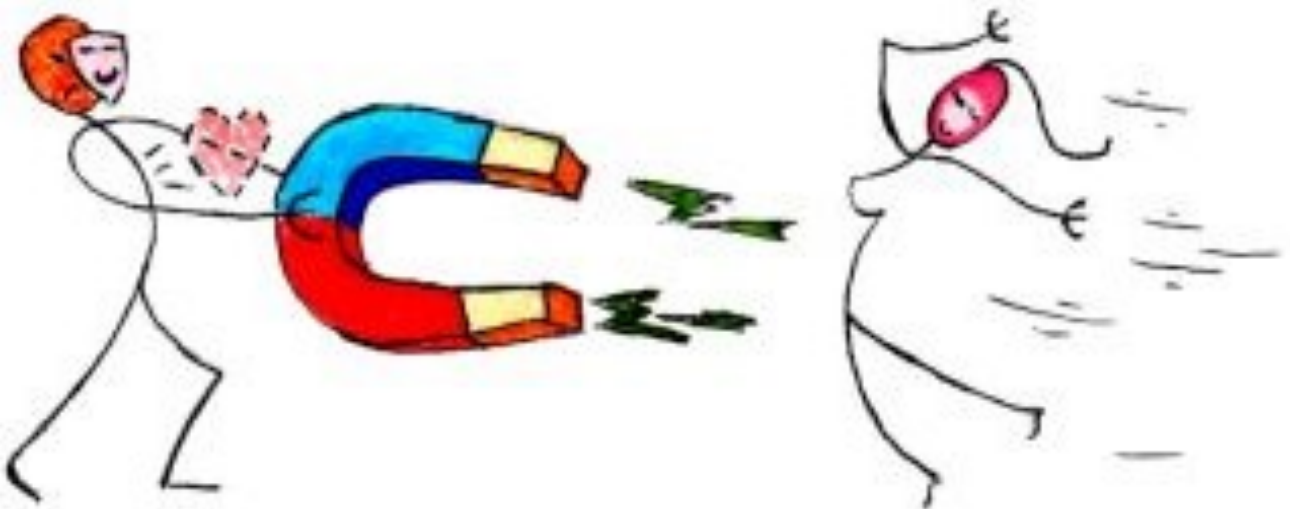
Love you liar
I believed all
The poetry and song.

The fairy-tale
That love could last
Forever
And now it's gone.

And oh
The sharpness
Of the blade
That dissects
My heart.

Love
Your lies
Are tearing me
Apart.

Sue Allen



The Bus Driver

Our driver knows this city off by heart.
He traces routes upon his well-worn palms –
his knowledge isn't science, it's an art;
it takes more than a jam to shake his calm.
He knows just how to act, and plays his part
down Derby Road and up to Assarts Farm.
He loves this job: the streets, the early starts;
the traffic lights have yet to lose their charm.
The regulars all call him 'Juke Box Jim'
because he knows the words to every song.
His radio bleats out its joyful din–
it's so infectious we all sing along.
Being on his bus is such an honour:
I love it when he listens to Madonna!

Leanne Moden



Carpe Noctem

A delicate awakening
The bird chorus calls dawn in –
Blue skies entice aural delights, and
Sunlight breathes in MORNING!
The eyes - primed -
Ignite a passion within
Desire burns bright
PROJECTING
A mental and physical being
That entwines, and waltzes
Hand in hand, (and)
Glides through the nuances -
Through expressions borne of the mind
A dance that lightens up darkness
And of private dreams
That seize the night

Richard C Bower

The inside out

With your hand on my heart
You look into my eyes
Searching.....
For you to see
For me to expose, betray
Hidden secrets cloaked behind a blink
Heavy lids, curtain heavy hearts
A glimpse
A gaze
A twisted maze
Of emotion concealed in the fluttering of lashes
A scatter of changing colour
Iris expanding, reducing, revealing
So much more than a lens of view
Disclose the truth
Bare the corners of the soul
Without words, display
A glance conveys
So much.

Fay Deller





DIY POETS

A Nottingham based poetry collective trying to rescue poetry from elitism and being ignored. We have been in existence for over fifteen years.

DIY Poets produce a free poetry magazine available in shops, bars and cafes throughout Nottingham city centre.

We have produced 43 issues. This is the best of from issues 36 to 43, our second best of edition.

DIY Poets have monthly meetings upstairs at the Broadway bar, Broad Street, Nottingham city centre, 8pm on the first Wednesday of each month. Come along and get the chance to perform at poetry events and share your poems in written form and get friendly, constructive feedback on your work.

DIY Poets produce a quarterly night of spoken word and music at the **Maze** on 257 Mansfield Road, Nottingham NG1 3FT

**For more information phone 07889 765917 or email:
diypoets@yahoo.co.uk**

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