

Schindler Escalator in Waterstones

Through the glass all open plan
I could see the workings of the escalator,
All tubes, cylinders and pistons,
Taking book lovers to another level.
The make was Schindler.

Another Schindler, Oskar, Did his lifting from a place that burned books, As part of a secret plan, The hidden tubes, cylinders and pistons Of humanity, Behind the scenes

Frank McMahon



Poetus Interruptus

Reaching deep into his own
Packet of bitter-sweet childhood
Memories
The poet and man of letters
Was brought to a sudden pause
By the lady in the front row
Who rustled her way
Through her own crisp moment
Perhaps searching for her own past.

Martin Dean

Shellshock

Sent back from the front to the children and me, There's a twitch around your mouth where your smile used to be Cramps and groans but no broken bones. Oh my love.

Too haunted to speak and too angry to eat, You're clinging to the bed as I change the wet sheet. Strange yelps and moans but no broken bones. Oh my love.

Are they old friends that you stare at all night? Or the enemy impaled, rising up for a fight? So many unknowns but no broken bones. Oh my love.

I must endure and pretend to be glad
For these daughters and this son who can't fathom their dad.
Broken men, broken homes, but no broken bones.
Oh my love.

One summer's day and you're off to the shed. Here's to regimental pride! Seven swigs till you're dead. Lying cold as the stones but no broken bones. Oh my love.

Paul Carbuncle Nov 2018

Steve

"Are you okay?"

A man no-one sees saw through my facade from a fraying sleeping bag in an estate agent's doorway Saw through the closed curtains and ignored doorbells I needed to get home to Enough to ask me "Are you okay?"

I told him I was, just a bad day Asked him his name

Through traffic noise and designer feet he raised voice fancied Ireland's chances for the Six Nations a lot more than his own

'Cos there's a long wait for shelters these days and he thought too much about the loss of his kid

I shook his hand Gave him what I could And went home

He already was

Martin Grey



Dig for Victory

First I dug my heels in, childishly refusing to move on
From the site of childhood trauma
Later I dug my nails in, until my palms bled red
Next I dug deep within, I searched my soul
And found it, wanting
Lacking

Searched in others, to find them
Wanting
Lacking
Empty souls waiting to be fed

Now, I dig in soil Plant seeds of hope And bleed from thorny brambles Which I wrestle for the fruit Red juice stains my palms

Hazel Warren



Soul smiling Heart melting Joy giving LOVE

and so my heart starts to mend the gritty hole left by your departure and I begin to heal slowly the darkness passes and pulls away

in my thoughts decay until a moon of brightest yellows through my grey wraps me in indigo skies washes me to nothing upon a swell of azure kisses until

I gently still
and come to rest easily
in lifes green meadow
dappled with the richest and reddest of poppies
born of the clay with which I dance
and I shall truly say
such ancient wisdom
will in all ways heal my saddened heart

© Sharon Jordan

Ode to a Ventilator in the room where we do poetry workshops

At the bottom of the wall
itchy ankle height
kicked dust, fallen food
dirt walked in off the street,
where all the germs end up,
you bring us not-very-fresh air,
take out what we discard,
peep at our shoes as we walk by,
can only guess the rest —
our full lives
moving where we want
speaking how we wish

Venting,

we fly our anger, our sadness, our delights, like kites;

like balloons bobbing on the ceiling wafted by a not-very-fresh breeze.

Clare Stewart September 2018



Water for the things I've swallowed That I don't want to swallow no more Water in its purest form, Let me baptised in thee Insults from those that make me degenerate Wash away this mental torture Oh water set me free Crystal are my tears I cry upon your shore Kiss them as I embrace your waves I don't want to cry no more Your heavy tides won't drown me I'll ride them like a dance A beam of ray shines down on you In your gaze, I'm in a trance Water quench me for I have been stifled Unable to grow As I swim in your abundance Let my true colours show You Sea is no longer cold May the rainbow now unfold

Eleni Georgeou



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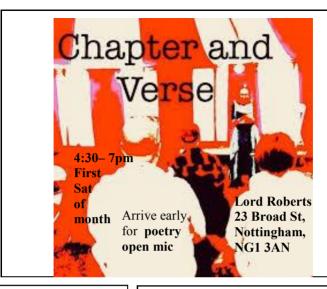
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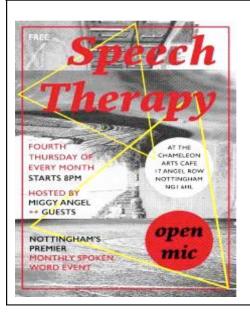
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Bamburgh Beach

Rooted in rock, Bamburgh castle stands tall, Where North East coast meets North Sea winds. These heights have seen onslaught from Vikings abroad And been the strong seat of power of Northern Kings. Those times are past, but the fortress endures above the sand.

Grass-topped dunes advance from the foot of the cliff; A dry place between the rock shapes and the sweeping sea, That falls away and rises again with shifting tides. Those waves that wash, wear and drag at sand, Across an expanse of three miles from end to end.

The wind brings with it the scent of the sea;
The gusting, salted soul of ten thousand, thousand leagues,
Whispered secrets from the deepest depths,
Kept from we, just children to its shores;
Tales of ships taken and never returned.

On the beach, two greyhounds dash, dart and fly over sand. They're young and they're fast and they're evenly matched. In a race for the ball, hurled high at the shore, Pursuers meet prey in the retreating shallows And fight for the prize among pooling waters.

A path leads away, back through the dunes, Away from the beach and on to the village, Past the old cricket pitch on Castle Green That sits at the foot of the Castle Rock, With the diminished sounds of wind and sea.

William Kummer

The Tree's Aura

I had just returned from a difficult trip where I comforted the shouting woman, touched the dying man, counselled the ex-convict,

told them they were good people.

I walked down the road and met an old oak, saw the great crown bloom a shadowy halo,

and stared and wondered.

The next day I began to weaken, to remember the wrongs those three had done to me.

I walked down the road, I passed the tree, and saw nothing.

Laura Grevel

For a Walk

Many of us go for a walk
Go, for a talk
Go to friends
Not so, not so those hurting
Those hurting
Homeless
Oh yes those homeless
Those homeless ones
Charities are on hand
That caring, that caring band

John Merchant

A Poem About Work By Jay Umpriz

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.

The foreman said "Nah, that's not a full peck, mate.

You need to start again.

You won't be paid for that.

Also, you owe us 24 quid for your uniform"

Shades of grey

Older women embrace silver strands, self-acceptance, empowerment, black, brown, white, halfway, confidence, hair streaky grey.

Catwalk models, all ages, Instagram images, women's years shrouded in mystery, mother, sister, auntie, gran, harboured by history, clouds of hair, shiny silver linings.

© Andrew Martin, January 2019

Dawn

She sashayed in to my darkened train of thought. All crinkly nosed, stardust eyed under long, lustrous curls.

A frisson of silken rustlings slowly slinking up my space. Each salacious foray, nuzzling in to ease a long gnarled knot.

Her blue pulsing, breaths breaking on ashen embers Set to smoulder by the flutters of a hummingbird's wing.

Trevor Wright



Found

Wondering, wandering loose as windward leaves.
Crash forcibly into words made free from some other universe. Hundreds thousands, blinding as blizzard.
Waiting for light to illuminate the necessary, cause random greatness to be flushed from the bowels of the day.

John Humphreys

LUST

We tapped on the doors of their decadence The waves they rose and fell Body upon body As in Sodom's scenes of hell All dark wood. highly polished brass Their comfort, pleasure, sleaze In innocence a begging bowl From one on bended knees Raucous laughter, snorting All pigs in place to breed Salacious sweat and panting They pass on their disease Bloated bodies **Bumping bodies** The corpses float face up Swollen eyes observing How lust leads fools to sup. **Fav Deller**



With sleep not falling

With sleep not falling My paper thin constitution Contrives, contorts, considers

But refuses To fall Into sound slumber.

Semi-conscious, conscious, Semi-conscious



I toss, I turn Restless awakenings, different driftings Strange thoughts, no thoughts Weakness But No fall!

I know I must sleep
But
It chases away from me
Eludes me with every waking breath

The morning heralds Welcome and panic! Time to start a new day of weariness. Ready for a new night of sleeplessness.

With sleep not falling Rosemarie Harvey



DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 45. 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 April10th 2019. Poems should be sent as a Word attachment to **diypoets@yahoo.co.uk** We also encourage poets to send images to accompany their poems.

