



DIY POETS 44

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

**THE
FREE
POETRY
MAGAZINE**

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
L O V E

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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printed on
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(please get in
contact before
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Chapter and Verse

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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
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Martin Dean

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open mic

NOTTINGHAM'S PREMIER MONTHLY SPOKEN WORD EVENT

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.

Fay Deller



**CROSSWORDS
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Wednesday
of month**

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£2 entry**

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Nottingham**

For more contact Leanne

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

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 April 10th 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.

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

May 9th
Aug 8th
Nov 14th

