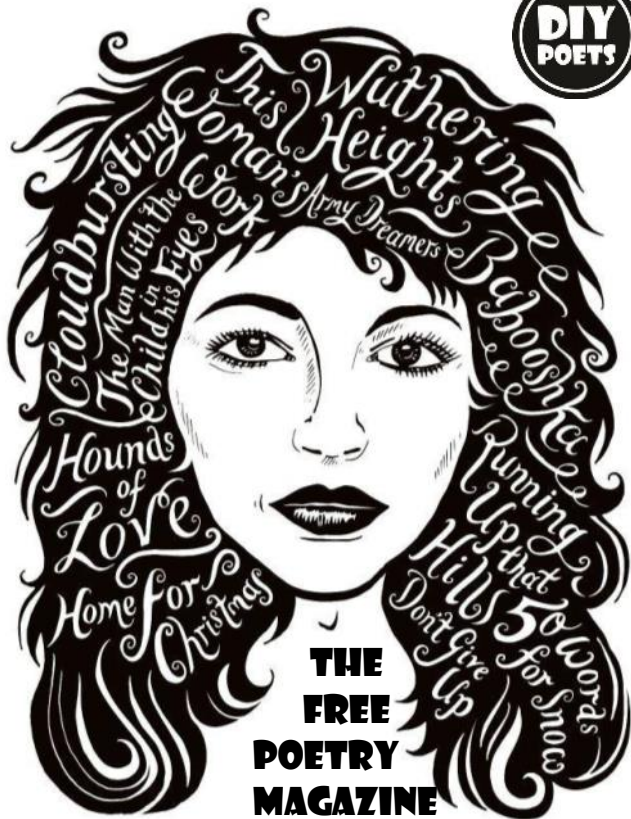


DIY POETS 45

WE'RE NICE
AND WE DON'T
ALWAYS RHYME



THE
FREE
POETRY
MAGAZINE

Mom

Mom is not an Americanism
When used instead of mum
In Brum and the Black Country.
Unlike most Americanisms
Most moms are awesome.

Frank McMahon



I would throw away that Salvador Dali print

A crop-haired black woman
hint of slavery fetish
Her woman's body twisted into a cello
played by an egghead white man
controlling her using her playing her
We watch as her swelling celloshaped arse is poked
by the cellospike
She can't protect herself her nakedness
because her arm is upstretched, the long
cello-arm.
He is working her playing her.

*But it's surrealism! It's just a dream!
You're taking it too seriously! She's not a real
woman!*

Still, she never gets away. Locked forever.
We watch torture over the mantelpiece.

Clare Stewart January 2019

The clutter that isn't mine (in Debbie Bryan's)

I can see the clutter that isn't mine
piles of useless, lost of purpose,
or of no use to me. Far away as Patagonia
if I were in Paris.

Heaps of string, aprons and rolled wallpaper,
boxes of fabric, hills of pins, armies of scissors
mocking in their stillness.

They are not my family of things, they do not
sit where my heart purrs.

Motionless, cold as yesterday's fire, here in their
gentrified tomb.

At home, my walls of books and vinyl warm me
like Spring sunshine through the grey clouds of living.

John Humphreys



Field of no wrongdoings

I will meet you on the field of no wrongdoings
Where daffodils freely bloom
Where there is no doubt or confusion
It's clear, no need to assume
No wind and no hesitation
Clouds, mere pretty balls in the sky
Ours, is to enjoy the moment
Without the need to question why
So meet you on the field of no wrongdoings
A pasture of lush green
Rays of sun and laughter
No teardrop to be seen

Eleni Georgeou



Snake

Gone in the moment
of meeting, beginning
as end. You have a name
books ascribe, but not here.
Nameless original, you are
everything denied.
Fear surprised
flames to joy
that we were here
and are gone.

Kevin Jackson

Pre 6 am

Headlamps, joggers, chemtrails
as a half-moon plays peekaboo
over a frost covered ring road
momentarily waiting on red
a woman applies lipstick
observed in a rear-view mirror
crow picks at discarded kebab
morning pre 6am
soon the ritual of morning mash
a disappearing taste upon buds
one unanswered of the crossword
seven down. wool fat?
lanolin

Dwane Reads

St Swithin's Day

Oh how it rained
On St Swithin's day,
And for forty days and
forty nights
My heart
Wept.

Martin Dean



Zombie Love

His smile slipped from his face when he saw her,
She looked harmless
But kept hands in pockets, just to be sure.
He offered her his heart, but she could smell a rat.
She fed it to a passing cat.
She kept it under her hat, that face that sank a thousand
ships.
A waitress working for tips,
Afraid of wriggling her hips; in case they fell apart.
He thought her art – poetry,
A moving example of what life and death could be.
Reaching out his hand,
She took it
Pocketed it with the others.
Finger-tip to finger-tip, they converged
In dusty corners merged,
Scales of skin sinking into 50 shades of decay.
An apocalyptic way of falling in L

Sue Allen



O
V
E!

What I mean by OK

Life goes on
Without you

I feel like a pillow
without a pillowcase

Perfectly functional
not as protected
not quite as soft

Lytisha



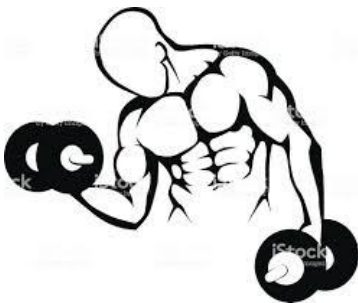
bodies

sharing deodorant
at the gym

sharing diets
at the bistro

sharing dreams
under cotton sheets

Mark Gilbert



Ghost scent

Steep, verdant, Staffordshire hill,
huffing and puffing,
excited, ignited,
exertion, expanding muscles,
mind, horizon.

Nasal detection,
coal smoke,
remote from dwellings,
wandering mind
speculates on present proximity,
route of disused railway,
steam engines,
black, burning mineral,
memory, ghost-scent ignited,
huffing and puffing.

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PLAN EVENTS?
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Martin Dean

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In the morning (part 1)

When birdsong breaks beyond curtains
And light cracks into sleepshut eyes
In the morning, before day begins it's slog
Before yawns and limbs unfurling
Magic moment between wake and sleep
When body warm and comfort safe
Before world breaks into thought
Before fuzzy feelings shatter into language
Before words, before time, clocks ticking
Before body realises boundaries
And laws of physics are defined
Implemented unbendingly throughout the day
In the morning
Heart beat is gentle hum of planetary vibration
The layers are closest in the morning



Hazel Warren

We Stop and Stare

We stop and stare,
For waves they are roaring,
No doubt
Form our earth
They begin
For how do we know
This isn't travelling into space
Because we're too busy
Keeping up the pace
This isn't a space race
For experts tell us there are waves
Also out there
And we know we don't wish to find
Our cupboard made bare
As we all stop and stare.

John Merchant



Señora Amazon

I am the Amazon: overworked, underpaid,
a forgotten foreign maidservant working
in a distant wing of your castle,
to bring you clean water, clean air,
to wash your laundry, to collect
and carry out and drink your piss.
Too far away for you to remember,
to recognize, to know, to see dying.
Too far away for you to fathom the secrets
beneath my skin, the green blood that runs in my jungles.
I'm ageing, weak, tired to my last cell of chlorophyll
—my anger has thinned—how can I keep it going?
My work takes all my energy, though it feels meaningless.
I give up.
I GIVE UP!
Clean the damn mess yourself!
Clean it your damned self!
Clean the mess your damned
self!

Laura Grevel



outpouring

after the writing group and the poetry reading
I wake and fill a notebook in the night
twelve sides of scribble by torchlight
words, rememberings, pouring out
spreading across the page, many pages
raw, unworked, unfiltered
thought leading to thought

some had been fermenting for years
waiting to be recognised, understood
given life, infused with intent and meaning

later there will be time to sift
to choose, to distill
to see what belongs together
what sings, what tells a story, what works

for now though
this exuberant outpouring
till I sleep again, emptied, exhausted.

Vron McIntyre



As the years of our earthly existence
Are pressed into a page
Of our own making
We can be
Anything we want it to be

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The Nevermind

Here, out there in the tickling noon

The Nevermind dances with a girl from the pool

While the town hounds burn their stories for the flicker and
the flesh

The crackle-cut clouds rise and sigh

The drift, the drag, the daily death all done, until done again

Two boys with paper-plane eyes play tricks with the trees

As old oak bones gulp spider-sweet nothings from their
games

Dunnocks swagger armless in a buckle-bright sky

Over toothed and venomous men sailing ore and before
across grasping grounds

And The Nevermind drinks dry from another drowned and
roundabout heart

Andrew Boulton

DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 46. 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 July 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
@ the Maze
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NG1 3FT

£3 entry
7:30 til
late

For more info:
Contact Frank on:
07889 765917 or
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www.diypoets.com
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May 9th

