



DIY POETS

47

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

**THE
FREE
POETRY
MAGAZINE**

What's the difference?

Ellie Betts

A spark

That's what it started with

Watching my friends play with PC parts

Fiddling with cables, and screwing in bolts

It grew, developed, evolved

Morphing from adolescent interest into long term goals

But at school;

Grades predicted lower than the boys,

Lower expectations for me, than the boys

I was the only girl surrounded by boys....

Despite equal skill

Despite equal interest

Despite equal *spark*

Times have changed, but prejudices remain:

It's nice to have a woman on the team?

What difference does that make?

When me and my colleagues are just the same?

It started with a *spark*.

Why does my gender have to play a part?

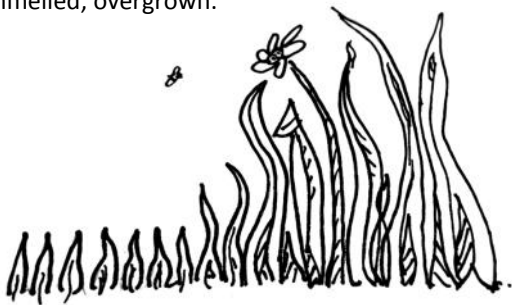
Lawn

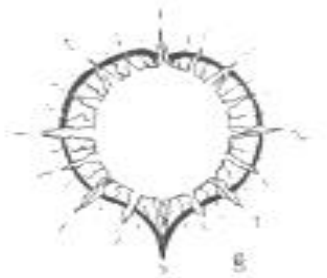
Vron McIntyre

Here you are long and lush
with lumps and bumps and clumps
You smell of summer and of rain
damp, earthy, sprouting, full of flowers.
I can dig my toes into you
you tickle my ear

Elsewhere you are clipped ruthlessly
Short back & sides, a number two
Yellow, neat, tidy, hard.
Thirsting for water and for shade

They say you need to be trimmed
and edged and mown
but I like you wild,
untrammelled, overgrown.





Tell Me a Nice Word
Eleni Georgeou

Tell me a nice word and you'll feel the
Sun I hide inside my heart
Tell me a nice word
I don't see why we should be apart
Tell me a nice word,
You'll light my skies
What I would give
For you to look into my eyes
Tell me a nice word
And Angels will brush your ears with
Tranquil song
Tell me a nice word,
I will melt
I'm only acting strong
Tell me a nice word
And tell me some more
Then I'll tell you,
Being with you is as natural as
The Ocean touching the shore



On Forgetting the Date.

Gail Webb

Almost
forgot what year it is
Just a small slip
Back to nineteen eighty nine,
thirty years or more
when we were young
And never dreamt of sitting still,
watching the bird life,
taking a sip of tea, listening,
to grey collar doves

Then this
Time creeping away soft
smoothing off the edges
Melding memories into one
Where did it go?
Past friends, then future lives
All become one
Now is the hour
Two thousand and nineteen.

Bishop's Castle
Frank McMahon

They have six pubs not bars
You can see the stars.
Six pubs where you can mix
People are polite
Rarely fight.
Take the weight off your feet
At the Three Tonnes.
When the city has given you a headache
Try the Poetry Pharmacy.
Visit Bishops Castle
When you feel beaten
By the beaten track.
When you feel defeated.
You need to be rerouted.



The Hen Party
Rosie Hunt



Feathers flying, they alight from the train
Chattering birds of playful colours
In dance troupe tops. They stumble
Reaching to steady, hyena-like
They breach the buffeting barrier to freedom.
One is queen, a swarm of honeybees ensue
Buzzing with face paint smudged
And cat's eyes wide to spot a tom or two
Fluffing feathers to signal their intent.



They fall into the nearest bar where
A cheer rings out, lambs out to play
And rams a-plenty to join the brood
Of cackling hens in party mood.



Underfoot
Martin Grey

H2O hands,
when held tightly,
make a white dawn of frozen rain,
waiting for the underfoot crunch
of a wintertime stroll.

Bonds soon to be remade
when broken by a part time sun,
slowly become self-made nurture
rooted in future canopies.

Connections change,
but fractals remain.
Freezes thaw,
thaws freeze again.
Nature never clocking off,
waiting for the joy
of an underfoot crunch.



This zine is
printed on
Risograph by:
Dizzy Ink
The Carousel
25 Hockley,
NG1 1FH

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contact before
visiting)

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An Autumn Jacket
Hazel Warren

I tuck myself into him
find ticket-stub memories
folded into pockets
where our hands tucked them
before the spring.
Warmth of nostalgia rising
as love, built on quiet years
returning to this
and now when summer days turn cold
I smile, think of how the nights
will soon stretch out again
my arms stretching up once more

**SEND AN ORIGINAL
IMAGE 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?**

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**

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Lord of the Skies
Martin Dean

Circle; toned five-foot span
Wheel; sharp-eyed and poised
Laugh; small fish and crabs
Screech; heavy, slightly hooked bill
Steal; grey and white plumage, moonless head
spot
Keen; chips, corpulent and paper wrapped
See; that which you can but imagine
Reach; beyond your fish-eye world
Free; panoramic sweep
Seagull; lord of the skies.

The Madonna of the A512

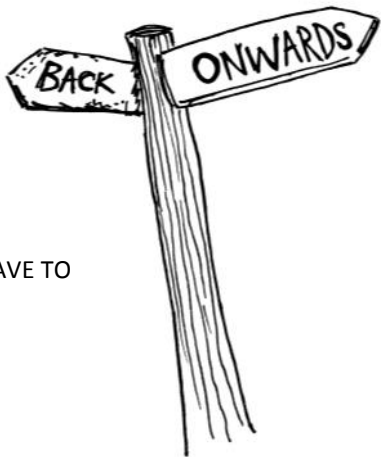
Laura Grevel

At the Leicester Road traffic light,
I look in the rearview mirror
and see her,

see that she sits
in the pale blue Fiat,
head perfectly haloed
by the head rest.

Eyelids half moons of peace,
nose a geometry of hope,
lips full and worshipping,
long hair two symmetric veils,
her hair parting a line of good,
pointing heavenward,
and glowing,
as her halo headrest glows ecstatically now,
as her headlights shed a humble low beam.

The light turns green
I have to drive
but I saw her, I saw her,
the Madonna of the A512,
the perfection palpable.



Walk the Track
John Merchant

IN OUR LIVES WE HAVE TO
YES, YES, HAVE TO
WALK THE TRACK
WE COULD
COULD SAY
AND DON'T
AND DON'T LOOK BACK
NO, NO
LET'S CONCENTRATE
ON WHAT'S AHEAD
ANTICIPATE, ANTICIPATE
LET'S NOT
NO, NO
LET'S NOT GET IN A STATE
GREATER, GREATER
GREATER THAN
THAN REALISATION

Smoke
Emma Haseldine

Your room or mine?
Was always the question
We went days without eating, but together we were
fine
Smoke, sleep, sex, repeat
There was no one else we would meet
You and I, twenty-four seven
If others could have seen us, we were a match made
in heaven
I loved the smell of you and smoke
It would be the first thing on our minds, as soon as we
woke

On hearing some searing sirens
Chris Lewis-Jones 2019

I awoke to the sounds of screaming sirens
Searing the Saturday morning silence
Which, although not pleasant, provided an
opportunity
For some satisfying alliteration
Then I realised that it was Friday!

Lamingtons
Clare Stewart



Exotic fresh fruit and salad

only just coming into British shops

We'd never seen them before didn't know what they
were

She made delighted chuckling slavering sounds
exaggerating, to amuse us,
and she pounced.

She once plucked figs from a tree and ate them
Just like that!

She piled all-colours fruit onto sweet sweet meringue.

She made lamingtons

and we helped

Sticky messy squealy fun

rolling vanilla cake cubes

licking chocolate icing dribbling

sticking with desiccated coconut

from fingers from the plate from the spoon

As a child, she'd worked in her mum's greengrocer
shop.

As a woman, my Aussie mum missed the food from
home.

Peterloo
Andrew Martin

Leaden skies, driving rain,
people's presence, powerful, provocative, clear
demonstration,
necessary change, homelessness, disability rights,
climate crisis.

Urban echoes of historic
injustices, inequality,
sabre-wielding cavalry
confronted 60,000 citizens.
Eighteen deaths. Hundreds injured.
The cost of hope for political reform.

Bicentenary.
Ages of unreasonable state demands,
power-wielding owners of resources,
onerous living, working conditions,
Age of Reason, no Paine, no gain!



DIY Poets welcome submissions for issue 48. Poems can be on any theme. The only stipulation is that they are short, twenty five lines or less, to fit onto a page of A6. Your poem may be brilliant but if its as long as Paradise Lost then it won't get in. The deadline for submissions is January 10th 2020. Send poems in a Word file to diypoets.submissions@gmail.com
We also welcome original artwork to accompany your poem

DIY POETS
@ Nottingham City Arts
11-13 Hockley
Nottingham
NG1 1FH

Nov 14th
Feb 13th (tbc)

£3 entry
7:30 'til
10:30

For more info:
Contact us on
diypoets.submissions@gmail.com
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