



**DIY  
POETS**

**DIY  
POETS**

**49**

**(ONLINE)**

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

**THE  
FREE  
POETRY  
MAGAZINE**

**Teo Eve**

**Let's Keep It Real, Madrid**

Royal palace, tranquil gardens, and not a single  
monarch in sight.

Silent statues in frozen white  
contemplate the silent pond  
(water from the fountains - trickle!  
drowned by car horns from beyond).

No great gate, no promenade;  
your neighbours Euro stores, empty cafés.  
And the peace! keep the tourists in Versaille,  
please.

February, granted, and a windy day  
though in London town that's not enough  
to keep those pesky tourists at bay.

Bring me home, bring me Buckingham --  
or don't; in these 'silent' gardens (birdsong,  
car horns), it's all the bloody same  
to me. Tear down the palace, brick  
by brick - *in memoriam*, it'll be these  
lonely, unmoving trees that stick.



**Joy Rice**

**Life**

What hopes and dreams I had,  
that were never fulfilled or met.  
But, oh what realities I have lived!  
The unexpected has been the best yet!

My ambitions never realised.  
My carefully prepared plans not achieved.  
Life just happened and I embraced it,  
more satisfactory than I could have ever conceived.

I've intended to do lots of things,  
made schemes and wrote a list.  
But the things I have valued and enjoyed,  
were opportunities that I might have missed.

It's good to be organised and prepared,  
some planning is important I agree.  
But, the unpredictable random chances,  
have been more special and fulfilling to me!

**Kevin Jackson**

**Stilled life**

Puddle on the pavement,  
her in the middle, plop.  
Jar of peanut butter  
still rolling.  
"Are you okay?"  
Between tears and fears  
she took my carrier,  
carefully deposited her groceries  
within, cracked peanut butter jar last.  
Turned away, turned back,  
"Ta love."



## **Helen Sadler**

### **Need to know.**

*Dedicated to everyone with hidden disabilities.*

The problem – that isn't a problem – I look ok.

I am ok. Don't use a wheelchair, sometimes  
a stick. I look ok. I am ok.

It's all ok. No-one need know.

The problem – that isn't a problem –the pain,  
that isn't a pain, in my feet. Defies description:  
numbness? pins and needles? barefoot on gravel?  
Not "pain". I know pain. This isn't pain. It's "weird."

The problem - that can be a problem - is my bladder.  
Like a baby's now, lives life apart.  
Is treated with caution, medicine, catheters.  
A nuisance, a problem, and I hope no-one knows.

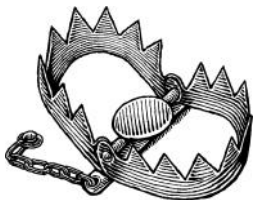
The problem - that can be a problem  
is my legs. I can't balance well, and they quickly  
tire out so I rest; exercise daily  
to keep myself moving: that can be a problem.

The problem - that can be a problem  
is the effort it takes to look normal.  
I really do aim to look normal.  
Get up early, routine maintenance,  
and carry on - as normal. Pretend that there  
isn't a problem and no-one else need know.

**Frank McMahon**

**Over the Top**

Health workers on the front line  
Each shift a going over the top,  
Not with guns or bayonets.  
Unarmed, exposed.  
Trying to protect the rest of us  
In our trenches  
No sudden death from gas  
Befall those without masks  
But a slow fall.  
Politicians thirty miles behind the line  
Expensive wine, doing fine.  
Promising the front-line staff  
A land fit for heroes.



**Clare Stewart**

**Trap**

The trap was sprung  
clamped round my tongue  
I shut my trap.  
  
It became a bit awkward.

**Sonia Burns**

**Flamborough Head**

Camping on the edge of England.  
Wind whips us up, coconut gorse makes us giddy.

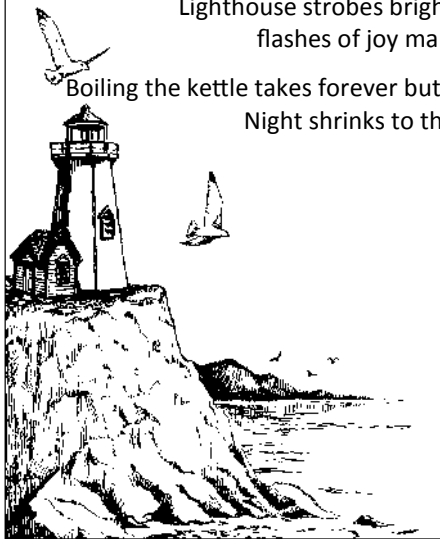
We search the sky for puffins, missing  
the butterflies alighting on our path.

Stumbling over spilt chests  
of pirate treasure, cliff top bounties.

At dusk, sheep graze, oblivious  
to our orange canvas domes.

Lighthouse strobes bright on the headland;  
flashes of joy make life worth living.

Boiling the kettle takes forever but we've got forever.  
Night shrinks to this and it is enough.



## **Eleni Georgeou**

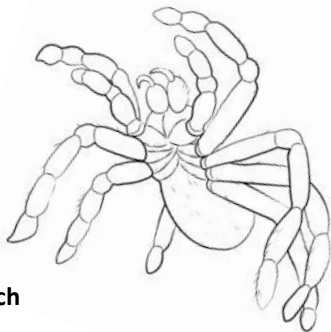
Birds are zealously chirping  
Is there less pollution in the air?  
While we are inside  
Complaining it's not fair  
Walk near a brook  
Surrounded by trees  
A peacefulness on this trail  
No reminder of disease  
Pubs are closed  
And I'm not missing  
The crowded bars for a drink  
Restlessness, boredom  
Or a stillness, to hear oneself think  
Divorced from the frenzy of having to rush around  
The inner voice can reach  
Without the drowning of distraction sound  
What brings comfort now?  
What don't we want back?  
What seemed so pivotal then?  
But is not the thing we lack?  
Out of the comfort zone  
In the unknown laid bare  
A resurgence of a higher consciousness  
A call to be spiritually aware



**Leanne Moden**

**Humanity**

This is humanity:  
sit back and let everything fall apart.  
It is ridiculous to assume we would want to  
help people we don't even know.  
We will go out of our way to  
seal ourselves off from our problems.  
We will never  
think about others before ourselves.  
We can't contemplate the future so  
we've stopped trying.  
We can't imagine a world where  
there is hope.  
There is hope.  
We can't imagine a world where  
we've stopped trying.  
We can't contemplate the future so  
think about others before ourselves.  
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This is humanity.



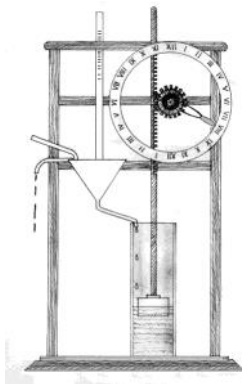
**Laura Grevel**

### **Ageing Makes Me Itch**

I have an itchy scapula  
caused perhaps by a tarantula  
that speaks spectacular vernacular  
that figures Canada and Africa  
are equations in an algebra  
fought by a woman named Pamela  
who wields spatula in taffeta,  
her stamina legend as Dracula,  
erasing her tabula by parabola  
transversing capillary anathema.

I have an itchy scapula—please,  
forgive my spectacular vernacular.

I have an itchy scapula:  
it's probably just eczema exempula.



**Neil Fulwood**  
**WATER CLOCK**

Four or five - young enough, at any rate,  
to be transfixed by the eccentric -  
and every trip to the Victoria Centre  
meant the water clock and the ritual  
of looking up at the clock face and the whirligig  
that danced around it,

a phoney mechanism like something  
from my grandmother's era - a rococo  
tangle of wires and chintzy shapes.

If Time had been a child, this  
would be the mobile hung over its cot.

Was that why I couldn't leave  
without a coin from Ma to lob  
chubby-handed into the water?  
A down-payment on the age I am now -  
an appeasement of sorts.

**Ginny Hartman**

**Random Wonderings**

When dawn breaks Who sweeps it up?

If pigs really could fly Would the price of bacon go sky high?

My perfect grandson! What if the sun Really did shine out of his bum?

Does a bee get hay fever?

When you left my house last May That morning after our first night And you said 'I'll call you on Tuesday' Which Tuesday did you mean?

When you walk into a room and say to the air Why have I come in here? Will the room to answer?

When you're washing a cucumber under the tap Are you reminiscing perhaps?

When there's a meteor shower Had you better take your washing in?

Why does 'fat chance' and 'slim chance' Mean the same?

Can you do the fandango?



**Andrew Martin**

**Arboreal routes**

Bipedal mammals engage with ecology,  
online technology, species mapped,  
leafy, structured and strong specimens,  
fascination of photosynthesis, rising sap.

Arboreal arms embrace urban urgency,  
waving a welcome to digital prowess,  
more screens and apps,  
arboreal appreciation invites  
less culling of timber cousins,  
fewer A4 sheets,  
surge of enthusiastic feet,  
measured or jogging,  
consciously defining city streets,  
mindful memories logging cellulose cylinders.

## Ed Ombredane

### The Highrise

The streets empty of life  
Only bejewelled and shiny stones roam  
Eyes empty  
Words worn or bought  
Towering over head- looming  
Concrete with a hundred eyes  
Light stretches  
Forced towards the sky  
With extended limbs- eternal  
Life struggles  
Waiting and praying  
Stone answers with brilliant silence.

**John Humphreys**

### 100 Club

*(Dedicated to all the closed  
music venues under Covid)*

Darkness, thrum, flight,  
sounds history.

Sepia faces step outside themselves  
shouting unashamed.

The raised stage of memory,  
altarpiece to everything,  
rough, black, fever drenched.

Whose blood was left here  
behind unvarnished yesterday.





**John Merchant**

**Caution Caution**

We cannot move  
Do not know  
just what to do  
It's caution, caution in the wind  
The Valley's dark –with dark forebodings  
Caution, caution is the talk  
For He promises in this time  
In this space, I will be with you  
He promises  
Be encouraged, be encouraged  
I am with you  
We, We -can rest on that  
Yes, yes, He promises  
at this hour  
In this place  
He - Yes, yes -He will  
Yes, yes -Can comfort us  
He is a comfort  
In – Yes, yes – in present need

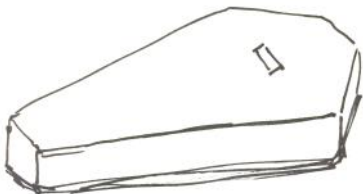
**Andrea Lucy-Hirst**

**Two Metres**

And death came  
uninvited  
absence of family, friends  
no goodbyes  
hands held by unfamiliar hands  
witnesses to last breaths taken  
wrapped in single white  
shrouds await in  
cold limbo, named and  
numbered, lined in rows  
each a story yet to unfold

Count on one hand  
mourners apart in  
distant sorrow

Celebrants  
grave-diggers  
crematoriums  
funeral pyres  
all in overdrive





**Martin Dean**

**Mission Impossible**

*On the news that after spending lockdown at Scientology HQ in the UK Tom Cruise is planning to make his next film aboard the international space station.*

Jeans, t-shirt, black boots  
Black mask and shades  
Top Gun cuts a fine figure  
But Sussex isn't Beverley Hills  
And an eighteenth century mansion  
No place for lock-down  
Film-making a mission impossible  
But Tom Cruise isn't Clark Kent  
And he knows the next stunt  
Will be bigger and better  
Gazes into the vanilla sky  
Reaches for his phone  
Swaps flight suit  
For a space suit  
Rain Man for spaceman  
Lockdown for countdown.

**Gail Webb**

**Moving Home in the Pandemic**

this is madness      a time of stress for all  
                         Stop  
we should be huddling  
                         under the kitchen table  
with a linen cloth to cover every eventuality  
                 long ago              we tried just that  
                         and lived  
a sign      flimsy shelters can do just as well  
                 a sense of community  
                         all that is needed  
  
hand washing hours spent indoors  
                         prompt reflection  
                         Change      is part of me now  
I want to move      into a nest with silk lining  
                 no faults  
                         Somewhere  
there is a place of safety  
   hiding  
if found      it will fold around us      close  
                 we may never be seen again

**Vron McIntyre**

**Ladder**

we sample things in parallel  
often back to back  
surfing on separate screens  
but make interconnections

sharing things  
we think the other might like  
like the rungs of a ladder we climb together  
keeping the structure strong

**Hazel Warren**

**I just called, to say...**

Playing games  
at a social distance  
we do not whisper in ears  
We do not lean in  
Conspirator  
no more  
till we remember  
to make string telephones  
from yoghurt pots  
and you can whisper  
“are you there”  
and I can answer  
“always”



**Martin Grey**

**If Shakespeare Was Hungry**

Julius Caesar Salad

Peripeas

Big Macbeth

Big King Lear

Much Ragu about Nothing

Romiso and Juliet

Taming of the Stew

The Tempuraist

The Merchant of Venison

Ham (and Cheese Ome) let

A Midsummer Ice Cream

Henry the Crisps



**Jonnie Marbles**

**Edge**

Precipice

Beckons, Bewitches

Vertigo Enthralls

Must Not Fall

Into Rabbit Holes

Please Catch Me

Take Me Deep

Down Beyond The Edge

**Rosemarie Harvey**

**Serenely silent**

Sitting in serene silence  
Surveying silhouettes  
So stark; so sharp;  
So soft; so subtle.  
Sublime shadows;  
Solitudinous secrets  
Sending soul spirit  
Serendipitously soaring skywards.



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DIY are accepting submissions for issue 50. Poems can be on any theme. The only stipulation is that they are short, (25 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 next deadline for submissions is 31st October 2020

Send poems (text or short video content) to:

**[diypoets.submissions@gmail.com](mailto:diypoets.submissions@gmail.com)**

We welcome original artwork to accompany your poem

**DIY POETS  
Issue 49  
Online  
due to  
Covid-19**

**We look  
forward to  
seeing you all  
in person and  
returning to  
physical  
form again  
soon!**

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