



**50**

**THE  
FREE  
POETRY  
MAGAZINE**

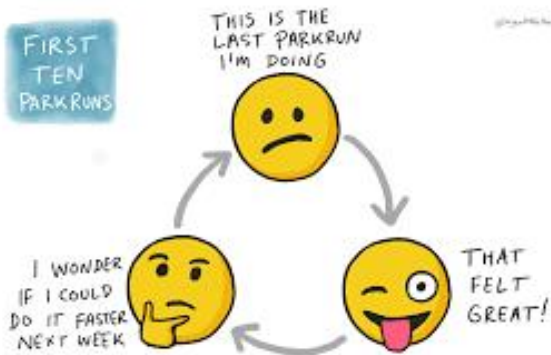


**WE'RE NICE, WE'RE ONLINE  
AND WE DON'T ALWAYS RHYME**

## When Parkrun Starts Up Again

When parkrun starts up again  
I'm going to strive to get under 20 minutes,  
Maybe a revolutionary 19:17  
Or a sprightly Atlee 19:45,  
But 'd settle for a rock n roll 19:56  
Or even an Elvis into the army 19:58,  
As long as I leave the 21<sup>st</sup> century,  
Eventually.

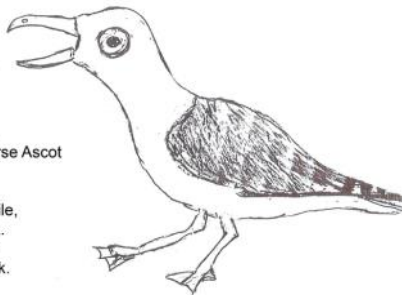
**Frank McMahon**



Lake of Hope and Glory,  
wetland of the free  
now the Arctic's melted  
We're all at ruddy sea.

Everybody's paranoid  
but now it's shark attack,  
one gate-crashed Seahorse Ascot  
and ate Camilla's hat.

A seagull nicked my mobile,  
my Ford Coracle's on tick.  
Lake of Hope and Glory?  
You must be bleeding sick.



**Dave Bishop**

## **Today Is Coffee**

Sat outside the shop americano  
with milk keeps me company  
lipstick on a paper cup smiles back  
streets are empty except for parked cars  
I can hear humming in the home offices  
up and down the land  
In this sunny corner  
relaxation comes to town  
an endemic need for coffee has not left me

**Gail Webb**



## **From a bicycle to a kiss**

Bicycle stands glinting,  
waiting to be seen in motion,  
to prove its worth to the busy world.  
Mechanical parts just missing a heart.

Somewhere a heart can't make it work,  
listless body part, wanting more than blood,  
needing a thing to be remembered for,  
something to wake, an ache, the big mistake.

Without mistakes where would we be left,  
just a perfect run of the unremarkable,  
no high-wire act to dance the clouds out,  
standing unafraid, to kiss what remains of the day.

**John Humphreys**



## **Away time**

We made the bench, let the  
ripples carry away  
her out-of-breathness

this bench knew how  
to talk of things that weren't  
symptoms, side effects, tactics  
to stave off dizziness

kids, we giggled  
as the fat goose  
inspected our empty hands  
a third time

that way the ducks  
dip to the weedwater (was it?),  
a reminder slow-burn trees  
once prophesied nothing more  
than Christmas bellyache

dared it all to rest a while,  
soon enough we'll be going home.

**Kevin Jackson**

## **A Viewing**

Drop in a coin.

Look out into the distance through two small glass holes  
a viewing, measured and metered  
with a beginning and an end,  
of something endless, changing, indefinite.

Today is a foggy day.

The viewing machine enhances vision  
while the mist obscures it.

If there is something out there, we can't see it  
as the waves bob up and down under the pier  
wood and metal extending across the sand, out into the water  
gulls circling and crying.

## **Vron McIntyre**

### **Last Bus**

I miss  
standing too close  
dancing through crowds  
shouting  
over music too loud  
Singing along  
words all wrong  
staying too long  
I miss  
missing  
the last bus home  
**Hazel Warren**



## Interlopers

Remain or leave?

Interlopers, 'no hoppers',  
yet successful integration  
after seven summers.

River bank defines water current accounts,  
ecological credits of compassion,  
no flooding debts of doubt.

Tales of the river bank,  
a croaking welcome from Toad,  
Ratty (a water vole),  
searches his soul,  
Badger, with distinctive stripes,  
believes life is binary,  
whilst velvety Mole,  
continues searching his soil.

Remainers or leavers?

Parliament's permission granted,  
animals with waterproof fur  
accepted after four hundred years.

Eager beavers,  
damned if they do, damned if they don't!

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## **Come Dance to the Moon and Shimmer**

Come dance to the moon and shimmer  
Stars will be our fairy lights  
Gently hold my hand in your hand  
With love we move with the night

Barefoot to the bounce of cut grass  
Come dance to the moon and shimmer  
Happy for the days that have past  
Stars are our chorus of singers

The brush of drunk scented roses  
The breeze of a pipistrelles wing  
Come dance to the moon and shimmer  
A full moon has favours to bring

Galaxies yet to be known  
Slivers of Perseids may glimmer  
Fragile is this life and this earth  
Come dance to the moon and shimmer

**Andrea Lucy-Hirst**





**For those who know.  
And to those who don't.)**

**I still need light, to write**

The gentle sliding away of the familiar  
Erosions of once-knowns, and taken-for granted  
cast into the shadows of something. difficult to argue with.  
Food, air, water, shelter – are needs.  
After a while art, music, creativity, become needs - too.  
The physicalities of which, have been prodded, prompted,  
pervaded.  
Sometimes eradicated.  
The human soul, or thereabouts, quivering in the aftermath.  
Told it must take shape in some other way, or cease, altogether.  
And the social; a previous soaking and immersing, in culture,  
context, freedom;  
a faint, yet recent, memory.  
Like looking down a very long, narrow, tube  
and seeing something, too piercing for the eye, at the end of it.  
I write from inside the tube;  
not sure where I should be looking. or which light, now, suits  
me best.  
Only knowing  
I still need light, to write.

**C. L. Ayre**

## **You Doing Okay?**

I could have eaten grape vine leaves  
But chocolate is what came to me  
In these times of mask it or mess it,  
I've got a little confused, Bless It!  
It's probably better not to go back to bed  
Though I already did that it has to be said  
Let's go out, look for lady bugs  
What do you say?  
We'll follow one from leaf to blade  
Ask her how she keeps from flying astray  
Ask her how she gets her day underway  
**Laura Grevel**

## **Driven**

All that could and should have  
been done, was done, regrets  
recognised, bounds respected  
each shuffled apology gracefully  
accepted over awkward soup.

Impulses shelved scrupulously by  
the book, entente signed, sealed,  
delivered not ours until over all  
due diligence, on to unquieted  
lips, fluttered the oldest excuse.

**Trevor Wright**

**Against Youth as a Measure of Success**  
*a middle-aged rondeau*

I am content with who I am:  
self-guilt is a commercial scam.  
I'm grateful for each mark and scar –  
I never thought I'd get this far.  
I'm not part of this cult programme

to measure worth in kilograms.  
There are no charts or diagrams:  
just value us for who we are.  
I am content.

I'm human, not a hologram.  
I'm satisfied with who I am.  
I'm grit and wisdom, pure chutzpah!  
I raise the roof and raise the bar!  
I am content.

**Leanne Moden**



## Four and a half months

I watched the video online  
of Sandi Toksvig hugging  
panellists one after another

Each hug widened a smile  
recipients embraced Sandi  
and to my surprise  
the tears sprang from my eyes

Then I realised  
I've not been hugged  
for so very long  
and suddenly I felt alone.

**Lytisha Tunbridge**



## **Bumble Bee**

The pink petal dance of a bumble bee  
pollinates my pensive exhale  
with its instinctive clarity,  
leaping from one to another  
like I clatter between bristling attempts  
at convincing myself.

Last time I was here,  
these same petals were sprinkled  
with sparkling raindrops  
and there were no bumble bees  
to pollinate the fertile spin  
of the maddening moment  
I think I over thought myself  
out of seizing.

The bumble bee bounces from my view.  
Already moving on.

**Martin Grey**



## **The Stammer**

It is there nearly every time I try to speak  
It likes to call its name out to the world

It comes to put laughter on the lips of strangers  
It comes to put pity in the eyes of friends

It makes me out a liar when I struggle for the truth  
It makes me out a fool when I struggle for understanding  
It makes me feel ugly when I try to give love

It is fond of authorities, it treats them to a virtuoso  
performance  
It is a misanthrope, it brings out the worst in people  
It has suffered, from their mockery and scorn

It feels at ease with music, silences and sleep  
It dreams of being a great orator  
It says, it would like to be loved for itself

I treat it like an embarrassing relation  
I tell it, I am not responsible for it

I long for a scalpel to cut it out of me  
It sticks, in my throat

**Graham Lock**



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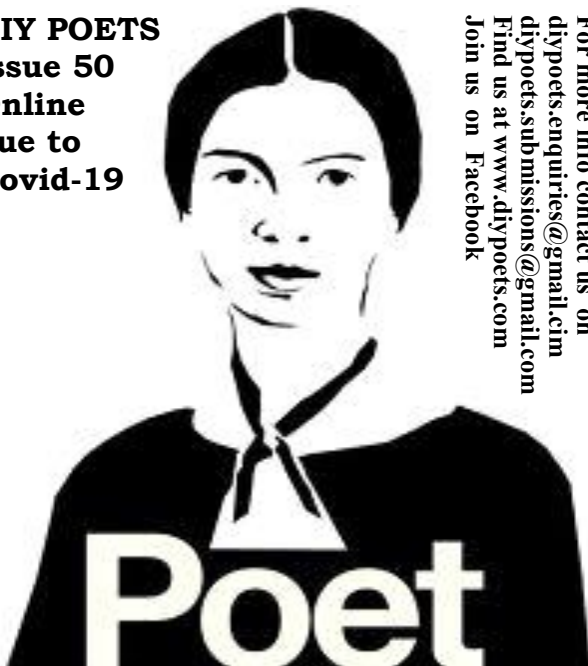
We are currently open for submissions for issue 51. Poems can be on any theme. The only stipulation is that they are short, (25 lines or less) to fit onto a page of A6. Your poem may be brilliant but if its as long as Paradise Lost then it won't get in.

The deadline for submissions is January 15th 2021 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 50**  
**Online**  
**due to**  
**Covid-19**



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