



52

**THE
FREE
POETRY
MAGAZINE**



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

Past bedtime

Neither wanted
to go to bed.
Sitting side by side
on a green floral sofa
in the corner of a kitchen
a child synced her breath
to match his.
Slow and deep.
Hoping not to break the spell.
Hoping he might not notice
her closeness.
Her quiet
past-bedtime presence
following his breath.
Slow and deep.
Falling asleep.
Past bedtime
but neither wanted
to admit defeat.

Hazel Warren



The Room with the Rainforest Curtains

Nan's Alibaba
lurks in the corner,
minus the lid,
which shed too much.
It lived,

for all my childhood,
on the landing—
a musty odour
crept out
whenever I opened it.

I'd climb in,
become a snake,
sway upwards,
charmed
to a piper's tune.

Lauren Foster



Trees

This year trees spoke.
Starting
with a flutter of green,
flash of magnolia pink
to get our attention.

It worked.
We flocked to woods
to worship,
stand silent,
appraising why

we had not hugged an oak,
until now.

Gail Webb



When She Got Closer to Brum

When She Got Closer to Brum
She began to call herself a mom
Instead of a mum
Nearing New Street,
It was safe for her vowels
To come out of hiding
The coast was clear
Although they were nowhere near
The coast.
She felt empathy
For the girl who got teased
Because of her red hair
And dyed it
Like it was embarrassing accent.

Frank McMahon



Spring Song Sing Song

The Owl's hooted hope is now forlorn
the Song Thrush rips the curtain from the dawn
the Blackbird makes one last pass to dress the
lawn

today the Weeping Willow will not mourn.

The Skylark sings his sonnet to the sky
so sweet it makes the bobbing Buzzards cry

and all the jostling Jackdaws nesting high
sense that the best of Spring is almost nigh.

the Stonechat in his best waistcoat 'tacs'

to see the Sandpiper saunter in his slacks

the Swallow puts his foot down to the max

and listens as the Linnets lyric' wax

theres nothing here that could ever bore us

in the first rendition of the years dawn chorus

Simon Thompson



A Moment of Detachment

A moment of detachment

A too-present loneliness-in-the-crowd moment

As if,

if you were a bird in a murmuring flock

you might swing the wrong way

and crash into your neighbour

You were suddenly too individual

You suddenly went too solo

You'd forgotten the choreography

the flightdance

You forgot why the choreography mattered.

Clare Stewart



Catless NonLady

Youthful imaginings of old-cat-ladyhood
don't survive contact with reality.

Not only am I no lady
but I could not now cope with one kitten
let alone a box full.

My pets are the effortless kind
that feed themselves -
the spider webbing the bathroom corner
the blackbirds nesting in the privet
the slug silvering the garden with its moon trail.

Vron McIntyre



CROSSING PATHS

Up above where lies a flight path
The wide expanse was scored
With the stripes of two white streamers
Running parallel across the new azure.

Slowly, they drifted in towards each other
Coalesced and then dissolved -
Broke up into that nothingness
That was there before they evolved.

Watching this slow process of evaporation
Past memories of you and me unfold,
I am thinking back to when our paths crossed
And when two souls did merge as one.

But then jaded our love faded
Like melting vapour trails, from sight.

- Tom Ryder



Raleigh chopper

Always wanted a Raleigh Chopper, but mam thought I would come a cropper.

Changing gears like in a car, better by far than the clicky things on normal bikes.

I would ride around the estate like Easy Rider.

Not sure if I knew what Easy Rider was in 78.

But I knew Dean Hebblethwait

and he had a Raleigh chopper,

and I knew I wanted one.

I can see him now, lollipop in mouth as he cruised past:

'Who loves you baby.'

Stuart Whomsley



CHOPPER

Feel the Fear

I feel the fear of a day gone by.

I feel the fear of a day gone by, gone by, gone by.

Why does the cat eat his cousin nigh?

Why does the man want his own demise?

Why does the spouse like to seek-and-cheat?

Why does the pot fry its own chilled meat?

Why does the hat want to disappear?

Why does the child feel the heat from peers?

Why does the sun go when we do play?

Why does the moon die in disarray?

Why does the love lie to me today?

Why does the hate like to have its way?

Why does the day beat its friends away?

Why does the night eat the dreams of day?

I feel the heat of a day gone by.

I feel the heat of a day gone by, gone by, gone by.

I feel the fear of a day of lies!

Laura Grevel



The paper of a new book

The paper of a new book brings possibility.
I feel for the type as if it will reveal deeper stories
hidden in the ink.

I linger before the turn of page lets me know
how things went.
What was broken and what mended.

John Humphreys



Six Feet and Thirty Years

I am black

I am white

I am red if you cut me

Yellow to my core

I'm as blue as the sky that frames me

Green around the gills

I am violet where you strike me

Orange if you starve me.

I pale in your presence

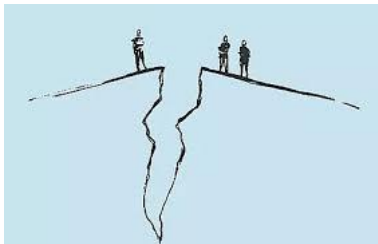
But hear me when I say

That six feet and thirty years

Lie between us

So be gone father, be gone.

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Wheeled explorer

An imagined landscaped made real,
'help is on the way',
Perseverance parachuted
to rescue humanity's belief,
there is more,
must be evidence of life.
Electric vehicle descended
to a dusty, barren welcome,
absence of charging point.

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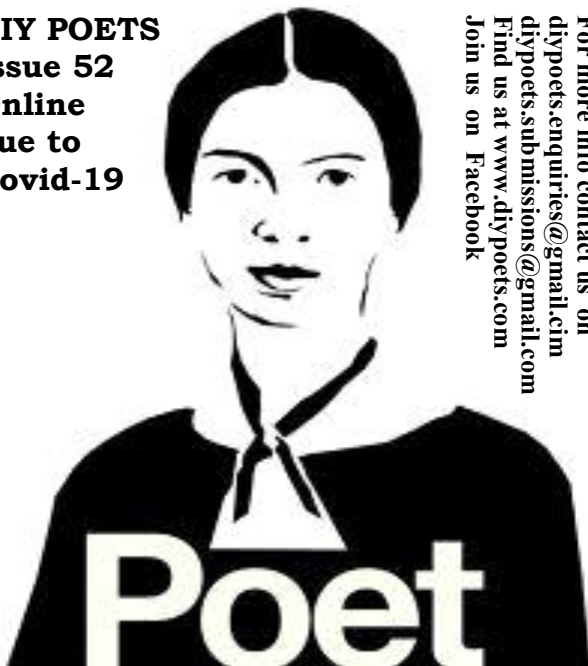
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We are currently open for submissions for **issue 53**. Poems can be on any theme. The only stipulation is that they are short, (25 lines or less) to fit onto a page of A6. Your poem may be brilliant but if its as long as Paradise Lost then it won't get in.

The deadline for submissions is July 15th 2021 Send poems (text or short video content) to

diypoets.submissions@gmail.com

DIY POETS
Issue 52
Online
due to
Covid-19



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