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THE FREE POETRY MAGAZINE



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

you know what's shitty

: rich folk flying their private jets between airports in the same city

Harry Wilding



Paris, Texas

Paris, Texas, was further than we thought: took us three days to travel there.

Through exams in French and German, while the man walked across the desert.

Through the scrubbing of a bay window roof, while the child walked home from school alone.

Through the failed opening of a bank account online, while the estranged mother waited to talk to her next "trick".

While the husband lined up shoes in the sun. While the American desert spread out before us. While the pinks and greens of life throbbed.

While our borders closed and a vigil was disturbed by police in riot gear.

While two black sisters were stabbed in Wembley Park and I can't bear to say what the police did.

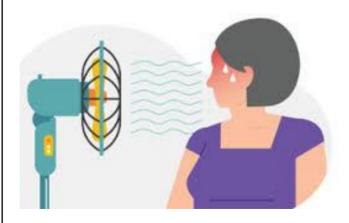
Took us three days to travel to Paris, Texas—it was much further than we thought.

(Poem inspired by the film *Paris*, *Texas*) **Laura Grevel**

Perimenopause

Perimenopause
What's that?
Perimenopause
I'm going slightly mad!
Perimenopause
It comes before the menopause .
Perimenopause
Needs to be talked about more .
Perimenopause
Natures inconvenience.

Elaine Boot



Northumberland

Barkless timber, bleached and bare, beached high and dry, sandy shore, bright grains gathered on gradients, tide and time never paused, rocky Staple, Farne Islands, puffins, guillemots, binoculars scanning rocky landscape, sudden, sharp descent, a twisted knee, lifeboat rescue, worse things happen at sea.

Massive stone structures, fortified, repaired or in ruins, defended inherited terrain, elements more adverse than wind or rain, invasive individuals, arrows, cannon balls, contested lands of coast and country.

Marine salinity, cumulative, collective tears, cliffs, dark and brooding, guillemots and breeding terns, noisy, nesting, splattered white, ammonia, fresh guano shite, dolphins arcing parallel to shore, their pod cast to sea, recorded for training porpoises.

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Rain

Dry Earth breathes again Damp leaves soak up welcome rain Gardeners will smile

Sue McFarlane



Music

Melody so clear Singing carried far on waves Lyrics fill my heart.

Sue McFarlane

Can't Stop the Rain

I can no more stop what's happening in Ukraine Than I can stop the rain.
Can give a refugee an umbrella
But dark skies remain
Its depressing so I only watch the news once a day.
No point in gazing at skies so gray.
Being well informed
About a world deformed.

Staff on the trains can strike, Do more than rail against injustice. A broad tent against the rain, Can force the clouds to negotiate.

Frank McMahon



Old Haunts

There was no point in going back To the old haunts.
These dead have no ghosts.
They outnumber the living.
The pub no longer his local;
Snugs have gone
Now open plan
Change is hard
Everyone pays by card.
Not even any balds and greys
To discuss the old days.

Frank McMahon



Word Loss

They want to close the libraries shut them up, from me and from you, too much page-turning causes trouble, the books are tired and overdue.

Through stories, poems and memoir, they've forgotten how much we learn from a tense plot and strong image the joy we can feel, the slow burn.

We forget about our troubles as energy bills rise, uncurl, the chapters reveal their secrets quite takes us to another world.

We gain from reading facts, research, then there's knowledge, information, to sustain, nourish young and old - libraries help to grow nations.

We are the players in time here, it's not just about the pages, it's community and fair play. We should all have access, stages.

They want to close the libraries. Don't let them. We need this space to learn together, challenge, stretch, to think, absorb and plan escapes.

Gail Webb

The unknown pleasures of allotment gardening

24 hours of isolation in the wilderness of a lonely place. Decades ago, it was a means to an end and a novelty; these days I am a candidate for prizes.

She's lost control of the adjacent plot; a colony of weeds in the Interzone is moving closer. Transmission, Love, will tear us apart. If the result is an atrocity exhibition, then at the ceremony there will be no love lost.

As the new dawn fades, I feel the atmosphere, of the dead souls, in a shadowplay, they walked in line before across the allotment. One day I will passover and meet these leaders of men for unknown pleasures talking about the vegetables of a new order.

Stuart Whomsley



The flavour

It should be truth in knowing, But knowing is always breaking, And breaking is usually random. A random unaudited list of stuff, Stuff that's gold and stuff that's shite, But it's the shite that adds the flavour.

John Humphreys

How come It's easier to express When you're milking me?

Becky Deans



BEFORE TOMORROW BLOWS AWAY

How bleak the future soon will be If we don't face reality The verdant Farth beneath our feet Barren, sterile and soon deplete No longer will the cattle graze No wildlife roaming to amaze Trees and bushes sadly gone No green-grass hills to gaze upon Rivers long ago stopped flowing Now a dry wind, howling, blowing Where once a river flowed nearby Is just a gully, arid, dry This vision does not have to be We all can change reality Make that effort, here, today Before tomorrow blows away

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emerging
authors
by producing
beautiful books
to get their
work
out there



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DIY Poets are a Nottingham based poetry collective, with a mission to bring poetry to the masses.

We aim to make poetry accessible to readers, and give opportunities and encouragement to writers and performers.

DIY poets meet regularly to share works, give and receive friendly constructive feedback and plan events.

Find out more. Sign up for regular updates. Get involved. Get in touch...

www.diypoets.com frankmac_1999@yahoo.co.uk

We are currently open for submissions for **issue 58** 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 10th November

2022 Send poems to: frankmac 1999@yahoo.co.uk

