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**THE
FREE
POETRY
MAGAZINE**



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

GRANDSON

His little face just showed concern
He could not comprehend
How bad the situation was
To cause the Earth to end
Were there bombs that fell around
Was there famine left unbound
Could his grandad lose his life
Because of other peoples' strife
How brave of those who came to see
How the Earth could learn to be
The pleasant place that now he knew
That wondrous world in which he grew

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Back

Stripping yellowed wallpaper from the hall
the two of them flaying, peeling back layers,
back to pink to white, great fronds of flowers falling
softly, with scraps and flakes like birch blossom,
back to walls, bare and true and clean and straight.

Smiling, she was captured with the screams and scrapes
and easy labour and pleasure of working together.
Them: each other's for the first time in years.

She looked from the foot of those loose wooden steps,
joined together with nails, wire and splices,
in her eternal, intrepid vigil,
as the prodigal climbed back into the
ever offering blue Marian's heart

Pete Clavin

Queue

Queue is the letter, the quiet queen,
more so now, encased, unseen,
queue for the loo, a wee or poo,
a substitute line, in lieu of a queue,
mum's the word, greeting strangers,
mind your ps and qs.

Reality of royalty
lying-in-state, real life,
not a meeting on Zoom,
silence at eight,
global gaze and awe,
coffin, sceptre, crown and orb,
funeral ritual, musical sounds,
gun carriage, marching feet
in step, drum beats...
periodic silence...
have you pressed the nation's button?
The UK monarchy on mute.



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Earthquake

Three of us in a hotel room
There was no ignoring your snoring.
It was like an earthquake
Keeping us awake.
We took the piss
We did not know
You were less than three months
from death.
Walking left you short of breath.

The real earthquake was your passing,
A ten on our Richter scale.

Frank McMahon

In memory of Bill Walton 22/05/62 to 12/08/22

The other way

Look the other way and there is a table
on which sit books,
silent words for the eyes, head and heart.
A pile of poetry books, of poets
appearing at the 1967 Poetry International Festival.
All glad that someone's taken an interest,
afraid the dust and moths had left them empty.
Waiting patiently for someone to turn the other way,
look back to when they walked like literary giants,
and the air was full of promises,
full of fire.

John Humphreys



Bilingual

in the sudden ecstasy
of discovery of an online publication
devoted to the potato and another dedicated
to the instant noodle, one my native language,
the other a learned tongue, i pen a paean to the
ramen bomb, that triumph of lightness and
sustenance, that pinnacle of hydrated carb
delight, able to propel a person for
miles over uneven terrain. now
the dilemma: which one
to send it to?

<https://www.honestfoodtalks.com/ramen-bomb-backpacking-recipe/>

Vron McIntyre



Wielding Expanding Foam or On-line Dating

If worst comes to worst
everything can be removed
and I can begin again
I've done it before
and maybe that didn't quite work out as intended
but on reflection, it wasn't so bad
a more than partial success in so many ways
and nothing in life is perfect

Lytisha



I'm getting into the spirit of Christmas;
I've bought all of my Christmas cards in the
January sales.

I'm making lists as long as my arm,
and I'm preparing my Christmas emails.

I've sorted out all of the presents!

Yep! This year everyone's getting a poetry
book!

So, if you were expecting something else,
well, sorry mate, hard luck!

Joy Rice



TROUBLE WITH GRANDMA

Grandma is acting so silly
She says she is feeling quite strange
I caught her on top of the gas stove
She said she was riding the range

The very next time that I saw her
She said a very strange thing
She said "If I fall through the mattress
I'll see you all in the spring"

An ambulance then came to take her
She went with two men in white
They say she'll never be let out
But I'm sure she will be alright

Today we heard a sad story
How grandma kept turning around
She suddenly speeded up faster
And drilled herself into the ground

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US VERSUS VIRUS

A multilingual anthology of poetry that explores the human experience of the Coronavirus pandemic from different perspectives, featuring 37 poems and three illustrations, by 27 different artists. It is composed of observations, questions, resilience and stories of heartache. The poems offer words of kindness, hope and love. Us Versus Virus acts as a map to help us navigate our emotions and responses to this extraordinary event.

The paperback is [available from Beam Editions](#) for £15 plus postage.

The ebook is available

here: [Amazon](#) (£4.99), [Apple](#) (\$6.99), [Kobo](#) (£4.99), [Vivlio](#) (€ 5,99) and [Thalia](#) (€5,99).

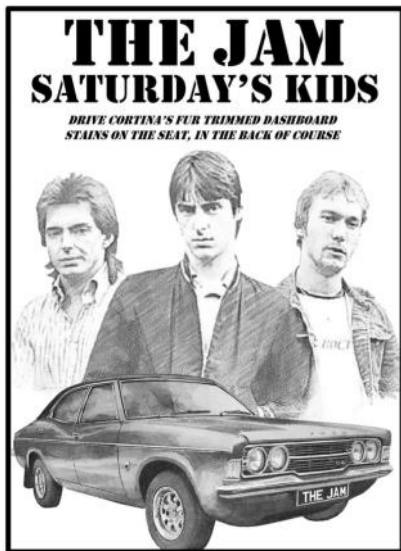
The poems give an authentic voice to many different pandemic experiences, examining issues such as loneliness and isolation, exhaustion, restlessness, peace and gratitude, anxiety, hope and resilience. A powerful, must-read collection.

– Leanne Moden, Nottingham UNESCO City of Literature

Paul Weller

Paul was Woking class,
Wanted to be someone other
Than Saturday's kid with a V necked jumper.
Wanted to create his own orbit,
Escape his satellite town.
In a hurry to catch that runaway bus
In the only part of Surrey without money.
Didn't want to be bound for nowhere,
Just going round and round.

Frank McMahon



Perennials'

Be in the mood to be good to you,
when no one else will for you
When they are not there to hold you and unfold with
you
Remould you, holding only you
Give into yourself, acquiesce
Relinquish and search for the abundance
that has sat in the dark, alone, unspun
Grasp her, feast on all that was left behind
There in this chest, you laid to rest and left for dead,
admonished

Free her, see only her
Admire her serotinal aesthetic
Know she will keep coming back, that she will return to
you
What is now new visions before you, new versions to be
beholden to
Resolve and evolve
Allow all this to devour you
Drink in every neglected internal landscape
that was forcibly obliterated, then yield

Surrender into your born opulence
Tend to your land, tend to your animal
Grow wild, age wilder
Take every single last morsel she has starved for
Forget all her previous burdens
Feed her, love her, hand fast to her
Then hold, hold, hold for her.

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

We are currently open for submissions for **issue 59**
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 20th February 2023

Send poems to:

frankmac_1999@yahoo.co.uk

DIY POETS
Issue 58 also
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