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**THE
FREE
POETRY
MAGAZINE**



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

When I was young I went to see Back To the Future, my friends and me.

A tale about a boy who's car was not a toy, it could travel through time one plutonium cell at a time.

Back and forth he and Doc went, I ate candy and watched till my money was all spent.

Elaine Boot



In The Weave

I'd never meant to stay here long
a few years pause, I'd thought,
leaving home to launch my own life
whatever, wherever that would be

but I became entangled here
knit up the way the warp and weft
wove the threads of city life
into the texture of my own

laced into the fabric of the place
its streets and byways, daily bustle
bus routes, markets, arts and crafts
forming new designs and trceries

I tried leaving but was pieced back
each time, re-spun into the frame
my story now part of its history
its story becoming part of mine

I put down roots, took up the loom
picked up loose threads I'd left behind
wove them back into how I lived
stitched the strands into a seam.

Now it looks like I might never leave.
Nottingham snared me in its weave.

Vron McIntyre

eggs

something more beautiful than i was ever ready for
sits and sips and knows existence largely laps up a
grain of salt till it becomes the salt, ergo seasons the
eggs -

i don't know how this works but he does, he sits and
sips and stands outside and sucks and it is
more beautiful, than i ever imagined

Large lips

Soft sips
Sunset ships
Lingering sweet
Wind-born sigh
A last goodbye
A mother's love
A salty sea
A forgotten feel.

John Humphreys

Miracle Needed

The waiting lists
are like the five thousand
needing to be fed,
and public sector resources
are five loaves and two fish.
A three year wait for a diagnosis.

The Tories and the rich
are in their land of milk and honey,
and under them,
there won't be any miracles.
They worship at the temple of greed,
instead of spreading the gospel
of human need.

Frank McMahon



A Poem about Poems 1

After *The Poem Wants a Drink* by Karen Glenn

This poem is not at all sure

This poem is a worrier

This poem wishes there were no school shootings

This poem wishes there was no war

This poem is enjoying the spring birdsong

but wonders if they'll survive the bird flu

This poem feels guilty about waste
and divides its rubbish compulsively

This poem would also like a drink.

But it's a weekday so will settle for a cuppa.

Clare Stewart



A Poem about Poems 2

What are Poems?

Poems are ...

...fleeting things

carried on breezes

...lightning flashes

on faraway horizons

...a rabbit's tail in the darkening

as it flees...

Clare Stewart

May 2022

King Gull

King gull perched atop a pole

Of crocheted ivy

Surveys his domain,

Sees trees grow roots into the sky

Listens to the signals on the wires.

Martin Dean



Torvill and Dean

Torvill and Dean, Olympic winter,
Sarajevo before the war.
Torvill and Dean, a perfect pairing,
captured a nervous nation's hearts.
Mams, they are all teary-eyed
seeing them gliding on the ice.
Dads have come in from the garage,
even dads are watching now.
Everyone is humming Ravel's Bolero,
1984
but Big Brother never predicted this.
A perfect kiss.
Perfect tens from all the judges,
and the scores only go up to six.

Stuart Whomsley



RETROSPECTIVE

I never had the ambition to be
East Midlands pot smoking champion
My lungs get too nervous, you see

I never had the ambition to be
King of the World, corporate executive
I want to know who my friends are

I never had the ambition to be
The life and soul of the party
That's far too upfront for me

I never had the ambition to grow
The allotment's champion prize marrow
Equality is good enough for me

I earned a living and tried to do right
I did my bit for the political fight
I brought up a family, no easy task
I spread music and poetry late in life

Life is what happened to me
When I was busy making other plans
John Lennon said that
All I ask for is to keep on keeping on

Richard Banker

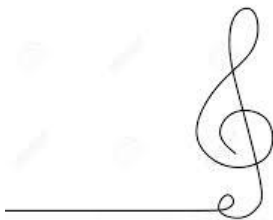
Rhythmic

Irresistible tunes,
floor fillers, dance anthems,
classical and conceptual,
furry grey fans,
four legs, long tail,
beat synchronisation,
Mozart's Sonata for Two
Pianos in D Major,
four tempos, music and dance.

Rhythmic rats, harmonic humans,
share beat preference,
120 to 140 bpm.

Urban areas,
you are never further than three
metres from a good tune.

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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

Stretching shadows

After Gwendolyn Brooks

After Carol-Ann Duffy

A baby I knew when my hair was brown,
now has a baby of her own.

My shadow lengthens
the years fly by.

Too busy to notice my departing
days, I find a woman dusty,
with grey, thinning hair, whose children
have their own consuming cares.
They have tidied their toys and are gone
from my house; I'm stored in a cupboard
to be brought out at need.

My shadow lengthens,
the years fly by.

Life's sundial wrote its shadows. I failed
to heed the text.

And now, what next?

Helen Sadler

S7 Nach Hauptbahnhof

Nostrils hurricane heavy exhale.

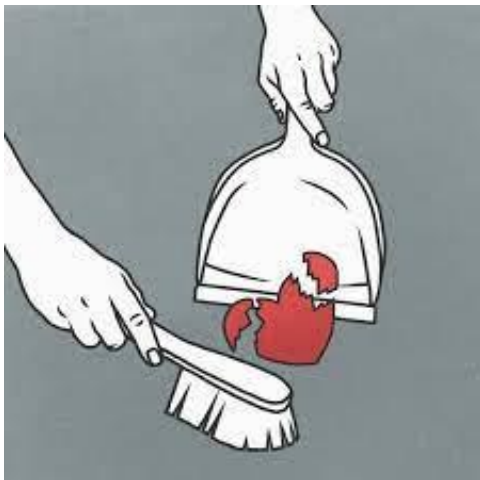
Why did you think you had a chance
eyes fail not to open
and will the train door closed.

Head shakes a languid left and right.

Bottom lip embraces top like an abyss.

Another you seem lovely, but
sealed without a kiss.

Martin Grey



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**DIY Poets are a Nottingham based
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**www.diypoets.com
frankmac_1999@yahoo.co.uk**

We are currently open for submissions for **issue 60**
Poems should on theme of mental health. They
should be 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 15th April 2023 Send
poems to:

frankmac_1999@yahoo.co.uk

DIY POETS
Issue 59 also
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