DIY POETS

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THE FREE POETRY MAGAZINE

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

Today I have not been rushing

Today, I have not been rushing,
Glasgow has accommodated me in this.

The simpler joys are often the most overlooked.
I asked for a good Scottish poetry book,
and a decent sandwich, with strong coffee,
Waterstones on Sochiehall Street provided this,

floors of knowledge, dreaming and caffeine,
and I can wonder somewhere unseen,

as when a Makar leans on light and nationhood
to break open the air,
and all the birds of belonging flap their wings
in sacred applause, to them that can see.

Today, as I have not been rushing,
I sense this is me.

John Humphreys

How Not to be a Poet

Sleep well.
Maintain your perspective.
Kick crows and seagulls and cats.
Concrete over your front garden.
Walk purposefully in crowds,
and never in a park or along a canal.
Forget dreams.
Eat regular meals.
Earn a really good wage.
Avoid looking upward.
Keep your mind on the job.

Never gaze at treetops blowing in the wind.
Never dance with your ideas.
Never knit your feelings into rhyme.
Never vent anger into your pen's fine line.

Clare Stewart
February 2024

The Sunday Roll

Leather jerkin, collar-turned shirt
trousers suspended over the earth.
The Sunday roll after the mow -
this heirloom of cast iron flattened
short spikes of grass, not too dry
damp was best.

Leather jerkin tight across
his uniformed chest ill-informed
of coming deaths. The truck engine roared,
foot pressed on the pedal to double-d-clutch
rolling through countryside steeped in blood.

He always looked so matter-of-fact. The grass
never too tall and daisies popped back up;
there was no danger except to unwary toes.
My father never spoke of his war.

Andrea Lucy- Hirst May 2024

Something fishy

Four metres of fin-fish,
three parts preserved,
formaldehyde concealed the truth,
something fishy, artistic creation
assigned to '99, came ashore in 2017,
artistic shark, attack on public perception,
art lovers hooked by Hirst.

Farm Labourers No More

1851 they travelled across the Irish Sea
To Caribee Island,
As far from the sea as can be,
To be the poorest of the poor,
Farm labourers no more.
The potatoes that did grow,
Exported.
Ended up in Wolverhampton's east end,
Where a loaf of bread was a feast.
Little time to feel or think,
No wonder they turned to drink,
But drunkenness was worse,
If you were Irish.

Frank McMahon

Fascination

The garden always gives you plenty of pleasure.
Look at the bees! They really love the lavender.
See that blackbird! She really likes that cherry tree.
A spark of light in your eyes.
An exclamation mark in your voice.

I don't do gardening, simply not good at it,
haven't yet learned how to appreciate the nature.
The only thing I love is to stand next to you,
observing with fascination
your fascination with life.

(Hongwei Bao)

I Never Knew My Dad

I never knew my dad,
Does that make me sad?

I never knew my dad,
Does that make me mad?

I never knew my dad,
Does that make me bad?

I never knew my dad,
Does that make him a cad?

I never knew my dad,
So questions are all I had.

Bridget Conway

Yellowed Leaf

They sawed down the trees
And forced some shrubs in
The monolith Sainsburys uncovered
The shrubs are wilting
Birds gone

Another branch
A vertical modern column of plants
All dead
no sign of the library
Just Sainsburys.

Jamie

Three dancing dots

Three dancing dots
A sign someone is typing

Three dancing dots
A sign someone there

Three dancing dots
Any minute now a message will appear

Three dancing dots
Suddenly disappear

Three dancing dots
Elaine Boot

Neighbour dispute: a breathless moment

In…and out.
In…and out.

Tangled, twiggy fingers point from the skeletal
branches of next door's old and damaged tree.
Invading ivy gleams green in sunlight, shifts
tree's shape to a swollen bulge. My winter garden's home
year-round to robins, blackbirds, blue-tits,
and amorous pigeons that claw-cling to the fence.

In…

Helen Sadler

Wish you were here.

I wish you were here as I travel
life's track. No sea view to share,
no sand dunes to dare. Just trudging along
life's ages and stages, that you're not here
to share.
And I wish that you were.

Helen Sadler

EMPTY ROOM

He looked around the empty room
Stripped of all their life
Those memories now packed away
His marriage, children, wife

Just one chair and a table sat
Upon the dusty floor
And all the images came back
Of how it looked before

He made his way out of the door
His feelings to contain
The tears began to fill his eyes
And mingled with the rain

Technophobe on a boat ride

I will never forget my first boat ride,
Me, being the technophobe, was terrified.
The boat roared, vroom-vroom,
Then it sped up with a sonic boom.

It was bouncing like a ball in the ocean;
Tossing between the laws of gravity and motion.
The others were soaking up the wavy zest,
But I was turning blue in my yellow vest.

Hullabaloo muffled my shrieks to throttle down,
Fear smeared my face, creating frowns.
I was holding my nerves on bends and curves,
My body was taking a toll on sharp manoeuvres.

The boat stopped; I was free from fearsome agony
In the stillness of the water, a tranquil symphony
No hum of engines, no uncomforting buzz
Just the sound of silence, a deafening fuzz.

If you suffer from a phobia of speed
Listen to the advice you must heed.

Don't join in the frantic rat race,
Embrace your journey at a slower pace;
For slow and steady can win the race,
Even if you're moving at a tortoise grace.

Subscribe to the new
DIY Poets
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SPEECH THERAPY

NOTTINGHAM'S PREMIER POETRY NIGHT

every 1st Friday ~7.30-1am
At **BUNKERS HIL**L
36 –38 Hockley
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poetry partying since 2011

Cycles of the seasons
Rotations of the blades
Drive, drive, drive down the motorway
On our way to the annual Summer holiday
Wind turbines across a stretch of meadow
Hour after hour, flower after flower
On my left, a row of pylons;
On my right, a radar tower
Radar towers, water towers
Radio masts and combine harvesters
Blinking in time to the rolling turbines
Sunshine flickers through needles of pine
The turbines roll but stay where they are
The trees are still but they rush by the car

Adam Davis

How Would John Clare Fare Today?

How would John Clare fare today
with no willow warblers or redstarts?
Enclosure and the hacked down elms
pushed him to the asylum.
Would he endure this modern violence
that creates nature's silence.
Would he fail now to see/spot a nightingale,
the shy brogue brown bird behind Keats Ode.
90 per cent wiped out
They'd no longer be heard in Northamptonshire.

Frank McMahon

What's that flower, I asked my Mother
It's lavender my dear, come here, come here
Take a hold of that flower between thumb and fore-finger
And squeeze really tight to get the aroma
Breathe with me, breathe in time
Inhale this juicy citrus! Lovely lemon and lime
Breathe with me, strengthen this lost sense
Learn to know your myrrhs from your golden frank-incense
What's your favourite aroma? Something wooden like cedar?
I'll tell you what is mine, something similar called pine
It reminds me of walks with Dad, where we always used our noses
Where we'd find many flowers, all different col-oured roses
When I think of my family, I am filled with deep nostalgia
For places that are familiar, like the cottage of wisteria
In the summertime, the bells of the church
Would remind me of the tarry white birch
When a neighbour would burn a smoky bonfire
As I cut the grass with a new lawnmower
Freshly cut grass is the smell of childhood
That and one's Dad sawing away at wood
And every morning as I brew my first coffee
I am reminded of the art of fragrance and it's beauty

Adam Davis

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by producing
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to get their
work
out there

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DO YOU WANT TO MEET OTHER POETS? SHARE YOUR WORK? GET THE CHANCE TO PLAN EVENTS? PERFORM YOUR WORK?

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 65**
Poems can be on any theme. They should be short, (25 lines or less) to fit onto a page of A6. Your poem may be brilliant but if it's as long as Paradise Lost then it won't get in.
The deadline for submissions is 30th September 2024 Send poems to:
frankmac_1999@yahoo.co.uk