



70

**THE
FREE
POETRY
MAGAZINE**



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

Ouch, ouch, ouch ,ouch, ouch, ouch, ouchier
ouch.

I am not a person anymore
Oceans have formed between me and my
body
And I float far away in my currents

So, with the tide, I will boldly ebb
where others have gone before.



Light and Dark

Day and Night -
Ivory and Ebony.

The day sun and the night stars -
A candle can give way to the dark and
spar emotions and Love
to the light.

Jennifer Thorpe



In Winter light

Winter light is spectral,
ghosts of Christmas' past
haunt the air until it is
silver-grey and daunted,
a reckoning with what
went before, manifestation, lore.
And hidden in hairline cracks,
where the clouds
kneel in contemplation
of the majesty of sky,
there is something hard to find
in these end times,
but there it is for those who
want it.
LOVE.

John Humphreys

Sunlight

The sunlight will return after the winter solstice
The days will get longer and lighter
as months roll by
They will be bright as it gets towards
summer solstice
I love the sunlight and warm sunny days, sunlight
feels nice on my skin
(C) Elaine Boot winter 2025

DAYDREAMS

Perhaps when the leaves start to fall
And the days grow shorter and dull
I might take a walk in the park
And pretend that my days are still full

I could sip my coffee or tea
Imagining you by my side
And talking of times in our past
When we laughed until we both cried

I'd order that hot tasty snack
We both liked, to keep out the cold
We never once thought in those times
That one day we'd be this damn old

Yes daydreams are wonderful things
They can hide the thoughts that we fear
But one thing they never can do
Is fool me that you are not here

© **Don Holmes**

The light of our eyes

He was the light of our eyes
and the joy of all who knew him.
A man of action and faith,
with lovelight shining through him.

Such happiness he brought us,
he was our golden boy.
The apple of our eye,
our darling, our hope, our joy.

He brought sunshine to our lives,
we loved him with all our heart.
Now, he has gone we are bereft,
our lives are torn apart.

War called and he answered,
marching proudly away,
to fight for truth and freedom,
his duty to obey.

But...war makes fools of all of us,
it's dirty, useless and cruel.
Our truth, honour and justice,
war will ridicule.

Son, you were the light of our eyes,
you brought joy to everyone.
Goodbye our darling boy.
God Speed our golden son.

Joy Rice

Night of the long nights

I wake in the pitch
Coal pit black
Rising lines creating
Against the blanket cloud
Cast out across the sky
Capturing light that bleeds
Soaking up
While pressing down
To stem the bleed
Heal the day
Before it begins
Sending waves of song
Reminding us
To carry on.

Diane Horsley



Out of Darkness

I'm wearing a hat which says
out of darkness cometh light,
but the hat is grey,
and my city and football team
have had their day,
and I'm not old enough
to remember any Goodyears,
or floodlit European games.

There was a brief renaissance of old gold,
but our team's owners
ensured our best players were sold,
and all the managers now do as they're told.

Frank McMahon



Prime Meridian

William Willett was wealthy,
Early morning horse riding,
Summer 1907, silent streets,
Curtains closed to daylight,
Enlightened debate,
Westminster 1908,
Germany 1916, followed by
Britain,
Gain an hour in October,
Minus in March,
Cut domestic lighting costs,
Increase daylight recreation,
Health and well being of workers.

Andrew Martin



SPRING FORWARD



FALL BACK

Blocking the Sun in Wollaton Park

Glued to my feet
my shadow slithers in front.
My warm back catches,
blocks sunlight on the footpath
Do I really the power
to stop light that has come so far?
Yet even the raven,
the coffee cup on the picnic table,
can do as much.

The old hall, lit up,
rosy in the sinking winter sun
west-facing windows sparkling,
a thousand tiny mirrors.
As the light moves behind a tree,
I am relieved I no longer eclipse the sun.
I am cold
and shadowless.

Clare Stewart

Subscribe to the new
DIY Poets
youtube channel @:

[youtube.com/@diypoets](https://www.youtube.com/@diypoets)

SPEECH THERAPY

NOTTINGHAM'S PREMIER POETRY NIGHT

every 1st Friday ~7.30-11pm

@ **Fishergate Point**

1 Fisher Gate

Nottingham

NG1 1GD

The Fragility of Fairy Lights

Glowing through the winter trees,
a string of Christmas lamps.

And there it is, the too-strong breeze
and old wires getting damp
and, swinging like a long trapeze,
at last, all comes unclamped.

The fairy lights fall to their knees,
startled, sparkling, flashing amps.
Freedom for flickering fiery fleas!

Clare Stewart
January 2023



DIY POETS QUARTERLY SHOWCASE

**@ Bakersfield
Community Centre
312 Sneinton Dale
Nottingham NG3 7DN
19TH FEBRUARY**

**FEATURED POET:
LEANNE MODEN**

OPEN MIC
Sign up on the night
7PM –10PM

Breaching the Winter Wall

Ran my first run since injury,
on the Winter Solstice,
stop start, two minutes run
and thirty seconds walk,
repeat twelve times.

Felt like I was doing couch to 5k.
This run was like a ray of sunshine
into an arrow slit in the wall
of the winter castle.

First run in two months,
but in two months it will be almost spring,
and the winter wall will be breached,
and things will be okay
as I'll be able to run 10k
with no walking,
and silent winter will be fading,
the daffodils doing the talking.

Frank McMahon





**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.diy poets.co.uk
frankmac_1999@yahoo.co.uk**

We are currently open for submissions for **issue 71**. Poems should be inspired by the word **GREEN**, however the poet wants to interpret that. 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 March 2026**

Send poems to:

frankmac_1999@yahoo.co.uk

DIY POETS

For more info contact us on
frankmac_1999@yahoo.co.uk
Find us at **www.diy-poets.co.uk**
Join us on Facebook



Poet