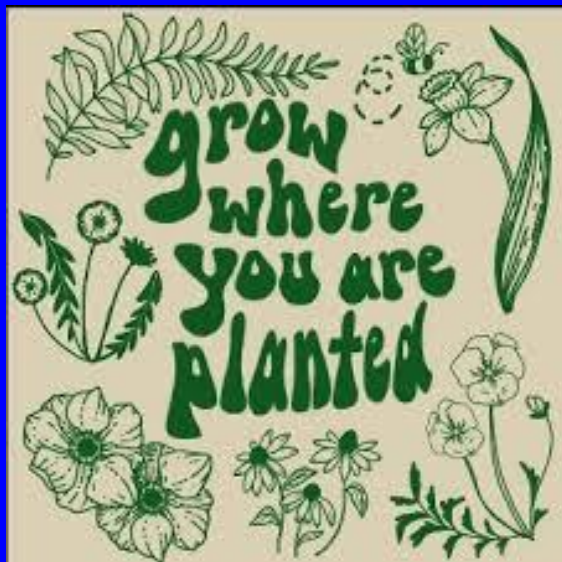




71

THE
FREE
POETRY
MAGAZINE



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

'The seed wants to grow'
Said Glenys the wise
Somehow diminishing my contribution
To nature
To nil.
It is true, I see this fact in my small children
Sprouting, reaching, climbing
From seed of conception
To barrelling, tumbling wildness.
Carried away on strong ivy tendril,
Life in true volition.

Heather Harrison

Wailing Whales

The whales are wailing
Too much plastic in their stomachs.

The whales are beaching themselves
Throwing themselves at the mercy of our under-
standing.

They know they cannot save themselves
They know we are their only chance.

The whales are wailing
But is humankind ready to listen?

Rosemarie Harvey

Badger

Sensed something dead, before curtains opening,
known from magpie-banter (a kind of
knell). Desire to look/ not look at him,
stocky torso, pelt, all gentleman's shaving-brush,
sundered privacy of coral underbelly, secret wart
above his forepaw, stilled claws
and tusked teeth's grimace.

Year of loss, a creature on its back,
thoughts re-animate his stubble, to trundle
our urban street, before some tin-
machine curtailed that ancient journey under
waning moon, toward the call, the snuggery
of home.

Deborah Tyler-Bennett

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BY DIY POETS MEMBERS

New Albion

I see it in infrared,
tossed half empty takeaway boxes,
pieces of kitsch furniture with a TAKE ME sign
on the side of Troubled Mind Boulevard,
stranded at The Strand,
dimly lit pubs with mean pints
where you'll hear The Libertines and Joy Division
back to back
and the toilets are so grim
you're afraid to touch even the tap water
and always feel like you're one wrong look away
from getting your head smashed in
and I see it
in the sunset orange hanging over the A52,
roundabout flowers in bloom,
spring in the air,
spring in my step,
androgynous buskers and agreeable artists,
people so rare,
band stickers on lampposts,
car crash debris and
car crash lives
fruit straight from a tree -
small reward for my car crash tries -
and a dreamy Arcadian harmony;
universe the way it should be.

Radim Nemela

Of Light and Dark

The eighth bell of witching time
sounds the dead of night
and in that darkness
false and nimble hands pitch and weave
orchestrating quackery, raising the barefaced up
for the concoction of idols
black as sin itself

and for a while it seems, as it always seems
their grip will hold and this darkness will reign
for all the human span

But though it may not seem like it now
time will come, as it always comes
and the very death of night
shall give ground to the first flush of day
crawling slowly over the hill
catching them still 'baying wolf' at the moon
their hands poised around cockcrow's neck
as sunlight melts them and all their nonsense
back into the shadows where they belong.

Guy Jones

Nausea

Excess spin from right,
Polanski, pals, nausea,
They have vert-igo.

Andrew Martin March 2026

Bye Election

This late February morning
I read that the Greens have won
the Gorton by-election.
barren tree Labour dead with the defection
of hoards who don't want a pale Reform
to be their norm.
There's now a spring in my step.
Nature and politics growing greener
where there was mainly grey.
I now speak a vernal vernacular,
regarding a spectacular victory.
Could it be that Reform's language
of hate,
with their black ice policies,
is past its sell by date,
and we can say it was a bye election.

Frank McMahon



Wailing Whales

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Rosemarie Harvey

Why is it called "green fingers",
when you have the gardening knack?
Because every time that I garden,
my fingers, and nails, always end up black!

Joy Rice

Green

I can see green shoots on trees, these will soon turn
into green leaves.

I see blossom on trees this will soon turn into green
leaves .

(C)Elaine Boot

February

Spear thrust skywards through frozen earth, leaf litter,
glace icing on kerbside, churchyard, park bed.

Meringue tussocks at my feet
spreading drifts in compass points.

Needles thrust upwards through water sogged soil,
squelch past stones in search of light.

White wool twists with greys and greens,
dazzle beside yellow grass, brown earth.

While high above, catkins shiver,
tears of joy stream earthward
sensing sun's return. The cycle rotates,
scrawled large on snowdrop's pristine page.

Helen Sadler

To a time before - *a lament*

The sea remembers,
the hills/mountains remember,
the trees remember.

A time before we
took all we could see,
forgot all that they know.

Because we couldn't hear
even though we were so near.
Because we ignored ourselves,
we turned the wave into a swell,

we turned forest to flat earth,
our broken homes, our broken church.
Land we've forgotten, seas of life,
we ran them down the bladed knife.

So send a prayer to open skies, that they
forget that we came by, to land and water,
their mottled greens, translucent greys and blues,
those other hues, may they return,
we watched them die, we helped them burn.

May our voices disappear, return to rubble all
that we raised, the planet to sing,
its own thunder, its own praise.

John Humphreys

R_S_LUTI_NS

Bad answers
And lowercase lettering
Someone fucked the
crossword

The inks too thick
The margins are are full-
I can't move on

Dry January got whet
Dog-eared paperbacks, dim
company

2. Down to carry on

Never across word
Feelings decrypted
Solutions penned-in...

By Doc Rafiki

Green

Mushy pea stain,
And overgrowth grass blade:
While Eco management systems sustain change,
Then rejuvenate over a salty tear –
As I hold an ear to the earthy beauty of the land,
The green – eyed monster builds its wrath.

Jennifer Thorpe

LINCOLN GREEN

Robin hood was dressed in green
So he could hide and not be seen
As rich folk travelled 'neath the trees
He'd make them fall down on their knees
Taking all their jewels and cash
And then did something rather rash
He gave those riches to the poor
But those poor people wanted more
And so his gang in Lincoln green
Became the biggest ever seen
With maiden Marion by his side
He scared the rich both far and wide
The Sherrif then took up the chase
To catch this rogue with hidden face
His soldiers took him to the jail
In Nottingham castle, with no bail
With help from Tuck and Little John
Our hero Robin soon was gone
To hide once more in Lincoln green
Safe and secure and still not seen

© Don Holmes



Palette and Pines

The swirl and whirl of the yellow and blue on the colour palette.

Mixing tints to create a shade of healing, harmony and hope.

'What colour are you today?'

'Green mummy, green.'

'How do you feel today?'

'Calm mummy, calm.'

Splish, splash, splosh - a swish of the brush,
Hues drifting through the water jar, softening and spreading.

A squeal and a shape emerging,
and a memory returning.

An envelope of whispering pines, light shining through the trees.

Warm water swirling in the hot tub - a picture from the cabin holiday.

'What colour are you today?'

'Green mummy, green.'

'How do you feel today?'

'Calm mummy, calm.'

Jazak Mudra

Lenton Green

Commissioned by Nottingham City Homes

Green is the new gold fine woven
through our community

cross-stitched point to point by paths, plants,
seats

where we greet and watch the world
go by

powered by beams of sunlight, weft
with windows bright

homes, each mesh grounded with
garden or balcony of our own

here we all have a slice of the sky

Lytisha

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DIY POETS QUARTERLY SHOWCASE

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Resource Centre
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Nottinghamshire
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**FEATURED POET:
MANJIT SAHOTA**

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

May 14th

Wollaton Park, Earth Day, 2025

And I walk and wonder about climate change.
And how we could have drones watching,
digital mosquitoes monitoring,
detecting small sparks.

Or we could have a cooling off
a learning from Aboriginal wisdom,
a reversal,
a listening.

And I sit and think about climate change
and how I am no Greta.

And the grasstree that thrives after fire,
emerges blackened and refreshed
trunks silhouetted in the wasteland
sprouts a whorling green sunburst,
and grows tall and thin, flowers.
A phoenix of a tree.

Clare Stewart, April/May 2025

SAVE OUR EARTH



DIY POETS MEET

EVERY FIRST WEDNESDAY OF MONTH
7:30pm AT BROADWAY CINEMA, NOTTINGHAM
GET INVOLVED BRING POEMS TO DISCUSS

INA FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE

WE'RE ALSO ON ZOOM

BUILDING HAS **DISABLED ACCESS**

FOR MORE INFO CONTACT FRANK@

frankmac_1999@yahoo.co.uk or on

07889 765917



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**DIY Poets are a Nottingham based
poetry collective, with a mission
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**We aim to make poetry accessible
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works, give and receive friendly
constructive feedback and plan
events.**

**Find out more. Sign up for regular
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Get in touch...**

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

We are currently open for submissions for **issue 72**. 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 June 2026** Send poems to:

frankmac_1999@yahoo.co.uk

We welcome original artwork to accompany your poem

