



63

**THE
FREE
POETRY
MAGAZINE**



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

Deeper winter and truer north

Simon spoke of shame,
embarrassment,
our human species inflicting
degradation, humiliation on
the natural world.

Armitage aimed for the Arctic Circle,
where ice has an identity crisis,
the permafrost neither permanent
nor frosty.

The poet returned home armed
with a handful of words.
Simon says
the whiteness was in retreat.

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Night out

The local party-goer sitting half asleep,
her happy meal laid at her side,
while party-goers that claimed they would pull
tonight
come tripping by, but in her chip-salted hands
she holds a blue kazoo
and she blows to fan their fire
to wake their open hearts
and stoke their hot desire.

Stuart Whomsley

Messy kitchen of love

You were the crumbs in my butter,
the butter in my marmite.
Our love was a torn open bread bag
when a little care could have been taken.
The wet spoon in the sugar of our love
showed the passion that hardened and crystal-
lised.
And what was left behind in the morning?
Sad little tea bags left to shrivel in the kitchen
sink.

Stuart Whomsley

Euthanasia

Euthanasia, a controversial act

We all die, it a natural fact

But for some, the suffering is great

And mercy's release becomes their fate

Objection one, Its playing God

But who decides when life is too hard

Should we let it linger on

Or grant peace, let the soul leave unscarred

Objection two. The slippery slope

Will it lead to abuse, a loss of hope

But careful laws and strict control

Can protect those with vulnerable souls

Objection three, The value of life

But what about quality in strife

Should we force a life that's full of pain

Or give them a choice, let Them break the chain

Objection four, The doctor's role

To heal or end, to take control

But compassion and empathy should guide

To help ease this passage of time

Objection five. It's a moral taboo

But for the suffering – what can we do

With empathy and understanding, lets debate.

Euthanasia, a compassionate fate?

Maureen Moffatt

February 2024

Rap and Soul

Rap rhythms make attack
To snap you from a nap
Wake, quake, shake you!
Calabash cadence
Percussive persuasion
Spiking conscience
Calling out corruption
Injury, injustice,
And climate catastrophe!

Then there's poetry that flows from silken lips -
A sensual simulation of a long-forgotten kiss
With timeless time to dwell on moments
missed
Renewal of a childhood daydream
Scent of suburban garden sets the scene,
Lying back to let the sunlight soothe
Through closed eyelids, sensing passing clouds
An organic kaleidoscope of intense hues;
Here are woven words to patch the wearied
soul.

Arthur Williams

Out of Darkness

As the Wolves motto is out of darkness cometh light,
I wanted to write something optimistic
that wasn't trite.

Home of the UK's first automated traffic lights,
With the lack of even a plaque.

For a while we've been stuck on red ,
But maybe with the Civic reopening
After eight long years,
And the Wolves a pack again,
This unseen city will be on green,
And the old gold will rise up
Out of the black.

Frank McMahon



Empty coke bottle

This bottle held living liquid,
dirt ridden as a diamond mine,
shapely as the neck that wore those
diamonds.

Left cleaner in its conscience, shining
like a sainted city, rocket like
it sings of moon and innocence,
now it's brown has been slugged down.

The neck that wore the diamonds,
that glinted red in the right light,
the red of diamond mines and lives
entwined in earth brown kisses.

But the bottle said innocence,
it said snow is what I hold,
only a thirst quench, a life give,
a people live, a sun smile,
a molten-ness of Christmas.

John Humphreys

The tiny primulas
brave in the cold
look at the sky.
Scrappy winter grass,
flattened by the rain.

Elsewhere,
that sky drops bombs
that rain falls on refugees



Clare Stewart
March 2022

Green, White and Orange

My Irish Catholic parents
Always called the Tricolour
The green white and gold,
And wanted a united Ireland
With tales of struggles old
And Fenians bold,
But the third part is not gold but orange.
Equal in size to the green,
Divided by the white of peace
And not surrender.
Protestants do not want
to be lonely marigolds
In an ocean of green.
The flag was born in 1848,
To overcome bigotry and hate.
Beneath its fold could be clasped
The hands of the two tribes,
This unity to be finally grasped.
Peace is more precious than gold.

Frank McMahon

LOSS AND TIME

I went to our favourite café
And sat at the window seat
Where we would drink and chatter
Whenever we chose to meet
I flirted with the waitress
The one with the lovely eyes
She played the game so perfectly
Even as we said our goodbyes
I walked home through the park
The leaves were turning brown
Soon the grey mists of autumn
Will descend and cover the town
How could I find such enjoyment
From everyday things that I do
It's because they only can happen
At times when I don't think of you
I try to hold it together
And stop myself feeling so blue
But the times are getting much shorter
Those times that I don't think of you

Don Holmes



Full Capacity

There comes a point where this weak thing we call a
body reaches full capacity
You can't hold all of yourself any longer
You must begin to store the inside on the outside
I don't invite anyone around anymore
Because if I did, they'd find the contents of my stomach
on my bedroom floor
Misery mixed with butternut squash seeds from my last
meal
My heart beating violently under my bed
Guts in the kitchen sink with all my other dirty dishes
Window wide open so moths can come and gnaw on
my favourite clothes
Mirror broken in frustration because nobody I've met
before meets my eyes when I dare to look
I'm a trashy motel, fully booked on a Saturday night
Mary and Joseph are knocking and begging outside
The wind is howling, and the cold is biting
But I won't let them in.
I'd love to, I would but I won't let them in
I'll remain a sanctuary for no one
When I can't be one for myself

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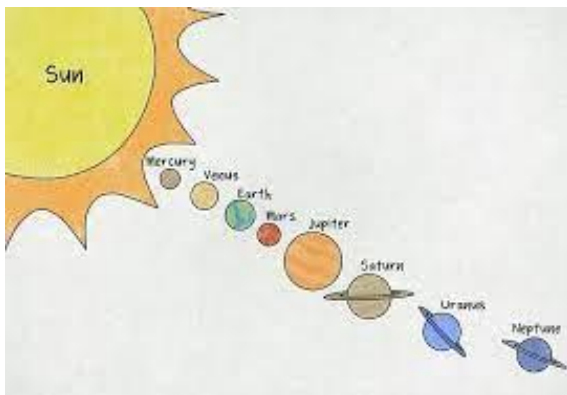
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Mapping the dark, vast canvas

Bristles saturated, fluid tints, stroking a square, white sheet, creating curves completing their potential, the full picture, watercolours mapping the dark, vast canvas of our solar system.

I am not God, and yet I created colourful planets. My first painting for forty years.

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Shovel

I shovel my self
scoop it in digestible coffee spoons
deep into earth.

I shovel my heart
trample it
deep into earth

I shovel my life
controlled
domesticated, sociable
pack it down.
deep into earth.

But my self
my heart
my life
keep unearthing themselves.
Dragons' teeth that
sprout fully armed.

Clare Stewart

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We are currently open for submissions for **issue 64**
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 its as long as Paradise Lost then
it won't get in.

The deadline for submissions is 20th June 2024 Send
poems to:

frankmac_1999@yahoo.co.uk

DIY POETS
Issue 63 also
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