



66

**THE
FREE
POETRY
MAGAZINE**



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

Flushed

Our countryside, often verdant, earthy,
golden and crimson. Correct.
Rivers and lakes seem clean, clear,
vibrant with wildlife. Correct.

Brook Head Beck meanders with meaning,
mossy and dank by the bank,
babbling and sparkling as leaf tones change.

Rivers and lakes may be polluted,
green, brown, golden, crimson. Correct.
Do you know what's in the water?

Professor Alistair Boxall is aware.
Dr Anne Leonard, lead author.

Antidepressants, antibiotics, diabetes
and anti-inflammatory drugs, flushed,
forgotten, flowing through the Peak
District National Park.

Time and trips in our countryside,
good for body and mind.
Unless you are aquatic.

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All the colours

Ordinary is for others,
I am extraordinary, made of flesh and love.
Eating is a weight I cannot shift,
void is where a part of me exists.
Orange is how the sun fills me with hope,
I use all the colours of silver and gold.
Stupid is a lens with which to see the world,
flight gives everything possibility, life unfurls.
Dancing is the way I think with my body,
paranormal activity is my past as ghost,
revenge is just wasted emotion,
give healing to help the most.

John Humphreys

Eagle Spitz

Your words

Your words are shallow
your breath just stinks
you have opinions
but you cannot think
you are the problem
not the solution
a noxious stench
just toxic pollution.

Eagle Spitz

Hope

Daylight and hope
Feels as small
As an arrow slit
In a castle wall,
Or the eye of a needle,
The tiny exhaust port
Of the death star,
But Luke shot true.

Frank McMahon

Thirty years of Blah Blah Blah - Greta Thunberg

Thirty years of Blah Blah Blah

‘But darling, I **have** to drive my car!’

Thirty years Rhubarb Rhubarb

‘And I really need some nice new garb’

‘The answer is, elect a climate czar!’

Thirty years of Blah Blah Blah

‘**Their** words are true and **never** barbed!’

Thirty years Rhubarb Rhubarb

Thirty years Rhubarb Rhubarb

‘My food must be exotic **and** low-carb...’

Thirty years of Blah Blah Blah

‘...and be bizarre and travel very far.’

‘It’s all too late, it’s all too hard...’

Thirty years Rah Rah Rah

‘...Let’s just ignore it all, la-la.’

Thirty years of Blah Blah Blah!

Clare Stewart

December 2024



FOR JOHNNY O

He must go
give him the big heave-ho
say Taylor & Co
the poetry is not selling
call the police and let them know
there's a madman loose on the hill
and let them hear how the primrose blows:
lock him up!
O call them
O tell them
O let them know
say you just heard
this year's first violet
scream.

Tom Ryder



Parkrun 101

I ran parkrun 101,
And that brutal three part hill,
I'd like to put in room 101,
My body bent on the ascent.
Two thirds of the way through
My Garmin battery said low,
But my not always ever ready body
Knew there was a mile to go.
My Garmin ran out of power
On the final stretch,
But I still had one bar left.
Maybe the large porridge
Had given me enough charge.

Frank McMahon



parkrunner



5K



Volunteer

Dreaming

Dreaming of you

Were you ever real?

You who live on

In my dreams

Last night

the dream changed

Became a thing that rode

wild through the dark

Nightmare

I want to wake up

Loose and free from

You

To wake

To live in the light

This is what I desire

Most of all

Annette Pateman

NOT YET, WINTER

I'd walked this way a hundred times
Deep in thought, composing rhymes
But this day those delightful hues
Had worked their magic on my muse

Autumn's fallen leaves were spread
Across the path and somehow led
My thoughts to turn to winter's cold
And how it made my bones feel old

But this entrancing wooded way
Was begging me to slow and stay
And let the flickering filtered sun
Remind me winter's not begun

© Don Holmes (23/11/2024)



The Winner Takes It All

after the BBC Show 'The Traitors' Season 2

I'd always wanted to be a Traitor,
taking control of my own destiny, and that
of others. What's good about being a Faithful?
Sheep-like, waiting to be slaughtered

without knowing when.

I'm that bright, sunny boy in your dream.
My angelic face, sparkly eyes, innocent
smile will take you off guard,
women or men, gay or straight.

Who says beauty is only skin deep?

Thank you all for having faith in me.
Your trust is so comforting.
Mollie, I love your cute naivety.
Andrew, your emotion hangs you dry.

In the Traitor's world, there is no place
for virtue. Because the winner takes it all.

Hongwei Bao

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SPEECH THERAPY

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every 1st Friday ~7.30-1am
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36 –38 Hockley
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poetry partying since 2011

‘Armistice Day and the Voice of the Dead’

By Harry Riley

Remember me

Duty called and I went to war

Though I’d never fired a gun before

I paid the price for your new day

As all my dreams were blown away

Remember me

We all stood true as whistles blew

And faced the shell and stench of hell

Now battle’s done, there is no sound

Our bones decay beneath the ground

We cannot see or smell or hear

There is no death

Or hope or fear

Remember me

Once we, like you, would laugh

And talk

And run and walk

And do the things that you all do.

But now we lie in rows so neat

Beneath the soil

Beneath your feet

Remember me

In the mud and gore and blood of war

We fought and fell and move no more

Remember me,

I am not dead I’m just a voice

Within your head

DIY POETS QUARTERLY SHOWCASE

@ City Arts
11-13 Hockley,
Nottingham NG1 1FH

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

May 15th
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**DO YOU WANT TO MEET OTHER
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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.**

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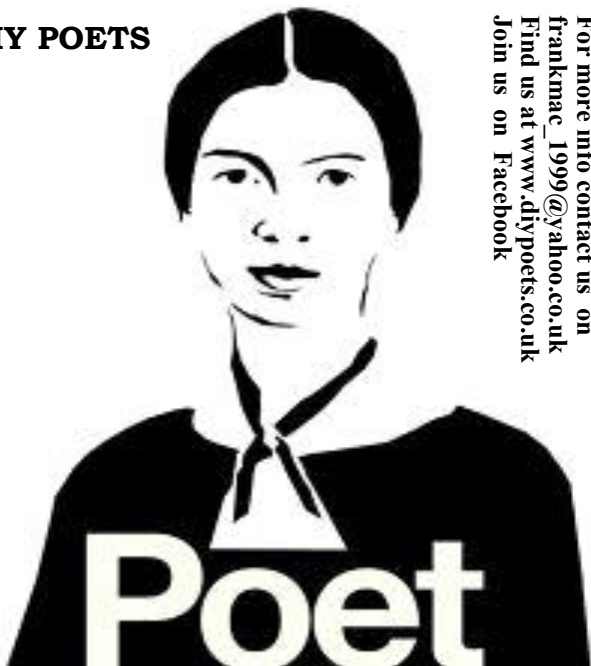
We are currently open for submissions for **issue 67**
Poems can be on any theme. They should be short,
(25 lines or less) to fit onto a page of A6. Your poem
may be brilliant but if it's as long as Paradise Lost
then it won't get in.

The deadline for submissions is 30th March 2025

Send poems to:

frankmac_1999@yahoo.co.uk

DIY POETS



For more info contact us on
frankmac_1999@yahoo.co.uk
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