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**THE
FREE
POETRY
MAGAZINE**



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

Riding a One Trick Pony

Shakespeare just had influential friends
Heaney had a magic fountain pen
Cohen just had his infinite pity
Lou Reed had dirty New York City

I said, it could have been me, if only,
If only, I could have been a one trick pony

Ziggy? Just a Japanese coiffure
Johnny Rotten just a seditious sneer
Eliot? Just a shiny arsed clerk
McCarthy's shtick was no speech marks

I sang, it would have been me, if only,
If only, I would have been a one trick pony

Shane just spat curses through splintered teeth
John Donne was just a libidinous priest
Che in a beret ? A poster boy for the people
Johnny Clarke just a silhouette as sharp as a needle

I shouted, it should have been me, if only,
If only, I should have been a one trick pony

Larkin just stacked shelves in bicycle clips
Kirsty's arched eye saw through men's tricks
Georgie Best was just a gorgeous body feint
And Jackson Pollock just threw paint

Pete Clavin

As I lay me down to sleep,
I try not to think of the day's news or else I'd weep

O Lord, I'm struggling so much these days.
O Lord hear my prayer.
I'm finding it hard to give thanks and praise.

The world seems to be going through a strange weird
phase,
world leaders are no longer sincere,
O Lord, I'm struggling so much these days,

I cannot understand people's crazy ways,
too much hatred, so little compassion or care.
I'm finding it hard to give thanks and praise.

I'm exhausted by the oligarch's macho power displays,
I try not to let them unnerve me or scare.
O Lord, I'm struggling so much these days,

I wonder...is this how civilisation decays?
Are people really so blind, so unaware?
I'm finding it hard to give thanks and praise.

Can we all unite to turn away from this malaise?
I refuse to be bullied by a bigoted billionaire!
O lord, I'm struggling so much these days,
I'm finding it hard to give thanks and praise.

Joy Rice

Spring

Spring has definitely sprung, daffodils and snowdrops everywhere.

Spring has definitely sprung, blossom on trees and green leaves everywhere.

Spring has definitely sprung, blue skies and sunshine everywhere.

C) Elaine Boot 2024



Orange tongues

Pacific Palisades, twisted trees,
buckled branches entwined with
torn telephone poles and wilting wires,
carbon legacy of orange tongues,
domestic shells, skeletal cars,
no match for furious fires.

Los Angeles' loss, yet celestial
saviours absent for recent coastal hell,
do we have faith that phoenix will flourish,
despite acrid smell?

© Andrew Martin, February 2025

Whatever Happens...

After all the hardships that I've been through
And the distress that I've encountered,
And the miseries that I have suffered,
And the pains that have surmounted.

After all the hurdles I've jumped over,
And the walls that I have climbed,
After all my disappointments,
And those dreadful troubled times.

After all the dreams that have not come true,
And all those ambitions unfulfilled,
And those moments when I felt alone,
And those bridges I failed to build.

But though life may be harsh and cruel,
I know that there is still always hope,
And whatever happens in this world
I know that I shall cope.

Stuart Vanner



Two photos.

Something echoes

A hare in a Scottish forest.

A woman at the south coast seaside.

It's in the angle of the turning neck
the wariness in the eye.

And was it her

inhabiting the small brown fur body

looking straight at the camera,

static, wanting to hop away,

waiting for my next move?

Candle-like, luxurious,

the magnolia gleams,

easily opens its cups to the March sunshine.

When it flowered,

it reminded her of long-ago-home.

The hare moves at last,

darts back into the forest.

Clare Stewart

March 2025



A Corner

There's a wall, a corner
Where I go
No one knows
No one sees
Just a place for me
To be.

I think in the corner of that wall
Of things that annoy, that make tears fall
A Hitler salute
Orange man in a suit
Gaza in rubble, genocide in plain sight
Too tired to keep up the fight
Bored of stupid, of ignorance
Of anger at a referee
but not angry at the right to be free
Free from hate, free just to be
Tired of the sad, the bad, of the unkind
So I hide by the wall
In the corner of my mind

Dominic Storr



The Docs

After jumping off the stage at the end of the buzzing gig

He talks to me earnestly of politics, of climate crisis and more

But I can't seem to concentrate on any of his words

He has a cute face, a good vibe, his politics are positively placed

But I can't process that, I can't even look in his ridiculously cool face

Despite us both being here in this auspicious place

My eyes are fixed, and I can't quite believe this, on his boots

All 12 holes are laced and tied at the top

How do you even get your DM's on the wrong feet?

Lytisha



Prying
preying
the shifts of salt
ride the edges
of their
perpetual seas
How tendergrey the seagulls
sing where none can listen

Under the sunset
I thought i saw you
in the net of details
Tendergrey
the seagulls sang
This night is not sacred
nor sleazy
This night
is soft
and lonely
Kevin Jackson

Equinox is Sprung

The sun's cutting life in half here
with a miser's precise fair share.

One half's still in shadow, where the air has claws;
one half's bright as lightning, warm as Chips-on-Sea.

Meet me halfway, then,
by my frozen fingertips,
tug me into your promised half-hug.

Josie Barrett
21st March 2025



Syd

Syd, once a keen scout,
with tents pegged and pitched,
grounded, well rounded.

What mishap made you the Madcap,
tuned all wrong,
your canvas flying free
in the wounding wind,
Founding Floyd, then destroyed?

Frank McMahon



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SPEECH THERAPY

**NOTTINGHAM'S PREMIER
POETRY NIGHT**

every 1st Friday ~7.30-1am
At **BUNKERS HILL**
36 –38 Hockley
Nottingham NG1 1FP
poetry partying since 2011

As Queer as James Bond

I want to be a different kind
of James Bond. Dressed
in a tuxedo, ice in whiskey,

cruising men glamorously.
Take off my shirt, open
my biceps and six pack

to a host of men.
Go to bed with enemies.
Pounding guts. World politics

a trail of broken hearts.
James Bond, when can you
be as queer as me?

Hongwei Bao

DIY POETS QUARTERLY SHOWCASE

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

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

May 15th
August 21st
November 20th

These walls

Happiness is a choice,
like our colours,
the mood music you choose.

To say anything else is ridiculous,
sing the pictures on the wall.

We arrived as we are, because
the painter made choices,
gave us moments in time.

Reflected how these dance
with exactness of spin.

Made the faces, places, moods
of pigment we exist in.

Energies of movement,
silences within.

They chose this hymn
to a particular story,
a fragment of divine glory,
or darker violence,

the thought out moral nuance
of mayhem, beginning, end.

Hope or hopeless,
beatification or beating.

Happiness is a choice,
and we paintings, these walls,
your voice.

John Humphreys



**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
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**DIY poets meet regularly to share
works, give and receive friendly
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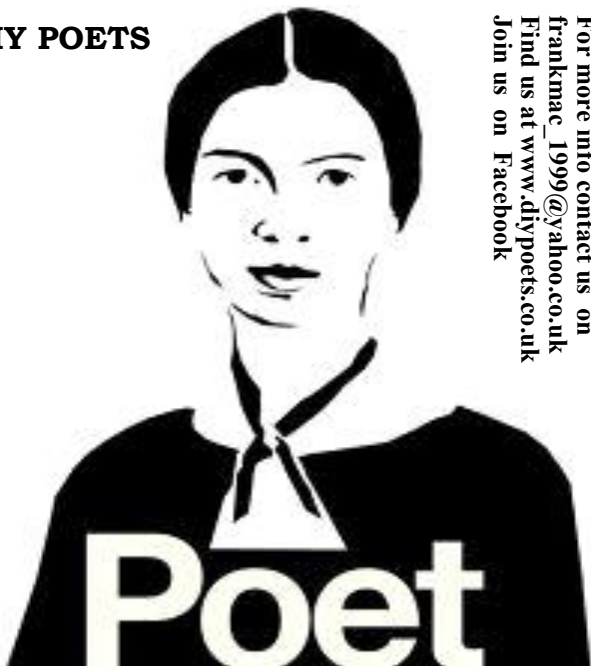
**www.diypoets.co.uk
frankmac_1999@yahoo.co.uk**

We are currently open for submissions for **issue 68**
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 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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