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**THE
FREE
POETRY
MAGAZINE**



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

“The Treasure I Gained”

*Feels like I'm stuck in a desert,
with nothing but the memory of water.
Like a storm that passed, it left behind
silence I didn't ask.*

It wasn't about needing attention, but
searching for something authentic to feel.
I sit in the stillness that came after—
not from failure,
but because I felt something worth feeling.

Now I carry all the echoes
Of the words I didn't speak
And wonder if I lost,
Because I dared to feel too deep

Still here.
Still standing.
Waiting for rain,
but I carry the memory—
a treasure I gained.

Dan Soroczyn

Have you seen her? Tell me have you seen her?

If she still has bee stung lips of burnt garnet
Don't gawp, keep yours firmly shut

If she is still a full fat communist **Pete Clavin**
Don't tell her he's now a diet fascist,
salute her with a raised a fist

If you touch her and are stickled with a hit of static
Don't fret, its just her everyday dramatic magic

If she can still tame wild dogs and ride wild white
horses
Don't tell her about his myriad habitual divorces

If she still turns more heads than Lady Godiva
Don't tell her you saw this shady eyesore

If she still wears kitten heel sling back mules
Don't tell her he still has one of her shoes

If she still has her Carnival Queen Crown
Don't tell her she left that booze-hound spellbound

If she can still shave your beard with her tongue
You'll crack under pressure and confess you're wrong

If her raven hair still has angel-dust flecks
Don't tell her that he cut and kept a lock whilst she
slept

If she recalls the roof falling in
And the walls crumbling
While we danced on and on and on
Don't tell her he still plays that very same song

If she still licks her lips before kissing you
Well...

Planning Permission

My home's under threat!
Developers say
it must come down.

My homes under threat!
To be reduced down in height
its blossom light dimmed
our perches removed.

My home's under threat!
Where my babies grew,
fledged and then flew to start life anew.

My home's under threat!
It's an "unsightly mess"
like Grenfell, a fire risk,
(and once more they knew.)

My home's under threat!
When leaves fall they slip
in the wet underfoot.

My home's under threat!

Helen Sadler

Spade Width

Spring. The turn of earth,
spade widths worked.
Worms, stones, weeds,
last season's potato
sighs on release.

You stop for the Robin.
Her beak widths nuzzle
minute creatures
her treasure,
her feast.

The spade slaps
a hapless bone
cached by a fox
long forgotten.
Embarrassment
of a plastic tie, disturb
a slumbering frog.

And in your head
you dig deep for space,
one spade width
of calm and hope.

Andrea Lucy-Hirst

A Helping Hand 🖐️

Have we got a moral obligation
To help the poor and needy?
And ask ourselves is it right
That many of us are so greedy?

And is it just a selfish game
To see how much we can consume?
We watch it grow until at last
We find there's no more room.

And if there is one thing in this world
That does not seem quite fair,
While some people sail onwards
Others live in great despair.

So try to give a helping hand,
And make in their lives corrections,
Then we can all live a decent life,
And go in our own directions.

Stuart Vanner



Furniture

I spent some time browsing for the perfect piece.
Some were too big and bulky,
some a bit too fragile.
Some positively irritating!
I brought one home one once,
but knew straightaway that it wouldn't fit in,
it just didn't sit right,
took up too much room and wasn't at all comfortable.
The positioning wasn't right.
I wondered if I would ever find the perfect companion piece.
Then there it was!
Aesthetically pleasing, not too much trouble,
not too big, not too small, just right,
creating the perfect ambiance.
Soon you were very much a part of the furniture.

Joy Rice



British summer

One minute it's sun shining
On minute it's raining
One minute it's stormy
One minute it's fine
One minute you need a coat
One minute you're stripping of
One minute your outdoors
One minute you're dashing in doors
One minuet it's a heat wave
One minute it feels like autumn
You best make the most of summer whilst it's
here

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Something like Disillusionment?

Sitting under my clothes wash
swinging on its prop,
the stars on my pyjamas
coming off,
going out one by one.

Clare Stewart
May Day 2025



SHE WAS ELEGANT

That she was elegant, was plain
As she sat there upon the train
Reading from her paper book
And trying not to take a look
As he sat down upon his seat
So careful not to catch her feet
Smiling slowly turning red
He asked her what it was she said
She'd only mouthed a little "Oh"
Because his foot had caught her toe
From this little conversation
They talked until they reached his station
The wounded soldier, proud but lame
Had left the train with heart aflame
For as she rose to help him stand
She pressed a note into his hand
Her name and number neatly written
To signify she too was smitten
He thought of her upon the train
That she was elegant, was plain

© **Don Holmes**



Irish

A language shouldn't be dead
if the word for pink, bándearg,
means white red.

Its only shortfall
is there's only two words for green;
glas and uaine,
when Johnny thought there were at least
forty shades.

Frank McMahon

Decline of Ireland's native Irish speakers (1800-2000)



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SPEECH THERAPY

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every 1st Friday ~7.30-1am
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poetry partying since 2011

Wand

It's a kind of...
audiences blown away,
millions of followers,
the dark cape, previously
for select men, Sophie's
trick with wig, body suit
and gloves, granted
membership March '91,
admitted sophism, expelled
October '91.

The Magic members' club,
full Circle, and beyond,
more inclusive, Sophie
readmitted, male magic
wand not mandatory.

© Andrew Martin, May 2025



DIY POETS QUARTERLY SHOWCASE

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

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

August 21st
November 20th

Eurydice

The mop, the swab, the cloth, the bucket, the bin
were the eucharistic tools of the quiet ceremony
of purification: no pestilence or plague
was safe from the avenging hand of the deep clean.

This was a purging of filth and a sweeping away
of selfishness, these small acts of love and duty
made significant by their simple repetition,
the slow rebuilding of our broken body's temple.

Hercules wielded a Hoover, and the plastic overalls
of a silent Achilles shone with radiance,

and I heard you singing, and your music lifted me
on to the shoulders of spirits who danced in time.

My way was lit by bright statues of gods in masks
and the sound of angels smiling and clapping hands,

as I danced from darkness into the warm embrace
of the living: since then I have never looked back

but once. A sacrifice was still required for this flight
from the underworld: I turned just for a moment

to see robed ghosts steering a trolley between
the clashing rocks of recovery and loss;

then my parents, waiting patiently by the exit:
helped by kind hands, they journeyed to Elysium.

Jeff Gallagher



**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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and encouragement to writers
and performers.**

**DIY poets meet regularly to share
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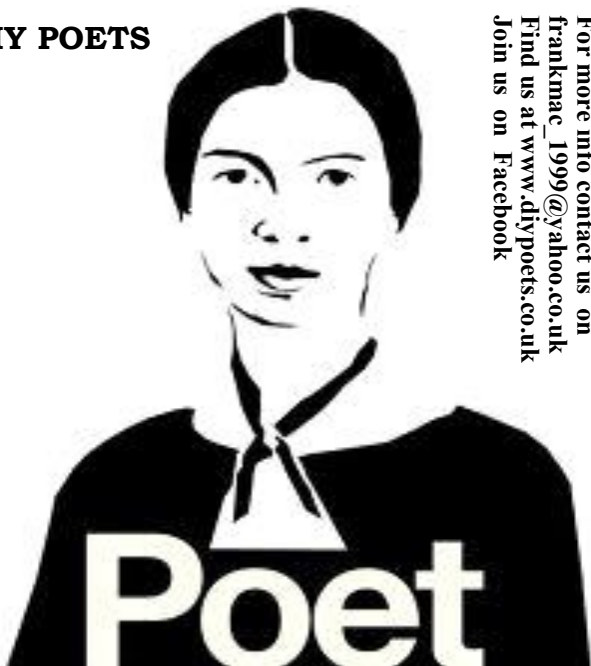
**www.diypoets.co.uk
frankmac_1999@yahoo.co.uk**

We are currently open for submissions for **issue 69**
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 September
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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