

**Kotodama**  
**Poem by Elzy Taramangalam**

Sometimes a poem  
Is the breeze on the tree top  
Other times it is  
The bee on a petal  
Or a deer licking lichen  
More often the lines  
Come in waves  
Caressing the body  
Waking the being  
Taking the soul  
To Everest heights  
On an endless spin  
Out of time  
On to conscient light.

**Pleasant Coyote**  
**Poem by James Whitehead**

In Point Pleasant Park  
I saw you in your jogging pants  
With Carlton, your golden Labrador  
He was waddling, grinning  
I asked Carlton  
And he said if I liked you  
I should tell you  
I'm the Coyote who stares from the hill  
I like running around, chasing rabbits  
And Al Pacino in Serpico  
I know it's a long shot  
But I want you to know  
Carlton watches you in the shower by the way

**V**  
**Poem by Wendy Watkinson**

Eyes like a hawk  
The tension taut  
Piercing me  
The energy  
So raw  
Clench and release  
Nothing will ease  
Don't want to withdraw  
Smooth and rough  
Never enough  
Soaring pulsing tasting  
The heights never stop  
Nor do the thoughts  
Left in ruins and awe

# FREE POEMS



**Read a Local Writer!**  
**BE a Local Writer!**

**Teenage Emotions**  
**Poem by Patti C.**

Life is filled with emptiness  
everywhere I go  
people seem to stare at me  
as if I were some show

Others point and laugh at me  
and do their best  
to put me down  
to make me feel as though  
I don't count  
and treat me like a clown.

Why must people be so  
hurtful?  
How can they be so cruel?  
Do they think I haven't  
any feelings?  
Were they not taught the  
Golden Rule?

**She's Gone**  
**Poem by Judy Ann Howe**

There is nothing wrong  
She's gone  
Last year God her home  
To let our hearts roam  
As I sit here remembering her  
My life at times seems blurred  
Though I know for sure it was best  
The sadness will not rest  
God speaks to me  
Telling me she is now free  
And I have to go on with life  
Being a parent and wife  
Everyday I wonder how you are  
Knowing that it is hard  
Not seeing you all the time like before  
When your lungs became sore  
It was near the end  
Everything sunk in  
I knew for sure it was good-bye  
Someday we meet again the sky

**Rock Ranger**  
**Poem by Nicole D. Myers**  
(for Jay Smith)

equal parts peace and promise  
animate talent louder than bombs  
& a pure hurricane-chasing heart

full throttle classic rock ranger  
you were an exhilarating surprise  
& fused unbridled passion in your stride

this extant twinkling passes by slowly  
without your patient dreams dancing  
& joyous flashes of musical quick fingers

on the back of a postcard from the road  
it simply reads JS, we wish you were here

come back home Jay  
*into the light*

for you the pursuit of rainbows  
on the other side of midnight

*will never expire*

absence will not quell your golden voice  
it is absolute truth you will never be gone

*in our bones your music remains*

**each gasp looser**  
**Poem by Kathryn Bjornson**

her breast a reedy vessel full  
of breath and beating, the rattle  
of fight and holding

each gasp looser, a thin  
filament. the wrench and buckle  
of dying.

the moment is not solid. it fades  
between the waiting  
and the knowing,  
has no hard surfaces  
that can be held.

**The Hat**  
**Poem by Janet Brush**

An ordinary salt-and-pepper cap  
but it was his  
his sweat  
his maleness  
his smell  
him.....  
never wash it.

Bury my nose in the lining  
inhale deeply  
transported back  
into his arms.

How long will it last?  
As long as love  
as long as memory.

**Steadfast is Hope**  
**Poem by Erica Lewis**

Cold winds embrace eternal song;  
up high atop the mountain's peak,  
your heart is tethered there and weak,  
as stars give birth, our newest dawn.

A language both will comprehend,  
shall pass between us, left unsaid,  
while moons above gleam crimson red;  
our withered spirits to ascend.

Beginning now, our lives will merge;  
the dome of night, it will protect  
till morning light, its glows project  
the former pain of past we purge.

Steadfast is hope in sunlight bright  
as sure as Earth below rotates;  
your heart now free, it elevates  
as skies above return to night.

# OPEN HEART FORGERY

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*Open Heart Forgery is a monthly journal of  
poems & lyrics that aims to energize local  
writers from the grass roots up.*

This issue's writers:

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**Send us your poems & lyrics for the next issue**  
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**Rule 1:** No hate. No sexism. No racism.  
**Rule 2:** Maximum 28 lines long, 43 letters wide  
**Rule 3:** Only HRM residents please, to keep  
Open Heart Forgery a local community journal

Print off copies of the website PDF  
Photocopy it at work · Email the PDF to friends  
Beautify the world by sharing these words...

**let our voices be heard...**  
**Forge This Journal!**

**Liquid of Life**  
**Poem by Alicia Martin**

Every two weeks, for just one hour,  
I feel like I belong in the world.

It's ok that the remaining 335 hours,  
within the two week span,  
consistently challenge my sense of direction,  
through the uncharted waters of life.

But it's those changing tides,  
With unsurfable swells,  
in between placid surfaces,  
and intimidating undertows,  
that mould me into who I am.

My feelings, goals and purpose in life  
Change just as frequent as this  
Natural element does.

And that's just fine with me.

**Letter of Eviction**  
**Poem by Georgia Atkin**

Okay, listen up.

We've had enough of your frosty winds.  
No more snow,  
no more white stuff, you hear me?  
So many months  
of freezing temperatures,  
and I know you think you're just so cool  
but haven't you noticed  
the cold reception  
you're beginning to receive?

Frigid stares and glares directed at you  
from those people bundled up in  
layers of sweaters, coats, hats, mittens,  
shivering with runny noses  
and frozen faces-  
and nobody thinks that snow in April  
is clever, okay?

We want to remember  
the sunlight,  
and the scent of green things growing  
and what it feels like  
not to have cold hands.

Hear that chilly silence, Winter?  
I think it's time  
to leave.

**voting Canadian style**  
**Poem by David R. MacLean**

we vote in line with coffee preferences,  
we vote with muttered nihilistic references,  
we vote with our feet,  
we vote with our bums in the seat.

we vote repeatedly on idol nights,  
we vote to retain hockey fights,  
we vote, more and more, in polls advanced,  
we vote, more or less, by the seat of our pants.

we vote with our darts,  
we vote with our hearts,  
we vote with a gift of free booze,  
we vote without rousing our passive IQ's.

we waste our vote, but we insist on our say,  
we want a vote on the big questions of the day:  
should we call for takeout, or learn to cook?  
should beiber be allowed to change his look?

we vote to keep our share of the pile.  
we vote heuristically, Canadian style.

**Your heart, dear heart**  
**Poem by Nola Bishop**

This is what I love about your heart,  
dear heart, its anatomically correct shape  
that you are unabashed to wear proudly  
on your sleeve bruised and like a medal  
won on a battlefield and you are not  
afraid to cry or say I love you

But more than that, what I love is  
that it is yours and nobody else's  
and that it is strong and nothing  
or no-one can steal it away.

**Spring Wind**  
**Sonnet by Cathy Hanrahan**

The winters are long here on the lands of Evangeline  
They're a map of endurance with a predominant theme  
Of bitter winds that blow fiercely through the firmest of heart  
Leaving love in the dust and no will left to start  
But then round the corner comes that whiff of warm air  
and we joyously surrender without thought or care  
Thrown out the window is the knowledge we've learned  
Heaped in a pile are life's books to be burned  
However fleeting these emotions of love and desire  
No matter the consequence, we don't seem to tire  
Willing to acquiesce given time and a chance  
Yearning to explore the smallest of circumstance  
Yes, spring can envelope the most hardened of kind  
And give hope that true love will be different this time

**Explore**  
**Poem by Scot Jamieson**

*The holy mountains rise,  
blue and vast, out of  
the misty inner light.*

*A song is sighing in the  
hush of the leaves of  
the sentient forest.*

*Another sun pours out  
the heat of the heart of  
all belonging.*

*Sweet and saffron is  
the intoxicant-kiss  
of the immortal child.*

Science is  
exploring the limits

but it takes  
(and it makes you)  
a whole human soul

to explore

the no-limits.

**Dreams**  
**Haiku by Jonathan Burchill**

Hollow dreams high hopes  
To drift into love or war  
Plain life sweetly sour

**Forest Reflection**  
**Poem by Emily Krauss**

Deep in the forest,  
Full of evergreen, birch and oak trees  
Is where, you can find me  
Sitting by the warm clear water  
Dipping my feet  
And feeling the wetness  
Surround my toes

I'm all alone  
Not a soul nearby  
Not a creak  
Nor a rustle in the bushes  
No footsteps can be heard  
Just me, my breathing and my thoughts

It's what I relish once in awhile  
As I just let myself, reflect and meditate  
About life in general and the world

**Repetition**  
**Poem by Breanna Keeler**

Say it.  
Say it over and over and over again.  
Say it like a mantra.  
Say it like a magic spell.  
Say it until you believe it.  
Say it until it sounds wrong.  
Say it until the words twist in on themselves.  
Say it until it makes sense.  
Say it until your voice runs out.  
Say it until your throat is raw.  
Say it until you're swallowing blood.  
Say it until you can't breathe.  
Say it until it's true.  
Say it.  
Say it.  
Say it.  
Say it until it stops being true.  
Say it.  
Say it.  
Say it over and over and over again.

**Spring Garden Road Walks**  
**Poem by Tim Covell**

A mix of casual  
Diners start the street  
Then quiet blocks  
To stroll in peace and ease  
The Public Gardens  
Offer daytime feet  
A path among the trees  
And greens to please  
Next lights and sidewalks packed  
The beggars call  
All day, from dawn and  
Service trucks that bring  
The food and drink, 'till night  
Cabs wait, and all  
Is dark and slow  
As late night lovers cling  
Boutiques and bars absorb  
The movie throngs  
Downhill the vendors' vans  
Have fresh hot fries  
'Tween library and the court  
For judging wrongs  
There are the churches  
Where tall commerce lies  
The old graves ground  
The one of three that show  
The others gone from sight  
Where we all go.

**Haiku Foo**  
**Poem by Bill Hanrahan**

Music can be a four letter word  
Duke and Monk and Bach and Bird,  
If you need there to be five  
Louis, Basie  
and Dizzy would jive  
If instead you would have six  
add Billie and Lester to the mix.

Please excuse me I have to  
Haiku!  
Who was that  
that said:  
"Bless you?"

Gesundheit

**Alone in Antigonish**  
**Poem by Richard Collins**

Walking past a rustic gate post, my thoughts  
engrossed by greens and cobalt colored streams  
incandescent lemon freckled sights  
with ivory petals speckled lightly. White

and blue-green shapes that shook and undulated  
under ornate eyes and common traits. There  
a gravel path led me away, and there  
a farm, now dilapidated stood and quaked

Nine children to a bedroom, dirt under nails  
Grandmother would pail the eggs to market  
every sunday the wind was cold against  
the undetermined verdant forest

Too unforgiving for the refuge of the barn  
I had to feed the livestock, I had a favorite baby chick  
at night Dad would lock himself away  
burgandy dripped his soul chest and weather worn neck

Sipping urgently I hauled what wood I could collect  
In the summer I would run the fields  
flecked in flakes of gilded wheat  
sweeping footfalls briskly back to brother's working

One by one they all would leave me  
as the leaves of autumn yore  
leaving me and chickadee  
to what dad could tend no more.

and through a gray decaying doorway hole  
magenta dripped his core

fold here

fold here