

Night Rain
Poem by Michele Roberts

Ever stained the night
In shades dark blue
Glistening of soft glows
To mesmerize the soul
In quiet soothing
Languid dreams intermingle
Of soft touches, slow kisses
As streams cascade
On pane of reflective glass
Curves of silky shadows visioned
Fluid the movements
Playing to the beat
Of wet drops
In the tumbling roar

A Song to Snow
Poem by David Du

I am looking forward to meeting you
Like a boy waiting to open the door to
His first lover
I am looking forward to meeting you
Like crops in a drought are waiting
For the touch of rain
I am looking forward to meeting you
Like a tired bird waiting for a uplifting breeze.
I have been waiting for a long time.
I am waiting eagerly,
My face is worn and harrowed.
My heart's river has dried up.
Now I can see you beauty
You come here so vividly
You are so pure, so perfectly.
White skin with a bright body,
Splendidly dancing with a brilliant light,
When I meet you
I want to describe your sweetness,
Make a beautiful poem for you
At this time I want to hug you uncontrollably
Although I know I can keep you
for only a moment.

FREE POEMS



Read a Local Writer!
BE a Local Writer!

where 2 start
Poem by B Mosher

didnt she know
we drove past
old farm doors
places we cant criticize

that is all in the past now

rope swings limp
green goes gold
here is not blank

where 2 start

Consigned to Oblivion
Poem by Tim Carter

Forgotten
Out of mind
A thing of the past
Beyond recollection
Dying fast
Left behind
Disregarded
Overlooked and ignored
Time slips by
Years of neglect
Unrecognized...
Consigned to Oblivion

All By Occurrence
Poem by David Mac Eachern

Water running out, love's drying heart
Plumbing line breakdown, spiritual disarray
Warmth receding to cold, passions depart
Furnace needing fuel, go or stay

Nature in transition, harmony losing gain
Colors turning shady, beauty to decline
Weathering low pressure, pleasure unto pain
Turn of time, how comfort can unwind

Resetting connection, relation be retained
Temperature in balance, emotion changing pace
As seasonal produce, humanity's peace acclaimed
Glowing with harvest, enlightened face

Last Letter Found
Poem by Nathaniel S. Rounds

I am dying in front of you
Clear bag of garbage in hand
My reactions static echoes of misanthropic angst
A fatberg belch of cankered sorrow
None of the rose flower left
Just the thorns
A silent rebuke
As epitaph

Haunted Basement
Poem by Nicole Myers

some
foul-mouthed
chain-smoking
irreverent outlier
dismantled
&
reconfigured
my
impeccable display
of
cocktail
glasses
&
potted
plants
he
regarded it all /w
large piercing eyes
&
/w a shoulder shrug
he drained
of colour &
disappeared

The Talking Stick
Poem by Brian Harding

When I hold the talking stick
My heart becomes like a drum
Each beat a thought of you
Visions of walking the clouds together
Drifting through forests of green
Oh my darling
Never once unseen
Always spring in my heart
When I think of you.
Put your hand too on the "Talking Stick"
Drift with me to the sound of the drum.
(My Heart)

Ode to a Rogue
Poem by Marilyn Challis

Gather ye dandelions while ye may,
Old time is still a'flying,
That sweet rogue you ignored today,
Tomorrow might be dying.

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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.*

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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.
Larger poems will only be considered space permitting
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!

Accidental Poem
Poem by Nelly Bateman

my grandfather's garden
is an accidental poem
of roots twisting beneath thick soil and
coils of daisies and tulips
winding an underground maze
for the tendrils of tulips
and tiger lilies to get lost in.

one night i caught him
hunched over, watering them
with words he swept away
with the whirr of the garden hose;
as if he could wash away
the constructions that rolled off his tongue
like water droplets on a petal,

and then he looked up at the moon.

i'll be damned if the moon didn't wink at him.

as if she, too,
when the stars and the flowers weren't looking
spoke in suppressed tongues
that surpassed any kind of poetry i could
cultivate from a blank page.

and i'll be damned
if my grandfather didn't wink back at her

before tossing the garden hose
into the sleeping daisies
flattening the blooms
he had so tenderly tucked into the soil
a few months before

and returned inside.

Honestly
Poem by Sarah Gammon

Honestly,
I think we're all monsters
and we all have an excuse why
and whatever it may be
it's not a real excuse.
It's easy to get by
with a sense of validation,
as long as you feel justified
in your own mind.

I know we can't let what others think shape us,
but is it so horrible to once blame ourselves?

We all have choices to make,
and no one is truly obligated...

Honestly,
I can only blame me
for the choice to walk this path.
All the eyes on me, scrutinizing me,
it makes me want to feel shame,
but regardless of what they see
I need to do good by me.
I don't want to lay any blame
where it is not called for,
because we're all monsters wanting change
and we all have a reason to stall for.
I'm going to look in the mirror,
and tell you who is to blame,
honestly.

Plasmagory
Poem by Nadia LaCroix

The soul is always searching
Further, deeper
In the other
It contemplates the stars
Wondering if he looks
Longer, better
They will reveal
In their signalling lights
A splash of secret
Whispering of eternity
White versus black
On a nighttime canvas
Cells in plasma
In your buried heart

How Often Has It Been Said?
Rectangle Poem by Harry Garrison

My friend and I went inside
out of the torrential rain.
Had my 'folding money' been
ruined? I opened my wallet
to see. "My money is dry!"
I announced. How often has
that sentence been uttered?
How often has anything been
said? Billions of times or
only once, or never at all?

Grandad's Garden
Poem by Rod Stewart

Grandad measured time by circumstance,
Familiar with what came before
Would circle around again,
Like his garden,
That he pondered, planned and plotted
To the very last level slivered inch,
Because he was an engineer
By training, habit and pride.
He cultivated the same roster
Of country vegetables,
From one year to the next,
All marching in variation
To the vagaries of weather.
When the frosted moon
Of early June had passed,
His twenty yard tape measure,
And the same stick
He used for planting seeds
Over the past forty years
Divided the sun warmed earth
Like Moses parting the Firmament.
In the manner of old school teaching,
He encouraged earnest seedlings
And plucked out any wayward intentions.
Grandad was tough, yet fair, like time, and nature,
As I look back with admiration
At the harvests, and growing up,
With Grandad and His Garden.

Advice from a Warrior Queen
Poem by Georgia Atkin

Don't be afraid,
she said,
don't be afraid
of bottled-up thoughts
wrought with iron and rust,
don't be afraid
of years that haven't yet happened,
the bones of tomorrow
breaking like old sticks,
don't be afraid
she said

but take a breath,
step forward like the sun,
run like a waterfall,
call out like an earthquake
that leaves fear
shaking in its boots,
be *light* like a star, so bright
that darkness blinks
and forgets its own name,
be rain, like an ocean in the sky
and wash away the last lingering footprints
of fear

because the world is full of fearful things

but life beats drumbeats
and carries on.

Who Are You?
Poem by Hawa Swaray

The state is that of catharsis,
such an emancipating mode of being.
He feels free,
He feels.
Finally.
Repression,
Suppression,
was the envisioned fate of self.
The appeal of the prototype,
the appeal of perfection,
is enough.
Enough to know that he will never know
himself..
Consistent ignorance
until he felt the cages that confined his soul.
The finest of all epiphanies.

Ambition
Poem by Emma Fleet

I can feel the positivity in the air,
A new year growing from the past,
almost timid, like a leggy fawn –
Reaching its hooves into
the grass for the first time.

Will we stumble blindly into the future?
A mere careless grasp of pavement
and concrete under our feet, shod
only with the satiety of settling.

Settling, settling down for the crunch
of a world that needs to be held so
tightly the oceans have white caps.

Where your face burns with the
inadequacy of knowing you can reach
that dream floating in the distance.

It Only Takes One
Poem by Catherine A. MacKenzie

The night is hollow and cold,
and I'm alone in blackness;
I've never liked the dark,
don't like what I can't see.

Stars are funny creatures,
resting and hiding by day;
They emerge at night to party,
when their florid faces glow.

They glare at us, those stars,
spying upon us in the quiet;
And we stare back at them,
seeking fruitless fantasies.

I've never liked the dark,
Don't like what I can't see;
I beg I beg upon one star,
Please let my wish come true.