

**I Still Remember – Pt. 2**  
**Poem by Michael LeClair Sr.**

A rap on the door, my Father's face  
He slumped toward the seat  
An elderly man full of grace  
His hair of whitened wheat.

Driving days, long since gone  
He watched me with a smile  
Twinkling eyes, I know it's wrong  
But only for a mile?

I let him drive me home that day  
Much to Mom's chagrin  
I knew there was nothing I could say  
To stop the boy within.

He drove me back with shaky hand  
And trembling feet down under  
Carefully, traversed the land  
His last drive rolling thunder.

A lifetime ago, there was a man  
Who trusted a little boy  
I think back today, remember when  
I gave back my Father's joy.

**Signs of Life**  
**Poem by Georgia Atkin**

The attic floorboards  
creaked beneath her hesitant feet,  
but the harp was there  
sitting quietly  
in its corner,  
not spelled asleep by lonely enchantment  
nor diminished by the heaviness of time,  
but waiting  
with bated breath

for the chance to sing again.

# FREE POEMS



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

**My Funny Bone**  
**Poem by Richard S. Payne**

Even though I'm told I'm kinda hip,  
I find myself in a bit of a bald spot.  
Thankfully, there are no hairline cracks;  
only wrinkles, and occasionally, ear worms.  
So nothing to be bummed out about!  
With a bit of elbow grease,  
I'll keep my chin up, and toe the line.  
With an eye to the future,  
I'll get on bended knee ...  
and with a wink and a nod,  
I'll pray for my bod.  
Please God!

**The Hummingbird**  
**Poem by Allison Lawlor**

Deep in the woods,  
down a still meandering river,  
away from all noise and activity,  
you found me.  
Sitting on an old wooden bridge  
above a shallow spot in the water,  
half covered by the shade of the young  
Maple tree, you came to visit me.  
Did you mistake me for a flower?  
I heard you first, your gentle hum,  
reminding me of a thousand honey bees  
working together in the hive.  
I turned my head, quietly to the right  
I wasn't scared. I was intrigued.  
And there you were.  
My messenger of joy and hope.  
Shimmering in green and little bits of red,  
your long pointed beak so close to my cheek  
I thought you would fly into me.  
But just as quickly as you appeared -  
you left, quietly and effortlessly  
you were gone.  
I lay down on the bridge  
under the mid-day summer sun,  
and let my bones sink deeper  
and deeper into warm contentment -  
knowing my life was blessed by something  
I couldn't name but could only feel.

**Words**  
**Poem by Natalie Boyce**

I speak out loud,  
But I'm never heard.  
I chatter and chirp,  
Just like a bird.  
I yell and scream,  
With all my might.  
Just like a warrior,  
Preparing to fight.  
My words are drowning,  
In the pool of nothing.  
They are being strangled  
By the rope of doubt.  
Alas, the words I always speak,  
Never come out of my mouth.

**Stay Positive**  
**Poem by Emily Young**

Your words never fade.  
Your quiet strength never forgotten.  
The sweet intentions behind  
every gesture  
Truly good.

But I cry.  
My memory defeats me  
As the sound of your voice  
Drifts away.

**She Walks the Beach at Taylor Head**  
**Lyrics by Scot Jamieson**

She walks the beach at Taylor Head,  
She wishes it could have been her instead,  
Whose ship now sleeps upon an ocean bed—  
She walks the beach at Taylor Head.

She doesn't care to speak to anyone,  
Nobody sees her when the beach has sun,  
But if you follow where her tracks have led,  
At night, they're on the beach at Taylor Head.

They say it fills you with a sense of dread,  
To meet her on the sand at Taylor Head.  
She looks a starveling, terribly underfed—  
It seems her love for him she cannot shed.

His ship was lost just as they were to wed,  
What this meant to her is best left unsaid—  
The story of her life then lost its thread,  
She walks the beach at Taylor Head.

She walks at night, she walks in storm,  
When all things warm will come to harm—  
She doesn't know that she herself is dead,  
She walks the beach at Taylor Head.

# OPEN HEART FORGERY

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*Open Heart Forgery is a monthly journal of poems &  
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the grass roots up.*

This issue's writers:

<b>Georgia Atkin</b>	Signs of Life
<b>Natalie Boyce</b>	Words
<b>Robert Dawson</b>	Somersault
<b>Ella Dodson</b>	Woman's Beauty Made Transparent
<b>Harry Garrison</b>	Haha
<b>Brian Harding</b>	Pretty
<b>Scot Jamieson</b>	She Walks The Beach At Taylor Head
<b>Kimberly M. King</b>	Why there is a stone in my pocket
<b>Allison Lawlor</b>	The Hummingbird
<b>Michael LeClair Sr.</b>	I Still Remember – Pt. 2
<b>Scott Lynch</b>	leaves like lemmings
<b>David Mac Eachern</b>	Winner's Circle
<b>Harry Wayne Mah</b>	He!senberg Unplugged
<b>Lorie Morris</b>	Stars
<b>Nicole Myers</b>	( <i>amour fou</i> )
<b>Richard S. Payne</b>	My Funny Bone
<b>Shilpa Singh</b>	Home in the Woods
<b>Rod Stewart</b>	The Turkey
<b>Emily Young</b>	Stay Positive

Editor:	<b>Georgia Atkin</b>
Layout:	<b>Erica Allanach</b>
Communications:	<b>Jim Hoyle</b>
Secretary/Treasurer:	<b>Janet Brush</b>
Website:	<b>Tim Covell</b>
Outreach:	<b>Nelly Bateman</b>

**Send us your poems & lyrics for the next issue**  
**OpenHeartForgery@outlook.com**

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**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  
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