

# FREE POEMS



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

## **Friendship Poem by The Fantastic 3**

We are best friends, friends forever,  
we stick together.  
We play together everyday  
and share all our secrets too,  
Oh how lucky I am  
to have best friends like you!  
And when I'm sad or feeling down,  
I never have to worry,  
because I know my friends will always  
be there for me in a hurry.  
Rain or shine, regardless of the weather,  
my friends are always there  
to make me feel better.  
My friends are precious to me  
just the way they are,  
distance will never matter,  
whether we are near or far.  
We are best friends, friends forever,  
we stick together.

## **Consolation Poem by Bethany Rose Artin**

The house was dark,  
but in the library,  
A single candle  
showed my Lord DeLitt,  
He looked up from his book  
and glanced at me.  
I asked him if he'd like  
the fire lit.

He told me no,  
to carry on my way,  
Then called me back,  
and bade me enter in  
the room of books,  
and told me I could stay  
And read, and rest,  
and pass the time within.

For weeks, then months,  
I visited the books,  
At night, when chores were done –  
and he was there  
We mostly read,  
but there was talk, and looks...  
And then one night  
our love we did declare

He's married now,  
and speaks no more to me  
But I still read books  
in his library.

## **Multitasking Haiku by Jim Hoyle**

It's not always clear  
how to do two jobs at once.  
Expediency.

## **Luciernagas' Millions of Lights of Joy! (inspired by musician Alexandro Querevalú) Poem by Valerie Broadnax**

If it doesn't bring you Joy  
Then it is not in your Heart!

This, is not what the Divine Universal Love...  
Has Intended for You!

So Stop!  
& Learn the lesson of the Divine Universal Love...  
wants you to learn, to grow!

And Start Over!  
Until your whole being is filled with Joy!

A Baby  
Learns to walk for the rest of his/her life this way!

Luciernagas!  
Life's Millions of Lights of Joy,

That we don't notice...  
Until the Darkness!!!

Let the Sun Rise within You!

## **Holiday Lights in the Dark Poem by Ella Dodson**

Candle lights dancing, twinkling in windows.  
Bright lights glistening, sparkling around doors.  
Blazing bonfires shooting sparks in the sky.  
Glad songs twirling with beeswax, smoke, and pine.  
Snow fluttering amid stars and dark night.  
Cinnamon, sugar, and cloves perfuming.  
In cozy kitchens, loved ones communing,  
Making gifts and food with thoughtful hands,  
Latkes, fruitcake, mithai, and ambrosia.  
All weaving traditions, love and warm lights  
For conquering winter's long, cold, dark nights

## **Vibrancy Poem by David Mac Eachern**

Of talking wind, chilling air  
Rushing wave, the rustling sea  
Exploding cloud, a crying flare  
Piercing nature, weather that be

Thunderous shake, voice of might  
Hovering impulse, force with nerve  
Clearing freshness, the reviving light  
Moist fragrant scene, desire served

Sweltering spirit, heart on fire  
Blanketing love, an engulfing flame  
Caressed by beauty, blessed attire  
The living wonderland, divinity's reclaim

## **and their names are . . . ? Poem by Harry Wayne Mah**

dark chaos  
flutters out  
window  
on white wings  
knees bent  
island beach  
fisher-boat broken  
in ocean Anger  
seek every . Where  
lines  
silently hidden  
Lie clear  
beneath  
nose

# 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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Editor: **Georgia Atkin**  
Layout: **Erica Allanach**  
Communications: **Jim Hoyle**  
Secretary/Treasurer: **Janet Brush**  
Website: **Tim Covell**

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

**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!**

**Sock it to Them**  
**Poem by Rod Stewart**

How stoic! How valiant!  
Those tiny ten titans  
Manning their twin platoons,  
Beneath a world of weight  
Upon their knuckled shoulders,  
Uttering nary a complaint  
Despite the gnawing jaws  
Of January nipping their noses.  
Resolving to march silently,  
Faithfully together,  
Through unspoken miles  
And burning blisters.  
Their only reprieve  
A shroud of Grandmother's wool,  
Or perhaps a rare tepid bath,  
Of nocturnal pleasure,  
To melt away  
Throbbing woes,  
Before awakening again  
To a life of servitude.

**New Season Arrival**  
**Poem by Val Aston**

Slippy, slidey, shaky legs  
Crispy, nippy, feels so nice  
Spinny, swirly, shut my eyes  
Snowy flakes of crystal ice

Bare trees, leaves forgotten  
Space for frozen sculptures  
Shadow pictures, black on white,  
Creaking, cracking, snapping whirrs

Tippy-toeing, arms a-wave  
Weaving, wheeling, side-to-side  
But loving every shivery breath  
Winter

**The Chair**  
**Poem by Michael LeClair Sr.**

We look to the paper, flipping for news  
Stories created, somebody's muse  
A cry in the dark, more trouble brewing  
Another lost wallet, several more looting.  
The T.V. tells us, watch where we step  
Subliminally suggesting, who's got the rep  
Lock them all up, toss that damn key!  
Making us safe, making us see.  
Eyes peer at pavement, watching for crime  
While beauty fades, marching through time  
Look at them walking, heads at their feet  
Animals prowling, stalking the street.  
One lifts his mask, spits in the gutter  
Another one kicks, all of them mutter  
I catch a glimpse, they start to run  
The one with the boots, maybe my son?  
The radio cackles, it's stark jagged sound  
Another one stabbed, another one found  
Don't go downtown, you know it ain't safe  
Another one beaten, another one raped.  
Forget the oil, filling your tank  
Forget those letters, it's only your bank  
Forget the war, it's so far away  
Forget the homeless, their fault they strayed.  
A new day arrives, I'll open the box  
A nice shiny flyer, selling nice shiny locks  
Maybe I need one, beginning to think  
Shed needs something, a new missing link.  
The air so pure, a hummingbird hovers  
A lilac emerges, scent clean it smothers  
The sun is brilliant, defining the moment  
Washing the day, golden atonement.  
The media beckons, back to my chair  
Day into night, visions to scare.

**Thinking of you!**  
**Poem by Lorie Morris**

Thinking, of you, all the time.  
Thinking, of you, from the past.  
Thinking, of you, and wishing.  
Thinking, of you, and telling,  
you no lies. I'm just thinking, of  
you!

**Luminosity**  
**Poem by Georgia Atkin**

Even at night,  
light  
lingers  
in the puddles  
of rain-spattered streets,  
in the glinting surface of windowpanes,  
and in the gentle curves  
of a word such as love.

If I can't find the early morning sky,  
I will write one myself,  
scribing small stars  
and composing luminosity,  
until all the edges of the world  
echo with brightness –

and the shadows  
*flee*

**blissed**  
**Poem by Scott Lynch**

peddling uphill in the cool morning  
mists dancing on silent lake thomas  
revealing new colour at every turn  
exertion warming me as I scan  
the night's leaf fall on the bike path  
the earthy smell of mud  
the tracks in my wake  
grey and moody mcdonald sports park  
without the sun  
and yet the elemental joy of the season  
has not escaped me  
something surprising akin to rapture  
rides with me  
sixty summers unable to lessen  
my love of the fall

**Dear Broken Child**  
**Poem by Laureli Morphy**

dear broken child,  
its okay not to love yourself  
its okay not to be self confident  
its okay not to get out of bed  
its okay to skip the *occasional* meal  
its okay to feel terrible but not know whats wrong  
its okay to get irritated at the smallest things  
its okay not to go out with friends  
because youre too tired to move  
its okay to never feel like yourself anymore  
its okay to be restless and jumpy  
its okay to hide out in the schools bathroom  
and have panic attacks and episodes,  
all because that one kid at your school  
just cant seem to *leave you alone*  
its okay to keep secrets from your parents  
so they dont worry  
its okay to listen to music all the time,  
especially if that music is whats *keeping you alive*  
its okay to be broken,  
and feel like nothing will ever get better  
its okay *to not be okay*

**My Crush. My Thoughts.**  
**Poem by Chinenye 'Zabrain' Ndulue**

.  
When the stars come out in the skies,  
And the sunshine becomes very slight,  
When I finish with my daily fight,  
It's you I think of all night.  
.   
When I have to sleep on my bed,  
Thoughts of you rest on my chest.  
In the north, east or west.  
It's you I dream of, as I rest.  
.   
When I have to work all day,  
Or travel so far away,  
When challenges come my way.  
Thoughts of you make me strong again.  
.   
It's you. It's you. Only you.  
It's you that makes my heart warmer.  
It's you. It's you. Only you.  
Make me yours and I'd be yours forever.

**The Artist**  
**Poem by Brian Harding**

The paint drips from my brush  
Falling, forever falling  
Slowly the painting becomes life  
Details matter somewhat  
Storm clouds that once blew  
Are replaced by calm colours  
Fingers slowly unwind their hold  
On the long handled brush  
Each Stroke, may each pulse  
Pulls the colours closer together  
Was it really magic ?  
Or something far deeper  
Only you know for sure.

**The Alexandria Project**  
**Rectangle Poem by Harry Garrison**

A few simple equations  
showed travel into the  
past was possible, and  
how to build a machine  
that'd take you there,  
although you could not  
alter it, only see it.

But where to go first?  
Opinions were diverse.  
The Alexandria Library  
was chosen in honor of  
astronomer Carl Sagan.  
He wanted to go there,  
before the library was  
destroyed, an age ago.

The work of making the  
time machine was named  
The Alexandria Project  
(which was sagacious).

At last, it was ready.  
Here is what happened:  
a section of scholars,  
all in period clothes,  
using digital cameras,  
recording the scrolls.