

2019  
Haiku by Harry Garrison

Twenty-nineteen is  
a wild pony in an  
urban wilderness.

Quiet Blue  
Haiku by David Du

Dove pillows the sky  
Look at the river under its body,  
Run blue silk ribbon

City Wildlife  
Poem by Jim Hoyle

I saw  
a fidgety little animal, like a squirrel  
with a long wavy bushy tail.  
Or was it a chipmunk,  
with its flashy, fashionable stripes?  
It was pretty, sharp, aware,  
nervous and twitching.  
It peered around everywhere,  
taking careful notice.  
There was a noise (a voice ?)  
like the Knell of Doom  
and it disappeared.

# FREE POEMS



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

Jack Frost's Snare  
Haiku by Scott Parkhill

It is winter now.  
Snow falls slowly to the ground.  
Obscuring beneath

So Why Not  
Poem by David Mac Eachern

There is a world, it's succumbing  
Whence to be, how life arises  
Passion led fashion, deep love becoming  
City, town and farm it comprises  
Planting one's emotion, growing into value  
Existence so together, feeling every sunrise  
Beyond frightful excursion, peace finding you  
Fear losing hold, journey proven wise  
Beauty over beast, managing to impress  
Soundly conformed, so alive, ocean's glory  
A harbouring equation, morality we express  
Comfort zone arrival, teamwork written story

Tolerance  
Poem by Mike McFetridge

Tolerance is a key to the puzzle of peace;  
To each child that is born, we should of tolerance teach;  
And teach how love, respect and the wonder of life,  
May one day lead to the end of world strife.

But where should one start? it is so hard to do;  
It starts with all people, that is me and that's you  
Changing our attitudes towards others, and then  
A slow change will happen...and happen...and happen...  
Again...and again...and again.

Love Letter  
Poem by Lorie Morris

Love letter, is to you~!  
Love letter, is something, I  
wanted you to have!  
Love letter, is something, that  
I never could give you!  
Love letter, is coming from  
the heart. This is your love  
letter!

Sometimes  
Poem by Brian Harding

Sometimes I wonder who am I?  
Am I lost  
Should I find myself

But then who would I look for.  
Where would I start.  
Then if I did find myself  
How would I really know it was me?

Sometimes I just wonder....

This Capricious HEART  
Poem by Chinenye 'Zabrain' Ndulue

Have you ever felt but can't EXPRESS?  
Have you hoped but had to SUPPRESS?  
Have you ever craved but can't CLAIM?  
Have you ever wanted but can't GAIN?

You try not to be selfish in THOUGHT  
But your heart tell you it's NOT.  
Logically, it is not RIGHT.  
Emotionally, it is 'Yeah RIGHT'.

This heart. This HEART...  
This capricious little HEART.  
The feeling you give is bitter SWEET.  
I could rip you off but I'd never LIVE.

# OPEN HEART FORGERY

Vol.10 No.1, February 2019

ISSN 2369-6516 (Print)  
ISSN 2369-6524 (Online)

[www.ohForgery.com](http://www.ohForgery.com)  
Halifax, Nova Scotia

*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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**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!**

**Hiemal Afflatus**  
**Poem by Scott Lynch**

winter our perdition  
buried  
ice slicing humor and resolve  
day upon dark day  
white our fright  
below zero  
wind stings  
multiplying degree  
extinguishing hope  
bundled we stumble  
mumbling expletives  
fearsome and foul  
here where  
polar air masses

**Mary Jesse Thompson**  
**Poem by Brian Lomax**

your sides  
those sides  
of you  
do you realize  
my sides too  
because all sides  
and only  
(the left eye)  
holds the  
surprise  
Jesse  
it's that  
left eye  
that  
showed me  
that side  
of you

**A Monument Sketched on a Disposable Napkin**  
**Poem by McKenzie Cline**

He does not know that I am disinterested  
he is only interested in  
filling, making nauseous work like  
a dog finishing every scrap  
in the bowl long past  
the pains of hunger.

He does not know that chasing words  
coy smiles and hands gently pulling wrists  
is not a filling meal  
that I am a person,  
not a prize to be won  
but he is a subway car  
and sometimes the hands trailing down  
my stomach are only tender because  
they know what to do when they reach the bottom.

He wipes his soiled mouth on a napkin and makes  
sweet artistry of me with his eyes  
because he knows that I am the model  
the rough draft  
the fine collector's item.

So I wipe my mouth with the tablecloth  
and make a bridge with my knuckles  
a skyscraper with my thighs  
flesh homes and a pumping gurgling heart  
teeth like beautiful bricks  
because I am the fucking architect.

**Sunday Morning**  
**Poem by Scot Jamieson**

Norma's up and making kitchen sounds.  
A flute or piccolo is playing on the radio—  
A tune I hear with pleasure comes around,  
Not knowing (and I never will know)  
Composer or performers, opus number  
Or what station it is on, or even wonder.  
Shoulders feel cool, as my arms threw  
Off the covers, this journal to hold...  
Whose shoulders they are I wish I knew—  
Who is this person who lies in bed, so bold  
As to be non-accomplishment-untroubled,  
Making free with Time, a floaty bubble  
Of peace in an ocean of crude necessity?  
Well, he at least wrote a poem, didn't he?

**The Pause That Refreshes**  
**Poem by Tim Covell**

Tired, bored  
Got to stay awake  
At desk, I nod  
Got to grab a cola

Or perhaps I'll have a nap  
no calories, no sweeteners  
Mind and limbs lie leisurely  
the healthy sweeter rest is mine.

**Mittens**  
**Poem by Rod Stewart**

Eyelashes, tongues and mittens  
Catching starfish snowflakes,  
Spinning, sailing past our Rudolph noses,  
Wiped, sniffing and tingling  
From the kiss of winter's breath.

Fingers dripping with icicles,  
The snowman's, not mine  
Thank goodness!  
Mom gave me another pair  
(Of mittens, not fingers, silly you!)  
To warm his hands.

But first,  
I wiped away  
His frozen tears,  
Kissed his carrot nose,  
And gave him a big warm hug,  
But not too warm,  
Because he might melt  
Mushy all over me,  
Like Mom does,  
Sometimes.

**Trick or Treating**  
**Poem by Maria Thibault**

Soft yellow light glows through parchment paper panes  
and beckons to the watcher come,  
stay awhile.  
But Darkness is with me, its layers of black satin all around,  
I am Alone.  
Suddenly sound seeps into the silence  
and I slip out from under the black veil of night.  
Silently, imperceptibly I go.  
Then I turn the knob on my yellow door  
and walk out of the night.  
I find my place behind our yellow parchment paper panes,  
embraced by the warmth  
and know that I am home.

**[ . G + O . ] signs are g r e e n**  
**Poem by Harry Wayne Mah**

*past* == > *present* == > *future*

all.is.*fueleD*

big.semi *by diesel peDal*

wee.bike *by hurry.peDal*

no rewind *reD* button . . .

. . . just *reD* { **s + t + o + p** } sign.

. . 'c u z

D + e + s + t + i + n + y

*by grim.motor* . . .

**One of the Endings**  
**Poem by E.M. Campbell**

getting changed in your room  
I almost took  
the foundation, the deodorant,  
and the hair stuff  
but you had given me the foundation  
and the deodorant  
to use there  
and so I put them all back

but then walking home  
I thought, I should have taken  
just the hair stuff  
my mother gave me that hair stuff  
she gave me two  
I kept one at my place and one at yours

I can keep regretting  
that I didn't take the hair stuff  
like from the last one  
those records I forgot  
and then it was never worth it

and so I can point always  
to that regret in the sky  
that hair stuff shape of regret  
and vacation there  
just thinking about  
the hair stuff lost

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