

Zero G for Graham
Poem by Pterry Gerrior

flashing lights after nightfall
he stands there, wringing hands
holding many tickets. we will soon
be in the air, empty handed without
cares having some fun with
Good Graham at the fair.
first his story of grandma, where
gravity was defied.
in a freak ferris wheel
accident that lady nearly died!
and our good friend Graham, looking
so unsure
would never have been here. never been born
to ride the star trooper
at a fair with his friends,
and keep buying more tickets.
(never to be seen again)

Oats for Breakfast
Poem by Rod Stewart

Good enough for Goldilocks
Three bears, a horse,
Or even me.
Just right,
Never too hot,
To warm an empty belly.
Always welcome
To sweeten a groggy morn,
With a generous spoonful
Or more, of honey,
Or a handsome dollop
Of brown sugar,
Or great gob of jam.
If we must,
Shuffle in our slumber,
Grumbling for hibernation,
Through the early pages
Of each calendar.

Me
Haiku by Harry Garrison

I do not know how
I can possibly contain
so much foolishness.

FREE POEMS



Read a Local Writer!
BE a Local Writer!

I Miss My Friend
Poem by Chiara Ferrero-Wong

Is 8:30 too late to have dinner? Is 8:30 too late
To push Tater tots around the plate, to
Sit, bare skin on vinyl seat, in the
Air conditioned interior of a
Family Restaurant chain
That serves all-day breakfast?

The air is ripe with
Lemon-water breath, mingling with
The easy conversation between
Friends.
Two friends, among the only
Patrons in the establishment, discuss
How best to eat
Runny eggs, to the soundtrack
of Cotton-Eyed-Joe.

Coffee Connections
Poem by Phil Brown

In an upmarket downtown kind of place
Red and white check and coffee clatter
Competes with superficial cookie chatter
Smart machines wrapped in Italian chrome
Reflect a "for here or to go?" social drone
Shopping bag ponytailed women wilt
Behind handbag dating Mums clothed in guilt
They watch sedans and SUVs come and go
Caffeine beach with a four wheel tidal flow
In an upmarket downtown kind of place
Pink haired girl giggles about her day
To a distant friend
In an ear-budded wire clad kind of way
A peak capped geek hides behind laptop chic
Media multi-tasks himself away
A man walks in with no tattoos
Surely that's a national disgrace?
Another walks out with his teabag treat
Car keys and a croissant in a juggling feat
Too busy to spot his wife in the corner
"What's that other bloke doing with Lorna?"
Even the coffee cups start to whisper
"That's either his two-timing wife
Or her identical twin sister!"
In an upmarket downtown kind of place
No more than a social experiment beneath
A downtrodden tenement, pretending to be...
An upmarket downtown kind of place.

Peregrination
Poem by Kimberly M. King

Sitting in the window while
wind shivers cross the water
rumpling prayer flags of light and
a loon family travels
from one petition to another
in reverential caravan.
I lift my mug to the pilgrims then sip,
pausing, noticing, that my tea now hints
of a sadness steeped in grace.
'Be safe,' I whisper to the group;
'Please be kind,' to the wind, to the water;
And to the horizon light, 'Love them...love them.'

Cajoled
Poem by Scott Lynch

confectioners' sugar
deftly shaken from a January sky
sublime in application
raven lone witness to the magic of snow
a swirling free fall of candy white
time suspended with sound
automobiles nimbly dancing
the slippery streets
awe restored to the new year
with this monochromatic transport

so like a rose winter's beauty
how slyly I am seduced
soon the thorns of endless cold days
will come
lamentations for warm and colour
icicles to my heart

Sea Wave
Haiku by David Du

Wandering world
Keep your heart – quiet, noise
No birth or death

Why Jump Ship
Poem by David Mac Eachern

Going oceans away from wharfs in bay
leaving port to sail the briny array
Waves will roll as wind shall rise
tall ship and crew outlast storm size
Thus joy returns dark clouds they clear
the voyage home flows calm with cheer
Where gone fearful sense of nature's wrath
soft sweeter voice making peace its' path
Once feeling like facing the living hell
lives becoming blessed under deep love's spell

February
Poem by E.M. Campbell

I still have the chocolates I gave you
That you gave back to me

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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
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!

Evil is what Evil Does
Poem by Brian Lomax

It's funny but every time
you turn your head
there it is
Yep! looking at you

When you turn the page
Turn the station
Move the dial

Hit the app
there it is
Evil is what Evil does

Some people say that
people are basically good
but that's not true

Doesn't pass the Acid test
Doesn't pass the smell test
Doesn't pass the test

Yep!
there it is
and that's the way
it's always been

Go ask Eve
Ask Satan
Ask Jesus

Walked 'Een
Poem by Jari-Matti Helppi

I walked into that place that I
thought gave me up for Lent and pie
back when in time it was its nigh
to give up for some Lented fie.

And there amidst the grit and green
as wavers wafted in between
I found that place where I walked 'een
that's still to where I've always been.

Lonewolf
Poem by Spencer Stoddard

The laughter of the children in the playground,
The chatter of the adults watching upon them,
The embracing between the adults and the children,
The longing for this to happen to me.

The sound of the shoes hitting the pavement,
The number of individuals departing the vehicle,
The outfits they dressed up in for the Saturday party,
The longing for this to happen to me.

The people that fill up the walking trails,
The number of couples enjoying the scenery together,
The cameras in their hands snapping photo after photo,
The longing for this to happen to me.

The night of New Years Eve,
The people in the nightclubs preparing for the inevitable,
The countdown strikes zero with kisses and hugs filling the air,
The longing for this to happen to me.

Onward Thinking
Poem by Dyrell Nelligan

Some nights I shiver
in front of my Grandmother's wood stove.
Though my body is warm,
my soul lies cold.
I often question if I'm living life wrong?

For the sins of my Father
haunt my mental.
Pain from my Mother
sticks needles in my soul.
Where my heart once was
sits a bottomless hole.
I can't help but question the hypocritical.
I stand here a man
searching to be more exceptional,
working towards being more responsible;
working towards being more understanding,
more empathetical.

My whole seeks filling. My heart seeks feeling.
My time seeks healing.
My Life is passing and I'm doing my best
to reach with consistence.

pōdēam
Poem by Harry Wayne Mah

| ' pōdēam |
| ' pre sh ə r |

deM wAytin iiii.s
dey fixxd on mE
da hardur U starE
duh harder i P

For Luce
Poem by Davy Joiner

Have I told you I love winter?
it's true I shiver
with delight
as I light the hearth
as I don my hoodie
but the best thing of all
is You
as the cold envelopes the world
you find your way to me
with a crown of autumn leaves
your warmth
like that of the hearth
your heart burns
and I must shed my layers
So I can bask in your care
your warmth

It's been cold
For so long
this corpse is frozen
this hearth barren
leaves crumbled to dust
windows frosted over
have I told you I loved winter?

Under the Moon
Poem by Zoe Scott

At 4 years old, the moon sang me to sleep
With her as my nightlight
the monsters never bothered me

At 10 years old, the moon was my playmate
We'd hide-and-peek in the witching hour
And dance between the shadows

At 13 years old, the moon kept me awake
Late night wandering and existential pondering
Underneath her gentle glow

At 17 years old, I cried to the moon to take me with her
There was too much pain here on the ground
But she assured me it was lonelier among the stars

At 25 years old, in a house of my own
I look out the window...

In a far-off town
the moon whispers my name
And I know that I am
Home

Old Men and Old Women
Poem by Mike McFetridge

Old men and old women will ne'er dance the dance;
The past is behind them, and so with it romance;
No more will the wanting succumb to the want;
The doing is done, the flaunted has flaunt.

But it is not over, bear witness, my friend;
The years may have passed by, but it's not the end;
Memories remain, and will ever sustain
The life you once shared, just may start again.

For hope is eternal, and sleep is divine;
A moment together, like sharing a wine,
For sensations run deep and soften the soul;
Old men and old women really never grow old.

Wine Glass Lady
Poem by Brian Harding

Just a glance away
Come dance the night with me
Just a Dream away
Those flower petaled kisses
Just a Smile away.
So, dance, dance, with soft romance
Just a chance away.
Pretty wine glass lady
Just a life away.

Caught
Poem by Cathie Panteluk

Sometimes I feel like a hummingbird
Caught in the net of your love
Sometimes there, sometimes not
Kind of like Tinkerbell for Peter Pan.
Captured by Hook she slowly looked around
her cage
Wanting to escape,
Her heart pounding in rhythm to the beat of her wings
Against the glass window that held her captive
She knew what was out there
She just didn't know how to break free.

To Be Small
Poem by Emily Young

With the roll of your eyes
and the air in your sighs

I shrink

fold here

fold here