

FREE POEMS



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

You Are Poem by Mo Burchill

You are bravery wrapped in silk linen
Stronger than sheet metal
Softer and more resilient than fur
Lighter than the light of the moon
But hold hard like ice burgs

You are kinder than most
More amazing than sparkles
You have the intelligence of the worlds
And a smile that brightens the sun

You are the strength of a million arrows
The hands you hold shape mountains
Molding buildings with your words
Shining through the tips of your fingers

You are more courageous than a lion
But are sweeter than any kind of toffee
Your lips are like sugar and white wine
You are braver than you know

An afternoon at the lake Poem by Nadia LaCroix

It's while watching
the ducks glide
In the middle
Of the heart shaped pond
Plucking at their wings
Chasing each other
Making me wonder
About the small pleasures
Like the taste of a soggy piece of bread
Or letting your bare feet
Touch the water
The decadence
Of floating through life
Next to a wet partner
Knowing that being free
In the lazy heart
Is all that you need

My Darling Abigail Poem by Mark Nicholas

Beneath the power of Love
There is more
Each breath you breathe
Lets out a life I cherish
Your demeanor always allows
Everyone light
Precious and kind
Are the words that cross your mouth
Eager to know
Passionate to teach
To me you're the definition of
Pure Beauty

For every Ship
It needs
Its Sail
and for me it's you

My Darling Abigail

Lean on your sill Poem by Scot Jamieson

Purgatory is a factory
Where it's always noon.
The roof is tin, the sun is hot
And you work til you sweat
And you keep on working, sweating,
Til sweat gets in your eyes—
They get to quit, whoever cries.
Limbo's a dragger, offshore some,
Where the twilight lingers,
When the winds come down to die,
Towards either land or sea
And all things seen you see as dim
And this is how you stay
Til you drift home...or far away.
When night comes, it's hard to say
If things have gotten worse.
There's freedom from comparison,
You seem to have so much space
But human eyes can't see in such dark
So it's really hard to tell
What other kinds of eyes see well.
Is there a forever-morning time?
We all know how promises break.
Though, is there one that breaks like day,
The best time to awake?
The songbird is always singing in morning,
You can hear it if you're still. You
Open your window, lean on your sill.

with a hammer Poem by Scott Lynch

I've known loss
I've felt the avalanche of angst
when everything was beyond my control
when I was not strong enough to bear the pain
ready to rage
to lash out
ready to assign blame for the catastrophe
every nerve raw and ready
past perdition is not a happier place
a different place, yes
a resignation
a step closer
not to nirvana
but to an end
time is not a gentle teacher
It's blunt force trauma
willing scars

Expulsion Poem by Phil Brown

house smokes and steams its discontent
in a necklace of ice, in retreat, but still hard
eager to spit out the dwellers onto frozen mounds
craves to see them slide, and see them marred
while it huffs, puffs and creaks in unfamiliar sun
yearns for silence and isolation
nothing more than a calm of dust
nothing less than a creeping rust
along pipes and lines choked by muck and crap
looks forward to slowly sinking back
into dirt as yard turns back to bush
hesitant huddles of still snowbound trees look on
listen and you'll hear the branch clap
as this once sanctuary slides down
the throat of its earthy trap
sun strengthens, snow starts to shrink
dark water circles the decayed memory
a frightened child's puddle you might think
and the flesh dwellers surrendered to time
like the characters in a dark nursery rhyme
to melody and chords undeniably sad
expelled by this place they said had gone bad

nEw . tOn ? chaiN.S Poem by Harry Wayne Mah

tumble flail in g
grain upon g rain
hourglass oven
marinate suffocate
bake plankton π
meringue . noxious tidal foam
toxic crust . ProgreSS
9 . 8 1
3 2 . 1 8
g π a V i t y
shackleS

AIL

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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!

Stellar Performance
Poem by David Mac Eachern

A party time, ever alive
Each passing day, another ride
Cruising along, joy by vibe
Friends for life, passionate pride

Musical air, breath in rhythm
Shower of emotion teeming through
Voices carry song among them
Floor filled with dancing shoes

How touching hearts show care
In pace to reach above
Such merry show with dare
All in zinc, share love

March On
Poem by Rod Stewart

Surely it cannot be
So long until the days turn
With a coming promise,
Of warbling wing,
Pungent earthly waft,
And basking warmth,
Upon our pale cheeks
Like buds unfurling
From their woolen wraps,
While brazen youth
Goose pimpled pink
In all laid bare,
Bounce and bob reckless
Among the thawing throngs,
Of the elderly, ever reluctantly
Peeling away their buttoned gray.
Both jostling jubilant
Along sunbathed lanes,
With windows gleaming bright
Bursting bold with rainbow wares,
In this chase,
This celebration,
This ageless yearn,
For Spring,
Oh Glorious Spring!

The Green Man
Poem by Benjamin Young

I close my eyes, the cold is gone.
I think about you in the garden,
warm wind blowing up
past little earthy feet,
Pulling soft bright hair
around your cheek.

Pale love framed in joyous green.

I must be falling asleep.
It's so warm in the sun, but that's okay.
I'll try to open my eyes, and stay.

The green behind you
waves up and down
to sing,
a hushing gush through heavy wings.

Are you trying to fly?

Somewhere off in the woods a branch cracks,
a leaf scratches, and earth catches another
green child in a mossy cradle.

All around my sylvan crown,
I hear the rising lull.

Listen closely,
In between the motions,
there is laughter,
And joy.

Senescence Cometh
Poem by Jari-Matti Helppi

Who the good, by decay of time's mendacity
to settle scores from aged crimson mists,
where silent screams push past knives cutting carrots
stewing for well laid tables,
has not taken each spoonful of nourish
and angry insistence to darling their sates?

Who the good, by displays of hubris
to hold back gate stormers of smokey sin
where trebuchets fling fire orbs to knives
cutting carrots for well laid tables,
has not taken each to question nourish
and ask if this age is merely ages past.

Time Travel
Haiku by Harry Garrison

A big gold watch swims
through time, like a big goldfish
swimming through water.

Heart's Flight
Poem by Nicole Allison

Heart's still beating Self defeated
I built a dam to stop the tears
from overflowing must have been
uncompleted on my face
If I could leave this familiar place I would
tonight and run far away into the night and
never look back and never know who I may
be leaving behind: Trying so hard to find
The One thing The Only thing
worth it all in the end
Love is a stairway to the stars
Heaven in someone's arms
When will my heart take flight?
Will that true love arrive?
I guess it's only a matter of time
I'm waiting hoping and praying
still standing in line trying so hard
to find what's been lost
Going to take that flight and trying to
crawl out of this darkness into the light
In this life is love worth the trouble anymore?

Here I go towards that open door
what will I find? who will be there?

When I open the door to find that there
was a missing piece all it took was for me
to love again and a reason to believe

Creativity
Haiku by Richard S. Payne

We are the creatures
created for the purpose
of creating prose.

Elaborate
Sonnet by Tim Covell

"What's the most elaborate length you've ever gone to for a hookup?"
(The Coast Annual Sex Survey)
"I took the f--king 80 to Sackville once. Never again."
(One of the responses)

I take my pleasure always close to home,
Investing little time in travelling,
And yet, one day I chose to further roam,
Responding to a tweet appealing.

A direct bus could take me to their place,
I boarded, eager, but the trip was long.
I was not ready for the snail's pace.
When I arrived, at last, the mood long gone.

I used my transfer for the journey back,
That says how little pleasure happened there.
While downtown might of lovers sometimes lack,
Riding the bus to Sackville is to err.

And yet, one day, if transit does improve,
I'll touch once more the one whose tweets do soothe.

Cross Country
Poem by Rick Brison

Twin lines disappear over the rise
And I
Follow them into the trees. My skis
Sliding rhythmically. Arms pumping. Breathing
Easy
Beauty captures me
I raise my eyes
The trees like fingers point to the sky and I
See God's face through the sun-sprayed branches
Smiling

The Mouth of the River
Poem by Normand Carrey

Zambezi;

It meandered, lazily, here, there
No match for Ocean's
Wave after wave; upon wave
Indian tide receding.

An old cousin
Younger than me
Who we hardly knew,
She lives in (Paul) Austral-ia

Talk to her, talk to her
the Voices inside me,
Juss keep talkin' (Paul) to her.

From Teddy's Look-out
The Winds buffet the cliff side
Gulls cartwheel and glide

Below : River at night
River of the morning
River in your dream
Before the blister of heat.

Cross, hippos, Tony Bird
Troubadour sings-See how
her footsteps skip
Great Zambezi River
I think she loves someone.

Listening to Rain
Poem by David Du

You come like a note rolling on the roof,
Then your thunder surrounds the universe!

After, you become quiet.
I only hear your tears
Ticktack, ticktack...