

FREE POEMS



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

Witch Poem by Rick Brison

Are you buying or being sold
Look behind look past
Look beyond your wishes and their needs
Keep your eyes on actions
Ignore all the words
Determine the intention
Identify the moment
Discretely
And discreetly
See it as a culmination
The only possible result
Of a single set of circumstances
By which its secret name can be known
But beware
Those who can't read between the lines
Will fear you
And blame you for their illiteracy

An Afternoon at the Beach Poem by Melissa Boland

Atlantic's roar
Diamonds trickle in the sand
Toes sink in the shore
I take a step away from land

A wave's trough
Takes me out below the calf
The next crest
Sends seaweed down my chest

The sun is high
The wind blows salty
The hour is nigh
For something malty

A Falling Symphony of Grey Poem by Jari-Matti Helppi

The tuning raindrops meet stage attired
in humming green rooms of cloudy falling grey
as the curtain's rise to bass thunder
cues their entry and prompts the deluge flights.

They gravitate by countless millions
and hit whatever stops decent
to give free melodic ear nest meade
that shakes the boredom of the will.

Each one's place to tempest symphonic
is born of splat they sing from
cobble, jumbled tenements or giving leaves
or which ever note their endgame does export.

Not a wave of silent sound is the water's fall
but 'stead an interlude of winds that whistle on
with strings and drums and thunder horns
until the baton to silent drop's release.

O, list as grey clouds open up
and millions drop to strike at will
upon these pleasing notes and chords of Pan's
stormy gratis summer symphonies and awe.

Satisfaction Should Still Be Allowed Poem by Mike McFetridge

A potato, a sausage and one cob of corn,
Please tell me I'm not over-eating;
Two cookies for dessert, with a glass of skim milk,
Whatever... I'm not above treating;
Whenever a doctor will come to a patient
With advice about trying to eat less;
The message I hear is to give up the treats,
This leads to a dietary stress.

What is life without food, the kind that one likes,
Must we always think only of health?
Variety, yes, is supposed to be good,
But one can always sneak treats with some stealth;
Live by the book, but die anyway,
Seems pointless to me somehow,
Moderation is fine when it comes to dine,
But satisfaction should still be allowed.

on the gulf and rage Poem by Scott Lynch

a snowbird here on the Gulf of Mexico
constant motion
my hundred foot beach view
the certain susurruration of crashing waves
churning the sands along the shore
a procession, dawn 'till dusk
toddlers to octogenarians
screeching gulls and children oddly similar
sand pipers and plovers too with their verve
and frenetic zest
osprey, pelicans, terns, dolphins,
and the occasional crab provide relief
from endless blue skies and water
as the day gently slips away
each sunrise awaiting sunset's play of light
always spectacular and brief
like our short lives
bathers like lemmings drawn to the strand
posers of every age exposing themselves
to the sun and passers by
I'm left to think of Dylan Thomas just now
his "Do not go gentle into that good night"
how our movements like waves
rage against the dying light
constant and certain daybreak to gloaming
Thomas and American,
Archibald MacLeish, "to feel how swift how
secretly the shadow of the night comes on"

Garden City Poem by David Mac Eachern

Tame crowd of adventuring souls
Start on a feeling for love
To further their meager goals
Morning arriving, light from above

Going ahead with options best
Into land of clever mix
A vast approach, passionate quest
Great practice giving them tricks

Time became a valued road
Amidst world as blessings stream
The lasting notion creating load
Night taking stand, new dream

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the grass roots up.*

This issue's writers:

Maximillion Archibald	2167
Melissa Boland	An Afternoon at the Beach
Rick Brison	Witch
Janet Brush	Two Photos
Marilyn Challis	Requiem Haiku
Harry Garrison	Explaining Rectangle Poetry
Jari-Matti Helppi	A Falling Symphony of Grey
Scott Lynch	on the gulf and rage
David Mac Eachern	Garden City
Shallon MacKenzie	Happy Birthday
Harry Wayne Mah	KE bites
Mike McFetridge	Satisfaction Should Still Be Allowed
Richard S. Payne	Loose Change in a Bar
Robert John Schwarzmann	Albro Lake
Daniel Simpkin	Summer
Rod Stewart	Remember
Cybel Sweetgrass	Les êtres ailés
Grayson Wallage	Summer

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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!**

Happy Birthday
Poem by Shallon MacKenzie

I'm here, you're there
Won't you tell me
What did you wear?

Happy birthday
Today was your day
Happy birthday
What can I say?

Laugh, love, and pray
Throw your fears away
Forever and always
That's what we say

Happy birthday
Today was your day
Happy birthday
What can I say?

Still seeing you here
But missing you dear
Thinking about you near

Les êtres ailés
Poem en français by Cybel Sweetgrass

Je sais je suis petit, mais je suis ici,
tout comme mes amis(es)
A l'époque de nos ancêtres,
tout était pour notre bien-être
Avec l'éclosion des villes,
nous n'avons pas toujours la vie facile
Pour se nourrir de façon convenable,
nous devons parfois passer sous table
Donc si vous pourriez nous aider,
se serait grandement apprécié

Summer
Poem by Daniel Simpkin

Find a cabin far out in the woods
And even though it's raining,
Forget to wear hoods.
Kick off your boots and make it your own
And be free from the city lights
The TV, and your phone.
Bring a few steaks, and bring a few friends —
The ones you compete with,
To stay up till the end.
Splash in the water,
And flinch at the cold
Just to laugh about stories
You'll tell when you're old.
Come for the boys,
Just to chat about girls.
And pretend for a second
It's your own little world.
Bring plenty of clothes, stuffed into packs
Then chop up some wood
Just to break in the axe.
Hike up a mountain, just for the sight
And charge up your camera
So that you remember the height.
Wonder quietly if these are the best days you'll have
And smile at the scrapes that line up your calves.
When it is over
Consider how you and the boys spent one hell of a night
And get pumped for the summer, where you always
Chose life.

Albro Lake
Poem by Robert John Schwarzmann

A pre-storm day of dense serene heat,
The sky's face resting on still water,
The lake in sky's seamless embrace.
A surface quiet, calm, continuous,
Lined by dark-green forest.
Now a slight whispering breeze,
As the sky's loving breath
Etches ripples on the perfect mirror.
Responding from its onyx depths,
Made luminous by bright open sky,
The lake laps with softly gurgling waves,
Caressing with its tiny fingers
The boulder-contoured shore.

Two Photos
Poem by Janet Brush

Two old photos live in my wallet.
Why are they still there?

One is Liana – school photo 1972
Her last school photo, grade one.
She looks so proud, so confident.
She died four months later.

The other, also a school photo – Colleen 1989
She is in grade nine. Bouffant hair,
All the rage, stands proud on her head.
She is a woman now, happy so I'm told.

Two old photos in my wallet
Memories of my two girls.
They'll stay right there.

Remember
Poem by Rod Stewart

It was only August yesterday,
When my hand held yours,
And our footprints paired
Along sandpiper way,
By the diamond laced surf,
Beneath a whirligig of laughing gulls,
While a postcard sun spilled fuchsia
Among heartbeats,
Murmuring from a distant shoal
And our lover's dance.
Sadly, the world has licked away
The last grains of Atlantic sand,
From between our sunburned toes,
But not the sultry taste
Of your kiss emblazed upon my soul.

Explaining Rectangle Poetry
Rectangle Poem by Harry Garrison

Is it computer magic making
this poem rectangular? No,
it is not "aligned!" It is
made of characters, spaces,
and punctuation that add up
to the same number on every
line. I always use Courier
New font. Every character,
every space, and each piece
of punctuation in this font
takes up the same amount of
room. I am juggling words,
and reference works. It is
difficult and takes quite a
lot of time, but satisfies.

I think that I am the first
author of this poetic form.
I wish others would compose
poems like this! One final
thing: lines can't end with
blank spaces; they must end
in a letter or punctuation!

Loose Change in a Bar
Poem by Richard S. Payne

Next round is on my dime, said Bluenose!
So Polar Bear ordered two,
Loon drank one,
Moose tipped a quarter,
Beaver did a high five,
and pour Penny, well;
she was left with her thoughts.

Summer
Poem by Grayson Wallage

I am like the waves,
Hitting the shore.
The sinking sand your feet are buried under.
I'm like the nice breeze you felt
On that warm summer day.
I'm the sun that you play under.

KE bites
Poem by Harry Wayne Mah

the Hurry-uP world . . .
for Others.

Then: the frantic five rush
- tractor stump stomp
- dusty turtles verboten
- pedal for pedestal
- bike boulder bounce
- stop sign blur.\$

=== > kinetic energies unleashed.

Now: . . .
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Requiem Haiku
Poem by Marilyn Challis

Lying on the street,
Once vibrant living critter,
Squirrel Heaven waits.

----- fold here -----

----- fold here -----