

**Your Time**  
**Poem by Blynn Teeft**

You're truly an amazing person,  
strong, smart and wise.  
Your beauty comes from inside,  
shining brightly on the outside  
You are a conqueror  
who passes strength to others  
Stand tall and proud  
you've made so much happen  
you've inspired so many  
Now it's time for you to shine  
Turn your fear into courage  
and free the beast within  
You made this happen  
have a little faith in you,  
like you have in all of us.

**Reading on the Bus**  
**Poem by Janet Brush**

As the bus pulls away  
I pull out my book.  
Bright sunshine floods in,  
Illumines the page.  
We pass a tall building,  
the page is plunged into shade.  
Then sudden sunlight again,  
then another building.  
Again and again this happens.  
The words blur and fade  
with each transition.  
These old tired eyes won't travel  
from light to shade back to light,  
won't focus in an instant.

How did people manage  
with only candlelight?  
Milton, a scholar and a poet,  
read hundreds of books,  
millions of words, gradually going blind.  
It was then he wrote his greatest works,  
Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained.  
He spent each morning dictating  
the workings of his brain  
to a willing scribe. He saw only shadow  
but the light of genius shone bright.

I give up trying to read, close my book.

# FREE POEMS



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

**Bobo-Beebop-Scoo**  
**Poem by Greg Goubko**

The floral-patterned cushion  
Is the last thing I see  
The stained sheet grabs a hold  
Depressed,  
Decisive,  
Bold.  
But my pale feet hit the floor  
Linen unravels from the door  
So I search for synthetic rope  
My mind so void of hope  
I re-read the instructions  
To make sure that it functions  
Shit.  
Here comes Bobo-Scoo  
Prancing to without a clue  
Instantly, I start to caress  
Thoughts pour in  
What a mess  
Her pearly blue eyes  
Would she have watched  
As her daddy dies?

**Chris is a pseudonym**  
**Poem by Logan Lawrence**

It was at the point in the night  
Where people made polite exits  
And the rest hung uncertain  
That I went out alone for a toke and met Chris

Passing by and asking would I share  
So we talked.

Cobblestoned, on Argyle,  
about getting through in a rough time  
and staying at a friends.

Crossleg'd and glowed I gently admonished  
The violent suck and black-lung hacking  
And asking for more something  
In the burning end.

He told me about  
What he learned from his brother-in-law  
And his time in the Middle East  
And the warmth in the rest  
Of my joint.

**Write On**  
**Poem by Georgia Atkin**

When your words  
weigh more than a millennium  
of discarded verse,  
and the end of a sentence  
ensnares you like the edge of an ink-welded cage,  
remember that  
in the long turning of seasons  
the world moves  
one word after another,  
one chapter after the next,  
one story after the last,  
and just as sky-worn sparrows  
in the dead of winter  
must somehow  
imagine  
the possibility of spring,  
we can dare to imagine  
that this is not the end –  
turn the page,  
start anew,

write on.

**Another Valentine**  
**Poem by Chinenye 'Zabrain' Ndulue**

Another Valentine's day is Near.  
But you are still not Here.  
In East, south, I Checked.  
No sign of you, oh Dear.

Rhythms of love in my ear,  
Heralds of affection, I hear.  
I waited years and years,  
But you still not here, nowhere.

Loads of love to share.  
Loads of loneliness, I Bear.  
Piles of affection to Spare.  
Piles of emptiness Impels.

My Valentine's day is a Theory.  
Because you are still a Mystery.  
In my head and heart, is Misery,  
And love for me is History.

**I Now Know What I Must Do**  
**Poem by Devin Slawter**

As I was out on my parents' deck.  
Something almost broke my neck.  
For as I looked up and saw.  
A bald eagle saying shawl.

I had to figure it was a sign.  
Telling me it's almost time.  
For my life to change.  
And to stop playing games.

For like the eagle to be able to see.  
It is time to reconnect with my family.  
So as I stand here on this stage.  
Just know I'm not filled with rage.

Even though I have inner childhood wounds.  
I finally figured out what I must do.  
Take time out to work on myself.  
That is why I joined Mental Health.

As a kid I was not allowed to express my pain.  
Now I'm being followed by a cloud with rain.  
Until I can bring the sun out again,  
I will never be the same.

# 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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<b>Gordon Young</b>	Zoo

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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!**

**January**  
**Poem by Scot Jamieson**

The sun's rays tickle  
the first few trickles  
from the icicles on the eaves,  
and the shirt flaps  
on the clothesline  
as if to free its sleeves,  
and the dogs bark  
in the back yards  
of this composite deck  
of suburban cards  
beneath the bright skyshine  
– and you be yours  
and I'll be mine.

If even winter,  
so inclined to hinder,  
as warm as this icicle's tear,  
can loosen its grip,  
I'll let mine slip, on  
my resolution (& fear).  
I lived in the judgments  
of someone else,  
and missed this glowing  
here in my cells,  
at frigidity's end;  
and found I had  
a heart to mend.

**Zoo**  
**Poem by Gordon Young**

I was born in captivity...  
I have grown into humanity.  
Buried deep inside me,  
Is some savage nobility;  
Or perhaps it's simply latent rage  
That wanders in a cage.  
I do not feel  
Nor have to yield  
To hunger or to fear  
– For I have great Medicare.  
But then without some wild to call  
Don't we all  
Just eat,  
And sleep,  
And stare.

**<3 A Poem Made Out Of Hearts <3**  
**Rectangle Poem by Harry Garrison**

Poem with an open heart policy.  
Students of open heart surgery.  
License for open heart forgery.  
The making of hearty foodstuff.  
Hearts made of candy get eaten,  
by those having hearts of gold.  
Geese fly in a heart formation.  
Broken hearts create heartache.  
Get to the heart of the matter.  
The Heart Of The Ocean Diamond.  
A sci-fi Doctor has two hearts.  
Heart attacks may be heartless,  
but consequences are heartfelt.  
The heart is where the home is.  
Heart to heart to heart joined.  
Hearts, hearts, hearts, hearts!

**just an appetite for life**  
**(and a sense of humour)**  
**Poem by Scott Lynch**

six hours and still falling  
everything buried to varying degrees  
accosted as if by dander  
or dandelion spawn  
white assertion a foot deep  
drifting more by the hour  
schools businesses and roads closed  
insistent this peril of white  
to our shovels and snow blowers  
tongues out eyes closed  
as if receiving the host  
to childhood transported  
flake upon flake  
like the evergreen we yield and pause  
in wonder again  
all is splendid unsullied and new  
transformed by a relentless and gleeful army  
in white  
smiles assured snow angels an inevitable  
consequence  
of our fall

**People, What Cha Thinkin'**  
**Poem by Mike McFetridge**

People, what cha thinkin'?  
We're not all alike;  
Some of us are black and brown,  
And some of us are white;  
Why make it a bone of contention?  
Why make it such a plight?  
We are all just human beings,  
Does that not make it right?  
Today we face much bigger threats  
Than colour, creed or race;  
Without environmental health  
Extinction is our fate;  
Bickering among ourselves  
Is not the way to live;  
Love and understanding is  
Something we all must give!

**A List is Only a List**  
**Poem by Ian Johnson**

Just remember a list is only a list  
To make sure nothing is missed,  
What is key is what is in your head  
It doesn't even matter what you said.

Just when you think you have it all  
The list could get lost down the hall,  
As long as you know what you need  
It's enough that you take heed.

**The Housing Dilemma**  
**Poem by Elizabeth Myers**

Some people and animals,  
move across time and space;  
The housing dilemma  
may carry us across the miles.  
The dwellers end up  
moving into a garage or tent,  
because they are unable  
to afford the neighbourhood rent!

**When I'm Ready To Die**  
**Poem by Nathaniel S. Rounds**

I'll cross the stream back to my home  
Where the trees grow singly  
Not clinging to and choking each other  
And I will not wait for men to sing songs in thin voices  
or to say falsehoods or to smile closed-lipped.  
I will close my eyes so no strange fingers will have to for me  
and I will breathe air that, while my last, is mine.

**The Show is Coming to an End**  
**Poem by Normand Carrey**

I stop the car on the beach road and walk out  
Like my uncle before me, I smoke the same cigars  
The wind hums like chatter on telephone lines  
It's nowhere here, Cape Paliser staring out at the south pole  
The family secret, two sisters with schizophrenia  
The land flat; the engine sound scares the sheep away  
The ocean nibbling away at the shore's garden (of delights)  
And this, smack in the middle of lambing season!  
A heron flaps frantically against a powerful southerly  
A fishing boat crests up and down with the waves  
Do you want to see? Here's a picture  
The sheep with their thick coats  
Have grazed the hilltop bare.

**Eighteen**  
**Poem by Rachel Cooke**

Lately it's felt a lot like  
Surrounded loneliness  
and  
Congested solitude  
and  
Open screams in empty fields  
like,  
I look down at my hand in yours  
and  
Ask myself,  
Why.

**A song of travelers**  
**Haiku by David Du**

A cloud drifting  
From a remote place so quietly  
Tears running, trickling.

**Troilus**  
**Poem by Matthew Rooney**

What, love?  
I too used  
To laugh—  
Sloshing bravado  
In the streets.

How I see myself  
In Troilus now.  
What love,  
My Criseyde.  
What love.

**Having Read Your X's**  
**Poem by Rod Stewart**

Are you carving those X's  
Upon your calendar?  
With grumbling grey,  
Having tenuously endured  
The bitter howl of winter,  
Being denied the pleasure  
Of hibernation.

Or perhaps those X's  
Were scribbled in haste?  
Signed as hungry kisses  
Either past or anticipated  
Upon blushed youthful cheeks,  
Like a parting Morse code,  
Of sweet moments sewn  
Between lovers.

Or yet again,  
Could those X's be drawn  
Into corner trenches?  
Among the battle lines  
Of a hopscotch battlefield.  
Soldiering forth against the O's,  
Either in victory or defeat,  
Like a coin toss, and all arguments  
Best easily forgotten.