

FREE POEMS



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

You Poem by Jim Hoyle

You were there, but I never saw you;
you were beautiful, but I was blind;
you walked past me, but I had turned aside;
you sat close by, but I walked away;
you spoke, but I was oblivious;
you conversed, but I was preoccupied;
you stood, but I was nowhere near;
you saw me, but my eyes were elsewhere;
your name was spoken, but I heard it not;
you brushed against me, I turned
..... and I was lost.

dog-walk in january city Poem by Ben LeBlanc

Fluting out a blue Oopsie
bag with hot-pocketed hands;
the cold pretends then swarms
like a boundless axe-clan
pinned with attack. I panic
with the icy ramrod and fire
smoothbore at nothing.
In one mitt the waste is warm
and the other holds the leash
he pulls at – I pull at.
I speculate tension is the property
of rope and he leaps
to fairly bite my frigid fingers off
for bowl and chain. I hate
he can't see the boiling, tactless
grid of 'please, no'; death
in the side street, death on the side
walk, in the fall of unbalanced
children upon their side –
death in wallowing
home after a walk that wasn't
his enough. I hate that I see
them and he doesn't because
we're both right
but I hold the cord.

You Know Poem by Blynn Teeft

You know I'm going to miss you
when we go our own ways
You know I'm going to miss you
when things return to normal
You know I'm going to miss you
I know things will change
You know I'm going to miss you
and we may not talk again
You know I'm going to miss you
as I think of you as a friend
You know I'm going to miss you
your support has been great
You know I'm going to miss you
I want to thank you too
You know I'm going to miss you
for everything you've done
You know I'm going to miss you

All My Gurus are Dead Poem by Jasmin Stoffer

All my Gurus are dead
Some went way of the light
Others tried to turn mine off so I
Could not see

All my Gurus are dead
Some sent me wisdom
Other make me wise of
Their treachery

All my Gurus are dead
Some wrote me poems
Others inspired me to write
My poetry

All my Gurus are dead
Some will stay in my heart
Others my heart knew were
Only forgeries

All my Gurus are dead
Some shunned my power
Others made me realize the Guru
In Me.

Dealin' With Dylan Poem by Nathaniel S. Rounds

Bob Dylan as a cowboy
In a thrift shop oasis
Stiffly rides his horse
Into multiple changing rooms
Emerges electric
But despite much effort
The Bard is recognizable
Readily identified
By the jest in his stride.

Different shadows reflecting a feeling Poem by David Du

Different shapes come from a corner
Shadows shine on the withered flowers
Reflecting prints upon the earth.
A sad breathing comes from your heart,
Feeling an expression hard to nurse.

Jack Poem by Gordon Young

Stirred beneath
The trot of his heavy feet,
Icy vapours,
Ghostly spectres
Float 'round the night air,
Disappear and reappear.

Winter is in full play
As Jack's hindquarters sway,
Mocking the cold with bells
As he propels
Those
Hidden beneath the throws.
In the loaded sleigh.

Jack and his pilot
Work the night.
But the flurries through which they pass
Are barren by contrast,
To the comfort
Of his beefy rump,
And the rhythm of metallic tone
That rings the mortals home.

Lingua Pecunia Haiku by Harry Garrison

All languages are
the de facto currency
of the whole planet.

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the grass roots up.*

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Editor:	Georgia Atkin
Layout:	Erica Allanach
Communications:	Jim Hoyle
Secretary/Treasurer:	Janet Brush
Website:	Tim Covell

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
Beautifully the world by sharing these words...

**let our voices be heard...
Forge This Journal!**

**Self isolation and Social distancing
Poem by Scott Lynch**

Sitting in the airport
Hand sanitizer liberally applied
No man is an island and yet
We are encouraged to be
COVID-19 more extraordinary
Than our current market crisis
International flight curtailed
Mass hysteria
Our new normal
Our Prime Minister self-isolating
His bride Sophia having tested positive
Public gatherings suspended
Universities Government
Entertainment
Sporting events cancelled
Our dollar in free fall
Gasoline prices following suite
Latex and nitrile gloves
Face masks , especially N95's
Our new must have accessories
Six feet appropriate social distancing
No touching no contact
No sneezing
No colds no flu
No work for many
Military members told to stay home
Coronavirus contagion challenging all
11 years since H1N1 which claimed 18k souls
Chaos barely contained
Sense of humour
Somewhat taxed
And yet
We forge on

fold here

**Afterwards
Poem by Georgia Atkin**

Most inexplicably, one day
I realized
the world had stopped its dizzy spinning.

No longer stilt-staggering
or enveloped by earthquakes,
I stood up straight
and discovered
my bones could hold my weight –
bolstered by
a little bit of balance (just enough)
and a smidgen of sheer audacity,
I finally
took the leap
of taking a step.

**Dirty Dogs
Poem by Rod Stewart**

There's a little bit of country
Tickling a city folk nose,
While the rain pours down
Over mud splashed toes.
My umbrella's all busted,
And we're soaked to the skin,
But we'd rather have this,
Than taste winter all over again.

Through kitchen and den
Tracking half the yard in
Dog and I scamper
As filthy as sin.
Thank God the Missus is out,
Or we'd be far worse than dead,
A blessing the furniture's brown,
And the décor is earth tones instead.

The washer and drier won't take us
Though we begged that they should,
So we flooded the bathroom
And baptised clean two scoundrels
Hopeless at best as anyone could.
“Honey, I'm home!”
Words too soon to hear
“Clean but crucified”
Would read my epitaph,
I trembled in fear.
I prayed love's better than dirt,
“Cocoa and cookies, ready, my Dear”.

**sometimes
Poem by Leah Woolley**

I consider
the oncoming cars
the train in the ravine
the space between the dock
and the shore

I consider, also
hallway kisses
pine-scented candles, and
the colour of my best friend's
laughter

I balance, tiptoed
an inch and I'm slipping
off the curb
onto the tracks
into the harbour

I spread my wings –
winter winds hold me
steady
and the birds tell me
there will be another morning

**Universe Divine
Poem by David Mac Eachern**

As is earth, as is air
Is it life in a space
May it be all for share
Being able to breathe its grace

Sun over land, a warming glow
Each seasonal touch, a weathering source
Moon for the evening, starlight show
In orbit are planets, evolving garden course

Planted in time, a blooming seed
Placed as a fixture with pose
Beauty we see, letting nature lead
Lively event to feel peace grow

fold here

**The Bridge Man
Poem by Jari-Matti Helppi**

Over and under the bridge man worked.
Climbing and clasping to horizontal rise,
like the early mornings that prompted his call,
as the lady fine he loved to edges,
like those steel beams which held his gravity,
brewed their earthy coffee to her toast
that vapored to the bridge man's blink.

**trippin' l'amour
Poem by Harry Wayne Mah**

::: TILT :::
klaxon Blares. status RED.
: cranium comm-layer stack offline
: synapses blue sparking.
: core systems unresponsive.

viewer check - Visual incoming.
::: : It's Her. (again!) ::: :
** Reports incoming **
hemisphere neural circuits: dopamine saturation
oxygen levels: short-lining
extremities: zero sensation
knee states: gelatine state
== > MOVE!
** report ** - MAIN thoracic panel:
flashlight scan == > all breakers tripped.
== > resetting NOW.

== > circuit restoration in progress.
== > all systems rebooting NOW.
: klaxon OFF.
: status GREEN.
: comm.sound.system enabled:
“ca va, ma femme fatale?”

**Blue Morpho
(Part 1 of Costa Rica)
Poem by Gillian Webster**

In the forest, the giant Blue Morpho
swung in front of my face.
Startled, feeling like I'd had
a brush with fame,
I looked up to watch.

I followed her with my eyes
As she journeyed through
broad daylight into the
paradise of trees,
flapping away the tropical heat.

Flying so wide and full
on the narrow trail, she floated
alone like a queen.
Sunlight and shadow
equally flattering,
She added her own magic
to that of the forest.

Sad at losing the butterflies,
I closed my eyes last night,
But I woke up this morning,
My finger tingling from the grasp
Of tiny feet, and six pairs of giant wings
Happily crowded my face!

**Relish
Poem by Richard S. Payne**

Relish the mustard
Count your blessings
Mind your manners
Lose your marbles
Perish the thought