

Horror Vacui
Poem by Nathaniel S. Rounds

Let's not talk about
Ant-Man physics
Instead
Let us clutter our reminiscence
With highschool hijinks
Faded movie stars
And spray the holes in our Hearts
With star dust spray foam
And social etiquette
Until it's time
To pay the tab
And exit neatly
Into midday sun.

o, it doesn't
Poem by Scot Jamieson

I wish everything made sense but
o, it doesn't.
I wish I made sense but
no . . . I just don't.

I, a grown man, somehow a child,
I wish I were not helpless . . .
but maybe it's better
the way it is, how nothing
necessarily has
to make sense
and we can just stand here
and throw our arms
down and sigh.

Not that
I'm saying we'll never end
in the slaughterhouses
of the demented violent.

DESTROY YOUR POEMS

I'm not destroying my poems.
I let these fallen leaves lie
where they land; they can at least rot,
nourishing the tree from which
better will appear.

FREE POEMS



Read a Local Writer!
BE a Local Writer!

Syncopation
Poem by Memel Pound

Rhythm disrupted,
notes displaced,
ripped from the bar.
Played in contrary
contrastive tones, hues.
Torn from home,
put to use, alien.
Extrinsic and extraneous
yet brought into the mix
whole and undiminished.
A raisin in the pudding,
a star in the inky night.
Thought the weaker notes,
but here, unexpected,
on the two and the four,
you sparkle, unshackled.
For your notes displaced,
you brought no dissonance,
no discord.
You brought Jazz.

To My Toy Bear
Poem by Xiao He

My darling
If we're always six
I'll hold you all the time
As holding a spring bear
Only close my eyes
But never missing
If we could always be six
I'll leave and pick fresh flowers
In the vase
I would have preserved
My whole blooming afternoon
How I like
If we're six
Simply
To be a lonely little person
On a road twists and turn
Through the life short and long
Supposing we all stay at six
Perhaps life shall be
More plain and humble
That afternoon with wind
Shall be longer
Your golden dusky shadow
Then can always rest in my heart.

Nose Pimple
Poem by Rod Stewart

Commanding a legendary elevation
Of almost nine thousand meters,
Above the surrounding pale wasteland.
Nourished by whispers and fears,
Yet seldom conquered without wound.
Seizing every opportune moment,
Wincing glare and brittle nails
Voraciously claw
Into the slippery escarpment.
Biting chapped lip,
Murmuring curses,
Fearlessly pressing
Onward and upward
With all one's worth,
Until either spirit or flesh
Shall utterly rupture,
In exhaustion.

Sea of Colour
Poem by Brian Harding

Waves dancing in the wind
The wind chimes, echoing the sound
Of the distant "Light House"
While the rain driven spray
Washes the last footprint from the shore.

Driftwood cottage, lobster, melted garlic butter.
French bread, planked salmon, and shrimp salad.
The barreled wine freely drips from the wooden tap.

As the beach glassed bottles choir a song,
Across the deserted beach.
Cedar campfire thoughts...
Star studded skies
The "Moon Path" leads directly into the warm inviting waves...
Endless thoughts for the lonely beachcomber...

Next Subject Please
Poem by Justin Pettipas

Haven't been starving a day in my life.
But the bills will be paid at any cost.
The blood is only up to my ankles.
But I am drowning in debt.

I don't know where I'd get cheap things,
If there weren't slaves somewhere.
These children in prison,
Must have done something to deserve it.

Nobody likes protestors.
Nothing will happen
If I say anything,
Anyway...

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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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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!

inversion therapy
Poem by Scott Lynch

aging
a curious adventure
fraught with myriad learnings
great and small
aches and pains a plenty
challenges with sight and hearing too
receding and retreat
hair lines waist lines
the certainty of grey
lack of elasticity
sagging bagging stiffening (or not)
a vocabulary of decay

but I digress...

the inversion then

my middle son just turned 26
we share the same two numbers
but mine are 6 and 2
humour is needed to see the fun
in this Inversion Therapy...
Mayo Clinic studies find it
ineffective
and my sons suggest
me too!

Whirl Words
Poem by Harry Garrison

ORANGE
RANGE
RANG
RAN
AN
A

PIRATE
IRATE
RATE
RAT
AT
A

SINGER
SINGE
SING
SIN
IN
I

fold here

To a Friend
Poem by James Rangeley

I loved her
It is true
“Some walls ne’er come down”

With peace, I should have said

But I beat the drum
And went to war
Just to find
My own way back

To home
Where I found out
In a dream
She did not scream
In the garden
I laughed awkwardly
It is true

My skin
Is my own
It pains me on some hot
July days
I cannot say anything to make her blush
All walls come down
Just to peek
What is on
The other side
For love did it
I am sorry if I forgot you “Rose”

Sweet It Be
Poem by David Mac Eachern

Nested flower bed, bustling hive
Flavored factory, product of breed
Strategic engineering, a colony pride
Honor in force for queen bee

Swarming attraction, merrily made honey
Persistent behavior, the daily fling
Service unto each, forecast sunny
Putting forth, emitting love's sting

Of musical excitement, emotional toll
Hardy connection, the binding glee
Cordial performance, humming soul
Steady in extension, family tree

Not Wanting to Offend
Poem by Mike McFetridge

Not wanting to offend, he sat down to write
A poem for today, yes, not for tonight;
A poem for today when inspiration is lean;
A poem for the caring, to teach not to be mean;
But it becomes harder to find kind, proper words
To describe what some do, or at least what is heard;
Words become weapons in some folks’ world,
And that is too bad, for all boys and girls;
Words are what is needed to convey hope and love,
Words provide freedom from people who shove
Their evil forces and power upon all of us
Who only seek peace and quiet from fuss;
Words are a way peaceful folks use in the end
When they want to silence fools, but
Not wanting to offend.

Words
Poem by Judy Hunt

Sad,
Joyful,
Shouted from the rooftops.

Warm,
Cold,
Better left unsaid.

Ranting,
Reasoned,
Deep breath calming.

Harsh,
Tender,
Murmured with regret.

Hurtful,
Healing,
Apology accepted?

Whispered,
Breathless,
Shared across the pillow.

No word,
Just touch...

fold here

Gratitude for Rainfall
Haiku by Marilyn Challis

Thirsty hydrangea drinks,
Welcome downpour from on high,
Outpourings of thanks.

Holy Spaces – A shrine
Poem by Rachel Cooke

Life is like a glass teardrop
You are the rivulet, carving
A red path down my porcelain face
I feel like I choked our love to death
I could see my knuckles,
Ivory white
But I couldn’t let go; what else was I supposed to
Hold onto?
There is an entire space in my mind that is just static,
Echoes of sobs that start in your fingertips and kneecaps
Keep breaking the radio silence
Whenever I’m wine drunk and the world
Feels like a foreign place I somehow got lost in alone,
I wonder if you have a static too, a void where
I used to be but you had to turn it off, or drown it out,
Dial back all the knobs until I flickered off
The screen, until I disappeared into grey film
I wonder what your silence sounds like
If it’s fragile like deconstruction and smoke detectors
Or if it’s as thick as the presence inside of a holy shrine

A New Moon on the Rise
Poem by Jari-Matti Helppi

I had a dream one night
as a new moon rose to sight.
I was standing on it looking up to earthly dirt
and Mama’s words rung in my ear saying,
“Don’t go there son and please don’t eat the worms.”
So I took my fishin’ pole to the swimmin’ hole
and poured my worms back to soil
and jumped in to wet my mind
and kick the waters wide.
I was in a dream with Mama
as a new moon shadowed light, and,
as my night crawlers slept I wondered
are they dreaming of my saving,
standing here, this new moon on the rise?

April 3, 2020
Poem by Matthew Rooney

void, devoid; devoir—
obligatory
to avoid; je voir
pas le vide; la vie
empty; streets, empty.