

**The Lovers**  
Poem by Janet Brush

The rock—  
solid, firmly rooted,  
immovable, indestructible.  
The sea—  
endless, constantly moving,  
changing, grey to blue to white foam.

Like lovers,  
these two are inexorably bound.  
The rock, steadfast,  
waits for the sea to return,  
to caress it, enfold it  
in cold, white arms.

But each caress  
erodes a tiny particle.  
Slowly, relentlessly,  
the sea consumes it.  
Until one day,  
the rock will crumble,  
and be swept away,  
to rest forever  
in its lover's arms.

**Wild Wing: Defender of the Pond**  
Poem by MooseDuck

Born in 1990s, New to the Sport.  
Different then the rest, He Stands out.  
Energetic, outgoing and Master of the Deke.

Stares down the Enemies at the Pond.  
Defends the Home against the Enemies.  
Be it LA Kings, Detroit Red Wings or  
Vancouver Canucks.

Ducks Fans call him the Defender.  
Others call him Son of Donald.  
He is best in Sports Mascot Worldwide.

Boosting Morale of Fans and Children alike.  
He cares for the Ducks and Ducks Fans in  
Community.

# FREE POEMS



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

**Ocean's Rage**  
Poem by Susan Moxon

Ocean heaved frothing water forward,  
Wind wailed and helped hurl the water too.  
Rows upon rows of breakers battered the shore.  
There it strewn piles of wet seaweed  
With the relentless crashing of water.  
I stood braced, safe on land,  
Away from the terrifying sea.

**so now we know**  
Poem by Scott Lynch

Mom (my Mom), as mothers do,  
knew the sad truth early on  
she figured that like thumb sucking,  
childhood asthma, and mullet hair cuts  
I'd grow out of it  
my middle son, Kevan Arthur  
he of visage and voice  
made the enigmatic diagnosis  
using the evidence at hand  
knowing the habits of squirrels,  
woodchucks, beavers and muskrats  
familiarity with red-winged black birds,  
nuthatches, chickadees, cardinals  
crows, blue jays, ring-necked pheasants,  
grackles, loons, mergansers (and their mates)  
was damning enough  
far too much time spent  
communing with the woodland folk  
but the penchant for poetry was the kicker  
all signs pointing to just one conclusion  
Dad's a "Disney Princess"  
he's like a protagonist in a fairy tale movie  
so there you have it  
'nuf said

**Composition In Rectangles!**  
Rectangle Poem by Harry Garrison

In visual media like film,  
painting, and photography,  
up and down, side to side,  
adding up to what you see,  
one third plus two thirds,  
often fills up the screen.  
A third, a third, a third,  
more rarely does the same.  
Hardly ever half and half,  
evenly dividing the frame!

**Equinox on the Ice**  
Poem by Earl Bradford

Gurgles & Grunting River  
Shifting, Ice Rumbling...  
Shadowy Men drop lines  
Through holes into darkness –  
Evening Bonfire crackling,  
The Moon a Smouldering  
Ember...  
Shudder to step out  
Onto the lake –

**Together**  
Haiku by Jim Hoyle

Rainbow in a drop  
hanging on a blade of grass  
holding Earth and Sky.

**Astronomer's Bones**  
Poem by Memel Pound

Our glasses rest  
on astronomer's bones,  
under Ptolemaic stars where  
ancient nations' sky stories,  
their tongues cut from the vault,  
drink bitter water and  
eat government cheese.  
Ullaktut,  
the three still hunt  
and he is still up there,  
Nuuttuittuq,  
who never moves;  
at rest  
with the bones.

# 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>David Du</b>	<b>I hear Scot will move from Halifax</b>
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<b>Blynn Teeft</b>	Eyes of Knowing

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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!**

### Tradition

#### Poem by Nathaniel S. Rounds

Drop down the anchor.  
Drop it down. Look  
At the relentless waves.  
The anchor  
Is a hangman’s noose  
By another name.  
If you set it down  
Your boat’s as good as sunk.  
Adherence to old ways  
Is a willful death.

### Told You So

#### Poem by Rod Stewart

I like lists, but lists don’t like me,  
They shake a scolding finger  
“How forgetful, you can be!”  
I’d gladly scrunch their nagging  
And toss them to the wind,  
But alas, their scribbled mental jabs  
Have often saved my hide,  
You see, it’s either  
“Why, thank you Honey!”  
Or unfolded they would deride  
“Ha! You silly fool!”  
And decimate my pride.  
They are my fate, my oracle,  
Through my silver years,  
To coax my daily fumbings  
With fewer sighs and tears.

### 16th Street

#### Poem by Richard Collins

Birmingham city – a city of friction  
No Black cops, no Black firemen  
Criminal comments by Governor Wallace  
A man whose views should have been abolished

The Baptist church was a rallying point  
Against segregation – which served to disjoint  
Integration was met with resistance  
A city of Whites who were turning to violence

Wallace wanted a “few first class funerals”  
I wonder, did he mean four innocent girls?  
Blown through the air like little rag dolls  
With 22 others injured and mauled

Four fiends responsible – it took fourteen years  
To put one in jail for killing Carol McNair  
Another 25 just to charge two more men  
They say this is justice, I say – think again

The cops knew the culprits after two years  
But the sobs and the cries were not wept with White tears

### How Do You Do It

#### Poem by Mike McFetridge

How do you do it, prolong your life?  
Asked the sad man to his sad wife;  
How would I know? Was her reply;  
Ask so-and-so, he should know why;  
So he asked his old friend,  
Who was much older than him,  
To discover the secret of longevity, and of vim;  
His friend just chuckled,  
When the question was asked,  
And he answered the question  
Quite politely and fast,  
“Don’t worry, my friend”  
Was his simple reply,  
“Worry will kill you,”  
He said, with a sigh.

### Soul Fulfilling

#### Haiku by David Mac Eachern

Exposed by growing  
As personal endurance  
Contents of one’s heart

### Eyes of Knowing

#### Poem by Blynn Teeft

Caring  
Kind  
Gentle  
Big  
and  
Knowing  
Scary  
It’s true

### “I learned to be a driver”

#### Limerick by Richard S. Payne

I learned to be a driver  
in my Dad’s Studebaker.  
It was an automatic  
and it sure felt like magic.  
A thrill bumper to bumper!

### I hear Scot will move from Halifax

#### Poem by David Du

I still remember when we initially met  
At OHF – you asked me  
To autograph my book “Journey.”

I still have memories of talking about  
The poems of Wang Wei,  
Enjoying noodles at “Floating Bread” cafe  
And discussing it very happily.

I appreciate you helping me to climb  
A high mountain –  
Translating The Great Way that connects to  
The Dao, from Mandarin.

And I more admire you having a splendid,  
Perfect wife Norma,  
But I understand this is your Karma.

Goodbye my friend, when I go walking along  
A street where you had lived

Would I recall the days we worked  
With each other for a great job –  
The Pulse of Wang Wei?

Goodbye my friend when I am crossing  
Some old places, even a DD coffee bar,  
Would I think about you revising my English  
Poetic style or teaching me pronunciation?

Goodbye my friend I know I will return  
To my old life style – to joyfully watch  
The sun submarine under the lonely horizon

And write some poems of the moaning wind.

### Spring

#### Poem by Jasmin Stoffer

We are slowly waking up  
The sun provides more than light now  
The warmth defrosts the ground  
Feet are bare on the moss and mushrooms  
We walk quietly through infant crocuses  
Planting every step with bulb and seed  
And birds follow closely  
Waiting to see what is left behind  
The air smells fertile  
And the wind carries hope around us  
May we enjoy this season in peace  
May we praise Spring and all her glory  
May we return to earth  
Barefooted

### Time Out

#### Poem by Elzy Taramangalam

Earnest invocation of standards  
Make me stop the scribbles  
Indifferent to the songs in the heart  
I silence the songbirds in the head  
with a glint of cruelty.

Line up lyrics against the wall  
Like misbehaving kids  
And feed them the rubble in the mall  
In a dark ceremony  
Hammering connections with stygian charm.

Hopes pinned on unsettling easter rising  
Prime lines and glory on stand  
Lift disappearing certainties  
Together in sudden ballooning strangeness  
A life nobler than the fears large.