

**Time**  
**Poem by Cathy Hanrahan**

Soft memories floating  
Downy as dew  
Connected together  
As passages through  
The enduring, time.  
Unburdened,  
Thoughts humble,  
Then strengthen anew  
Hard memoirs tumble  
At low times  
Callous and cruel.  
Resolute resolve  
Through hope's cheerful call  
Softens the darkness,  
Embraces the fall.  
Time, sweet connector,  
Familiar and then changed  
No chance of persuasion  
For an unaltered same.  
Weep not with remorse  
For an impossible truth  
Life's joy is the journey  
And time chooses its course.

**Faces**  
**Poem by Catherine A. MacKenzie**

I look in the mirror  
And what do I see?  
The face of my mother  
Staring back at me.

I glance at my daughter  
A mother now, too,  
Her face familiar,  
Ageing too fast.

I view my granddaughter,  
Innocent and wee,  
Alive on her face  
A once-portrait of me.

# FREE POEMS



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

**A Box Full of Hearts**  
**Poem by Memel Pound**

We all leave in a box, but my  
September heart came in one.  
A ratty, stained and wet with  
Cantonese rain kind of box.

She left it on the steps  
of the industry of daughters  
with a quickness that took too long.  
She almost left it not, but could not

bring it back; not into her home.  
She placed her heart in there too,  
to beat with mine when the rain  
falls hot on a Hong Kong moon.

**Forbidden Fruit**  
**Poem by Cathie Panteluk**

Ahhh to lie down upon my soft bed amongst  
handfuls of words  
Dreams caress me as I drift into  
another world,  
Once forgotten but awakened by sounds  
and scents that stir the curtains,  
Stolen first kisses on strawberry lips,  
Heart pounding between nubile young  
breasts, protected in pink gingham  
Kissing an Irish lad so long ago when such  
was forbidden,  
Oh so much sweeter for that,  
Cuddling and warm against a cold and damp  
October night,  
But curiosity causes us to do daring things,  
to test our senses and taste temptation  
among bales of hay.

**Gone**  
**Poem by Brian Harding**

I am so sorry.  
But I don't remember the night I died.  
Was there a distant dream.  
Did I smile.  
I am so sorry, I cannot say.

Will you cry for me.  
Shall I be missed.  
I am sorry I will never ever know.  
All those things that made life fun.  
For me they are gone.

Be my dream, smile for me.  
The world is yours.  
For a time mine too.  
What fun we had.  
Sad really, but I do not remember the night I died...

**Echoes and Ice Cream**  
**Poem by Jari-Matti Helppi**

I lasted as long as ice cream.  
My frozen freeze did have a wink  
for those left laughing at my pruning face,  
aging like leaves caught up in November.  
I knew no one caught my drift.  
That was when I sent a message to God  
and asked about humanity and logic?  
Buddy only ponied up swirling echoes  
of what I thought I knew

**Grief**  
**Poem by Erica Lewis**

I could pound the dirt with my fists,  
give rise to deluge with my tears.  
I could swallow the oceans,  
hold the stars,  
and it wouldn't be enough.

Even the Earth, in all its vastness,  
cannot absorb my regret.  
The mountains only  
echo back my wailing.

This is my language.  
This is what I understand.

# 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:

<b>Janet Brush</b>	Abecedarian About Rhetorinarian
<b>Charles Bull</b>	Clickity Clack
<b>Matthew de Lacey Davidson</b>	Great Village, Nova Scotia
<b>Harry Garrison</b>	Balance Sheet
<b>Cathy Hanrahan</b>	Time
<b>Brian Harding</b>	Gone
<b>Jari-Matti Helppi</b>	Echoes and Ice Cream
<b>Erica Lewis</b>	Grief
<b>Catherine A. MacKenzie</b>	Faces
<b>Harry Mah</b>	On the road to Zen
<b>Mike McFetridge</b>	Three Score and Ten
<b>Cathie Panteluk</b>	Forbidden Fruit
<b>Richard S. Payne</b>	"I like to hold my drumsticks"
<b>Memel Pound</b>	A Box Full of Hearts
<b>Jasmin Stoffer</b>	observations in the garden
<b>Gillian Webster</b>	Morning Truths
<b>Barry Wood</b>	We Do
<b>Gordon Young</b>	Rosalie

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**Send us your poems & lyrics for the next issue:**

**ohf@ohforgery.ca**

**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!**

**Rosalie**  
**Poem by Gordon Young**

There are doors through which we flow  
Through which we come and go.  
Rosalie  
(Or so  
She seemed to me)  
Mumbled to someone.... “Just let me be!”  
There was no one else that I could see  
Just Rosalie  
And me  
To hear her soliloquy.

Long ago and far away  
We each by our childish bed might say  
“Now I lay...  
(Me down to sleep)  
I pray...  
(The Lord my soul to keep)  
If I die...  
( Before I wake)  
I cry ... Lord! My soul please take.

How then, did she stray  
From dolls and curly locks,  
To a vacant doorway  
And a cardboard box.

**We Do**  
**Poem by Barry Wood**

Everyone likes to feel needed  
Like a garden that has been freshly seeded  
Basking under the sunny days,  
but doing the best on hellish days, too.  
We like to feel needed,  
to be happy when life hands us lemons.

Somehow, we do.

**Morning Truths**  
**Poem by Gillian Webster**

Everything has become a transaction with no affection,  
I think, as I step out of the tub.  
And then I listen to the wind in the trees,  
Wearing their hearts out, just like mine.

Trees are like picture-books, I think to myself.  
Sifting the world into songs, flowers, birds,  
And other staples of the heart,  
Even though some of them sting.

Trees wear out eventually,  
Acknowledging the forces of heat and cold.  
But I would rather have a tree as a friend,  
Than you, leaving me to sift out the truth.

**Great Village, Nova Scotia**  
**Sonnet by Matthew de Lacey Davidson**

There isn't very much that's there,  
despite an hour-long search:  
poetic spirits everywhere,  
an historic church,

with antiques upstairs, ice-cream on  
the maudlin lower floor,  
served to children as they yawn.  
I'm shaken to the core,

by their sepulchral indifference.  
My private agony –  
I'll never hold in reverence  
the home of Emily.

Instead, I see, with halting breath,  
the childhood home of Elizabeth.

**Abecedarian About Rhetorinarian**  
**Poem by Janet Brush**

A study of  
Big ideas,  
Concepts of Rhetoric, such as  
Dialectic,  
Ecphrasis, Enargia,  
Fallacy.  
Gorgias and Aristotle arguing about  
Hyperbole and hypotaxis.  
I am drowning in Artificial Proofs.  
Justice or injustice – refer to  
Kairos to decide.  
Logic or Logos – what's the difference?  
Mimesis? Imitation or reality?  
Nominis fictio – aka  
Onomatopoeia.  
Pathos, logos, ethos – three pillars of Rhetoric.  
Querimonia – complain, complain! Stop already!  
Repetition, repetition, repetition – so much of it.  
Synecdoche – a form of Metonymy.  
Tautology of terms.  
Utis – nobody commits so many  
Vices of language as I do.  
Wondrer – Puttenham's parado-  
X [no entry in the handlist for X]  
Y? Why so many terms?  
Zeugma – a kind of ellipsis. HELP!

**Clickity Clack**  
**Poem by Charles Bull**

My mind fully blown,  
My heart blossoming like these wild  
Flowers I've been gathering, I'm ready  
To step up and take my place again  
On the train,  
Accepting perhaps the last few  
Prerequisites for a Great Initiation.  
I can scarcely imagine the destination.  
I'll just have to trust  
The Conductor.

**On the road to Zen**  
**Haiku by Harry Mah**

Drive Defensively.  
Happiness is a Full Tank.  
Amber means *Floor it*.

**observations in the garden**  
**Poem by Jasmin Stoffer**

To be a bee  
Flying flower to flower  
Caring for only simplicity  
Of sustenance and survival  
Embracing the colours  
In their truest vibrancy  
Drinking the nectar  
Oh wouldn't it be marvellous  
To live for such a short time  
But to savour every moment

**Balance Sheet**  
**Haiku by Harry Garrison**

April is the most  
taxing month, bleeding red ink  
and black on a form.

**Three Score and Ten**  
**Poem by Mike McFetridge**

Three score and ten;  
He said it again;  
It just can't be, he thought;  
Three score and ten,  
He believed was when  
His time on this earth was stopped;  
That is what he was told  
Before getting this old,  
Three score and ten was the end;  
But still he was here,  
What now my dear?  
He didn't want to overextend!

**“I like to hold my drumsticks”**  
**Limerick by Richard S. Payne**

I like to hold my drumsticks  
and to practice my drum licks.  
God provides the rhythm,  
I leave it all to Him.  
Together We get our kicks!