

FREE POEMS



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

desideratum Poem by Scott Lynch

when all of fall's
been put to bed
and we have need
of colour
to bog and marsh
we hasten
to drink of nature's art
here winterberry holly
fills our
desiccated hearts

Love, Repetition, High Tech Rectangle Poem by Harry Garrison

Love is not love that bends
with the remover to remove.

Love is love that transmits
by transmitter to transmit.

Love is also love receiving
with a receiver to receive.

Radio radios another radio.
A formula formulates forms.

Transponders, transceivers,
getting and giving signals!

Hearts beat, hearts repeat!

the hearse that read like a love letter Poem by Mark Ryan

the hearse that read like a love letter
rolled to the curb
“dear love” it whispered
as the tailpipe spewed eclectic recitations
of adolescent provocation and orgasmic inference
“dear love” it yearned
“it is with much deliberation and regret
i have become your vessel.”

Secrets of a Mirror Poem by Janet Brush

I remember the antique hand mirror,
silver frame and handle.
On the back, engraved initials MWF.
Still so beautiful after so many years.
What secrets has the mirror seen?

A wedding gift for Margaret Wright Fraser 1855.
My great-grandmother. Does the mirror see
her joy as she examines her young face? – or fear
of the unknown life ahead?
Did she tell the mirror her pain and weariness
after each of thirteen births?
Did her tears wash it as each one went away?

Now a little girl holds the mirror,
watches as grandmother makes ringlets
in her hair, puts a huge bow on top.
My mother, an orphan. Did she ask the mirror,
Do I look like my mamma?

She inherits the mirror, keeps it always
on her dresser, a reminder of happier times.
The mirror witnessed the bruises and cuts
to that lovely face, inflicted by a madman, my father.
Did she beg the mirror to show her a way out?

I saw myself in that mirror – until it disappeared.
Our life torn apart, home dismantled,
we went our separate ways. But wherever the mirror is,
it keeps the secrets it witnessed – it will never tell.

A Wish Poem by Georgia Atkin

A wish
ghosted past my lips
and rose,
lighter than air
and heavier than dreams,
and I watched it climb
the dark tapestry of the sky,
passing through thin clouds
and deep breaths of rain,
higher and higher,
until a star reached out, gently,
and caught it
in the palm of its hand.

Believe Poem by Lorie Morris

Believe, in faith!
Believe, in love!
Believe, in people!
Believe, in greater good!
Believe, in something, or
you will fall, for anything!

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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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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!

Holiday Visitor
Poem by Rod Stewart

As soon as the air
Has a taste of snow,
Children’s whispers grow
Of when, oh when,
If never too soon,
For our esteemed guest to arrive.
Barging through the front door,
Tipsy, bold and brazen,
Falling into any and all
Embracing arms,
Overwhelmed and groaning.
Those prickly limbs
Drooling sap
Like an old dog
Over faces, floor and furniture.
So well loved,
No one could murmur,
Through hauls and heaves,
Until finally poised
By an heirloom corner,
To witness and share our love
Our memories
Our seasonal content.
Our holiday host
Hung with gracious admiration,
Brightly beaming
Beneath the angelic spire.

In Support
Haiku by David Mac Eachern

Giving from the heart
For there’s opportunity
Real life insurance

Untitled
Poem by Murphy St. Claire

Crumpled up paper people become ghosts under my bed
Daytime quiet sleepily stretches its way through my head
Matching socks waltz around my room
So often mistaken, is this boredom: for gloom
Outside there’s no sun no clouds, no weather at all
It’s not just me, the whole world’s in a stall

Dad’s Cars
Poem by Tim Covell

Dad’s first car was sensible, practical
A used 1966 Valiant
Slant six, four-door sedan, brown vinyl seats

Drum brakes couldn’t manage trailer towing
So a new two-door Buick Century
V8, black vinyl roof, white vinyl seats

Not a sensible car, with kids and dog
But impressive to women, I gathered
And dad soon had the car all to himself

There was, one visit, an old Mercedes
A logo’d keychain proof of achievement
And no return to sensibility.

In Mem
Poem by Erica Allanach

You leave behind love
And pain
Blooms aching hope
That in turn
Love, paid forward,
Will conquer pain

Heart Condition
Poem by Jim Hoyle

I can’t come next Saturday,
I have a previous engagement.
Tomorrow’s full, of course,
Sunday always is a heavy day.
Have you noticed how tired I am lately?
I’m afraid I’ll be busy on Monday, too,
from morning ‘till night,
so it’ll be hard to sneak in a rest
(you know I’ve felt run-down lately).
Perhaps on Tuesday I’ll find
a moment to come, if I feel up to it.
But Wednesday’s definitely out and
I always keep Thursdays for personal
business and that needed rest.
Again, I’ll have to squeeze in a nap
on frantic Friday.
I tire so easily lately.
So I might not be around next Saturday.

“Have an ARTitude”
Haiku by Richard S. Payne

Have an ARTitude,
heART, and creARTivity.
Life is an ART form!

Dad’s Chair
Poem by Mike McFetridge

Now it sits empty, black and bare,
Upon the verandah... Dad’s chair;
The hours he sat upon its seat,
While traffic passed by on the street;
Many stopped to tell a tale,
And old friends, too, would share an ale;
Past adventures were recalled,
It was as if the time had stalled;
But time moves on, now we just stare
At the empty seat that was Dad’s chair.

Exiles in Ecum Secum
Poem by Nathaniel S. Rounds

Hot with music to dance to
The radio ignites the curtains
This cabin-as-St.-Catherine’s-Court afire
With dance tunes and death
Tolls like a cackling Bowie Song
Inspiring so much verse
To so much inquiry

Untitled
Poem by Memel Pound

The only thing we have to fear
is fear itself
and bears.
No matter the stripe one wears,
we must on a shelf
put the party man,
put the party plan
for the common cares.
There’s a garden to be tended
and rends to mend in flags.
The oath not in rags,
no tears in promise to
save our children’s troth
and bears.

Platoon
Poem by Graham Atkin

Platoon atteeention!
Tonight we raid West Street
Juicy takings there
Lots of unwashed garbage
Smell it a mile off
Here’s the plan
We all look immaculate
Not a hair out of place
Clean our teeth
And polish our noses
Going from house to house
Knock over plant pots
Sitting on their fences
And on their patios
If we get caught
Just stay calm, smile
And bare our teeth
They run a mile
And.... don’t forget
To nibble the edges
Off their plastic garbage bags
That really pisses them off
Racoon Platoon..... Go for it!

No Escape
Poem by Catherine A. MacKenzie

Oh, to run
Across fields of four-leaf clovers,
To smell wildflowers
Beneath heaven,
To dodge cement boulders
Rising from hell.

Oh, to breathe
Without pain,
To reach the sky,
To bend to earth.

Oh, to live
And not die.