

**Renaming a species – Part 1 of 3  
Poem by Graham Atkin**

Good day crew  
I brought you here today  
For a very important matter  
To rename a species

We had some fun  
Cruising past their fighter jets  
At hypersonic speed  
Did you see their pilots gawk?

But back to serious matters  
Here is a summary  
Of our discoveries  
Of this species

*(to be continued)*

**Lake Vapors  
Poem by Claudette Bouman**

Whirling, wispy whirlpools of vapor  
crowding, wavy, rolling to the edge  
Twisting, turning, soft, layered,  
fine cotton dust  
They crowd in upon each other  
And then sweep up in a delicate storm  
Turning over rising steeply,  
curling forward  
As waves upon a sea of clouds  
Running in arranged row upon row,  
A harmonic musical movement  
Then they're gentle, elegant ballerinas  
competing for attention  
Spectacular wisps of vapor.  
And then sudden so, poof, gone  
In a disappearing act.  
A magician's trick?  
An optical illusion?  
No, again no  
Still more vapors, wisps,  
and cottony trills  
Everywhere, covering a lake of glass.

# FREE POEMS



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

**small wonders  
Poem by Olivia Landry**

cold mornings  
driving home before the sun comes up  
waving to the kids  
arriving at the daycare across the street

drinking coffee  
watching my devil's ivy outgrow  
every pot I own

catching sunsets haphazardly  
on city streets  
listening to Halloween by Phoebe Bridgers  
hearing her tell me over and over  
*we can be anything*

**Be Kind  
Poem by Catherine A. MacKenzie**

In this new normal  
Of a not-so-gentle world  
Of confusion and chaos  
Be kind—  
For we share one life;  
Be thankful for tears  
For to love is to cry and  
To die was to have lived...

**Juncture  
Poem by Alison Goodhew**

Who missed  
that sectarian tree  
pushing fingers through  
the throat of the street  
with a heave  
the ground rises  
in complicity, trips up  
someone who hurries

**High Noon  
Poem by Richard S. Payne**

MIND was nothing if not complicated;  
ego driven and, often frustrated.  
SOUL chose to avoid this difficult bind,  
instead being helpful, loving and kind.  
BODY was distressed, caught in the middle  
between true to self, and superficial.  
An unhealthy tension, and not too soon,  
for a call to conflict resolution.  
The big showdown to take place at high noon,  
in an empty place called ... MEDITATION.

**Serendipity  
Poem by Matthew de Lacey Davidson**

The Basilique Notre Dame de Fourvière  
(Lyon, in France) – it sits upon a hill.  
Exhausted, I once tried to make it there,  
but couldn't. Bleary-eyed, I found, instead,  
purely by accident, outspread,  
beyond the puppets, standing silent, still:

the amphitheatre (or Odeon),  
built by Claudius, and almost two  
thousand years ago. But then, upon  
a wall (and there for all to see),  
the best example of calligraphy  
on brass from ancient times. I never knew

that sometimes, something *better* brings us awe –  
like the basilica I never saw.

**First Degree  
Haiku by David Mac Eachern**

In bringing on love  
Revealing that it's peaceful  
Science of the heart

# 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.*

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<b>Daniel Boucher</b>	Ballad for my Favourite Master's Candidate
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<b>Janet Brush</b>	A Winter Day
<b>Marilyn Challis</b>	Tribute to an Evergreen
<b>Matthew de Lacey Davidson</b>	Serendipity
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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  
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**let our voices be heard...  
Forge This Journal!**

