

Feeling Spring
Poem by Jasmin Stoffer

Spring is for the senses
The ground underfoot
Churns with worms

The sounds of a queen bee
Bumbling around looking for
A safe place to start her hive

The birds singing
It is time to create a nest
Where art thou my companion?

The smell of warm soil
Ready to seed and grow
The seasons' first harvests

And small, unassuming dandelions
A feast for so many as I sip my tea
Outside in the spring morning sun

Think
Poem by Lorie Morris

Think, of what!
Think, of where!
Think, how come!
Think, of whom!
Think, of why!
Think, of reason!
Think, of now!
Think, for yourself!

FREE POEMS



Read a Local Writer!
BE a Local Writer!

Random Fate
Poem by Drew McPherson

In far off land, someone you never met
While casino player spins roulette

Window frost and snowflake lace
Freckle count on your child's face

Deck of cards, pair of dice
Will a fickle kid be naughty or nice

These have in common something key
They are all random, so nobody

Can see the end before it's here
Not even an oracle or a seer

Not everything is random though
With certain stuff, you just know

A caring person, a loving mate
Once in a while, it's up to fate

University Spikes
Poem by Claudette Bouman

He moves about among his fellow students
feeling anonymous
His daily preoccupation being:
What if no one recognizes us?
With red-spiked hair, nose and lip rings,
He adorns his face
Waiting for that eye of recognition
And someone to look agape
Instead, they avoid,
Steering silently around him
In well-ordered rows
Afraid of what his strange,
Extraordinary exterior shows
How is she to know the truth
Of that face showing passionately?
How is he to recognize
That keen intellect glowing so fervently?
With spikes he is a mere bagatelle,
Here where all compete.
In his heart he frets
As he prepares for his most daring feat
Meanwhile he waits brightly attired
To win some invaluable gain
To go as unnoticed as an invisible shadow,
Is the worst form of pain.

Birdsong
Poem by Nathaniel S. Rounds

A pigeon remains on the sidewalk
Because the stores are filled with filth
He sports a cowboy hat with purple fringe
A maverick prince amongst paupers
From the dollar store emerges
a thief brandishing a hammer and a fistful of dollars
The pigeon hears the thief's song of victory
"El Cóndor Pasa," he says
He's nailed it.

Mama Bird
Poem by Rod Stewart

You make our home,
Our humble nest,
Above all the rest,
Filled full with love,
As pure and soft
As breast plucked down,
Woven tight and sure
Among tendrils, twigs,
And all that's gathered
From far and wide,
These times, those memories,
That make our family
Strong and true,
Through tempest, calm,
And all in between.
Our little flock
Snuggled safe and warm,
Beneath Mother's wing,
Heart by heart,
From chirp to chirp,
Among the forest song,
How blessed we are
To you, together,
We belong.

Conversation
Poem by Gordon Young

One cannot but watch in awe
As each with covered claw
Watches waits
And serenely calculates
The contrived communication
On the board of conversation.
Each avoiding any snare
For what might be given air.
The whole thing would be dead
If not for what was left unsaid.

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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:

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

*Publication of any item does not imply endorsement of
opinions or beliefs expressed by the author(s), and are
not necessarily the views of any OHF volunteers.*

Print off copies, photocopy it, email the PDF to friends
Beautify the world by sharing these words...

let our voices be heard...
Forge This Journal!

Gift
Poem by Ben LeBlanc

Every May now – Mother
we brought flowers for the front
window boxes. Dad grills burgers

then lies down after
tangled in blood pressure meds.
We rifle through the weeds

turning up knotted roots
with hooked tridents
he would pluck with thunk

and gratifying orbital severance
the tattered squid out from under
your reaching hand like a trick.

Now Law-sister watches, bursting
for the section scheduled
and will timely excise her 97th

percentile charge before necessity
detonates. So much for the asking
our names on pale blue calendar

crowded with rigid, smiling bears.
Mom beside us explains
as we leverage granite chunks

out of the bed bending
with plump worms she says you could
fish with, that there was once

a rock wall we're pulling
the pitted stones from
so don't kill yourselves.

Later, alone, a fuzzy moon
squints at my not making
ten free-throws in a row.

fold here

Express Train
Poem by Robert John Schwarzmann

Farms, bridges, villages, rush by as,
Motionless, I sit looking through
The window. We sweep past the platform
Of a smaller station, where people are
Waiting. I glimpse my younger self,
Standing alone, grasping his suitcase.
For a split instant our eyes meet,
Widening in recognition, but then
The train is plunging through a
Dense green blur of trees, past rivers,
Lakes, hills, blue ocean inlets.
The wheels' rhythmic clatter on the track,
The passenger car swaying slightly,
Gentle and reassuring, as I watch
The panorama hurtling past,
Toward an unknown destination.

The Written Hope
Poem by David Mac Eachern

From pleasant dream to word on screen
a message sent, soul's image being seen
Deep voice of heart, no question mark
full thought be conveyed, convincing at start
Each gripping word taketh hold of mind
love's theme so evident, appealing thus kind
In captivating flow, every line a scene
dealing wisdom's ace, ever stacked to extreme
Taken out of illusion, found by grace
an urge for contact, uncovering beauty's face

Layers Of Poetry
Haiku by Harry Garrison

Hand me a towel that
I may dry my hands of this.
(Hands dry as a bone.)
A skeleton key
may unlock the quarters of
a skeleton crew.
Flesh and blood, clothing,
and rhyme for a reason, with
ornamentation.

Nature in Tranquil
Poem by Shawn Elford

The warmth of a summer evening
Sitting on the front porch
Admiring the scent of mowed grass
Memories of your childhood
Bringing a smile to your face
In the distance you see a deer
Grazing the meadows
You dare not interrupt
Just sit smile and appreciate

Inflation 2022
Poem by Richard S. Payne

What will be the price of gas today?
And how about a bag of Frito Lay?
Will gov let taxes be?
Wait ... thankfully, health care is "free."
How much will prices go?
How much is that doggy in the window?

fold here

this, morning.
Poem by Mark Ryan

absolute, void of expression –
mist that settles upon this city's desolate
bedrooms intoxicated with popping radiators, skin
labyrinths for afternoon's unhinged lovers
affairs of estrangement, whilst the world collides
bestows upon itself cancerous death
plastic test kits wrapped in plastic bags
buried in plastic caskets –
yet, lovers' eyes return a gaze
a gaze to be eulogized
you, purveyor of humanity
adrift, entombed within the harbour mist
you, who tramples broken scissors and alley cats
severs the head of beasts with percussive calculation
you, vocal animal
you, chalice brimming of vitriol
you, wine upon my sleeve
dirt upon my prayer.

Out of Body
Poem by Blynn Teeft

Never thought I'd see myself from above
To look down and see myself smiling
A pure look of enjoyment across my face
Out of body experience at a time of joy
To see myself feeling happiness
To know myself with this feeling
To be able to see and feel what's inside
Never could I imagine seeing myself
In this new light, in this new way
Looking to see what is around
What I'm doing, and who with
Learning that the fears can be set aside
Moments and times can be enjoyed
Looking down to see no sadness
Behind smiling eyes and laughter
To see without judgment or critic
To truly see myself how others see me
Myself a kind, caring, passionate individual
Someone who has talents and is creative
Seeing someone who is loving and loved
Something that I could never see before
Out of body experience at a time of joy.

a casting
Poem by Scott Lynch

the rumbling
that cannot be heard
has put the boots to green
and all that once was verdant
seems a little past the seeing
it's natural I guess
that rust rule for a time
that henchmen clad in oranges
in lemons and in limes
consort and ride on roughshod
and divine

The Sad Man
Poem by Jonathan Burchill

I once loved a story all too well
To escape being fooled when it befell
I could not get past it
Nor move on without it
So I live at peace with it in hell.

Moon
Haiku by Violet Rosengarten

Oh moon, looking down
At our smokey blue-grey world,
Your eyes look worried!