

## Holidays!

### Poem by Rod Stewart

Have you found yourself,  
Somewhere in the middle of it all,  
Wandering with lost thoughts,  
Like fresh sparrow tracks  
Upon morning snow,  
Or perhaps dangling  
In a yesteryear moment,  
As an ornament caught  
By the fireplace flicker,  
Maybe with a touch  
Of holiday congestion,  
In the crush of honking traffic,  
Among the anguished,  
With the last bedside tissue,  
Or just simply spinning,  
Our tires and lives,  
As families and seasons  
Always merrily do.

## Red Berries

### Poem by Teresa Kilbride

You put red berries  
In holes in big rocks  
For animals to find  
You never get to see them taken  
But you take pleasure  
In seeing them in your mind.

“For animals,” you say  
As you leave a job well done.

There is a beam of light  
Heading toward you  
From my heart  
As you walk with me then  
And I take the small hand  
That placed the red berries  
The memory made.

# FREE POEMS



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

## Swirls of Jupiter

### Poem by Oliver Cresswell

Eggnog plops  
into the coffee black  
and disappears.  
No trace,  
just depth.  
Warm and pregnant darkness cupped  
in hands that felt the morning chill.  
Then a shift  
of plates tectonic,  
the chthonic eruptions,  
of Sun-yellow dancing –  
yin and yang.  
And for a moment I am once again  
a child  
sitting at the breakfast table  
on a pale sky Sunday morning  
watching swirls of Jupiter in my hands.

## Soul Searching

### Haiku by David Mac Eachern

Down on the hotline  
To the world of internet  
Earth going viral

## Grief

### Poem by Janet Brush

They say time heals all wounds; they are wrong.  
Grief lives in the belly like a dormant volcano.

When death comes, grief explodes in fierce waves,  
engulfing all the senses.  
It slowly subsides in ever diminishing spurts of lava,  
until an uneasy calm prevails.  
But subterranean rumblings continue, unnoticed, unfelt,  
until activated by a memory –  
a song, a place, the smell of an old hat.  
Then grief erupts again, destroys your defenses, knocks you down  
to depths of despair as great as when death first struck.

The time between eruptions cannot be predicted.  
You get no warning.  
But you know grief is always there, waiting  
for a catalyst to burst forth once again.

These wounds will never heal.

## Sky Limit

### Poem by Lorie Morris

Sky limit, is endless.  
Sky limit, knows no, boundary.  
Sky limit, is on going.  
Sky limit, is where I want,  
to be.

## Where's Waldo in Apocalypto

### Poem by F. Arthur Ricane

World War III! Make sure the doors are bombproof!  
Panic! Defenestrate the politicians and academia!  
Paranoia! Stomp the phone! Magnet the computer!  
Accidental escalation! Nuclear holocaust! All is lost!

# OPEN HEART FORGERY

Vol.13 No.9, December 2022

ISSN 2369-6516 (Print)  
ISSN 2369-6524 (Online)

**www.ohForgery.com**  
**Halifax, Nova Scotia**

*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>Elzy Taramangalam</b>	Cassandra Words

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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  
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not necessarily the views of any OHF volunteers.*

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

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

## On time

### Poem by Kasey Connely

Once upon a time  
a second felt like a second,  
a minute felt like a minute,  
an hour felt like an hour,  
and so on.

But at some point along the way,  
the timekeepers became tricksters  
mischievously trading places  
to keep us on our toes.

Now one minute will fly by  
in the blink of a second  
and one day will pass  
itself off as an afternoon.

This impish dance  
and clockwork shuffle of  
diminishing returns continues,  
while we age on and on.

Only to wake one day  
and find out with surprise,  
in the final hours of our lives,  
all we have left is this millisecond.

## Cassandra Words

### Poem by Elzy Taramangalam

Suddenly the wind  
Is howling again.  
Eight billion walk the earth  
More men and women  
Love and hate  
Are at each other's throat.  
Less air, less space, less water  
Less compassion  
Less of anything good  
To go around: Beware

## ocean

### Poem by Janelle Levesque

we spoke in murmurs and felt in waves  
we took turns magnifying ants with our retrospection  
licking the salt from our skin where the ocean  
had left its breath like a heartache  
forcing us to feel the weight of past storms  
the insatiable desire to devour all living things

searching for signs of life we turned over rocks  
their underbellies hardened with barnacles  
instead we uncovered carcasses  
weathered relics discarded by the sea  
the fossilized tears of past lovers

it was then that I realized skin is just decomposable matter  
that even our bones would decay with the froth of the tide  
until not even the archeologists would recognize us

it was then that I realized love is not enough  
that the ocean would swallow us whole

## growing up is weird

### Poem by Haley Dawne

My friends are having babies  
Proposals will happen this year  
Houses are being bought  
And although it's all exciting  
These milestones fill me with fear  
Everyone is growing up  
Everyone is settling down  
I'm certainly getting older  
But I still prefer the unknown

## Quatrain for Ada's Place

### Poem by Daniel Boucher

Thank God for cheap red wine and faithful friends:  
Wine, which gayly spills us into our beds,  
And friends, who pull us right back out again,  
For this old healing-house in the North End.

## Shattered

### Poem by David Du

You used to be in bloom, the color as if  
A red glow,  
But right now the wind blows you toward  
The other world.  
You're extremely unwilling to go with the wind,  
You know this is not a sweet date,  
You know this is a death journey,  
But you also know you cannot stay in the sunshine  
Hugging the tree and ground,  
So you start your journey –  
Lake, mountain roof or even the dirt.  
When you touch the earth where you'd bloomed  
A warm stream runs through you ...  
You understand this is your graveyard,  
So you lay down there to begin  
Sleeping, sleeping...

## Christmas will never be the same

### Poem by Brian Harding

Where did Grand dad go.  
Has anyone seen our Grand dad?  
Does anyone know?  
He was part of our Christmas for so long.  
Please tell us where he is.  
Dressed as Santa Claus, he wandered past our house  
Every Christmas Eve.  
Oh as if we did not know.

He did not have a sleigh  
Instead he towed a four wheel buggy.  
All aglow with Christmas lights  
Filled with a stuffed puppet of Santa Claus.  
He jingled bells, and shouted Ho Ho.  
We watched from the window, Grayson and I ( Evelyn)  
There goes Santa, Mummy and Daddy we shouted  
Then to bed we went happy as can be.  
Please someone tell us.  
Where did Grand Dad go.

## A Course You Might Take

### Rectangle Poem by Harry Garrison

It's named, officially,  
"Andrew Wiles' Proof of  
Fermat's Last Theorem,"  
but all the pupils know  
it as "Math Cathedral."

## Polyyps

### Poem by Bill Jones

Sweet Root Sarsaparilla,  
Ginseng, Ginger, Gold-Thread  
Remedy from old Sparrow-Hawk  
For Ailementary Cytoplasms ...  
Squeamish, membranous intruder  
Extracted, cauterized, suture ... Sessile  
Subcutaneous contractions – Famished;  
Ruddy, Cedar Shingles

## Sugar on Corpse

### Poem by Nathaniel S. Rounds

Adjunct sepulchre  
Of cooked books &  
Annulments  
How did you become  
The faded city of industry  
Turned greased pit of meth?

The countryside adjoins  
The marshland  
The sandstone bank  
Kisses food bank

And yet

The silver spooned progeny  
Contra dances with the poor  
Cousin

May the old dams fail  
And the floodgates rise