

**Fool**  
**Poem by Lorie Morris**

Fool, for you.  
Fool, for your love.  
Fool, to care.  
Fool, to believe.  
Fool, to belong, to  
you! I'm just a fool.

**one million missed connections**  
**Poem by AM**

i am patient, i  
she who suffers an action,  
undergoes a change of state,  
metamorphosizing beyond,  
unrecognizable woman

you, man,  
agent,  
he who performs the action,  
the start and end of movement,  
cut me open and experience –

perceive me a stimulus,  
something that is described,  
or perceived,  
but not one that  
undergoes a change of fate.

**Do you believe in the Water Cycle?**  
**Poem by Osmund Donnelly**

The droplet said to the bit of dew,  
“You are my dear friend.  
When the sun comes and dries us up  
I hope we meet again.  
Maybe we'll end up in a cloud,  
A lake or even a stream.”  
The bit of dew sighed thoughtfully,  
“What a lovely dream.”

# FREE POEMS



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

**ily2**  
**Poem by Chris Cameron**

i wish you would tell me  
“i love you”  
and not just  
“i love you too”

**Sea Glass**  
**Poem by Megan Cooper**

I'm amassing quite a collection  
Picking down the beach and bending at the waist  
Although my knees ache, I wait  
For the tide to offer softened shards

My searching eyes peer down through windswept hair  
And faded scars dance across my fingers  
Trembling, seeking  
Old edges worn smooth

Crashing waves peel back, reveal  
An old friend of bright green  
Still sharp, it cuts deeper than I expect  
An emerald streak across the grey sky, then a splash  
The salt stings and I plunder on

As the waves rush forward and retreat  
My eyes catch on shades of green and blue  
As the gulls swoop and cry  
I crouch again

What once lay deep below  
Sits smooth and warm in my palm  
Their shouts soften to a whisper:  
“You are forgiven”

My pockets grow heavy as I reach the beach's end  
I'm amassing quite a collection  
of mistakes that were supposed to be unique

**Sea Serpent**  
**Poem by Anna Kuznetsova**

my house is on the edge of the cliff  
every storm day, I was afraid that it might fall  
every sunny day, I was worried that it might melt  
any other day, I was just afraid  
my mom told me a story about a sea serpent  
who lives in the waters  
on the other side from the edge of the cliff  
my friend told me that he saw him  
my neighbour told me that he saw him  
my dad said nothing because he passed away  
on the day when the ocean was frozen

I didn't believe them  
but I asked you to protect me.  
hide me behind your ribs  
closer to your heart  
and never let me go  
it seems like you agreed  
it looks like it was safe  
but in the end, I saw a sea serpent in your heart  
I told about it to my mother,  
my friend, and my neighbour  
but no one believed me  
and only my father said:  
“Don't be afraid, my heart,  
there are no monsters in the dark waters.”

# OPEN HEART FORGERY

Vol.15 No.3, April 2024

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:

<b>AM</b>	one million missed connections
<b>Chris Cameron</b>	ily2
<b>Megan Cooper</b>	Sea Glass
<b>Burris Devanney</b>	Navalny's Funeral: Guns and Roses
<b>Osmund Donnelly</b>	Do you believe in the Water Cycle?
<b>Harry Garrison</b>	Zen And Bike Art
<b>Anna Kuznetsova</b>	Sea Serpent
<b>Ben LeBlanc</b>	The Faux Tree
<b>LVR</b>	Perseverance
<b>Scott Lynch</b>	The Florida Outlet Mall near Naples on a Monday in February seems like a good vehicle to consider the nature of mortality
<b>Mikayla Marshall</b>	Pencil Lines
<b>Lorie Morris</b>	Fool
<b>Charlie Parsons</b>	Spring Cleaning
<b>G. Rees</b>	Manual Drive
<b>Naomi Ruth</b>	the hand that breaks
<b>Rod Stewart</b>	Heart String
<b>Elzy Taramangalam</b>	Pinch Point

Editor:	<b>Georgia Atkin</b>
Layout:	<b>Erica Allanach</b>
Communications:	<b>Jim Hoyle</b>
Secretary/Treasurer:	<b>Janet Brush</b>
Website:	<b>Alison Goodhew</b>

**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 only considered as space permits.

**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!**

**Heart String**  
**Poem by Rod Stewart**

Every precious thing,  
Has a little string,  
Maybe with a bow  
Curling like a smile,  
A petal, or a wing.

Joining here to there,  
Maybe loose or tight,  
Perhaps a knot or two,  
If something's...  
Not quite right.

Often far too thin,  
To touch it  
If you tried,  
But all it takes  
Is just a tug,  
And someone's heart  
Has cried.

**Perseverance**  
**Poem by LVR**

Earth  
Grounded dust  
Frozen in hibernation  
Leaving us in the  
Cold  
We wait  
Covering ourselves  
Bundling our bodies and  
Minds  
As the dark comes  
Quicker each day  
We isolate in  
Fear  
Of the elements  
And ourselves  
We wish for the  
Sun  
To show us the way  
Shine on our path  
Bring light to our  
Days  
To grow like flowers  
We plant  
Rooting into new  
Earth

**the hand that breaks**  
**Poem by Naomi Ruth**

I am not g-d's creation  
If the clay is cracked without promise of redemption  
It requires no lament so lacking is this material from sin  
Yet you,  
Your violent hands know the sweetness of heaven  
As well as I know  
The bitterness of dirt  
And your mother's dinner prayer

**Pencil Lines**  
**Poem by Mikayla Marshall**

I've tried to erase you,  
but you've stained my page  
with faded lines that resemble your name.

**Navalny's Funeral: Guns and Roses**  
**Poem by Burris Devanney**

The police came armed and ready.  
The mourners came armed with roses,  
carnations, floral bouquets,  
or just a single flower in hand.  
The police wore masks, standing deadpan,  
shoulder to shoulder, inscrutable, cheerless.  
The mourners, bare-faced and fearless,  
a convoy of grief, joy and bravery,  
marched past the funeral church in Moscow,  
named Mother of God Soothe My Sorrow,  
chanting Navalny! Navalny! Navalny!

**Manual Drive**  
**Poem by G. Rees**

The day finally came,  
I,  
twenty years old,  
looked in the mirror and realized  
that I was no longer seventeen.  
And it made me wonder,  
has my consciousness been on autopilot  
this whole time?

**Zen And Bike Art**  
**Haiku by Harry Garrison**

Disassemble bike.  
Everything is quality.  
Reassemble bike.

**Pinch Point**  
**Poem by Elzy Taramangalam**

Gut wisdom claims  
We are what we eat  
Heart wisdom murmurs  
We are what we love  
Hate though waits in anger  
To wipe out what anyone loves  
Murdering hope and tomorrows  
Setting off  
A fire storm of annihilation  
The very right to exist.

**The Florida Outlet Mall near Naples**  
**on a Monday in February seems like**  
**a good vehicle to consider the nature of mortality**  
**Poem by Scott Lynch**

so many white hairs  
raisins in sun  
baby boomers lost in a maze  
vacant stares and gaping mouths  
many a mouth breather  
with balding pates or  
wispy windblown coifs  
bad dye jobs an ombre of the blues  
overdone makeup  
oft times garish and mismatched colours  
comfortable shoes and leisurewear  
elastic, canes and walkers  
as omnipresent as excessive  
nose and ear hair  
snowbirds on the hunt for  
early bird specials

leaving the mall in their chariots  
weaving unsteadily  
turn signals permanently on  
often sleeping at stoplights

a sexagenarian myself  
like the gaze of Narcissus  
what I see, apparently,  
is me  
sitting at the fountain  
considering Blue Oyster Cult's  
1976 Agents of Fortune  
and the wisdom therein

**The Faux Tree**  
**Poem by Ben LeBlanc**

Out at the curb  
dismantled  
New Year's Day

what provisional triumph  
secured your lasting  
(ever ever-green  
in a heap)  
like our careless fingers  
letting eternity loose?

I hope when it sets  
me aside, I have your plastic  
courage to glisten anyway  
far short of purpose.

**Spring Cleaning**  
**Poem by Charlie Parsons**

in the winter of our love  
comes the spring cleaning of my life

just today I watched the sun rise  
for the first time in a long time

the willows whisper soothing scriptures  
scrawled upon their leaves

the West Wind sings a mo(u)rning song,  
the cards say to be brave,

and napkin notes and kept receipts  
remind me I can breathe.