

spring anthem
Poem by Scott Lynch

“Every heart, every heart
to love will come.”
—Leonard Cohen

mud puddles
ah, mud puddles and that
squishing, squelching,
onomatopoeic sound of it all
mmmmmm...
a brisk wind down the lake
chilling but uncommitted to real cold

bird song and crow caw
brooks reborn
splashing, gurgling, bubbling
simply unable to contain their glee
snow retreating as green
calculates certain advance
tree sap rising with my spirits
budding inexorable

all orchestrations
in another song of spring

A Sensation
Poem by mikayla marshall

Like moss on the forest floors,
carpeting the trees,
you are comforting to me.

Lost
Poem by Emily Young

When your lips
touched mine
as we sat upon that bench
I felt as if you were who I have been
Yearning for
My whole life
And now it is

Lost.

FREE POEMS



Read a Local Writer!
BE a Local Writer!

Just in Case
Poem by Oliver Robinson

I always smile
When eyes meet eyes,
In the park, walking by.

Just in case,
They're in this place,
The same reason as mine.

An Array Of Ships And Sounds
Rectangle Poem by Harry Garrison

There's an array of ships on
one side of Linguistic Lake.
Leftmost first, going right,
all of these ships set sail.
Each one transports a sound.
If they stay in their order,
a quite normal sentence will
be heard on the other shore.
But if they're out of order,
that's a slip of the tongue,
and it might reveal secrets.

synapse
Poem by Charlie Parsons

if memory serves,
a synapse is the

[SPACE]

between one nerve and the next, the

[SPACE]

between what we once were and will be, the

[SPACE]

the place where one thing ends
and another begins

the precipice

of past and future things,
of once and future kings.

we exist on the edge of something great
or terrible
or great and terrible.

we exist on the edge.

we exist.

ET
Poem by Ben LeBlanc

O ascended ones, most honorific
your miracles liken our miracle
atoms to the mind, wi-fi for the plumb
the entire fathom to the tadpole
who could never show to know us
in the realms that we are numb.

We squint at blurry urns of your passing
focus, plate-spinning locus, immaterial –
silver husks cleating your Grandfather soul
while our why and cry ushers
depleted into your dark sky, you having
no feet, teeny-green or otherwise, no lasers
for earthly consumption or total defeat.

As One from the beginning come
a pattern pushing perfect off the path
that black spruce-seed spewing white trees
they emulate, growing moot
themselves their obvious, oblivion symbols
losing naught to missed truce.

Care Free
Poem by Lorie Morris

Care free, sounds so nice.
Care free, sounds so free.
Care free, is a great feeling.
Care free, as a bird.
Care free, as the great outdoors.
Care free, is what I want!

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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

*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!

Granny Knows
Poem by Rod Stewart

My Grandmother’s recipe box,
Contains maternal knowledge,
Of more than five generations.
Handwritten scratches
For pleasures of palette,
And seasonal cures,
Against medicinal truth
As we hold it today.
I flip through her deck
Of lard tainted cards,
That boldly summon
For obscene ladles
Of sugar, salt and kitchen fat.
And even a swallow
Of laundry borax,
To waken and warm
My slow winter blood,
As do these words,
As I remember now,
My grandmother grinning
Saying it was so,
This faded sweet memory of mine
From forty years ago.

The Language of Dance
Poem by Mary Upton

Dance with me in intimacy
And let the language of our hearts unfold
To spare the words that can’t be told

For the Language of Dance is one of romance
It needs no words to be its token
Only a love to remain unspoken

So dance with me in intimacy
And allow what grows in silent prose
To reach its unspoken destiny

After rain
Haiku by David Du

The leaves freshen up
Dewy with bright jade as if
Green diamond shining

Strange
Poem by Poppy Walsh

Wouldn’t it be strange
if hope was bitter
if despair was sweet
if the trees were a colour other than green

Wouldn’t it be strange
if no one watched movies but everyone read books
if the stars glittered in the ocean instead of the sky
if the sun rose in the west and set in the east
if it was hot in winter and cold in summer

Wouldn’t it be strange
if it was the same time everywhere in the world
if people preferred rain to sun
if peace was constant and war a thing of the past

Wouldn’t it be strange
if the only music was the beat of your heart
if decisions were clearly white and black
if history never repeated itself

Wouldn’t it be strange
if no one was assigned a gender
if everyone was a dreamer
if silence was loud
if yesterday was tomorrow

Wouldn’t it be strange
to live in a world that was
strange yet familiar
different yet similar
wrong but right
all at the same time.

Wouldn’t it be strange.

Ode to an Evening in Halifax
Sonnet by Carmen Gessell

When it gets dark here, it gets lighter first
like a layer has been peeled from the sky.
I look south and imagine Lunenburg
basking in the raw sea-washed twilight.
Seashell-white snow and windows blinding gold
casting spells as cars speed along Quinpool:
I could stand here in this briny, sharp-edged cold
and lose my fingers as the day unspools.
Instead, my feet move with the moving town
to leave grooves on the circular rink.
East to west my skates are propelled around—
—and the sun is down before I next blink.
Buildings bright as teeth in the ice’s glow.
Now, with the sun, is the right time to go.

8 Ball
Poem by Bill Jones

Neons flicker on Emerald night
Whirling Laundromat windows –
Headlights plunder murky street
Evening perennials... ashy fingers
Clawing smokey moon – sirens wail
Silhouettes, behind plaid venetians
Tender maundering dusk – rouged Kitchens
Pouting over Billiards & a game of Euchre

The Squeaky Chair
Poem by Mike McFetridge

The squeaky chair, she does not hear
As she rocks both back and forth;
And the incessant squeaking, as she is speaking
Distracts her words of mouth;
But, such are words, when they are heard,
By someone sitting near;
Words only make a difference when
Heard above a squeaky chair!

Collages
Poem by Memel Pound

Bright spectacle coalesced;
mundane chaff, glue, eye.
Blown off from post-war Halifax;
spun from the atoms of the sea
and the deuterium eaten in stars.
Yours was the art
that followed the science,
down rivers,
to the Lakes,
then to walk three hills,
dans les rues pavées.
Gather what snippets you may,
knowing where the rosebuds go
and rhubarb too from the soils
between the big bungalow
and the boggy boreal green
that ran to Catalone.
Jazz on the page, thick.
The fickleness of sand,
the pinking of media;
blood from a wire’s sudden prick.

Poor
Poem by Gordon Young

Thank you to the poor,
Who stand outside the door.
Because they thrive
We survive.
In distant past and in the present
They epitomize “noble peasant.”
In hotel hallways
On darkened highways
“Poor” is with us always.
They patiently await
Their share of plate,
As they strive to please
And create some small ease
For the dogged need
Of those with the means for greed.
They deserve gratitude
And so we rise in platitude.
Blessed are the poor.
They are just outside the door.

A Tale of Two Presidents
Poem by Burris Devanney

Two Slavic cousins,
One is Jewish, the other Christian.
One trained as a lawyer and lives by the law,
The other trained as a spy and acts outside of the norm.
One is a man of the theatre, an actor, director, producer,
Delivering satire, laughter and comedy.
The other man’s forte is fear and worldly power,
Dispensing death, desolation and tragedy.
One knows about acting,
Is skilled at engaging, performing and staging,
Knows how to imagine and create a persona,
Can skillfully probe a strong character’s psyche,
Knows how to depict common human passions,
And is deeply committed to serving his people.
Life’s been an idealist’s adventure for Volodymyr Zelenskyy.
The other knows about spying,
Is skilled at bribing, blackmailing and lying,
Knows how to dissemble, and hide his true self,
Can skillfully probe another man’s weakness,
Knows how to play his cards close to his vest,
And is deeply committed to Russian expansion.
Life’s been an imperialist’s game for Vladimir Putin.
Zelenskyy, Zelenskyy!
Man of the century, Man of the theatre,
Man of the people, Man of Ukraine!
Vladimir Putin’s Ukrainian nemesis.

It’s My Birthday
Poem by Charles Bull

When after long searching I came upon God
God was weeping
Weeping for the world

Tears rolling down drops
Wide as the ocean deep
As the sea

God’s face wet salt warm
Like my own
Coming into the world

fold here

fold here