

# FREE POEMS



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

## **Confession Haiku by Harry Garrison**

Objects stick to my  
sweaty forearms as I type  
at my cluttered desk.

## **A Dried-Up Worm Poem by Matthew Vanderkwaak**

How moist and inviting  
this sidewalk seemed  
before cruel Dawn with golden fingers  
found you there  
making your pilgrimage,  
believing the night would last.  
But no, you looked upon your god  
face to face,  
and She required an offering:  
“I will take your water now,  
In exchange for gazing on my beauty,”  
She said, smiling and reaching down  
with a rosy palm.  
And you gave up your vapour there,  
now crisp on the pavement,  
a sign to all who wander,  
midway between here and there.

## **Hana Haiku by Valerie LeBlanc**

A tropical drive  
Sugar cane fields help guide us  
East to haiku road

## **Fear of Falling Poem by Riley McAllister**

i feared when i fell for you  
that you would try to climb back out  
and you did  
you slowly made your way to the top  
while i kept falling  
i hit the ground  
you climbed out and ran  
i laid down there  
waiting for you  
you still haven't looked back  
and now i've started climbing back up

## **Persistence of Vision Poem by Tim Covell**

We have a fault in the eye or the brain,  
That lets us see movement in pictures still.  
All of our movies and TV attain,  
Illusion of motion where there is nil.  
Were it not for this fault, another way,  
Would have been found, one assumes, to make shows.  
Beyond the technical, what does it say?  
What do we learn from the lingering glows?  
Whatever the sense, we should be aware,  
That all that we note, is not really there,  
It's ours alone, to note more we must share.  
And something remains after sight and sound,  
Smell, taste, and touch have all faded to ground,  
That stays with us though it cannot be bound.

## **Time Capsule Poem by Bill Jones**

Autumn hedges, cocooned verdigris  
Ashy winters, cracked & gladed –  
Bearded seasons ferment, misty dawn ceremony  
Seeds of April sowing archived harvests

Summer stones blue branded by moonlight;  
Light-years stitching blanched almanacs –  
Railroad shavings – Trains clacking Sleepers over  
Charred kernels of blind sparrow time

Magic sealed away with trinkets & infancy –  
Dew falling as dusky hairs under kitchen clocks  
Centipedal sinuous husks extricated root tendrils...  
Decadent timber, hinged with mossy rinds.

## **Liminal Space Poem by Gordon Young**

It devours the day  
When it comes to prey.  
But then It never really goes away.  
It scents unconnected dots  
.... Threads of tattered thoughts.  
It hunts best between  
What is real and what is seen.  
It waits with me on the line of in and out  
In strobing certainty and doubt,  
Impatient not to linger long  
Playing at right and wrong;  
Gazing into the here and the gone  
No light no heat; no dark no cold,  
Just it and me at the threshold.  
No amount of praying,  
No amount of saying  
Will stall  
What is about to fall,  
Including me  
And its pyrrhic victory.  
For when possession kills its host  
It too becomes a ghost

## **confectionary Poem by Leah Woolley**

time has gone bubbly, hours sticky  
on the fingers, sunsets caramelizing  
into a shining horizontal mass

sizzle pop of streetlights waking, sifting  
glow onto each syrup-slow minute,

snow floating through the days like  
flour puffed from an open bag.

# 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.*

This issue's writers:

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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 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  
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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!**

**Peccadillo**  
**Poem by Nicole Myers**

a heart turns  
like an upset stomach  
when fidelity is exiled  
having  
to defend your  
artificial amusement  
your erratic exultations  
feels like inconsiderate  
bereavement  
a low kind of love  
I watch you try to stir  
fire w/ a wooden spoon  
& succumb  
while you burn  
I weep

**greensward ever so**  
**Poem by Scott Lynch**

past lady's slipper majesty  
and purple iris too  
lupines hues extinguished  
allium all but through  
more verdurous than imagining  
verdant my world renewed  
olive pea & emerald  
so many greens to choose  
viridescent every vista  
ombre every view

**Letter to Trans Suicides**  
**Poem by Hayden Raymond**

in my dreams you wake up  
to feed the cats, the dogs, or the fish  
there's a coffee made,  
perhaps by a mother,  
though probably not considering you left her only a note,  
she may not have even kept it.  
in my dreams you wake up in the morning  
and smile at the mirror.  
there's a coffee made,  
a lover or a friend in the kitchen  
smiling gold through gaps in their teeth,  
extra maple syrup poured all over pancakes.  
in my dreams you don't need to call the gay bar  
and listen to laughter and cheers  
over the bartender's confused "hello?  
hello, is there anybody there?"  
is there anybody there?  
is there anybody left?  
is all that's left people who want  
the same thing you accomplished?

**Butterflies**  
**Poem by Holly Currie**

My stomach gets butterflies when you walk into the room  
Making my heart beat faster,  
My eyes wander in your direction.  
You made me feel special for a short period of time,  
Telling me I'm beautiful when I didn't believe it.  
You made me happy,  
And I'll always be thankful for that.

**Refugee**  
**Poem by Lorie Morris**

Refugees, all need our help!  
Refugees, are all in a bad way.  
Refugees, need to know that they  
matter. Refugees, we need to show them  
that Canada cares. Refugees, is  
where we all were, at one time!

**Billy Collins**  
**Clerihew by Janet Brush**

Billy Collins is such a great wit  
For all ages his poetry is fit  
Even when Miss Dickinson he's undressing  
He's a master of subtle finessing.

**Departure**  
**Haiku by David Du**

Backpack like a kite  
Floating, a place filling with  
Mystery and wish

**Green**  
**Poem by Mikayla Marshall**

I envy those who knew you when.  
The ones who know how your story begins.  
Deep conversations and real thoughts.  
Late night opinions in your favorite spots.  
Memories made; mistakes forgotten.  
All the friends who saw you often.

The ones who played a part.

Isn't it silly?

To wish I knew you from the very start.

**Book Store**  
**Poem by Oliver Robinson**

Prisms lined with paper-backed books,  
shopping for ideas like stopping for  
milk, eggs, asparagus, decaf tea and coffee,  
you are what you eat you become what you read.

Some books simply tickle like ripples,  
as harmless and rousing and fleeting as rain,  
while some books, beware,  
they short-circuit your brain,  
and stick to transmitters  
like well-intentioned babysitters  
that guide gentle minds  
towards hopes and schemes  
until home comes the real authorities.

So,  
Walk slow,  
through the rows,  
those quiet, bookshop steps,  
heel to toe.  
And choose wisely, but be wary  
not to wake  
a sleeping dream.

**Things We Truly Own**  
**Poem by Memel Pound**

Think of the things we truly own;  
There are only a few that aren't on loan.  
The brain in your brain box,  
The feet in your wool socks,  
Your skin, your blood and your bones.  
All of the things we call our stuff,  
Things we collect and can't get enough,  
Our games and our toys  
That we think bring us joys,  
Will get left on a shelf full of dust.  
All of the bobbles and gewgaws and trinkets,  
All we thought priceless and even still think it,  
Will pile up in piles  
And after a while  
Could fill up a ship and sink it.  
No, it's only ourselves we need to adore  
And only our loved ones to gather galore.  
Our family and friends  
Will be there to the end,  
So start loving you and your spirit will soar.

**This Morning**  
**Poem by Violet Rosengarten**

The intermittent foghorn punctuates  
The rhythmic music on my radio  
This morning,

And I imagine the fog,  
Like whirling, unfurling ghosts  
Upon the water.