

Untitled I
Poem by Natalie Couture

The air is cooler than this time last year
Or that's just how I want to remember it
The sun is hiding itself but I don't know why
Another year older
And my hands still have not recovered
So, I find another city to light
Another body to burn
No string tied to my finger to make me remember
Bedroom screams
Old eyes
Breakfast never in bed

Reflections Under Falling Snow
Poem by Nicholas Fraser

Peaceful and calm the snow comes down.
The street light illuminates every special flake.
I stare out of the window and reflect.
Reflections of life, love and loss.
A life devoted to kindness and respect.
A love found, greater than I imagined.
Love lost, my world and beliefs shattered.
The snow quietly falls, as do tears on the page.
Reflections of tears, heartache and pain.
Tears fall, day and night, salty warm.
Heartache and hurt, no joy, no hope.
Pain for the love lost, never again to be found.
Is it better to have loved and lost, then not at all?
To have lost true love is a fate worse than death.
Every special flake falls, every memory shatters.
The pain echoes in my heart like rolling thunder.
The pain is punctuated by the sound it makes.
When will it end? When does the pain stop?
A burden that wreaks havoc on my very being.
Dreams shatter under the weight of falling snow.
Gone. Lost forever. Melted like the fallen snow.

Open Heart Forgery
Year 1 Anthology

will be released in January 2011
and will feature poets published in
this monthly journal over 2010. If
you want to know when and
where you can get the OHF Year
1 Anthology, join our e-mail list
by writing us at:

editor@ohForgery.com

Read a Local Writer!

BE a Local Writer!

Carry This Love
Poem by Kathryn Bjornson

I wear your love like a tight garment.
Some days it doesn't fit
at all, and I stagger around,
tugging and pulling.
Other days I rip out the seams
and try again.

I wear your love like a scar,
show it off like battle-wound.
The skin is sensitive
and the nerves cross-wired.
Sometimes I rub in butter creams
and hope for healing.

We carry this love like a rosary,
fingering each day bead by bead.
Even in the dark, when we forget
to pray, we touch our way along.

The Funeral Boat
Poem by Felix Perry

Let the seas take me with their currents
Somewhere that tides can't take me home
Tossed about like yesterday's love affair
To drift in this funeral barge so all alone

The cruel seas claimed her sailor from her
She tried to live on as if she still had life
Until one day she just couldn't take it
The sailor would be joined by his wife

A candle flame will warn the other ships
That pass like old friends in the night
From her boat the lost midnight castaway
They'd turn bows till she was out of sight

A feather pillow to rest her weary head on
Pink carnations like the last that he gave her
A funeral barge without a burning flame
When she decided she couldn't wait no more...

We Were Kings
Poem by Talib

Remember when we were Kings
Lords of the horizon
Masters of our own destiny

Our influence was vast
Our knowledge as deep as oceans
We had mountains of gold that reached the sky

Our empire stretched as far as the vision of the eye
But now we've lost our way
And I can hear our ancestors cry

Remember when our women were respected
And our scholars taught the world
We were the foremost among the nations of the past
To educate their girls

Now we are humiliated
Locked in the shackles and chains of mental slavery
Today our children hardly believe
The old tales of our bravery

This sleeping giant that is our nation
Has come to a crossroads
And who will awaken us from our slumber
If you and I are still asleep?

still
Poem by Stephen Patrick Clare

you are still with me
still, you are without me
and i you
and you too
whisper
and i will crawl
timber
and i will fall
you are still with me
still, you are without me

A First Date.
Poem by Sara Saddington

We kissed on Barrington
as the fog and the cars rolled by
the clouds a faster version of themselves.

Who is pretending here?
What separates the stage from the stars?

Not I,
because the breathless weight of lips
lingers with the humidity.

And not the night,
because it is the definition of this city.

And so if it is him
whose history was
written
in mannerisms
and who met my eyes
when his fingertips danced on my spine,

then I am the awed audience.
And the show was worth the ticket.

OPEN HEART FORGERY

Vol.1 No.9, December 2010

www.ohForgery.com
Halifax, Nova Scotia

*Open Heart Forgery is a monthly journal of
poems & lyrics that aims to energize Halifax
writers from the grass roots up.*

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Send us your poems & lyrics for the next issue:

Rule 1: No hate. No sexism. No racism.
Rule 2: Maximum 28 lines long, 43 letters wide
Rule 3: Only HRM residents please, to keep
Open Heart Forgery a local community journal

Forge This Journal!

Bottled Up
Poem by Mary Ellen Sullivan

Desperately thirsty I buy
a Nestle water bottle.
You know,
the kind that traps free water.

Label brags
twenty-seven percent less
plastic in our bottle cap.

Wow I'm impressed
but it would have been zero
if only I'd remembered
my trusty stainless steel
one.

Beautiful Horses
Poem by Hedly Johannesen

Wandering down the cold
streets of the city,
I find myself overcome
with wonder.

I tread onwards,
mesmerized
on this fresh clear morning.

Young dark horses
eye me, prancing hoofs
test tough soil.

Their beauty
silences me,
light hoofs dance,
every move is true.

Round brown noses
sniff gently,
heads tossed proudly.

The dance of
grace in the
drifting snow.

I'm on fire in Garson, 1999
Poem by Daniel Robinson

Tender are my boys, just boys
cradled in steel, plush, vinyl and denim,
the dash lights cooling their faces.
Smoke on their breath and in their clothes,
ageless and aged,
existing in memory, moment and future.

The radio dial demodulates current
to detect a Fire for
my tender boys, just boys.
In a 3-speed automatic Cutlass under defuse-lit sky,
not born in America but
59 ways from Winnipeg
and Springsteen
guiding us home.

Varieties of Missing You
Poem by Megan Power

Perennial
Annual
50% more
10x Concentrated
Light
Long-lasting
All natural
Non-toxic
Original formula
New!
Overnight, with wings, super absorbent
Flushable
Manual
Automatic
Fade-resistant
Waterproof
Sweet onion
Salt and vinegar
Mild
Extra Strength
24 hr.
Limited Edition
Multi-pak
Single serve
Organic
Fair trade

whale watching
Poem by Whitney Moran

We watched one
late night, televised.
Innards spilling out like
some grotesque child.
Soft peach, oddly appetizing,
and bristles
like the heads of brooms for teeth.
Men wore boots and full-length suits inside,
draped in progress they probed
for the ribcage, orchestral, baroque
raked out organs, dismantled, tangled
capillaries and sealed them in new plastic homes.

Ahab, they hunted

occupied her like a desolate
landscape
scraped and poked,
pulled out
giving up before they reached the heart.

Grey
Poem by Hayley Gray

From white to black
The shades contract
But melt in grays
Who fade away

A constant fade
A continuous motion
An unending devotion
To never being pure

A slated blue
With purple hues
A charcoal mate
But never black

A rainy day
With constant shifts at play

Spring Defused
A clock hit snooze
A bland meal
A chemical peel

All shades of grey
All alive and decay

On Fire
Poem by Isa Bee

Fire, Fire, Fire
My hair is on Fire, hair is on fire
I am not a liar.
Fire, Fire, Fire
I am a disaster, a disaster
I should have ran faster, known better.
Fire, Fire, Fire
Where is my lighter, where is my lighter
The flame is getting bigger, getting stronger.
Fire, Fire, Fire
Of nothing anymore I am sure, more I am sure
And I am goin obscure, growin insecure.
Fire, Fire, Fire
I found my lighter, found my lighter
So I can run away from you faster, oh much faster.
Fire, Fire, Fire
That is all that matter, all that matter
I want my heart to be a savior, a player.
Fire, Fire, Fire
Run away like your hair is on fire
Last chance not to be a failure... or to be a failure.

Scot free
Poem by Roger Field

She got on the bus at the top of the hill
and walked down the aisle toward me.
Her hair was full and grey, her eyes
looking, I surely thought, right through
her glasses and right at me looking at her.

But she stopped at the empty seat
just in front of the door and she sat.
So I looked at the back of her head
watched the others get on and walk
down the aisle to sit in their own chosen seats.

No one sat with her. No one sat with me.
I ran through what our conversation might
have been, had she noticed me, had I
spoken. Someone told me later of conversations
going on in her head, but I knew nothing of them.

There was only the back of her head,
the full grey hair that didn't move, the small
set of her small shoulders, until we came to her stop
and she stood up, she didn't look at me
sitting right behind the door, and she got off.

Fist Sized
Poem by Richard Schaller

what of this loathsome routine
what of this phobia within
in silence I sit and feel and hear
the beat of my repetitive heart
how I loathe it, how I fear it
my fate controlled by this fist-sized device
will I hear it's final beat
will I feel it's final pump
of life blood through my veins
I feel it now increase in tempo
I feel it propel me through time
it fuels my soul, and feeds my bones
it gives air to my thoughts and mind
so humble so modest, so slippery so moist
such deserving praise
delivered from this angelic voice
waiting, beating giving life through each breath
thumping, pumping with it's rest comes by death

Nothing Lasts
Poem by Nicole D. Myers

broken

this falling apart
authorized my dishonour

the definition
will change through time

to match your pattern
your intonation

the stress of the margin
is extraordinary

wedged between two
subtle strands of text

this is the paraphrasing
of my heart

shattered
in tiny little pieces

like confetti
only sad and unabridged

nothing lasts

fold here

fold here