

two step
Poem by Mark Fenwick

slow going
going home
home coming
coming late
late night
night fall
fall light
light salad
salad days
days shorter
shorter sleep
sleep sound
soundless
less lights
lightswitching
witching hour
our dream
dream long
long life
life good
good going
going slow

The Pub
Poem by Elise Blacker

Britons smashed the pub
on Thursday
all in the exact same way

Glassing over horrific injuries,
lasting impact on designs,
eye-popping bloodbath resides

Beer-related governments
involved in violent incidents
are launching the redesign of
British (brutish) class,
Why of course, the great pint glass!

Say hello to Open Heart Forgery

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Beautify Halifax by leaving these words in
myriad and surprising places:

- coffee shops
- food courts
- dental clinics
- house parties
- ferry terminals
- poetry readings
- UFO landings
- bus seats
- toilet stalls
- student lounges
- emergency wards
- diners and bars
- flea markets
- open mic nights
- backs of cabs
- protest rallies
- family reunions
- square dances
- sports practices
- public meetings
- baby showers
- drum circles
- pub crawls
- swanky affairs

Forge This Journal!

Continental Pieces
Lyrics by Cassie MacDonald (The Dorothies)

Goodbye skyways, enter my airways —
but I'll not be travelin' your highways again.
Though I have abandoned this new route of man,
I can still breathe you in and cough you out again.

Goodbye water, enter my cells —
but I'll not be travelin' your highways again.
I'll long for you eastern hemisphere
As if absorbing the ocean as I suck back the tears...

That break my heart into continental pieces.
Break my heart into continental pieces.

I can still crash like a plate to the floor.
I can still crash like a plate to the floor...

And break my heart into continental pieces.

In the Absence of You
Poem by Lianne Perry

In the absence of you
There is only hope
And dreams
Of life better
Of life sweeter
Held at the seams.

In the absence of you
There are whispers, longing
Fibrous, nimble
Softly speaking
Felt not heard
Whispers of song.

In the absence of you
There are too many pieces
Ragged and broken
Moments, edges closing in
Words forgotten
Remain unspoken.

In the absence of you
There is nothing
Pale tones, breath in
No marks to hold, no heart tick
In the absence of you
It is done.

Never Fast Enough
Poem by Tim Barker

Hollow out my soul
Hunger shakes my bones
Drifting in the void
Never to be consoled

What never will be seen
Coming from within
A restless, nervous energy
Stretching out my skin

Wanting just to speak what's true
Or have something worthwhile to do
Fill these days swallowing pills
That are all shaped like you

Here
Poem by Bobbi Beuree

I release my past into the wind of what has been
knowing that it can no longer touch me;
for it does not exist but in a mind that strives
to hold on in order that it itself exists;
without concern for spirit or soul,
true insight or evolution.

I give wings to what may be in the morrow;
after painting it with hope and promise, I set it free
—for I know that it is not yet mine..
It also does not exist but in the mind;
an illusion forever trapped in anticipation,
a mirror that reflects only what has come before.
A definition that no longer defines,
more distorted with the passing of time—
it holds captive true possibility.

Rather I embrace what is
and treasure this moment as a gift;
that contains neither burden, nor baggage.
I embrace this connection, this clarity;
for it is all that truly exists
and in it I am free to be.
When I silence the ramblings
and quiet ubiquitous fears,
when I quell the insecurities...
it is Peace that is Here.

Secrets
Poem by Serena Gauthier

If you knew the weight of the secrets I keep
It would hold you down, make you weep
There's nothing I could ever say
To change your mind, to make you stay
Forever may be lots of time
That's ok, forever's mine
The best is yet to come for me so...
I'll enjoy being free.

OPEN HEART FORGERY

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*Open Heart Forgery is an independent journal
of poems and lyrics that aims to energize the
Halifax writing community from the grass roots
up.*

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Send us your poems & lyrics for the next issue:
editor@ohForgery.com

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

YOU are the medium.
YOU are the message.

You were a kite.
Poem by Kristen Chafe

Your hands dove and twined
through gales of spoken words,
buoyant over clouds of quietude
and color.

Another day you might have been
a shadow or a piece of string,
but in the gentle trailing of your hair,
the way your airy voice rode silence
over hills and hollows
in the playful light of one snug afternoon,

you were a kite.

Snowfake
Poem by Jayne Cook

It's snowing.
Flakes fall to branches
and hold on
for dear life.
They're not as special as we think they are.
They are all different
and all the same.

Are they liars too?
Wearing masks,
using their beauty
to lure us.
They have the power
to bring us joy
and pain.
But they are pretty,
so we don't care.

February 12
Poem by Roger Field

The air has turned around today
the waves that were sliding
in the harbour
now rush out
toward the straight horizon.

What was south is north
though the water is still grey
and ridged with white
the house creaks
& the chimes are ringing in the pine tree.

What started soft and gentle
has shifted to a colder edge
that brightens the sun
blues the sky
& sharpens the harbour.

Upper Water Street
Poem by Em Dee

We are waiting
This is a waiting place for waiting people
Just us chickens, standing around
Art school boy with head phones and jiggly knees
Red Backpack Man eating a sandwich
Swedish girl and Bee Tattoos
Little old ladies in dusty rose
And rubber rain snoods

Fat Pigeons poke at shit and spit gum
In the dirty exhaust from out-of-service buses
And we are nervous and jittery as them
Our smoking and poking
Our plastic wrapped meals and cigarette butts
The only thing missing is wings

No one shops here
The stores are always empty
Faulty Tourist traps that never go off
Sou' Westers, red lobster dolls
Don't they know?
A red lobster
Is a dead lobster

My City
Poem by Carmel Mikol

I walked my city
I owned every street
The old brick buildings wear survivor's guilt
The tall glass ones laugh down at us
Brave little birds
Learn the coy art of begging
From the proud old nomads

I'll freeze if I stand still
Go crazy at least
I'm nothing but want

The pigeons nest and home
In the shelter of the eaves
I don't know why they're looking for homes
around here
The weather will turn.

Goodbye Brown Eyes
Poem by J.P. Martin

Goodbye Brown Eyes
but shine so bright
Goodbye Brown Eyes
you'll always be a star in the night
you have dreams
thinking I left to play with your heart
I really did care and just tried too hard
to make it work when it just wasn't meant to be

You think I left so much because I played
I did it because I loved you and wanted to stay
without permanently walking away
hoping it would change if I came back for more
that's way too many goodbyes before finally
closing the door.
I love your way and always will
you don't want me in your life so I'll abide
though making it work is all I really tried

hope you're well and you're finding you're happy
you deserve the best in your life that just wasn't me
I know we may never speak or see again,
I will never forget the times we had and will hold them
strong til the end
Sorry for the hurt and the pain
I wanted to be your one
It just wasn't in our stars.
So shine like the sun like I know you will
I'll always respect you even if you not me

Esbjörn
Lyrics by Jeff Torbert

The icy wind
Blew you to New York bargain bins
And Montreal cafés
Your bobbing head shows you care to sway

You will be the crowned king
Of that coral cave
Among prisms
Will grow brighter
With every bubble you wink free

The dark and deep
Needs someone like you who can bring
Knowing sighs of relief
Amidst the fear and pain

Pain
Poem by Judy Ann Howe

Pain is no gain
Nor is it shame
It makes you ache
And that is not fake

I do not like it
It even hurts when you sit
What can be done
Cause it is no fun

Living without it
Does not always mean you are unfit
But you may be getting older
Less bolder

Deal with it the best way you can
Cause no matter what woman
It will always be there
Stop having fear

The Girl's Still Awake
Poem by Candace Oakley

Hard onto the paper
her heart pours out.
The ink silences
every sound in the room.
Time disappears
as words try to make sense;
from her head
to this paper,
that becomes her blanket.

While no one reads them,
they're endlessly flowing.
If ever she's brave,
if ever she feels safe,
the words will be whispers
against the softness of another.
She'll find no need for the paper
that saves her everyday.

one down and not OK
Poem by Robert Lee

one day i gave myself permission to feel
figured it would be emotions
didn't count on feelings in my body
i remember hiding in a closet
my grandmother washing me between my legs
over and over
not being able to breathe
waking to the smell of urine and feeling ashamed
the first time i stayed overnight at art's
his dad giving me rum and coke
touching me between my legs
i remember the droplets of water on the glass
jesus looking down from his plastic cross
leaving my body...falling into a dark hole
not being able to breathe or move or scream
broken glass and bloody hands
don't tell, you can't tell anyone
hiding alone in the closet
the smell of urine and shame
don't tell...you can't tell anyone