

**Shooting Star**  
**Lyrics by Ryan Daly**

The stars and the sun illuminate the moon  
sitting out at night thinking of you  
The sun cracks at dawn, spreading the light  
While I'm dreading another lonely night  
The cycle persists and I cope however  
knowing each cycle brings us closer together  
If the day is strong then the night follows suit  
every star I'll be thinking of you

**Arctic Interlude**  
**Poem by Joanne Light**

I saw you walking to me  
from a winged vessel  
like fluid for dehydration it  
was understood that  
sweet caresses would  
follow in some order your  
hips paraded  
over my mind in  
heaps of airborne thrusts as  
lust leapt along  
the runway—a  
steady drip, drip  
notion of perfection the  
hospital's blood supply was  
short your sugar stuff came from  
this giant silver tube like  
lube for hungry veins true blue  
blood love was somewhere in the  
dreams of interns the  
runway was cleared wanting  
was pi dividing like the cells at  
conception this saturation took everything  
and the mind crystal of self will  
sucked the intravenous  
like an art addict, a prism. Pi dividing  
served up a piece.  
And then, like infinity,  
release.

**a place on hollis**  
**Poem by Darcy Helkenberg**

on pages of skin, ink set into  
vessels, black marks of history &  
missing memories, nights spent in  
dark glasses, the leather clatter of  
conversations, spilt ideas, hands  
resting on broken chairs, music  
in some kind of distant corner,  
yellow smoke & the sound of  
wood cracking over the pressure  
of falling, it isn't in the air,  
some small hole in the side door,  
there is a sense of listening  
in the honesty of grey eyes, three  
day old facial hair, but when  
the clock reaches for closing,  
a match book, half used,  
lights the last cigarette

**Nature's bright ideas**  
**Poem by Christine Beevis Trickett**

find my gardening gloves  
dust off the trowel  
pull out brown-bagged bulbs from  
the cold  
room  
under the stairs  
where they've spent the summer

in the garden  
relish rare rays of sunshine  
warm on arms and back

brush aside dry leaves and twigs  
dig shallow holes  
startle blind worms  
squirming in moist dark earth  
plant bulbs like tiny onions  
for a long winter's rest

now wait  
blankets of white will fall  
we'll huddle inside on cold nights

in a few months  
eagerly scan the warming ground  
for bright green exclamation marks  
poking out from melting snow

nature's bright ideas

**Last Summer's Rose**  
**Poem by Felix Perry**

Turned skeleton key in the padlock  
Of the wind-weathered oak door  
Stepped across the worn threshold  
Dropped my gear on rough plank floor

Open up the slightly moth-eaten curtains  
Dust mites mingle and dance in golden rays  
The family cottage snuggled in beach dunes  
Mute memories seem to echo of better days

There on the old butcher block table  
I see a book laid open to a certain page  
Last summer's rose lies silent witness  
Although dried and blackened with age

Left it, didn't have the heart to throw it out  
Someone's love offering from time ago  
It might have been last summer's rose  
but held a secret only two in love could know

**Defining**  
**Poem by Sara Saddington**

At least I have my definitions:

there is freedom in the sidewalk  
flexible is sexy  
midnight is the hour for howling at the moon  
and noon the time for quiet rejoicing

something beats

maybe not yet loud enough to guide the song  
but there exists a rhythm

*And then a fragile human  
is thrown to the ground  
and the definitions  
shift like an ocean  
where no man can possibly be alone.*

somehow a pride keeps  
shoulders lifted to receive support from the ribs

yet sometimes a grace restores  
the muscles to their  
metaphorical place  
in the mind.

**A Good Drunk**  
**Poem by Mary Ellen Sullivan**

You're my beer,  
Babe,  
and I just can't stop  
drinking you.  
You're my beer,  
Babe,  
and I don't want  
to give you up.  
Just can't.

**Endless winter**  
**Poem by Heddy Johannesen**

I wander through  
the quiet  
woods

the scent of pine  
needles  
freshens the air

Above me, a  
cerulean blue  
sky

I pass spruce trees  
laden with  
snow

Home  
beckons  
me near,

I stumble  
down the  
knotted road

to a dwelling  
I know from  
dreams.

# OPEN HEART FORGERY

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

This issue's writers:

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<b>Kristine Webber</b>	Howl at the Moon!

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

**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

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## Open Heart Forgery Year 1 Anthology

available at [Bookmark](#) (in-store or via web)  
bookmarkinc.ca 5686 Spring Garden Rd.

**The Amnesia of a Palimpsest**  
**Poem by Daniel Gillis**

Gone, ineffable  
Like those sounds I never got to paper  
retracted like a lightning bolt

Left to blurred edges and polarized lenses  
to remember the frame of mind I found zen in  
the labyrinth of narrow streets I got lost in  
to end up finding that which I'd forgotten

Marah's sweet water  
anghiari, cascina  
evaporated from canvas

That mixture of spices I didn't write down  
and the fleeting lucidity drunkenness found  
lost to pulsing distraction, drum and bass,  
drowned  
Snow covered, that's how I remember that town

**Mother's Against Procreation**  
**Poem by Earl Bradford**

Serpents Infesting dark world circumference  
Nocturnal Ironies of some Bithynian Cobbler...

Third Millennium engulfing  
World of Six or Seven  
Billion Human minds - grotesque  
Carnivorous Darwinian tragedies  
Entangled daily on television screens  
In technicolor riot upheaval  
For purpose of mass - marketing  
Of News, or 'Population Control' - perhaps?  
Decades March along Mechanically  
From Fall-out of Cold War Era...

Retreat into Chaos on Fertile Crescent  
Where such mythical places such as Eden  
Or Babylonia are said to have flourished  
So long ago...

Urban Sprawl in China, One Child Policy  
An Epidemic spreading west until finally,  
Maybe, Capitalism will consume itself.

**Howl at the Moon!**  
**Poem by Kristine Webber**

Shall I live for today,  
or live for tomorrow,  
if yesterday comes too soon?

Though time is the master,  
and time is illusion let us always  
remember to howl at the moon!

**Reform**  
**Poem by Riley Jones**

Oh pristine bowl which held  
The cities and daring towers  
Devised in my ascending hours,  
With wooden bricks the colour of youth.  
Entirely, you dwarfed my endeavours.  
You threw me into spirals.

Oh earthen bowl which saw  
The wild, exalted beast to wash.  
He met my hand deftly.  
He was dead set in his liberty, as the water ran  
And spilled out  
Consequence be damned.

Oh fragile bowl which cracked  
So soundless in the cupboard's heat.  
The polished glaze of deepest blue  
Poised, delicately trembling pieces in  
My palm. You were so light  
In spite of my tremendous strain

To feel responsible.  
This fevered memory beneath clay I traced  
Trails: found all sides as one  
The same, and found my affection.  
Those perfect pieces worth  
A white frame, a velvet rope.

**L**  
**Poem by John Wise McLeod**

Let's hope Vasili Arkhipov  
is watching over them.  
Waves of Fifty against waves  
of earth, water, fire; defying  
the devil himself slouched  
in that smoldering bottle  
at Number 3. Once more  
the world balances  
on so few shoulders.  
But should they win  
how soon we will gratefully forget  
these gods making time-and-a-half.

**Advocate's counsel**  
**Poem by Scot Jamieson**

Mysteries there are, unholy ghost,  
you're best to let remain unsolved.  
The luckier have already lost to  
what within their lives evolved.

What trial's a gift?  
The one that gets you  
out of prison, into court.  
But at your trial, who  
began to laugh, and  
was found in contempt?

It had to be a joke, you thought:  
"This can't be real!" But will  
you be found as fit for love?

That would be when  
you'd be set free.  
Love gets you out of jail,  
and into court, and  
into we-shall-see.

**Geraniums**  
**Poem by Amanda Jendrick**

My father has gifted hands.  
He plants seeds in soil  
And demands  
That from his toil,  
Geraniums grow.

White and docile,  
Red like blood,  
And fragile.  
From rocks and mud  
Geraniums grow.

Blooms crowded in tight  
Wanting their space  
And light.  
With storms and grace  
Geraniums grow.

**Next To You**  
**Lyrics by Wendy Watkinson**

Sun's warming my face  
Through the cracks in the blinds  
Clock's slow but I don't mind  
If we stay in bed all day  
Sky's a heavy blue  
Morning has come and gone  
But it don't worry me none  
When I'm lying here with you  
And we'll laze the day away  
And in your arms I'll stay  
Lying next to you  
Swaying in the breeze  
I can hear that old swing  
Empty and beckoning  
Its age-old melody  
Like an ancient tune  
We'll wait until the dusk  
When the crickets play for us  
In the spotlight of the moon  
And we'll laze the night away  
And in your arms I'll stay  
Lying next to you  
Oh yeah day and night  
I could spend my life  
Lying next to you

**Knew Him For A Minute**  
**Poem by Martha Mutale**

I knew him for a minute  
I got to talk to him for a little while  
It didn't last long  
But most friendships don't  
I'm not quite sure what happened  
Not sure I want to know  
They all seem nice in the start  
But as time goes on  
Just like in a relationship or marriage  
And things get bad  
We want to give up  
We say, "I quit, I'm tired of doing everything on my own"  
Does it always have to be like this?  
Or can we learn to fight for one another?  
Work with each other?  
Friends fight for each other  
I only knew him for a minute  
Maybe one day it can be more  
I will never know  
And maybe that is what's best

**I won't give up.**  
**Poem by Sarah Kester**

I won't give up. I won't give up.  
I'll miss your smile, your clear blue eyes.  
I gave you up, she brought you down.  
But in the end; I won't give up.  
*I won't give up.*

I won't back down. I won't back down.  
I hear your voice, the tremble and falls  
I understand that she won it all  
But never again, I won't back down.  
*I won't back down.*

I won't watch. I won't watch.  
As she pulls you away, her claws digging deep.  
Your soul has become hers to keep.  
But this time, I won't watch.  
*I won't watch.*

I won't stand back. I won't stand back.  
You look away, bracing for the attack.  
I see the glimmer in her eyes. It's all part of the disguise.  
But don't forget, I won't stand back.  
*I won't stand back.*

I watched her take the best of me.  
The best of you, with no mercy.  
But after all this time; what is the worth?  
*I will not back down.*

fold here

fold here