

**A Sacrifice Time**  
Poem by David Williams

I wish this was a sacrifice time  
a flatten tin cans and bind up paper time  
a Cub scout drive time  
A Spitfire and Helldiver time  
An excess profits tax time  
an everybody works time  
Cause , like before, the lights are turning out  
all over the world  
it's just about as bad  
the bodies are turning up  
it's just that professionals are being paid  
to do any sacrificing that's voluntary.  
Instead of "we're sacrificing" it's  
we're being sacrificed.

**Revisiting Davis Inlet**  
Poem by Joanne Light

Travelling from my new home—  
Natuashish—  
to my old on the coast,

the empty island houses are skeletons I gaze upon.  
I am free of a fifty year prison.  
I am a ghost remembering—

I slide down the bank to the black ocean  
to see what the eye saw  
out past these bone boards.

My mind drifts in that hopelessness,  
but buoyed by before,  
of my people

on the barrens following the caribou farther  
than the ocean is wide  
since time began.

Returning to shore,  
I enter my skull  
through the window of the eye socket;

roam far within my ribs,  
to find my trapped heart  
still beating there.

I am the Innu.

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### Read a Local Writer! BE a Local Writer!

**Breakup**  
Poem by Arlene Diepenbrock

Waves break on black rocks.  
Liberated, One and One.  
Unleashed potential.

**Tarnish**  
Poem by Derek Robinson

human nature. in Saskatchewan  
augustness fed consumption; the honesty  
of cereal harvest. pre-Green Revolution

in B.C forests speak listlessly  
leaving fear astern amongst quality  
softwoods and decried marijuana plants

in the bluenose province, however,  
long proud to build war, maybe better off  
in Alberta. oil washes easier than blood

**TOE-1EO**  
Poem by Santana Cross

Warmth on my back  
Soft kisses in my hair,  
Orchestra of nature  
Dancing through the air.  
Fluorescent green fragrance  
Lily white perfume,  
Mountainous protection  
The summer in full bloom.

**Origami Breezes**  
Poem by Felix Perry

She sits amused in a sky of billowed opaqueness  
Neatly folding dreams into true creations of art  
The simple pure thoughts of her and her lover  
Soon become sentimental treasures “a la carte”  
From a whirlwind tsunami of mixed emotions  
She neatly pleats to serene end from the start  
She’s the creator of the most perfect paper desires  
Lovingly molded from the affairs of her heart...

**Root Cellar**  
Poem by Henry Stevens

To want more than any kind of life  
from the root cellar would require  
bringing light within a place  
dank as a ditch. But, however,  
assuming competence in a luminous  
power leaves closed the door that  
houses this congress of stinks. For  
with the outside closed within, a  
stench escapes to nowhere except  
the bricks in the wall. And there  
some foul smells remain, growing  
each day by a fraction of four.  
Fraction upon fraction each day  
more the scent lays to wait as  
worm for bait in sea’s above the  
water. With the smell rising higher  
and higher lights’ dirt begins to  
breathe in this festering palace  
of royal odors. Then, while soil  
is breathing again roots ripe, the  
walls are filled to the brim with  
life grown old. So the cellar is  
tangled all within leaving no  
place for light to shine in.

**deep city day-dreaming**  
Poem by Meg Baird

getting out of the city  
the stifling air  
the heavy smoky city weight  
the flash and flurry  
the buzz and hum  
drum roll of cars and trucks  
and scooters and skateboards  
roller blades and the quick  
startling cyclists  
the ornamental nature  
the unnamed faces  
the multitude of strangers  
the motion of motion

**In Praise of Near-Constant Rain**  
Poem by Megan Power

Merciful reprieve from our short summer’s  
Frenzied enjoyment, with its  
Dizzying festival schedule  
Tyrannical warmth and sun  
O sweet storms!  
Freeing me from all that  
Planning and organizing,  
driving and spending,  
grilling and drinking,  
smiling and agreeing  
Beautiful black clouds

An automatic excuse from  
leg shaving  
car washing  
yard mowing  
party going

My twelve dollar Zellers rainboots  
Best money ever spent  
Girls along Barrington wear trendy Hunters  
Their cuteness dampened by a foul-weather scowl

Me, I am singing in the rain:  
Blessed, blessed drizzle,  
Fog and cloud  
Don't ever leave

# 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>Wendy Watkinson</b>	The Loss
<b>David Williams</b>	A Sacrifice Time

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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

Share this journal • Pass it around  
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Photocopy it at work • Email the PDF to friends  
Beautify your city by leaving these words in  
myriad and surprising places...

**Forge This Journal!**

**Remembrance!**  
**Poem by Ayesha Mushtaq**

Sly thief and sleeky cutthroat!  
Come!  
Let's have some tea and toast.  
For in these recent days  
I don't want to be with any  
But you...  
Hush! Don't deny me  
Come now, rest awhile,  
In the aching briar of my heart  
Forever stamp yourself here  
Be my kings tonight!  
I long for nothing now  
But your company.  
Oh Nostalgia and Memory...  
Either stay unchanged by time  
Or leave, be gone!  
As if I an infant died...

**Blankets**  
**Poem by Dale King**

The blanket fell from the bed  
And you were at my side.  
I rested on your chest, my head -  
Us and the sun, to the morning were tied.  
As flowers outside the window grew,  
I poured the coffee and read the news,  
Sweet fruit on my finger, I fed to you,  
Pink sun onto, the morning grass spews.  
Kisses around your mouth as you smile,  
Your fingers map my skin.  
I cannot help but fill with denial,  
Craving your touches, and wanting you within.  
I pick up the blankets as you leave,  
And wait for your return to me.  
I turn on the TV, and sit to grieve,  
As I sit and wait till I see.

**Real as the stakes**  
**Poem by Scot Jamieson**

If love is only the deepest dream,  
    you dream it awake, like the hypnotist's spell.  
A look, a touch, you start love's scenes:  
    as if reality, they overwhelm;  
as if illusion, they draw you in.

They lead you on like a novelist's scheme.  
    They demand, like government djinns.  
Like music that moves to touch the heart's hovel,  
    they incline and intend toward the solo soul's being.

And love betrayed will bring you sorrow -  
    love deferred makes hearts to die.  
Bypass love's tent - life will dry,  
    a desert long, longer than no tomorrow.

**Dog**  
**Poem by Matt Robinson**

it's been suggested our understandings of the  
present, of what that means or is, differ; are two  
buried sets: disparate treasure troves secreted  
deep in our respective skulls' bone-yards.  
our human timing all finite and contingent, and  
yours simply elastic; almost unconcerned.  
think smell rather than sight: its self-same  
bleeding both before and, yes, after. omen and  
denouement all at once, if *at once* was a thing,  
that rich allowance. and this must explain  
how you love, how you live, unconditional: that  
near-constant licking, the thick fart, the near-  
crocodiled yawn. that sigh that empties your  
small, small frame and fills the room all at once.  
and this surely explains how i am left only with  
memory's specious, two-footed argument; with  
words and their iambic trying, while you: you  
are still doggedly swimming in the thick midst of  
it all, unconsciously paddling through some kind  
of unending wet-dream of now, and of now, and  
of now:

**Three Haiku**  
**By Rowena Hopkins**

Nine months growing time.  
Seeded March, harvest December,  
just like Brussels sprouts.

Gentle flutterings.  
Footprints in uterus or  
spicy sausages?

Small pin drops to floor,  
beyond unyielding belly.  
Farewell dignity.

**Inhale**  
**Poem by Peter Crofts**

In order to venture  
to the edge  
of the stampede,  
the gatherer  
of the white dust,  
of the ground teeth,  
waits, scratches, waits.

The night of eyelids  
makes a brick:  
sounds, knocks; ticks  
but here's no answer.

Then...sits at the back  
and waits for a pop  
to bloom and then stop  
its receding slow inhale.

**Daily suicide**  
**Poem by Sara Saddington**

Old books smell like incense.  
This one belonged to Paul Trethewey.  
who has handwriting like my Grandma  
and sold me a book  
that smells like her.

The sun leaps to its death  
and the children will mourn  
but the ritual sweep of incense  
will make the new books taste  
like old libraries.

**The Loss**  
**Poem by Wendy Watkinson**

burning flames  
candles low  
embers orange  
time to go  
silent halls  
creaking floors  
empty rooms  
silhouettes at my door  
walls can wail  
absorb the shock  
as my heart grows cold  
the windows frost  
echoes in hollow spaces  
lines you miss on lovely faces  
near and gone years so long  
but I miss you I miss you  
and the darkness hides  
and the darkness heals  
and I try and try  
but I can still feel  
the loss  
night falls on and on  
and then it breaks  
and the only sound  
is the one you make  
loneliness to others  
solitude for me

**The Secret Song**  
**Poem by Devin Brown**

The wind whistling a secret song.  
One people listening can hear it  
even the dolls look up and sing along.  
The song tells us the secret of really living.  
All the buds dance along.  
The flowers even swing back and forth.  
And of course, none of us can hear it.

**Magic Jars of Chickpeas**  
**Poem by Heddy Johannesen**

She toils tirelessly daily at the  
computer vacuum that sucks her energy in  
or on frosty evenings, tossing bread crumbs to  
pecking pigeons and robins flitting over

sheer ice melting to reveal a felt green yard,  
a recycle bin overflows with crushed eggshells,  
clusters of chickpeas soak patiently in steel pots  
and golden loaves of dried tomato and paprika bread  
mysteriously disappear.

Clamors for more food ring  
to the high chipped ceiling and  
neatly ordered jars of peas, herbs, lentils and chili beans  
stand at attention for her command.

Her hands are skilled and nimble  
she wipes away a tear or tests a temperature  
she kneads dough and child into obedience  
and scowls at abandoned cigarette butts.

On the pine table, circles of flour coat her apron as  
I observe her transform seeds into  
tantalizing hummus or hot muffins,  
a grassy field or fertile Eden,

and I wonder... how can I inherit the magic  
of her gifts?