

**Valentine**  
Poem by Amanda Jendrick

Beneath my skin, inside my chest  
Is a pulsating magic jewel.  
Garnet red and hot with life,  
My body's most sacred tool.

Awash with blood and muscle thick,  
My heart collects my organ's rue.  
The stock a boil with oxygen  
And circulating out and through.

I keep this treasure close to me  
Like a priceless work of art.  
And no amount of love for you  
Shall steal away my beating heart.

**Until Tomorrow**  
Poem by Molly Spinney

Hold me close, while the world outside  
threatens to lose our way.  
We can pretend time is standing still,  
and forget all hours of day.

Wipe my tears, and I'll fake a smile,  
and together we'll pretend,  
That while the world crashes down around us  
our love will never end.

I will lose myself in our kiss.  
Like I lost myself in our lies,  
and we can pretend the world is not against us  
pretend it's not goodbye.

One last night we'll spend together  
pray the sun gets lost in the dark  
So we can stay together forever  
like your memory in my heart.

It will never be official  
the loss of love... it won't hurt this way  
but with each sunrise we'll remember  
the love we lost today.

## Open Heart Forgery Year 1 Anthology

will be released in March 2011 and  
will feature the 2010 writers from  
this journal. The Anthology will be  
available at independent Halifax  
bookstore **Bookmark**, 5686  
Spring Garden Rd.  
For anthology release details  
contact [editor@ohForgery.com](mailto:editor@ohForgery.com)

**Read a Local Writer!**

**BE a Local Writer!**

**Like Ice On A Lake**  
Poem by Sara Asyyed

Like ice on a lake  
I can feel myself break  
I can feel the smooth, sharp, stinging blades  
Glide beautifully in a pair of clear white skates.  
I can feel the sharpness of the tip  
Meticulously slice through the ice.  
I can feel the water stay perfectly still  
And refuse to leak through the cracks you made,  
Refuse to interrupt the rhythm in your steps,  
Refuse to erase the design marked by your blade.  
Like ice on a lake  
I too can break

**the poet**  
Poem by John Wamboldt

She sits, sweaty and steamy headed,  
spitting out words with reckless abandon.

Leaving her post, with hope lost,  
and deserted,  
she comes across a rhyme  
sitting on the grass teaching children  
to scan.

So sitting down beside the rhyme  
she spits again  
and disappears

**Five Haiku**  
Poem by Lianne Perry

Hope carries my love  
On heart strings, hope sings in pulls  
It soars on heart strings.

I know the first thing  
About picking up pieces  
And the last, also.

In my darkest place  
I have hidden the most love.  
Do you have a light?

When the tired moon calls  
With a pulse and a whisper  
In flight, carry her.

I have one request  
Keep me with you all the while.  
It can't hurt, can it?

**The Recalcitrance Of Thorny Lions**  
Poem by Harry Garrison

I found what I had sought: a lion  
who had a thorn stuck in her paw.  
But now, though she's let me stop  
banging my head against the wall,  
she's not letting me turn around,  
to do what I want to most of all:  
pull that thorn out with my claw.

**tealeaves, destiny, and screenplays**  
Poem by Steve Vernon

Listen,  
every morning there are men  
and women dragged out of  
bed by the clanging harangue  
of alarm clocks and screaming kids;  
who must shower and dress and  
blow on cups of hot courage  
and stare at their reflections  
in toasters, teapots, and aluminum lunch buckets  
who pull on workboots and neckties  
and somehow muster the strength  
to twist open a door knob;  
who step outside the imaginary safety  
of their home and into a car or a bus or  
maybe they just walk towards  
the next eight hours...

there are gunslingers too,  
facing showdowns in the street  
when the sun rides highest  
and all clocks shake hands  
but they have they scripts  
and the roll of endcredits  
and orchestras of sweet Mexican widows  
wailing brassily in the background,  
(oh yes, they have backgrounds, too)

# 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>John Wamboldt</b>	The Poet

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**Volunteers always welcome**

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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!**

**This Day is a Metaphor**  
**Lyrics by Jeff Torbert**

This day is a metaphor to tether  
Some say that we're living for each other  
Some say that it depends on the weather

Replay this ethical recession  
Delay our thoughts against oppression  
“OK” says the part that wants vacation

*Not a day goes by... why right now?*

One way I can see my imperfection  
Maintain a simple heart connection  
“Don't stray” is a hopeless occupation

This day I will promise to the other  
One day overflows with every hour  
“OK” say the voices from the altar

*Not a day goes by... why right now?*

**Trout Pond**  
**Poem by Felix Perry**

The water still not frozen on Trout Pond  
And the ground wears a mere trace of snow  
Like a flimsy cheap threadbare nightgown  
Ashamed that its intimacy may show

The trees also stand naked like old strippers  
Denuded of their warm colors of fall  
If it weren't for the beavers on Trout Pond  
They'd surely have no audience at all

In the air a vague scent of wood smoke  
Someone warming up hearth and home  
I stand here alone on the bank of Trout Pond  
Wishing somehow I didn't feel so alone

I pull up my collar against the North wind  
That suddenly must have its say  
Turn my back on the humility of Trout Pond  
Time to face again another new day...

**You Bet**  
**Poem by Robert Lee**

A young woman was crushed  
against a storefront on Spring Garden Road,  
by an SUV. (yesterday I heard)  
I did hear someone on the bus ask,  
"How could this possibly happen?"  
To which I had the thought,  
"How can it not happen?"  
Spring Garden is a narrow road  
filled with rushed and hurried vehicles.  
Someone said the driver was texting.  
It was reported that the young womans  
injuries are no longer life-threatening.  
Do you think she is wondering,  
"How could this possibly have happened?"  
You bet...

**Schizophrenic**  
**Poem by Rosemary Boyle**

We are all schizophrenic to a degree.  
Well pressed Jeckyll's with shiny cars, designer  
Labels, pearly whites and sushi  
Hologram over Hyde, concealed like dirty  
Laundry when the vicar comes to tea  
The one who expels noxious gas in public  
Apologizes never, Irritates always  
Chameleon Jekyll's necessary nemesis  
Egotistical, eccentric, explosive  
Expect him, he's always there  
Devil on your shoulder  
Fear in your eyes  
Accept it  
Dance with your demons Tap of course  
Slink through the illusion, fool them all  
Negotiate the hive  
Fit in or at least pretend to  
Didn't get the job...everybody hates you  
Crooked yellow teeth  
Greasy rats tails  
Rat's everywhere - everyone  
Gnawing, biting, scheming, fighting...Watching  
Out to get you  
It's your own fault for wearing gray clothes  
makes people think you're glum  
Boo hoo schizo' you  
You're so hum drum!

**Whispers in the Dark**  
**Poem by Nicholas Fraser**

Soft Skin and flowing hair.  
Luscious lips and warm blue eyes.  
Whispers in the dark, touching, feeling.  
Two bodies meet, becoming one.  
Sweet delight, pure satisfaction.  
Ecstasy in a bottle, untoppered.  
Hearts pound in quiet fury.  
Kissing skin, so salty sweet.  
The ultimate release, ultimate freedom.  
Worlds collide and Heavens quake.  
In anticipation of the final bond.  
All ends in one perfect moment.  
Two bodies as one, connected souls.  
Peer into her eyes, kiss her lips.  
A love like no other, bonded together.  
Whispers in the dark. “I love you.”

**Pride**  
**Poem by Amanda Johnson**

I helped mama make cookies.  
Some things I couldn't do,  
Like putting them in and taking them out  
Of the burning hot oven  
And I couldn't eat them until they cooled.  
She says I'm the best roller-outer  
This side of New York!  
I just laugh when she says stuff like that,  
And put flour art on her nose.  
I make mama smile her absolute prettiest  
When we're making cookies.

**4 days of rain**  
**Poem by Stephen Patrick Clare**

4 days of rain  
it came to stay  
frozen to the earth  
over all  
over everything  
4 days of rain  
it just kept coming  
and when it stopped  
it stayed  
frozen to the earth  
over all  
over everything  
4 days of rain  
and i am frozen to the earth  
over all  
over everything

**Midwinter**  
**Poem by Heddy Johannesen**

Snow melts in the February  
winter rain,  
  
earth stirs to spring's  
welcomed arrival,  
  
pushing winter's cold  
cloak away  
  
robins scratch for seeds  
through stubborn tufts of  
grass  
  
stiff buds on birch trees swell,  
flowers pierce frozen  
soil,  
  
earth awakens for the  
sun's coming warmth.

**Geographic Tongue**  
**Poem by Cassie MacDonald**

The only thing worldly about me is my geographic tongue,  
balding like I would be if I had the gift of cum.  
But I am poor and cannot be the giver.  
I must wait, the patient receiver,  
for papillae, penis and bump.  
There is only one continent in this vast cavity.  
It is not a Pangaea, but a lost piece.  
It looks smaller today. My world is fading away.  
I should get to work on a bridge  
and wait  
for travelers.

**Today, After a Forever**  
**Poem by Aditya Bhadra**

Today, after a forever,  
except the one final time your thoughts crossed my mind,  
my memory is free, serene, no traces of you...  
...just like deserts don't know rain  
yet they yearn for it day and day after.  
Today, after a forever,  
the chains I had worn,  
split apart to break and collapse at my feet...  
...like a day when salvation beckons evil,  
in the city of god for one final crusade.  
Today, after a forever,  
there is me, and you,  
but no us, only a cause for contention...  
...like barren rocks on two different mountains,  
similar, but different, acquainted but strange,  
close but far.  
Today, after a forever,  
I open my eyes to see the day,  
where hours can now pass without your company,  
where the presence of your love doesn't matter...  
...but rather the absence of it,  
and where living and loving doesn't require you.  
Existence seemed inevitable,  
but living feels good,  
Today, after a forever...  
I finally let go.