

Skin of the evening
Poem by Matthew Vanderkwaak

Pulled taut across
Horizon’s bending
breast.

How it bleeds!

At the edges of the gladioli
Poem by W. Fuls

At the edges of the gladioli:
Hard lines delineate the in, the out.
Manet knew. Black outlines objects with grout.
Monet, not so much: colour, light, imply.
Angstroms tell us what Monet was adding on,
Doing, differentiating pond from lily, though
Do the angstroms from the edges flow,
Waves or particles, energy, photons?

Vertical tipped sideways a horizon,
Renaissance obsession point of focus, form,
Where we are, what we are, what we would skimp
Between the earth and sky, division.
We are the line. But what is it? Transform
Or concept non-existent till we glimpse.

Life at the Library
Poem by Mountain Drum

Tonight there is vibrant life at the library,
Children of all ages, galore.
The geopolitical world is collapsing,
We need kindness, love and laughter
Even more.

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New Spring Poem
Poem by Nathan Ferguson

There on South Street
with spring coming through the cracks
and new leaves dense with design
on the very edge of life and gentle
to breathe the breath back into the air again
water filters and roots ready
pulling the ground back into the ground again
waxy fibrous arms
trunk and petal
there is a bird there
and a nest I haven’t seen before

A machine built for collapse
Poem by Lea Ndayisenga

In a world that trembles and shifts,
every spine is bound to crumble,
minds are disturbed,
people restless—
searching for a rock to stand on.

Souls hope in love,
hearts chase gold for partial fulfillment,
yet still the holes are unfeasible,
there is still an ache in the blues.

Children crave freedom from the hands that raised them,
yet cry for epiphany
once they have strayed from their roots.

It is a machine built for collapse.
With a handful of gold,
reaching for a beggar’s bowl,
people like me and you stand on the edge—
keeping peace with crossed fingers,
hoping for change.

Whether you call Him Jesus, God, Jehovah, or Buddha,
our hearts cry for what was promised: a peaceful kingdom—
where all may feast without stealing tomorrow
from another man’s plate.

Kaleidoscope Dreams
Poem by Emma Jarrett

Look into my dreams
to see your ever-changing patterns of beauty
in the brightest lights possible,
from your mellifluous voice
that is like a symphony to my ears,
to your ethereal eyes
that have so much wonder in them
and your smile that calms my soul.
You, my love, are all I see
in my mirrors of kaleidoscope dreams.

Maybe
Poem by Daniel Haigh

maybe I would have kissed her
grew to love and stay together
linger beyond the summer season

or perhaps we’d quickly be colder
before the winds could grow bolder
our hearts then a trusted treason

any way to know where the stars go
under daring skies of twilit flow?
could there be a true dream for me
where I meet with romantic reason?

Trust
Poem by Keegan Williams

it’s so hard to believe
that we could trust again
trust another to hold us
trust another to mend
so we trust just to try
and we try not to cry
cause it’s hard sometimes
yeah, it’s hard sometimes

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*Open Heart Forgery is a monthly journal of poems
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the grass roots up.*

This issue’s writers:

Carolyn Baker	Quell
Lacey Beers	Nothing But Gravel
David Du	10 dark nights
Nathan Ferguson	New Spring Poem
W. Fuls	At the edges of the gladioli
Harry Garrison	Science Fiction
Daniel Haigh	Maybe
Carl Harvey	Peace, Circling
Emma Jarrett	Kaleidoscope Dreams
Catherine A. MacKenzie	His Passing
Lorie Morris	Father
Mountain Drum	Life at the Library
Prarthana (Bulbul) Naik	Like Wine, Like Woman
Lea Ndayisenga	A machine built for collapse
R.C.S.	Foolish Heart
Matthew Vanderkwaak	Skin of the evening
Keegan Williams	Trust
Barry Wood	The Toady

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Send us your poems & lyrics for the next issue:
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Rule 1: No hate. No sexism. No racism.

Rule 2: Maximum 28 lines long, 43 letters wide.
Larger poems only considered as space permits.

Rule 3: Only HRM residents please, to keep Open
Heart Forgery a local community journal.

*Publication of any item does not imply endorsement of
opinions or beliefs expressed by the author(s), and are
not necessarily the views of any OHF volunteers.*

Print off copies, photocopy it, email the PDF to friends
Beautify the world by sharing these words...

let our voices be heard...
Forge This Journal!

His Passing
Poem by Catherine A. MacKenzie

I worry that someday
I'll lose the count of days,
The months, the fading years,
Lost in too-fast passing time
Within the blur of tears—
The heavy weight of everything.

But when I take my breath,
Whether today or tomorrow,
I'll think of him before the others
Because he died before me,
And then the rest will flash
As I gulp my very last,
That final breath a mirage
Of photos and memories.

A dead mother-soul,
Though stilled,
Will always hold her children.

Quell
Poem by Carolyn Baker

The water will soothe
My fiery little heart
Lead me to the sea

Take me to water
So I can float far away
Beyond heartbreak's reach

Let the waves hold me
The way you wouldn't dare to
When I burned too bright

The Toady
Poem by Barry Wood

With old sneakers and a big smile, I got the job in a suit
The fresh green clear eyes of just beyond a youth
The boss was cross and spoke to me so low
But I kept the job as I made my face flow

At night in bed I would stir and toss
Knowing I was kissing the feet of the boss
So one morning I said to the mirror,
“Time to take leave,”
But now I'm unemployed and in my own grief

Foolish Heart
Poem by R.C.S.

You call me a fool.

So let me fall
a thousand times thusly,
foolish.

Fallen there
with no regret.

Yet, I am no fool.

For the foolish
are those who never fall.

Science Fiction
Haiku by Harry Garrison

Gravity plating
is just as difficult as
teleportation.

Father
Poem by Lorie Morris

Father, is a protector, of his family.
Father, sets an example.
Father, is whom you look up to!
Father, is a leader, in his home.
Father is something, of a big deal!
Father, is something you are not!
Father, is the head of everything.
Father, is something, you sir, should
have given more thought to!
Father, the title, should have gone
to someone else!
Father, is something, that in your case,
should have never been!
Father, having you, as mine, is my shame!
Fatherhood, is something, for sure, you —
are not, nor should be.

10 dark nights
Haiku by David Du

Breathe, the soul's shaking
The door keeps half opening
Black vehicles wait

Peace, Circling
Poem by Carl Harvey

What kind of peace
Do you think this is?

A peace that watches
With hungry eyes
Our cold shoulders
Get even colder
As this warm world
Gets even warmer

A peace that hunts
To eat what it may

A peace that steals
And swallows
Our wasted moments
Then flees like a thief
Towards the edge
Of the trees

A peace that gathers
To feast this day

A peace that leaves
Tender hearts
Galloping in circles
To stay apace of
Each small death
Of our solitudes

A peace that circles
Like a bird of prey

Nothing But Gravel
Poem by Lacey Beers

This poor, unsuspecting little guy,
Plucked so easily from your place in the parking lot.
He looks manufactured and frail.
A preemie pebble, not quite ready for the world.
You're supposed to be a rock but in seconds will be forgotten.
Dust between my fingers.
Your colour was never convincing.

Like Wine, Like Woman
Poem by Prarthana (Bulbul) Naik

A woman, like wine, is not just what you sip,
But a story of soil, of sun, and of grip.
She's the vineyard's breath and the weather's mood,
Shaped by the land, by nurture, by food.

Each vine she grows from, rooted deep in grace,
Carries memories of every time and place;
Of the hands that raised her, the storms she withstood,
Of the ones who saw her, and those who never could.

Picked with care or plucked in haste,
Still she holds her flavor, her strength, her taste.
In barrels of silence or laughter she lies,
Fermenting in patience, under watchful skies.

Oh, the timing! The heat! The wait! The press;
One wrong move can feel like a mess.
But even then, in chaos or strife,
She ages into a richer life.

Stored in cases carved with love or pain,
She emerges; bold, with depth, not plain.
Each note she carries, sweet or sharp or shy,
Tells of all the moments she chose not to cry.

And if by chance, her course goes wide,
Like wine turned vinegar, she won't hide;
Still useful, still needed, still prized in her skin,
She proves there's no stage where she can't win.

For she is complex, layered, divine;
Like a woman, like a vintage wine.
Not meant to be rushed, not just for show,
She's meant to be cherished, savored slow.