



LIBERTY CHASTIZED

by Jacqueline Jackson

ILLINOIS TIMES POEMS FOR 2008

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This booklet, along with its three predecessors, is for Roland Klose, who four years ago asked me to write a poem a week for Illinois Times. Roland, you gave me the liberty to write whatever I wished, and never turned anything down. Through you I found a new dimension, as well as friend. I'm glad I said yes.

With respect and affection,

Jackie

Other thanks are in order: to the Thursday night group which gives commentary and critiques, and keeps us laughing and producing; to those of you quoted in the poems, or appearing sometimes as a reluctant subject. To my dad and grandpa for bits from their letters, also my U. of Michigan writing professor, Roy Cowden, and cullings from my kids' writings and remarks over the years. (I may be a packrat, but sometimes something of value gets pulled out of the messy nest.) A very special thanks to my technowizard Mitch Hopper for creating the cover and producing the book this year, as well as for all the other things he's produced for me. And especially for when he's embarking on some happy adventure, he calls and says, "Wanna come along?"

January 3

ecopoem #5

they are dancers a
whole ballet corps
when you come on them
above mendota driving
north acres of their spare
beauty grouped here and
there but separated each
her own space her tall
slim body chaste white
gown feet lost in snow
their maestro is the wind
they move in perfect
synchronicity each slowly
turning her three-armed blades
in unison with her sisters
as far as the eye can see
it takes your breath away

January 10

ecopoem #6

driving north dense fog I first time ever
pull into the wisconsin welcome rest area
phone my delay sit still boots on concrete
atop the triangle of land once ours till
I-90 sliced through the farm I know the
earth under this pavement it's field 12
I walked corn rows for years detasseling
know my dad and uncle raced the fence line
in opposite directions last one back to
the big oak is a rotten egg dad would pause
spit under a stone to ease the stitch in his
side I can't see the barn a quarter mile off
its lacy roof still there till the indians
build their casino I recall the note grandpa
left on my father's desk blotter ronald I had
a glorious good time today the sky and clouds
have been grand the team responded to every
touch & were so strong & willing the machines
were good if old that wonderful number 12 field
is such a satisfaction we have been preparing
for that for the past ten years signed dad
I mull the annual loss of arable land to condos
malls asphalt ours carrington loam over gravel
was best in the world same as in the caucasus
I close the car head on into the blinding fog

January 17

daughterpoem #4

(1973: found taped to the bathroom mirror when I returned from a late class. Author: Megan, 17)

DO NOT FLUSH ZE POT OR
YOU MAY VIND YOURSELV
VITH MOP IN HAND AND ANKLE
WRAPPED IN VET TOILET PAPER
VITH SHIT BETWEEN TOEZ
VADING IN SVIRLING WATER . . .

January 24

farmerpoem #2

(from a letter written to Jackie by her father, 1948)

somebody caught a
hoot owl yesterday
and brought it into
the office I tried to
break its neck by
walking completely
around it but couldn't
quite twist it off

January 31

grandchildpoem #5

surprise grandma don't look!
wyatt--five--leaps forward a red blue black
spiderman girdled with a heavy leather
lineman's belt its pockets crammed
the ax is for chopping down trees and
cutting people apart the dagger's to throw
when people are going downstairs the
sword's to fight with--my batman mask?
its eyes are lasers and the points kill people
when I'm dropping down from the sky
my skeleton glove comes off it's to hold
people's throats to strangle them oh the suit
it's just for throwing webs his grossly
padded front blinks red from a secret switch
those are some chest muscles I observe
those aren't muscles they're boobs not mine
just pretend! --we both dissolve in laughter
the costume is complete with pastel green
diaphanous wings feathered edges aglitter
they're what I fly with says wyatt I need
all my gear to hunt to eat people do you
know that some people eat people grandma

February 7

northfifthstreet poem #4

he wasn't walking at midnight it was
daylight though lowering for a sudden
downpour caused him to step inside
the foyer of the house dr jayne was
building for his daughter kitty-corner
from the governors manse where abe's
brother-in-law lived he chatted with
the workmen looked around the sort
of thing he'd do then departed the men
remembered when he went on to the
white house this story has come down
through the few owners nannie fain
lived here from 1917 told me in 1970
too bad he didn't carve his name on
the newel post I'd be in no danger from
school or medical districts sometimes
I stand in my hallway say hello abe ask
his thoughts on family on the state
of the union share mine with him

February 14

lovepoem #10

in 1903 when my mother was eight
she and her chums formed a music club
they eschewed mozart beethoven bach in
naming chose the buster brown and tige
club after their favorite comic strip their
motto was semper fidelis furnished by
an older sibling studying latin they felt
the need of a solemn pledge wrote one
out all signed C McAulliffe Pres H Duck
F McAullife V A Wardner M McAuliffe
N McAllister Elizabeth Roemer they
placed their hands on the bible spoke
the oath in unison "I promise for one year
to refrain from intoxicating drinks" you
doubt this my mother Vera was secretary
and I have the original if you wish proof
maybe I should laminate it frame it
one could do worse with pledges

February 21

ufopoem #2

(news note: An unidentified flying object recently sighted in Texas was described by one viewer as big as a Walmart. The following is with apologies to Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach.)

they asked me how I knew
what I saw was true--oo--oo--
I replied with sighs
I believe my eyes
walmart in the skies

they said some day you'll find
that your eyes are bli--ii--ind--
humbly I replied
something here inside
cannot be denied

so I chaffed and so I gaily laughed
it was not toys--r--us
were it costco circuit city
barnes & noble more's the pity
would I make--
this--
fuss?

no, here in texas we
stand by what we see--ee--ee
'twas football field in size
ringed with ruby eyes
walmart in the skies

February 28

farmerpoem #3

(this is from a 1956 letter from my retired U of Michigan writing professor and small farm owner, who taught me much of what I know about writing and living)

I shall never go through another
lambing season without living on
the place I drove back and forth
twice a day this year and lost several
lambs while away lambs start coming
first of march I am going to be there
I want to have one spring at least
when I can get up in the morning and
watch winter go and spring come in

March 6

kinquotepoem #9

my father's blueprint newspaper
published in sixth grade was
banished when he printed this
syllogism we go to school to
improve our faculties our teachers
are our faculties ergo we go to
school to improve our teachers

March 13

aroundthecosmos poem #6

total eclipse the moon a
dull copper penny unblinking
visible now only in earthlight
its attendant winking star
soon to be light-drowned
the cold the cold is biting
how cold the moon how still

behind me on the street
multiple lurid stoplights
turn red green red green red
traffic sweeps its yellow
headlights ruby eyes trail
while I ponder stonehenge
mayan calendars and the
eons this dark earth was lit
by moon and stars alone
until hearth fires began
winking on in little clusters

March 27

inmemorium poem #1

(Terri Jackson was an SSU graduate, then on the UIS staff till her recent death of cancer. She was universally beloved.)

be there heaven
be there gold
then terri's there
within the fold

April 3

kinquote #10

my first cousin age ninety
on an impulse phoned
his grammar school chum
bob dagley they both attended
j b murphy public school
in chicago from the directory
he knew bob lived in houston
he said bob this is paul
bob said now what do you want

April 10

dogletterpoem #1

dearooky I am visiting my cousin
couer d'or that means heart of gold
which she hasn't for she keeps her
rawhide bone from me but I snatch it
and go under the piano I have not
peed on the rug yet I am taking
heartworm pills couer and I go
outside forty times a day there is
a gopher who lives on the lawn
grampa dropped a radish down the
kitchen drain as soon as the pipe
filled with water the radish would
float up and close off the pipe so that
no more water would go down he
finally had to take the plumbing apart
he didn't look too hot when he was
finished neither did the radish he
says it would have been an entirely
different story if he'd only dropped
a strawberry write back love muffie

April 17

northfifthstreet poem #5

in my backyard sits maybe sits a rabbit
maybe alive maybe dead surely dead
if that cat came back I kept my distance
yesterday so as not to scare but soon knew
it was beyond scaring I approached slowly
stroked its neck saw the hand-sized space
of bared flesh on its back pink blue wide
as my hand its flank too--now what get the
shovel? one swift blow quick pain rather
than slow agony? I went inside did nothing
rationalized little animals are daily killed
in fields woods even here on fifth street
it was an unsettled evening now over coffee
I write a check for polar bears one for darfur

April 24

insectpoem #3

it's come and gone national punctuation day at the start of this assignment I decided to dispense with all that bother also to avoid caps except for I nobody wants to read small i insect appreciation day has gone by too that's ok i've always appreciated insects except when i had to pick potato bugs as a kid a couple years ago i noticed strange movement on a brick on my porch here was a gray pod with teensy praying mantises streaming out tiny delicate green exact replicas of adult mantises excited i propelled some passersby from the sidewalk look look they looked went on no comment no wonder no awe now what celebration comes next that i can bug folk with

May 1

evilsofdancepoem #1

the letters to my dad at
college exhorted study
frugality morality on this
subject grama sent clippings
a madison pastor saying no
sin among those that over-
whelmed ancient civilizations
is not rampant now this she
underlined and a chicago
proprietor of the midwest's
largest public dance hall said
he would urge all dancehall
operators to ban the shimmy
woddle toddle drag-waltz
shuffle-step tango and cheek-
to-cheek dancing must become
sane again my friend rosie
roach when three she and
her twin sister who now
lives in decatur used to tap
dance on bars didn't tell mom
they were quite a hit daddy
owned a dance studio I bet
they knew the woddle the
toddle the cheek-to-cheek

May 8

farmer's diary poem #1

may 11 1949
this morning I
stumbled on a
meadow lark nest
with six eggs and
two cowbird eggs
therein

may 14 1949
checked my
meadow lark
nest a cow has
stepped on it
sic transit
gloria mundi

May 15

ecopoem #7

coming in august to uis
our newest residence hall
announcement with pictures
"founders hall" in honor of
our founders it will go green
have a leafy roof as one of
those founders yes a few
of us are still around I will
donate a pair of goats to live
on the roof keep it trimmed
what pleasure for us below
and oh how small will be
their carbon hoofprints

May 22

poemonpoems #1

in some papers of my grandma
from the twenties or thirties I
found where she'd apparently
been trying to enter a limerick
contest extolling the virtues of
a product maybe still around
but has dropped the old from
its name since nobody likes any
thing labeled old except maybe
cheese the lines I found are
"All your cleanup is easy as pie
When Old Dutch is the cleanser
you try. It's new and it's quicker
and safer and thicker--" there's
where the verse halted I seriously
doubt my grandma knew the
limerick about the vicar but
maybe she sensed she was circling
a drain where more than old dutch
would be needed for cleanup

May 29

ecopoem #8

we have so many
ways to kill
if wars don't get us
weather will

June 5

ypoolpoem #4

there's a lot of good to be said
for swimming every dawn
at the y the bad part is the
insufferable music and the inane
talk show two people without a
brain between them but once in
a while joe the lifeguard a
doughty scotsman plays the
sound track to braveheart
then we all swim to bagpipes

June 12

parishaikus set #1

eighty years ago
my parents met here married
paris palimpsest

metro buskers a
thirteen piece string orchestra
vivaldi's seasons

louvre d'orsay cluny
but the asterix theme park
is closed until march

eiffel replicas
brass, nougat, sardine-tins, glass--
even a dildo

June 19

springfieldpoem #7

the linden trees are in blossom
you won't notice the blooms
they're green so blend with leaves
but you will turn your head
look around say where is that
delicate perfume coming from

June 26

backthenpoem #3

my grandpa wrote my dad
and uncle when they were
away from the farm at
phantom lake y camp he said
my dear boys I am missing you
greatly not alone because of
your help with the work but
it is lonesome without you
do you know that story of
the lad who had been away
from home a few days and
felt it was years and remarked
well I see you still have the
same old cat things will be much
the same when you return we
will have the same old cat

July 3

farmerletter poem #3

(to Jackie from her father, 1948)

july 4 we finally got rain about
ten days ago good enough
to start some of the corn that
hadn't sprouted some fields
are good many only about
two thirds of a stand nothing
a complete failure although
it makes me sick to think
how much we stand to lose
just because we couldn't have
had a little thunder shower
about june 1

July 10

springfieldpoem #8

a mother aims her camera at
four laughing children clustered
by lincoln's statue the one across
from the museum where he's in
a strong breeze his coat flapping
three of the kids are on the ground
a fourth has clambered up beside him
one child reaches up holds his hand

July 17

lovepoem #11

damaris supple lithe half century in age
up since three to fly here from afar she
charges back and forth the porch's length
stamping striding flinging wide her arms
I ease out perch on a bed watch her move
watch her sway from side to side her body
now a soft parenthesis now all sharp angles
a sudden twist a twirl she stretches spirals
flexes fingers parades prances pivots spins
swoops flicks me a smile says I'd do this
even if you weren't watching my body
craves it she frenzies into wild gyrations
slows to glissando backbends strokes the
air glides gentle as the dark lake beyond her
forth and back forth and back she is ripples
on the moonlit rocks later she comes to my
bedside smooths and smooths my hair
from my forehead says you used to
do this to us when you tucked us in

July 24

grandchildpoem #6

Jay, soon thirteen, wants a padded
asbestos fireproof room and a
fireproof suit and a flame thrower
and firefighters and firecrackers
the cherry bomb kind and a blowtorch
and things that blow up lighter fluid
gasoline and stuff like that an oxygen
mask of course and tank but if he can't
have any of those he'll settle for cds
video games a new baseball mitt an
ipod and a fat sci fi book number seven
in the series grandma will get it

July 31

poemonpoems #2

I am reading david lehman's
daily mirror he writes a poem
a day or says he does the book
is kept in the outhouse I read
his daily output while I tend my
daily output it will take three-
hundred-sixty-five days to
finish the book unless I get
the trots but then there's
always the chance of consti-
pation to balance the ledger

August 7

lakepoems 2008

suddenly it's white--
the forest hillside awake
with indian pipes

towels from
successive swims
this rainy summer
drape the cabin
like bunting

that monstrous spider
is back between the dock boards
where did she winter?

August 14

milkybusiness poem

I grew up drinking raw milk it was our dairy's premium brand grade A guernsey raw all the doctors recommended it but when pasteurization became mandatory we had to drop it now nutritionists say raw milk is healthier farmers are again providing it though against the law amish agriculturalists hauled off to jail factory farms and monster dairies train elephant guns at family cows--lawmakers too; pending in ny: "every person engaged in the production of raw untreated milk for human consumption shall hold a permit issued by the commission" daughter #3 who keeps food thugs under surveillance writes me what she and her blog buds are debating "what about nursing mothers are they going to need permits as well I mean a woman is a person and if she is nursing she is engaged in the production of raw milk for human consumption are we wrong?"

August 21

sangamonpoem #1

we picnicked by a roaring mountain
brook icy water seething around
gargantuan rocks to let the kids see
some wild vermont swim in the back-
water pools campers were picnicking
nearby I asked a young counselor
where's your camp? he gestured behind
him up in the green mountains what's
it called? sangamon I did a double take
spell that? he did sangamon I laughed
said I live in sangamon county on the
sangamon river but it's in illinois
well he said they didn't want to call
it camp lincoln I recalled only then
this brook runs through lincoln notch
below lincoln peak townships are towns
in new england and the town of lincoln
contains lincoln and west lincoln and
south lincoln the founders eighty-five
years ago must have thought camp lincoln
would be overkill you're not from vermont
I say knowing his answer will be england
london he says I'm here on vacation paying
my way by working at camp sangamon
you'll find home all over I tell my kids

August 28

lakepoem #9

wyatt excellent swimmer adept oarsman
just six managed going fast to row quite far
out into our little lake sans lifejacket before
he was spotted and hauled protesting back
his punishment is no rowing today he's
staged a tantrum of deafening proportions
until now gone berrying with everyone his
mother says she thinks the kubler-ross stages
could apply to kids' punishments first denial
then anger bargaining depression futility resig-
nation finally acceptance blame has to come in
somewhere he's totting up his sister's crimes
to make them worse than his own I tell my
daughter write it as an article and send it to a
parenting mag they'll pay more than poems do

September 4

lakepoem #10

it seems sort of futile to be cleaning off
one's roof with a spoon like the maiden
in the fairy tales who had to empty the
pond with a teacup a spatula works too
the broom comes later after all the needles
leaf litter green puffs of entrenched moss
are loosened they feed on the shingles
hold the damp allow even little trees to
catch hold if we didn't do this every year
we'd have leaks and a green roof maybe
support a goat or two I say we because I
never do this alone fall off a roof and
who's to notice it's rather a pleasant job
on a cool sunny day creeping about on
top of one's domain checking whether
the roof will last another year and the
companionship is pleasant too we talk
of things we don't talk of under the roof

September 11

lake end poem #1

as each cottager leaves the contents of
the refrigerator are passed along to those
staying longer think of that final fridge with
five or six half used ketchups and mustards
pickle relish the odd strawberry or apricot
jam with sticky lids the souring milk the
unused zucchini I have no idea how to end
this and I can't imagine that last person
at the lake does either I don't plan to ask

September 18

underwearpoem #1

some people hold things against their parents
all their lives mine probably will too my godkids
blame their mother that she made them wear
their underpants a second day inside out well
I remember my grandma doing a huge washing
at the big house every monday took all day tubs
and scrub boards all the overalls for the help all
the white aprons for the barn and milk house
to say nothing of their personal clothing and
my mother every monday in the cellar of the
little house toiling over the maytag running
clothes through the wringer using starch and
bluing a big wash for our family of six on rainy
days clothes were strung all over the downstairs
slapped you in the face if you weren't careful
we all felt clammy I don't recall whether I had
to wear my underpants twice or not but it was the
depression we were lucky to have underpants at all

September 25

clothingpoem #2

I came in haste not prepared for cold
so today we visited a vast warehouse
dollar-a-pound clothing in bins hundreds
of folks mostly poor stuffing shopping carts
I pull on a jacket glossy black quilted lining
zippers galore pockets pouches on the back
a great round garish snarling seminole
gold red green black a smaller logo on the
front I take it off ask a man near the table
what team is seminole english is not his
language he points to the jacket pushes up
his sleeve to reveal a quiet tattoo of an indian
in full headdress raises shy eyebrows to me
points do I want it my daughter states it's
not you mom yes it is but I hand it across the
bin leave in a sedate green 75c windbreaker

October 2

springfieldpoem #7

ah spfld spfld for several weeks now I've
been in minneapolis and while bike-auto ratio
isn't even there are still more bikes than you can
shake a spoke at but I want to talk about the
buildings great and small their sides backs fronts
so many are painted primitive art traditional art
sophisticated art folk psychedelic symbolic kids
trompe l'oeil you name it one designating the
tuscan cafe within another advocating life some
with neat perspective some madness amok one
a whole page of mozart score but color color color
all over there's a mosaic folk go out of their way
to see and a man's front yard jammed with artistic
junkheap coils and storecases with things in them
armless rubber dolls and daily changing signs
deploring racism the number of iraqi dead the
mounting trillions of dollars people drive there too
color life caring it makes your heart sing your
heart weep ah springfield why are we so drab we
destroy a mural and the vachel lindsay one on
the square downtown is so pale so hidden that I
seldom notice even when I ride by on my bike

October 9

roundbarnpoem #3

I trespassed yesterday found a way into
the derelict barn on the farm I grew up on
my dad grew up there too I took some
plaster of paris cleaned out the handprints
where when he was nine and his brother
seven they had made them in the wet cement
I used to wonder if the cow who always
chose that spot for milking knew she had
immortal handprints by her left rear hoof
now they're saved just in reverse now it's
ok for the tornado or wrecking ball to come

October 16

technopoem #5

(note from my techno buddy)

here's what you need to get your computer going 1) your keyboard plug it into one of the usb connectors on the laptop 2) mouse instructions same as above plug it into a jack on the right so the cord doesn't wrap around the laptop you are right handed aren't you? 3) ac cord plugs into the small black box this is your power supply and plugs into the only jack of its kind on the rear of the laptop 4) power strip you know what to do with that 5) gravametric equalizer rotate it to a north-south position and reintegrate it with the matching synchro-gyro nucleonic stabilizer--wait a second . . . that's supposed to be in the box I'm sending to the cia military weapons lab division forget I mentioned that it's best you don't know

October 23

nevadabutte poem #1

(jointly written with Carol Manley)

yearly his job sends him
to vegas after the last
high-tech presentation
while colleagues scramble
to the slots he climbs a
mountain where a rock awaits
curved and grooved to his
exact proportions seated
there the vast nevada plain
lies beneath his tranquil
gaze zeus of the universe
lately medical demands
have him trimming his
thighs his gluteus is less
maximus and one sad
cinderella rock holds
open auditions in the
desert for a new set of
princely buttocks to match
her own less movable
less mutable mold

October 30

reallyscary poem #2

windows are
closing
some by now
slammed shut
if we again
elect goblins
this time
this time
this time
will we have
even a ghost
of a chance

November 6

friendquote poem #11

we got
married
on my
noon hour
yesterday
seems to be
working out
so far

November 13

loveletterpoem #12

dearest demi

I realize my soul has been
hungry for making music
if you'd bring your fiddle
and the handel sonatas
I'd practice all week and
bring my cello and the
scarlotti you gave me in
1977 maybe we could find
a pianist--go to milton and
kidnap martha to play with us?
love, mom dec 12 2004

November 20

englandthanksgiving poem #1

I can predict when they'll be back
I told the greenham common campers
all of us poised for the cruise missiles
to return from war games on salisbury
plain thursday is our thanksgiving the
americans will want wednesday to get
where they're going for the holiday so
they'll need the morning to deploy
therefore they'll return tuesday night
I was right midnight some fifty police
lorries four abreast on the narrow road
led the parade headlights blinding then
the dark missiles huge terrible long as
tall buildings laid on their sides grim
bobbies standing shoulder to shoulder
to keep us women from throwing paint
we threw anyway though not me if
you're jailed you'll lose your passport
they said but I got paint on my green
down jacket and rips from the gorse
bush that a bobby pitched me into my
kids say get rid of that old rag but I wear
it every winter it is my battle stripes

November 27

kidquote thanksgiving poem #1

(scrap found written by daughter #4, age ten years, counting her blessings)

1. I am alive
2. I am here
3. I have friends
4. I am not an orphan
5. I have sisters
6. I am skilled
7. I am clothed
8. I have a kitten
9. I have camp
10. I am not retarded
11. I have shelter
12. I have love
13. I have all my senses
14. I go to a good school
15. I have many friends
16. I have pierced ears
17. I have an allowance
18. I have my own room
19. I have all my stuffed toys
- 20.
- 21.
- 22.

December 4

friendquote poem #12

my birthday lake emiquon too choppy so
dropped my kayak into spoon river it's
always held a certain mystique what with
the spoon river anthology though today the
river is not very poetic seems little more
than a mud walled ditch scribbled into a
cornfield still a nice fall day for paddling
I went maybe a mile till stopped by a log jam
I wasn't inclined to go to any effort to go
around so headed to the river's mouth and
out into the illinois to watch the barges for
a while before paddling back to my car

December 11

gillianquote poems #1

(daughter #3 at seventeen)

I have to write
a canterbury tale
tonight. . . .
how long did it take
chaucer?

here's its stem
potatoes always seem
so self sufficient
you don't think of them
as having stems

I have a right to say
UGH
if I find a task
distasteful

elspeth's new kitten
will have a hard time
developing his personality
second cats always do

December 18

adventspiral poem #1

almost too heartbreakingly
beautiful for words the room
transformed to a dark pine forest
a candle in the midst the children
one by one entering the space
each alone walking the spiral
carrying a candle lighting it
rewalking the path kneeling
placing it along the spiral's edge
one by one slowly each solemn
young face lit by the soft light
a harp's gentle strums defining
each child until all have walked
lit knelt placed departed an hour
has passed now the spiral is left
in the forest silent its way traced
by candlelight all hearts full
heartbreakingly beautiful
heartbreakingly holy perhaps
perhaps perhaps a spiral toward
the healing of bruise-ed hearts

December 25

christmas lullaby

(My mother wrote this lullaby for my oldest sister, on her first Christmas, 1925. I'm repeating it again this year. I'll send the lovely music on request.)

Sleep, little baby, the daylight is fading;
Dim yellow stars the dark heavens adorn;
Once, long ago, in a Bethlehem manger
The little Lord Jesus was born.
Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, little baby, sleep.

Sleep, little baby, my arms are about thee,
A circle of love which enfolds thee secure;
So Mary cradled the wee baby Jesus,
The little Lord Jesus, so pure.
Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, little baby, sleep.

Sleep, little baby, thine eyelids are drooping,
Thy warm, tender body relaxing to rest;
Jesus thus slept in the arms of sweet Mary,
His dear little head on her breast.
Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, little baby, sleep.
Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, little baby, sleep.

Books by Jacqueline Jackson

These, out of print, are available on the Internet:

- Julie's Secret Sloth – Little, Brown
- The Paleface Redskins – Little, Brown
- The Taste of Spruce Gum – Little, Brown
- Missing Melinda – Little, Brown
- The Ghost Boat – Little, Brown
- Chicken Ten Thousand – Little, Brown
- Turn Not Pale, Beloved Snail – Little, Brown
- Spring Song – Kent State U Press
- The Orchestra Mice – Regnery
- The Endless Pavement – Seabury

These two, in print, are available from Northwestern U. Press, Amazon, etc.:

- Stories from the Round Barn
- More Stories from the Round Barn

Musicals, performed; scripts and music unpublished:

- From Here to Epiphany
- The Endless Pavement
- The Orchestra Mice

Brought out for family and friends:

- Lovingly, Ron – letters of Ronald Dougan
- Your Loving Father – letters, papers of W. J. Dougan
- Twenty-five years of The Empty Nest News letter
- Granny Lives at Greenham

Illinois Times poem booklets:

- Taking Liberties (2005)
- Liberty on the Ramparts (2006)
- Liberty Takes a Break (2007)
- Liberty Chastized (2008)

Hey, readers of these little Liberty booklets – we have all sorts of writing talent all over our central Illinois area, some of you published, some unpublished. Some of you still too timid to try. This is to urge you to get your ideas down in any form: for yourselves, your family, friends, possibly the wider public. And these days, publishing is fairly easy and fairly inexpensive, both in booklets like this, or online. The bookmark below was drawn by my daughter Elspeth when she was ten.

READ, READ, READ! is excellent advice. Let's add its corollary: WRITE, WRITE, WRITE!

Jacqueline Jackson

