

Serving Up



Liberty

*A collection of poetry by
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J. Mitch Hopper

Dedication

Lois Patricia Dougan Dalvit
1926 - 2017



My sister Pat, who enlivened and enriched my life.

Thursday, January 5, 2017

newyear's poem # 16

sometimes
you just have to
stop
and pull up
your socks

Thursday, January 12, 2017

handwriting poem #1

here folks behold a true subversive
schools are closing out the cursive
every kid the wide world o'er
can toss old writing out the door
each one will own its keyboard toy
from manchester to mandeloy
just throw your granny's words away
the thoughts expressed are now passé
all hand-writ history down the drain
for your own modern-wired brain
(yet pen and paper will survive
when no more printers are alive)

Thursday, January 19, 2017

mythology poem #1

I've been pondering zeus
ruler of the state supreme kingly
power he cast down thunderbolts
when angry or to punish any one
he disliked he was adept at changing
himself to get what he wanted he
became a swan to rape leda he
ravished danae with a golden shower
this is in many depictions go google
to see a lulu of a greek urn 450 b.c.

Thursday, January 26, 2017

springfield poem for jan 21

spfld's last weekend was five star – from
cheers at the buses leaving pennys 110
women pink pussy-capped bearing pbj's
– to saturday before the old state capitol
more than a thousand folk young old all
ethnicities all faiths all sexes wonderful
signs GOD MUST LOVE GAYS HE MADE
US SO CUTE then the speeches! all by
locals – ACA, health: women's, water,
soil, sea, air, arts, education, unions, the
press – even our local US senator – don't
agonize, organize! – all things already
slated for demo in trump's trampling –
then the national news 250 thou in chi,
staggering numbers in DC (our 110!)
vast numbers blanketing the land the
world – kudos to our local coalition that
put all this together we know it will
guide us to further deeds to save what
we cherish our democracy won't perish

Thursday, February 2, 2017

cat poem #2

these frightful frigid temps of late
I ponder on our city's homeless
lighter thoughts have touched on
cats – a kid whose allergies forbid
felines has nonetheless befriended
a large yellow stray Gus lives beside
the kitchen door peers in but with
this cold he lolls snug in a doghouse
a soft pad heats up at three pounds
pressure water cup also electrified
another friend (recently wed) built
a backyard penthouse for Sweetie
and Sonny fenced space for a lawn
chair when weather improves she
can enjoy her pets while allergic
spouse peers from the patio he's
a sweetie too though answers to Ed
we must tend to human homeless
many are trying but here's a moment
to honor catlovers' unmitigated care

Thursday, February 9, 2017

textpoem #1

2 Ys U-R
2 Ys U-B
I-C-U-R
2 Ys for me.
see we had
texting when I
was a kid this
was rampant in
autograph books
there was later
but still long ago
a published book
of letter-stories
called I think
A B C D goldfish
the second line
was L M N O
goldfish but
maybe we made
that one up

Thursday, February 16, 2017

origins poem # 1

my mother's forebears changed their
name on the ship so we are wardners
not weidners three brothers fought in
the revolution two survived I know
little of my mom's mother only she was
a sea captain's child and from canada
andersen spelled with e so likely scots
my father's family trickled over from
ulster before the famine (helped build
the erie canal) my grampa sometimes
referred to himself as a canny scotsman
or when digging ditches an irishman
doing a "foine job for which I'm suited"
my grama the most recent immigrant
born in england came as babe her older
sister (my favorite aunt) never lost her
clipped midlands accent told tales of the
sea journey then train from ny to lake
erie to midwest en route the ten kids lost
their folks temporarily "that was a cryin'
time I'll tell ye!" we are immigrants all
the most successful unsuccessful critters
to live and breed on this planet as we busy
ourselves destroying our nest oh you say
native americans aren't immigrants well
yes long ago they trudged across the bering
bridge or maybe drifted the southern seas
but the present point is we mustn't let any
more in even kick out a big bunch you better
believe it this land was made for you and me

Thursday, February 23, 2017
first 100 days poem #2

parents, teachers,
be advised –
when we
confront them
our savvy kids
can now tell us
oh those are just
alternate facts
you've heard
about us

Thursday, March 2, 2017
suicide poem #17

I have a friend
who every morn
does twenty-two
pushups for
the number of
veterans who
are predicted to
commit suicide
on this day

Thursday, March 9, 2017

first 100 days poem # 3

hurray, hurray, let's trumpet
for our brave new world! we
can dump mountain tops into
streams again we can use all
the coal we can mine and all
the oil we can pump or buy
from a maybe terrorist regime
whee! free enterprise is back
we can all relax and reel in the
bucks build a wall keep out
black and brown kiddies see
that every womblet is born, both
over here and worldwide, but
we needn't worry they survive
– like the herdman's kid said
in our barn during its decline –
“why not let them sick calves
die, then we won't have so many
to milk” – good idea, johnny, that
solves overpopulation too except
the hotting globe will manage if
the careless bombo doesn't first

Thursday, March 16, 2017

irish poem #1

john and peg's shamrock I note
every week – eight spindly stems
though with good sized leaves
seems healthy but stagnant never
any change now my shamrock is
lush its dozens of sturdy stalks
bear hundreds of leaves forty or
more white blooms it's clearly
a bonny mum theirs must be
a lonely languishing hibernian
maybe I could take mine over for
a conjugal visit do I need a bee?

Thursday, March 23, 2017

asylum poem #1

do any of you
remember 1939
when a boatload
of 935 jews
approached
our shores
and we
sent them
back
to auschwitz?

*Note on the above: look in
Wikipedia or other source
material for Captain Gustav
Shroder and the St. Louis
for accurate details of the full
story. This event was later
made into both a book
and a movie. JJ*

Thursday, March 30, 2017

finishing my saga, vol 4

our old barney had a “moon eye”
– glassy white hence its naming –
after much research I found this
to be an acute iridocyclitis of horses
invading one or both eyes it subsides
only to recur at intervals of varying
length and usually ends in blindness
the cause is uncertain some associate
it with leptospirosis it doesn’t appear
to be contagious – maybe more is now
known – next, where have I stashed
my cow notes on “lumpjaw” also
on “schistosomus reflexus” – that’s
“born inside out” – well, a lot of us are
feeling that way these days, aren’t we?

Thursday, April 6, 2017

n fifth st poem #22

nobody says I HAVE to write
about the lincoln half marathon
every year but this year marks
the seventh that my neighbor
amaya now ten has skipped about
in the street as runners – toward
the end dragly walkers limpers –
go by given them high fives of
encouragement congratulation
the special thing about this year
she's moved to colorado but flew
back in order not to miss the race
she got 803 high fives before she
retired and with a final cartwheel
went into grandma's for a cookie

Thursday, April 13, 2017

n fifth st poem #23

I could write of ugly things this
week lord knows there's plenty
from the gunman still loose in
my wisconsin township (don't
worry no school till he's caught,
kids) to the dismemberment and
death of the EPA (don't worry
we'll be hazmatized and inner-
tubed when things get really grim)
instead I'll write about my yard
plucking tender dandelion greens
those tangy little barbs also wild
chives sorrel delicate violets to
garnish a garden salad all out
in the moisty morning sunshine
can't find my one trillium though
shouldn't it be abloom by now?

Thursday, April 20, 2017

next school shooting poem #when

my daughter teaches in a school
where every classroom every office
every corridor every restroom has a
button if one is hit every area police
car every area police station instantly
is alerted there's a shooter in this
school it bypasses 911 which has to
answer get data while precious seconds
are lost precious lives can be snuffed
in that instant - don't worry we won't
lose our second amendment rights we
can still take our ammo assault gun
shoot whenever wherever whatever
whyever whoever we want it's the law

*footnote: on an average day in this
country seven kids 19 or under are
killed by guns. We average about one
school shooting a week. And so far
this year toddlers have shot 23 people.
The gun shop thief in last week's poem,
the one from my Wisconsin township,
has been caught after ten days, but with
only five of the 18 guns he stole.*

Thursday, April 27, 2017

playground poem # 3

this is my soapbox we've had
recently a spate of school breaks
again the schoolyard next door
has been locked up nine days in
a row older kids scale my fence
use the basketball hoop younger
kids zilch but a few days ago
some young ones got in rather
all did but a chubby ten year old
she had real trouble getting over
my chain links her brother and
others were using the swings etc
while she frenzied ran back and
forth along my fence she reminded
me of a neighbor's pig back home
in a frantic lather running along
a fence trying to get back in with
his kin this girl wasn't that fat but
in danger as she repeatedly tried
the barrier I took her out a stool
tell me are all 186 schoolyards
closed to kids why not public and
will I be liable if a child gets hurt
entering the playground via my
premises whether I know it or not

Thursday, May 4, 2017

100 days poem #1

hmmm what accomplishments have I
accomplished in the last 100 days?
anything beneficial for our world? if
you count women's marches climate
marches sending lotsa money to ossoff
durbin other dems innocence project
(haven't sent to nat parks coral reefs
farms fish fowl fuzzy critters because
if we can't save the earth there's no
habitat for any of them us included) I
renewed passport, drivers creds cadged
meals carried ziplocks to feasts "mind if
I take that scrap you've scarce sampled?"
read a few books wrote pseudo verse
staggered along on my volume four
opened my cello case buried compost
engaged a lawyer to start getting my
own orbit orderly mourned illnesses
deaths rejoiced in births even though
we're egregiously overpopulated hope
I didn't build any walls break any vows
burn any bridges tell any lies increase
my carbon footprint drop any bombs
(that I know of) – of course I'm guilty
especially to myself I'll check in again
at 200 days provided anything merits

Thursday, May 11, 2017

birdpoem # 11

thinking of that last passenger pigeon
don't want to research it again heard
about it all my life there were millions
billions they darkened the sun for days
when they flew over we killed them all
(just like we killed every dodo and are
obliterating species every day) killed
them for sport and for selling when we
realized pigeons were waning we killed
them even faster get the profit while still
some to get – the story goes sorta like that
anyway one was somehow saved it was
in a cage I saw a photo no mate no future
sitting huddled waiting for death I think
its body is in formaldehyde in some lab
or museum somewhere but why didn't
they take that bird out into a remote field
let it go let it fly and fly and fly and fly
until its speck became nothingness

Thursday, May 18, 2017

family story #14

the green mountains grace the horizon
where we have a summer place one of
the range resembles a gently curving
breast complete with nipple whenever
driving into the small town nearby we'd
exit the woods and the skyline would
come into full view I'd always say "there's
booby mountain" the kids offended would
groan complain roll their eyes upbraid me
one trip we came to the crucial moment
and I was silent after a mile or so the kids
in almost accusatory unison chorused
"WELL?" I said "well what?" "well when
are you going to say it?" "say what?"
"BOOBY MOUNTAIN!" they all shouted

Thursday, May 25, 2017

family story # 23

my granddaughter cressida
age eight having exhausted
various play activities said
I guess I'll put on my lab coat
and go do an experiment

Thursday, June 1, 2017

poem postal # 1

I can understand perfectly those postal folk, discovered years later with bathtubs full of undelivered envelopes it got too much hopeless they couldn't cope simply threw in the towel now me I can fill a tub in a week with mail that arrives daily hefty bundles needing rubber bands every heartbreak cause every frantic politician plus bills ads events to come catalogues (screech of delight if ever a personal letter! you can't miss one of those rarities so you need to look at them all) some mass mailings have an actual forever stamp enclosed or two pennies even a dime I know all their tricks don't get me wrong if it weren't for this voluminous volume they might eliminate the post office altogether it's a frequent threat and none of us want that to happen do we

Thursday, June 8, 2017

adventure poem #1

an anonymous student from the seventies reminded me of a writing assignment I once gave: “1. Have an adventure. 2. Write about it.” the much appreciated letter got me thinking about adventure – no doubt someone asked what sort of adventure I surely replied “however you define the word” all life is an adventure when my daughter age 10 came back from visiting the thicket beside our farm pond she reported “all those willows aren’t alike – some have the leaf come up to its stem some have the leaf’s end surrounding its stem” and gillian showed me the difference – that, I’d name an adventure in observation

Thursday, June 15, 2017

**Haiku, in Memorium:
Lois Patricia Dougan Dalvit**

I've lost a sister . . .
she's gone to a distant clime
bringing it music . . .



Thursday, June 22, 2017

difference poem #1

my sister went to morning kindergarten
in an emergency one day our mom asked if
patsy could go in the afternoon pat told me
about it many years later “I loved kindergarten
the toys, the things to draw on, being all on my
own, but that day I came through the door into
a sea of unfamiliarity a crowd of strange children
the chairs and tables were the same but the sun
came in different the shadows were different the
milkman with our milk cartons was different even
the teacher seemed different nobody spoke to me
I shrank into the farthest corner of the room made
little piles of sand in the sandbox and patted them
down – it was my first intimation that same things
– the things you counted on – could be different.”

Thursday, June 29, 2017

yellow submarine #1

a scientist I admire
wrote about several
long term studies
spanning many years
back to the seventies
where groups with
false beliefs
the world is flat
the sun circles us
were given irrefutable
evidence their
beliefs were false
yet the participants
all of them now
thoroughly convinced
the earth is not flat
we circle the sun
went right on being
flat earthers anyway
so welcome everybody
to a flat earth and to
an increasingly hot one

Thursday, July 6, 2017

family story, again

thinking about babies and adoption – when I was a kid we knew those in our classes adopted it was a matter of no significance – I did hear later a boy in the class behind me who I hadn't known was adopted – had come at birth to a large catholic family immediately after they'd lost a baby they didn't miss a beat leo was their number five or six I admired them john eldred buddy of my brother was adopted he grew up to succeed his dad as president of beloit savings and loan – as kids my brother and gang camped at our woods and sometimes at the eldred cabin john's folks gladys and burdette named their hideaway “gladette” by joining their names but my brother's bunch took the other two syllables to make “bird-ass” – the eldred seniors liked that not one bit

Thursday, July 13, 2017

nada poem – well, maybe #100

a recent column in wall street journal
reported the effect of classical music on
cows – news to them of course in nyc
I've been telling you for ages what cows
like (the three b's) don't (1812 cannons)
they checked this, found it true, carried
research further – a pisciculturalist
reports fish farms pipe song into their
ponds (we all know whale tunes don't
sound like rap the ocean must be filled
with music) they also found honey
production sweetens up when bees
buzz along with berlioz I even told you
about a sewage plant in germany where
bacteria work faster with mozart (my
studies spread a wide net) all this
apropos of nothing but hey it's summer

Thursday, July 20, 2017

more nada #101

art bored with family stories?
too bad here's another I was
born with an unsightly splotch
at the base of my spine nothing
harmful but my folks thought
it a good idea to have it removed
it left a hefty scar all during grade
school my sister pat told her pals
I'd been born with a tail they'd
approach me wanting me to pull
my panties far enough down to
reveal convincing evidence I
of course refused nothing sexual
about this just curious kids my
dad said tell them we didn't pickle
the evidence but you could still
show them your forked tongue

Thursday, July 27, 2017

vermont report 2017 # 1

we're again at our camp as
green mountainer's call cottages
here is the lake news:

1. we have a loon – the long eerie
descending wail was it an owl no
it ended in that loony laugh – ergo
2. two loons! swimming out front
3. no loon eggs though; rain for 19
days in june raised the water level
over their nest too bad too bad
4. septic system problems you
don't want to hear about those
5. 2 smarty grandsons whupping
me at chess (expected)
6. 2 gloaty grandsons whupping
me at scrabble (unexpected)
7. 3 able sibs, my kids, blithely make
mite and mighty choices (ok with me)
– that's it for now folks

Thursday, August 3, 2017

vermont report 2017 #2

I give up there is no space
to tell what's happening at this place
the lovely lake is loony still
a caterpillar scoops the hill
my stripy oar is broke who knows
it happened when this camp was closed
it's cold enough to wear to bed
a stocking cap upon the head
and how can you exonerate
a puzzle every edge is straight

Thursday, August 10, 2017

vermont report 2017 #3

I think on leaving here I'll most
miss the greens they are in
constant change with clouds with
wind or mirrored in the lake a line
of tolkien says "in every wood in
every spring there is a different
green" I know I'll see these greens
again I'll hear my daughter say
(when I point out a leaf upon the path)
"all leaves are perfect green"

Thursday, August 17, 2017

vermont report 2017 #4

megan
my daughter
is a loon
far out in the lake
her head
disappears
how many seconds
nine - ten - eleven
twelve - thirteen -
before it
bobs up
somewhere else

Thursday, August 24, 2017

whatsup poem #11

my college major classics
(latin greek ancient history)
has stood me in good stead
right now viewing our land
I see plenty of parallels such
as rome going from senators
to dictators to deranged
emperors appointing horses
to office finally disintegration
when visigoths or was it huns
anyway hordes descend
on an empire in disarray

Thursday, August 31, 2017

nada poem #102

my kids – actually nobody –
wants to hear the stories
that enthralled us as small
kids for instance a favorite
uncle told scary stories one
was of the ghost peeping over
the foot of the bed and saying
in ghastly voice, “It flo-o-ats!”
while you cower under the
covers the apparition repeats
“It flo-o-ats!” finally you get
enough courage to quaver
“What floats?” and the ghost
replies ”I-I-I-vory soap!” see,
you didn’t want to hear this
either, or when a ghost grasps
its fingers over the foot of the
bedstead and the terrified
bed-dweller grabs a gun and
bam bam bam bam ten bams
shoots off all his own toes
okay relax I’m shutting up

Thursday, September 7, 2017

dichotomy poem # 1

some news is heartening they're
closing roads in the shawnee forest
for the next two months so critters
that creep crawl slide slither
may go from summer homes
to winter hideouts with no danger
of being smished by treads and tires
some news is disheartening there's
a recent pesticide on the market it
aids monsanto gmo soybeans natch
but drifts over other fields makes them
unfit for agriculture a huge number
of ruined acres was on today's news
the only mitigation of this horror is
that arkansas has just banned it the
epa shouldn't have allowed dicamba
to happen but there's no epa anymore
unless hiding under a stone somewhere
chewing on what's left of its fingernails

Thursday, September 14, 2017

turtle township poem #13

as a kid I scarcely knew jean davis
she was one of the older kids in
turtle her name was maxworthy
I called her up many years ago
said I've been reading about you
in the paper – WHAT!?! – you were
queen I said in the 4-H pageant
1937 in janesville your float led
the parade you wore a peach gown
she started to laugh that was my
graduation dress! well that began
our late-years friendship when she
died I went to her funeral found
she'd written the ceremony herself
her life her obit and had recorded
herself singing her favorite hymns
it was a remarkable event even with
no mention of the 4-H queen honor
those maxworthys were all unusual
wait till I tell you about her brother

Thursday, September 21, 2017

"is" poem #1

four boggling things:
first, that there is "is"—
that there's any "is"
at all – second, that
this "is" has produced
life – third, that some
life is thinking and
self aware (maybe
more than we know) and
fourth, this aware life
possesses emotions; we
can love laugh grieve – such
amazing things – one
might add a fifth – that in
the reaches of an infinite
universe in time and space
amid forever – that I – and
you – are here right now
in the grand lottery of "be"
what are the odds for this?

Thursday, September 28, 2017

overseas visit #1

it is a cathedral the museum of
natural history in london you
traverse the length of the ornate
nave to where, at the apse, rise
tier on tier of white marble steps
leading to the white marble deity
sitting bemused his meditative
eyes on a blue whale's immense
bones hanging the length of the
clerestory I climb those steps sit
at the feet of the master gaze with
him at the improbable skeleton a
guard's hushed voice asks whether
I am all right I nod he dislodges a
gaggle of giggling girls from the
foot of the sacred staircase were
anyone to ask I would reply that
I believe in the gospel according to
darwin and his disciple steven j gould

Thursday, October 5, 2017

family story #23

back in the days when planes
were being hijacked to cuba
recall? – my brother-in-law's
mother refused to fly because
she was afraid of being hijacked
to cuba eventually she moved to
a nursing home in wisconsin via
family transportation after a bit
she died her body was flown
from madison to ohio for burial
but missed the service because
the plane was hijacked to cuba

Thursday, October 12, 2017

manzanar poem #2

we've been fortunate these
many years to have yosh golden
in our midst writing about the
american concentration camp
where she was born also talking
to schools of this shameful and
unpublicized part of our history
now we've been blessed by the
skills and sensitivity of kazuko
her daughter who has produced
a prize-winning film on manzanar
it was shown here last week along
with two others that seemed made
in concert but the three young
artists didn't know of each other
the first film is on the grief of the
forced evacuation then kaz's on
life behind barbed wire the third
a family returning to its ravaged
home to start anew in the land
that betrayed them all three focus
on the human we trust this film
triad will eventually be available
to our middle schools high schools
colleges we all should see them in
this tenseful time when we live with
heightened hate shoving sufferers
from our shores building walls
watch towers deporting dreamers
we must act before we lose what is
left of our humanity thank you kaz:
you filmsters give us zeal and hope

Thursday, October 19, 2017

londonpoem #2

with my sister or my cousin or myself
I have wandered through a number of
famous galleries louvre uffizzi hermitage
vatican viewed medieval and renaissance
paintings galore noted the favorite pinup
of the times the blue robed gentle mother
and her naked chubby child sometimes
saint john is alongside being babysat
I think I wrote about it once washday in
galilee the missing vital item but lo! I
just spotted it in london it's in the queen's
canaletto gallery a painting by an italian
named ricci the magi are adoring the infant
and at last! the mama has him in a diaper

Thursday, October 26, 2017

manzanar poem #3

when springfield-born kazuko golden
recently showed her film on american
concentration camp manzanar the
audience discussion that followed
moved into racial stereotyping kazuko
told us growing up she'd often been
asked – or informed – that she was
oriental – chinese, japanese – “in truth,”
she said, “I'm half japanese ancestry half
european; my dad's mom and grandparents
came from europe but no one ever said to me
'oh how russian, dutch, or polish you look!'”

Thursday, November 2, 2017

poem on me #1

whee! whee! this issue's on me! with
words by corrine pix by ginny lee
I yet haven't seen them as I pen these
words but here is a story they neither
have heard ok let's abandon rhyme
when I was a kid a newborn calf had
a broken leg (her confused mama
likely lay on her) my dad called our
usual vet doc davis said "shoot the
son of a bitch" my dad phoned a vet in
janesville doc knilans gave directions
dad splinted the leg the calf got well
though always walked with a little
limp doc knilans became our regular
vet once someone asked how come we
never see doc davis anymore? my dad
replied "I shot the son of a bitch!"

Thursday, November 9, 2017

nevada visit 2017 #1

my daughter and son-in-law have
a small homestead, a ranchette,
with several bee hives, a bunch of
chickens, one pigeon who won't
leave but keeps laying eggs in hope
and two nanny-goats eagerly
waiting to be bred by a handsome
stud buck he is eager too they meet
at a fence corner and nuzzle but can't
go any farther gillian and eddy want
the kids to come in april when the
weather will be more clement the buck
is a dairy breed called la mancha he
has fine thick horns wattles beard you
don't notice right off that he has only
tiny nubs for ears like manx cats have no
tails they've named him vincent van goat

Thursday, November 16, 2017

three unrelated thoughts poems

hurray hurray for NRA
another mass shooting to
cheer today oh not today?
well then, tomorrow! we'll
offer up our prayers
and sorrow

fun segment just now on
NPR guiness book of world
records once my daughter
gillian age eight asked
whether she could get in
the guiness book of world
records for being the fastest
to clean out a peach pit
with a pin

my maple leaves have fallen
they blanket the sidewalk
I walk on gold

Thursday, November 23, 2017

thanksgiving 2017 poem

it's thanksgiving so let's think
about suicide – never far from
my thoughts though I try not to
dwell on it – my second daughter
says my first daughter told her
the “demon” inhabiting her –
she NEVER thought she was ill,
only possessed from the outside –
anyway she was afraid the demon
might demand she hurt one of us
and that (says daughter two) was
why she killed herself. . . . viewed
in this light hers was an act of
caring of altruism of self-sacrifice
for the sake of us and so this day
of thanks I am thankful for the
loving frightened courageous heart of
my precious ill, ill, elder daughter

Thursday, November 30, 2017

truth poem #3

for all my scribbling I haven't
told everything – there are things
one doesn't reveal about ones self
ones family or others some things
you even know about them they
don't know themselves my dad was
ninety when he told me things he'd
never told anyone (mouse in churn!)
I found my grandfather's private notes
in a drawer I pried open (I always
was a snoop) – his thoughts to himself
pouring out his fears hurts troubles
I did use some of this info in my
writing to interpret his motives his
actions – so what do you tell or not
tell? some probably should be shared
yet these will be slanted by your bias
even with documents so what is
true what isn't more goes to the grave
than people ever reveal a counselor
said you ought to tell your kids well
maybe maybe not I accept there is
much they don't tell me or ever will

Thursday, December 7, 2017

music poem #17

just listened twice-through to
glen gould playing the goldberg
variations the pleasure isn't only
in the bach (I can hear these
rendered superbly by wanda
landowska) but in glen gould's
throaty humming – even singing –
while he plays – sometimes with the
melody sometimes a counterpoint
you hear the soul of bach
through glen gould's playing
you hear the soul of glen gould
through glen gould's humming

Thursday, December 14, 2017

nevada trip 2017 #2

went to see my great grandsons
over from paris they're being
raised bilingual laurent talks
to them in french cressida in
english but since the parents
speak french to each other the
kids are basically gallic I took
a batch of books with easy tales
"caps for sale" "millions of cats"
for more english exposure but
found trevor already glommed
onto a favorite new book dr seuss
he wanted "there's a wocket in
my pocket" over and over a story
filled with musical seussian words
zower geeling bofa nink zelf and a
vug under a rug words he'll have
little use for still they're in english
construction he's nearing three
understands english well likes some
new words he's learned: "mushy"
"squishy" "sticky" "goat" when I
say to him "if you'd answer in
english I could understand you" he
replies "je prefere parler francais!"

Thursday, December 21, 2017

Paradox

Holidays are portrayed as times of rejoicing but as we all come to know they are often fraught with grief. It seems appropriate to share this poem again (I used it in 2014) at this anxious season. It was written by my mother in 1925; I have it in a booklet, Mirrors, that she printed for my father, family, and friends, before I was born.

If you desire happiness,
Purchase it with tears;
The kind one buys with laughter
Lasts not many years.

Give away all that is yours,
And rich indeed you'll be.
What you love best, only keep
Within your memory.

If you wish to welcome Love,
Prepare for more than one;
Pain with love comes hand in hand
And stays when Love is gone.

If you would hold a treasure dear,
It may be well to know
A thing is never truly yours
Till you can let it go.

Thursday, December 28, 2017

bulls poem # 11

american breeders service the
largest artificial insemination
co in the world is writing its
history ABS began as wisconsin
scientific breeding institute my
dad was on the original board
I was a big-eared little pitcher
guess who they're asking for any
remembered early bits! I just was
given the a-plus tour of current
AI at the wis headquarters thrust
my feet into a booties dispenser
wore booties in the germ-free
labs: scientists intent over slides
and computers; wore coveralls in
the barns plus rubber boots can't
risk disease to million-buck bulls
happily munching haylage (that's
fermented hay, corn silage, minerals,
etc) after performing their daily task
(filling sterile rubber flasks with
valuable seed after suitable stimuli)
could now relax till exercise regime
yoda is one – kenobi, – skywalker –
achiever – well, that one lives up to
his name – on the "100 best" holstein
honor roll he has 33 sons but has an
attitude maybe justified I could write
pages more about this grand visit but
will end with a few more bully names:
big flavor, jigsaw, firefly, uhaul, zion,
sunkist, escape, outback, and little joe

Also by Jacqueline Jackson:

The Round Barn

A Biography of an American Farm

“There is the land. At the center of the land are the farm buildings.
In the center of the buildings is the round barn.”

Begun with a promise to her grandfather when Jackie was just fifteen, *The Round Barn* is a collection of farm stories spanning almost seven decades. Meet “Daddy Dougan,” Ron, Vera, and the kids: Joan, Patsy, Jackie, and Craig; the hired men, neighbors, and the town beyond. With dozens of authentic photos, this book is touching, funny, tragic, and warm.



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some words about

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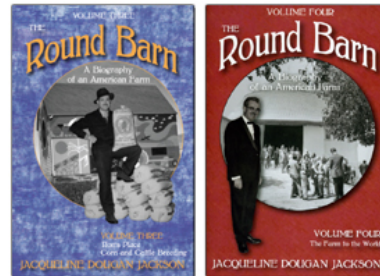
“After reading an inch into this almost 500 page book I crave my favorite dairy food every time I start reading again. Can you imagine having a close enough relationship with your dairy farmer that you can tell when the cows change their eating habits? Grace Croneis, wife of Beloit College’s president in the early

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- John Oncken, Wisconsin State Farmer

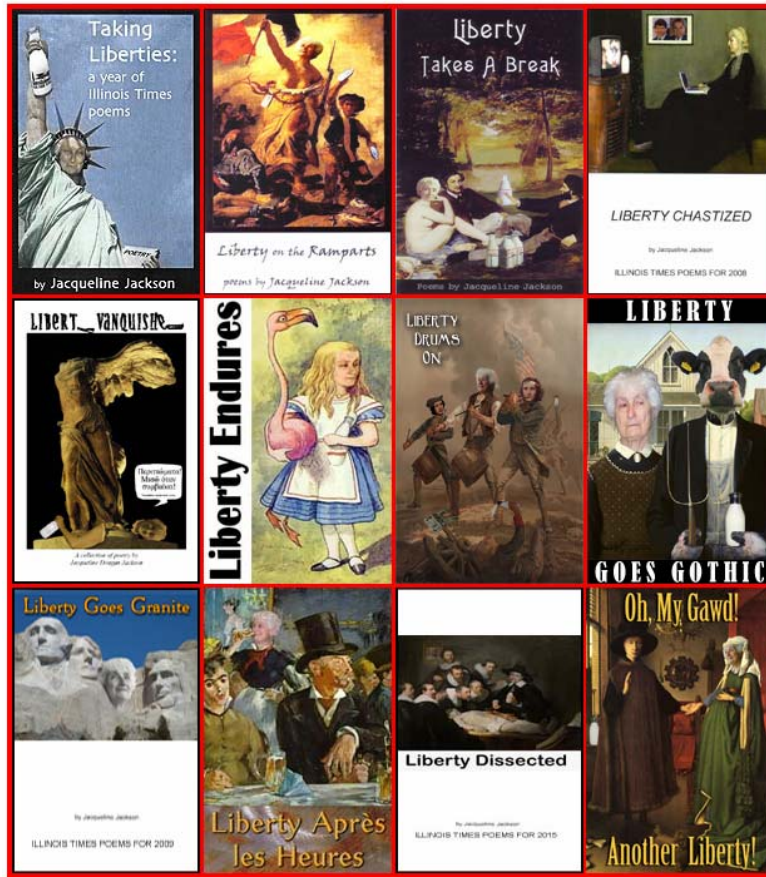
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