

Liberty Meets the New Reality



*A collection of poetry by
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Cover Art Bastardization by
J. Mitch Hopper



This edition of Liberty is dedicated
to the children.

Thursday, January 4, 2018

new year's poem 2018

when granddaughter cressida
asked what to do I suggested she
draw me some cards get well soon
happy birthday etc she went to
work produced two before tiring
of the task “glad about your dog”
“sorry about your cat” I’ve told
you this before I think – she didn’t
do a new years card I could use here
but what’s to say? sorry abt spilled
oil sorry abt fracked land abt trees
bees butterflies orcas elephants
land grabs money grabs kitty grabs
I could continue crabby but here’s a
minor gripe the automatic “have a
nice day” how about a line that limns
the limitness of our language have a
significant second a musing moment a
razzly-dazzly delectably delicious day?

Thursday, January 11, 2018

dark and stormy night poem

it was a dark and stormy
night and all the mutants
were sitting around the
campfire then No-Nose
spoke up and said No-Toes
tell us The Story and this
is The Story he told: it was
a dark and stormy night
when our dark and stormy
Top-Tweet who took umbrage
at anyone and anything and
had The Button on his desk
and also had Some Thing to
Hide – no one ever learned just
what becuz Top-Tweet got in
a pissing contest with another
top-tweet and needed to prove
Himself the Toppest-Tweet
and pushed The Button . . . no,
No-Nose, his spineless sniveling
servant GOP hadn't unplugged it

Thursday, January 18, 2018

infestation poem #2

just got the bill from the
exterminator I figure 44
bucks per mouse unless
some crawled away to die
thus missing the tailcount
not included in that cost a
pricey tub of poison they
chowed down like chocolate
(problem with poison is
a retching rodent might
get outside be et by owls
we cherish owls) also not
included the fancy “better
mousetraps” that snapped
off my fingers oh well poor
things must all be goners now
along with those ugly camel
crickets up from the south
they can jump seven feet but
mostly sit and stare at you

Thursday, January 25, 2018

women's rally #2

a toddler's banner read: I'M
AGAINST XENOPHOBIA
RACISM – MISOGYNY –
HOMOPHOBIA – NAPS!
at the inaugural anniversary
first day of gop-govt-ga(s)p
a thousand of us all ages sexes
colors our pink pussycaps
punctuating the crowd full
of fun flame fury inspiration:
all the fem candidates! what
the gov is costing our state what
tweetsy is costing our land our
world – “he doesn't speak for us!”
“NOT MY CHEETO!” rodney d
a costumed rubber stamp – dick
durbin cheered – duckworth ditto
“I come in Peace but I mean Biz!”
“Can't believe we're still protesting
this shit” “If at first they don't believe
LIE, LIE AGAIN!” “make america
kind again” “make america america
again” “women: the wall GOP will
pay for” “humpster trumpster sat on
a wall” “this pussy grabs back” “grab
'em by the ballot! ” “STAY WOKE!”
“march like a girl!” and, “super-
callous-fascist-rascist-sexist-
BRAGGA-DOCIOUS!”

Thursday, February 1, 2018

the new normal

we hedge allegiance
to the divided states
of america and to
the assault weapons
we can legally buy
shunned nation under tweet
with burials, counselors,
prayers, tears; meanwhile
we gotta get rid of those
lazy lying licentious dreamers
and anti up billions for a wall

Thursday, February 8, 2018

drama poem # 3

on a computer word game I play
a teacher her moniker trifioso
(her daughter tertiare) told in
the chat space that in a college
lit class they'd had to write their
own greek tragedy their queen:
hepatitis; – king: diabetes; the
princesses: chlamydia, rosacea;
messenger: herpes – he could
move really fast – there were
twin princes both named xerox
the second not quite as bright

Thursday, February 15, 2018

family story # 29

my sister pat told me of a bass player
in their orchestra bound for a concert
grabbed coffee at a drive-in spilled it
scalded his hand in agony he rushed to
a drug store gasped out “Preparation
H!” – which he’d heard soothes burns
as well -- slapped money on the counter
do you want me to wrap it for you sir?
no! cried douglas struggling out of his
tuxedo coat I’ll put it on right here,
quick, quick, have you an old piece of
cloth I can use? the saleswoman was
too rooted in shock to make a reply

Thursday, February 22, 2018

poem number: any day

us united states
patriots
pride ourselves
on being
best
in everything
we are
undisputably
best
at shooting down
our kids

Thursday, March 1, 2018

change-of-heart poem

I've become a prexy rooter –
he'd jump inside and
SHOOT THE SHOOTER!!!

Thursday, March 8, 2018

dredging family files #6

found letter from my sister pat, 1994:
kristen, five, asked her brother now
seven: what does it feel like to be a boy?
sean reflected a few moments then replied:
sweaty. from the same letter, a different
grandchild waits to hear a bedtime tale –
the father flips over the credits pages to
get to the text. david says loudly “now
JUST A MINUTE! WHO is the author and
WHO is the illustrator?” in another year he’ll
demand publisher and library of congress
number I predict these kids will go far

Thursday, March 15, 2018

happy event poem #1

my friends have had their little ones
since babes but it's taken till now
– 6 years – for the “wrinkles” of
adoption to be worked out they
were all in court last week papers
signed hands shaken photos taken
afterwards the parents took the pair
to a special place for lunch a rare treat
the ISM – the playground – board games
gave each twenty bucks to blow on
toys or whatever their hearts desired
Hollie beams. “Oh!” cries Cadie ecstatic
“This is the best adoption day ever!”



Thursday, March 22, 2018

l'envoi poem # 7

some of you may remember. I do.
we were hiding in a locked room at
sangamon state while a killer roamed
the halls of the public affairs building
he had already just killed a young man
who'd repeatedly told his friends
family the police he feared for his life
stalked by a man threatening to kill
him the law said there was nothing
they could do since the threatener
hadn't yet done anything well he did
something he killed mark – an ecologist
getting his masters he was on a peace
committee also rape info committee
they changed the law on account of
that murder the new stalking law
bears his name we are killing our
young now not one at a time but
dozens and what lawmakers are
changing any laws to protect them
I am standing with the young who
took 17 minutes from school to urge
action I'm standing with the tens of
thousands at the washington weekend
and in large groups and small all over
this country yes here in springfield too
telling us adults telling lax lawmakers
enough is enough enough enough

Thursday, March 29, 2018

easter hunts poem #1

authentic thrills do not come often
nor are they oft forgot: one from my
early years, the easter bunny hid
tiny candy bunnies all over the house
we four kids searched with squeals
of delight at each discovery I peeked
behind the door of my room and here
lay a whole cardboard box with some
thirty of the precious prey scattered
on the bottom – apparently the bunny
dad had given up on hiding and I was
the gasping recipient a friend told me
they had egg hunts in the yard for
their kids with also a hunt by the
family dog for doggie treats left by
the easter beagle they gave this up
though after finding their youngest
beating out the rightful recipient and
gobbling the canine sweets by fistfuls

Thursday, April 5, 2018

aging poem #7

we moved my dad with a hip
mending to a facility in a nearby
village old friends employees in
various stages of degeneration
an active aviary he hated it refused
food snarled at the staff turned
his wheelchair on the finches we
brought him home a granddaughter
moved in he sat in his easy chair cat
snoozed around his neck raccoon
rumpled his hair he cursed the ailing
TV but mainly gazed out the picture
window over the fields to the distant
busy traffic on I-90 wondered where
everyone was always going that's
a question for any of us to ponder

Thursday, April 12, 2018

old age poem #4? . . .

well, whichever . . .

getting old
is a steep
learning curve
I'm used to telling
everyone else
what to do
now everyone else
is telling
me
what to do

Thursday, April 19, 2018

earthday (doom) poem #95

for me the scariest latest news:
the verification of the prediction
fifteen years ago when warned
the world had some ten years to get
its ducks lined up to slow or stop
climate change instead we've been
shooting ducks except a few places
holland, florida mayors, atolls with
seas rising to people's knees what
was the prediction? climate change
will affect the great ocean currents
such as the gulf stream it keeps our
east coast warm also most of europe
well it's happening the warming sea
isn't only extincting species bacteria
whales plankton it's changing crops
lives livelihoods we think we have
refugees now? there'll be kazillions
more yes even us fighting for habitat
pumpkins continue to spill trump guts
the epa science is spit on and steven
hawking said we'd better find another
planet since we are destroying our own

Thursday, April 26, 2018

n fifth st poem #48

two boys maybe eight or nine
walking past on the sidewalk
before my door both white
if that makes any difference
one familiarly twirling a large
real-looking silver pistol

that kid is already a gun nut
but doesn't know it

Thursday, May 3, 2018

thoughts and prayers poem #1

the topic this week was thoughts and
prayers our gun-toting (civil war musket)
pastor did not let us down he gave stats
on shots-per-second of assault weapons
plus so much more it was pure gun control
he included lincoln's letter to the mother
who'd lost five sons he gave the obamas'
words to parkland students: "not only have
you supported and comforted each other
but you've helped awaken the conscience
of the nation, challenged decision-makers
to make the safety of our children the
country's top priority" I cannot here quote
the electrifying twenty minutes only say
that to me it is the zenith of martin's words
so far in my years of attendance strengthened
my resolve to do as well as pray: for thoughts
are empty without the action so desperately
needed and so far not seen amen and amen

Thursday, May 10, 2018

mothers day poem #7

(in a letter from my father, 1960)

“Your mother is in Chicago working on her American Music project. Some day I’ll have to harness her ability and energy to some enterprise in which the pay is in line with the genius brought to the task. I could retire! The current joke around here is that I have taken care of Mommy for Mothers Day in fine shape. I took her into the stationers and let her read the cards.”

Thursday, May 17, 2018

poem on chaplain firing #1

*(after the speaker of the house fired the chaplain of many years but
then reinstated him after not only house but national outcry)*

never under-es-tu-mit
the power of a je-su-it

Thursday, May 24, 2018

freedom poem #3

I don't know if she's over the moon
yet but the helium-bloated bovine
balloon with "Holy Cow! Another
Birthday!" blazoned on her flank
(a recent gift) slipped her halter as
we were handing her to a downblock
kid to have the thrill of holding her
we watched bossy ruefully as, lodged
far up in a maple tree, she worked her
way through the topmost leaves and
free at last soared up up into the wild
blue yonder she'll descend eventually
maybe into a field where kine confined
to nearby cafos will not be able to spot
her nor envy her adventurous journey

Thursday, May 31, 2018

archives poem #1

now that I'm archiving records
from the farm I grew up on – UW
wants them – I'm going over stuff
used (or not) in my work now mostly
forgotten I just called my sister to
report her birth was recalled in a
yellowed clipping: "Merton Miller,
county speed cop, has new motorcycle
. . . a daughter Joan is born to Mr and
Mrs Ronald Dougan . . . Katterhenry
grade Guernsey 'Beauty' again heads
best group with 109.6 lbs butterfat in
2740 lbs milk . . ." I thought Jo should
see herself sandwiched between cattle
and cycle – no top billing no butterfat
detail on product received from Mrs D
no report on speed of delivery

Thursday, June 7, 2018

confidential poem #1

*Unsolicited poem by Mitch Hopper
J. Jackson's buddy and tech-expert
whose words have appeared in this
space before, credited or uncredited*

A secret with Jackie is weak.
A small part of her mind it does tweak.
It's between us that she'll claim,
just to ease up your brain.
But it'll end up in IT for next week.

But fear not: your words are secure,
No matter obscene or obscure.
For the poems are long
with all grammar withdrawn.
So no one can read them for sure.

Thursday, June 14, 2018

archival data discovered #7

poking through a file on insecticides
after ww2 we all embraced DDT
till silent spring let us know the sheer
horror I think it was banned (is it
still sold to third world countries?) no
more mention in our records archer
daniels midland was a small company
operating out of minnesota in the 30's
monsanto wasn't much yet either a
letter from my father to an entomology
prof at UW '57 (J. W. Apple): "We felt
we had the answer in Delson A & D. But
half the can is covered with directions
warning the buyer against getting it on
himself and what to do if it does. It's
enough to scare the bejesus out of me
and when my wife studied a sample can
I brought in the kitchen she took a pair
of tongs and dropped it out of doors."
(a 1957 sales manager for ISOAX is J.
Yapp a story in itself I won't tell here)
at present 2018 everybody still has the
eternal roundup though that is finally
causing alarm its makers fattened on it
now promote di-camba a far more deadly
poison rachel carson where are you now

Thursday, June 21, 2018

archival poem #9

annette who is helping me
archive (for the university
of wisconsin due this very
day to arrive with a truck
to collect 52 boxes of primary
material from my farm saga
plus a 60 lb cow-drinking-cup
a stanchion & ceramic salt dish)
said last week: “I wish we’d get
into something more boring.”
she was serious, meaning we
could then sort faster, but I
suspect I’ve made a convert –
I was telling her a weed
yellow dock has a wavy edge
but shouldn’t affect alfalfa

Thursday, June 28, 2018

border babies poem #1 for June 28

I'm sure almost all of us are
heartsick heartsick heartsick at
the inhumane cruelty to children
families the ugliness our gutless
land has become our sewer ethics
fear for our grandkids great-grands
folks, I pose us this basic question
climate change is upon us we're
living in a new geologic epoch of
our own making clever sapiens is
wrecking our only home no species
has managed to do this till now
so when our midwest turns into
another dustbowl when crops grow
only farther and farther north (though
ice and permafrost is melting at both
poles) when worldwide coasts will be
under seawater when the gulf stream
stands still the whole mass of humans
will be on the move ourselves included
where can we go to eke out a life
who will save our babes not the few
gated enclaves heavily stocked with
bread and bullets they'll last a bit longer
plus cockroaches pigeons our world
will revert to a new evolution sans us
ponder china's great wall, hadrian's –
our earth already ozymandias-littered

Thursday, July 5, 2018

S O S poem

this is a blatant call for help to those
who had classes with me or traveled
overseas on those quirky hostel jaunts
a fine local writer is assigned to write
about me yes I know corrine frisch
did that splendidly in this paper when
vol 4 came out but the slant of this new
article (in another journal) seems to be
how I might have “made a difference”
to students or community, and how
can I know that? we did have fun; ate
in the theme of the evening (coconuts)
I dialogued in your margins (no red
pencil) taught (if we call it that) from
the floor and for watership down in
the dark under tables eating carrots we
met all over town roamed junk yards
got thrown out of the bank shot a spud
across lake spfld with a potato gun and
in UK actually climbed watership with
richard adams had a whole morning
with colin dexter met the yorkshire
ripper’s nemesis so if you have a bit
to share I quote daughter demi age 6:
I beg you I implore you I WHEEL
you!” to do so – gratefully yours JJ

Thursday, July 12, 2018

archival find poem # 7

a letter from my dad, circa 1980: he reports my sister, “that superstitious wench,” wrote him if he didn’t drink for a week something nice would happen he didn’t drink for a week and the double martini he treated himself to at the end of that period “was the nicest thing that happened to me all week.” he does add further surveyance of the letter indicates the nice thing was supposed to happen to my sister, he hadn’t noticed that before now I’m hoping to find follow-up word that a nice thing befell HER . . . or didn’t

Thursday, July 19, 2018

already old news: screwy poem

whole world's eyes have been
riveted on saving a dozen trapped
boys international sighs of relief
(though some may have lung fungus:
they're isolated on a special ward)
how fickle is news it focuses on
current crises: here in US thousands
toddlers to teens still unrescued torn
from parents our govt not knowing
where many are – herded into what
hasty hideouts – who is risking life for
these? – doctors predict lifelong trauma
even if we do get babes reunited (already
forgetting mama – this happened with
one of mine, story maybe later) yes caring
drs – senators – some caring public –
are working on this but it's ho-hum
news so what's today's? well our balloon
buffoon-in-chief pissing off allies while
snuggling up to murdering despots no
realization his last touted diplomacy is
down the drain who knows what news
will be vogue when this becomes printed
not scores of unreported kids unless
another 1-year-old is called to court
that may cause a ripple of interest

Thursday, July 26, 2018

personal poem #15

our folks bought us the world book
an impressive row of blue volumes
alphabetized holding all the wisdom
of the world we had other books (we
were a bookish family) but this classy
compendium intrigued us my sister
and I decided we'd read them straight
through we were maybe eight and
ten I soon realized the enormity the
impossibility of the task – gave it up
thence using the set as encyclopedias
should be used but I've never forgot
the beginning entries so useful for
crosswords scrabble trivia bouts:
aardvark and aardwolf

Thursday, August 2, 2018

lake poem 2018 #1

we're back to this spot where we've come
for so many years usual plumbing probs
natch plus mice chippy squirrel detritus
still the lake is clear cool I've heard a
bullfrog, owls – and the loons! last night
it sounded like a whole well-oiled party
none could stop laffin laffin laffin no
other sound is anything at all like it

Thursday, August 9, 2018

vermontpoem 2018 #2

due to the hill behind, the sun doesn't
strike our neighbors' dock till noon
they sit in their deck chairs and
every hour as the sun advances
they move back a plank when they get
to the last plank before the shore
they know it's time to make supper

Thursday, August 16, 2018

vermont poem 2018 #3

the august 5 2018 NYTimes Magazine
is devoted in its entirety to the species
homo sapiens killing itself off (along with
a lot of other species) I think in the near
future – I haven't had the guts to read it
yet I know about coral reefs, greenland,
violent weather, etc etc and that we were
warned over twenty years ago that we had
ten years for significant action but if anyone
still doubts climate change they should be in
vermont this summer where temps have
reached unprecedented highs – 100 degrees
then plunging to low forties some nights
you need to bring out your longies to sleep
on the open porch – what will it be tomorrow?
the hawk owl we spotted the other day must
be really confused she is far out of her range

Thursday, August 23, 2018

fascinating stuff poem #31

in my archiving I'm now to cow
diseases I'm sure you want to hear
about the trouble a heel fly can cause
it burrows in works its way through
the bovine body comes out on the cow's
back as a grub if it dies inside it causes
toxic effects can damage heart liver etc
if it gets into spine it eats tissue might
cause paralysis the farmer never knows
the reason maybe also called bot fly
now aren't you glad you learned all
this? buy my books for lots more info!

Thursday, August 30, 2018

archiving poem #4

not all my archiving for U of Wis
is letters ledgers documents photos
some is hardware a cow drinking cup
a salt cup I emailed my kids I can't find
the stanchion I'm sure I had a stanchion
a message came back: the last I saw it
it was behind coats in the downstairs
closet – sure enough there it was well
out of sight next I emailed I can't find
the surcingle I'm sure I had a surcingle
the kids replied what's a surcingle? I
explained it's that long strap that goes
over the cow's back it holds the milking
machine underneath nobody had seen a
surcingle I finally found it in the unused
closet where we keep the dressup clothes
it was hanging with belts and sashes so
recently I sent off 60 bankers boxes of
documents etc plus a cow drinking cup
salt cup stanchion surcingle a milkman's
uniform and a sharp tool for husking corn

Thursday, September 6, 2018

Archival find: An early essay of mine

My Pet

I have a pet pig. I named him Jacky after myself. He was born on our farm and is quite a big pig now.

My pig was very clever when he was a baby but now all he does is lie in the mud and eat.

One day I came to the pig pen. Jacky was going with the other pigs to another pen. I picked Jacky up by his tail. You should have heard him squeal! He is smart too. He found out a way to get the most corn. Jacky is very greedy. He can also run quickly and can dodge very well. I think my pig very nice. But I'm sad because he soon will be butchered.

Jacqueline Dougan

Box 87 Beloit, Wis. Age 8

I probably bottle-fed that runt pig – and probably signed the essay for a Ranger Mac School of the Air contest but it never got sent. You can see I was a practical farm kid.

Thursday, September 13, 2018

funeral poem #1

like most of the nation – even much
of the world – I was glued to the tube
watching (rather, participating in)
the final message mccain orchestrated
for our country's survival: cooperation
compromise respect putting democracy
above self why can we not learn this
lesson so basic to our lives? thank you
john for your words your example
and using your death as our final gift

Thursday, September 20, 2018

archival find #11: kid shenanigans

from the back of a comic book my brother ordered a fake dog-poo my grama had an ill-tempered rat terrier bounce none of us kids liked bounce though he did his job well craig put the item on a couch in the big house (we lived in the little house) grama spotted it picked it up with a newspaper threw it out she smacked bounce with the broom threw him out too it was all most satisfactory my brother studied the comic book again ordered a whoopee cushion since a lot of farm hands eat at the big house



Bounce disturbs: Jackie, Craig, Patsy, Joan

Thursday, September 27, 2018

kid shenanigans #2

there's a lotta ugly things to write about
but let's stick with maybe funny: us sibs
on the farm made our own amusement
here's grama's rat terrier again we'd yell
"sic 'm, bounce!" – outside he'd race in
circles seeking the rat finally in frenzied
frustration he'd rush up a certain tree tear
at its bark again and again inside the big
house we'd whisper "sic 'm, bounce!"
he'd run round and round the dining room
table as we urged him on when he was at
the height of frenzy we'd fling open the
cellar door he'd rush down throw himself
on a certain wooden post ripping splinters
from as high as he could jump (grama
would bellow, "stop teasing that dog!")
when my own kids were small I led them
on a pilgrimage to the big house cellar
pointed out the very post bounce had
ravaged I'm sorry to say they weren't
impressed but then they hadn't been
alive then stirring up their own mayhem



Bounce disrupts: Jackie, Joan, Craig, Patsy

Thursday, October 4, 2018

nuptials poem #3

we went to an eco-wedding in a
barn the bride a vision in white
the groom in jeans the scripture
included dr seuss later plates were
of pressed palm leaves sort of like
heavy paper the cutlery was wooden
knives forks all guests had a mason
jar with a place to mark your name so's
to use it all evening then it would be
returned there was not a single plastic
water bottle to end up floating into an
ocean somewhere sometime the event
was inspiring – vows venue environment

Thursday, October 11, 2018

archival find: college paper 1948

I cannot speak yet on what is keeping me awake so will relate a discovery: in a college poetry class the professor assigned five topics: we were to write a single sentence on each he did not comment on what I felt my best line: "The hot dry sand between my scuffling toes dehydrates the skin and pulls it prickly tight" but he liked this one: "The dead grass bunched limp around the fence posts and straggled along beneath the barbed wire, sewing up the snow with dull brown stitches." he also liked the simplicity of my line containing only nine words the topic was "falling in love" my line read: "I ached to touch him but I was afraid." maybe next week I'll face implications of this week's political travesty—or not

Thursday, October 18, 2018

nada poem #17

the good thing about
falling asleep
with all your clothes on
is that when you wake up
the next morning
you are all set to go

Thursday, October 25, 2018

archival find poem #27

just found the actual 1994 letter from
my cousin dorothy telling me about our
iowa family I'd already heard about my
grampa's oldest sister della she'd run
away at 16 with a circus or carnival her
father found her after a week dragged
her home from the horses she'd been
riding bareback in the show she promptly
wedded a rich old man he died she inherited
his moola she soon married another well
heeled old man, also inherited – she was
once the richest woman in iowa she settled
down then with my cousin's father had
four kids two of whom I knew well and
loved: polly and dorothy both now dead
dorothy last year at 99 but aunt della is
not what that letter is about keep posted

Thursday, November 1, 2018

rivertrip poem #1

wandering the marina's length at
grafton before a cruise on the
mississippi river, I began to jot
the names of boats their rear ends
snubbed up against the dock got
to wondering why owners name their
craft as they do there were the usual
Suzy Q's but Low Bid? Oh Yeah?
Zitz? Outnumbered? At the very end
a houseboat a bearded man watching
I ask what's your boat's name his
reply "Knot Kiddn" we strike up a
conversation he shows me over his
home queensize beds living room kitchen
pix of eleven grandkids I bet they love it
here no they hate it – on the farm I sold
they rode horses ran wild here they have
to behave I noted his waist-length beard
"I didn't shave a few days my wife said
she'd never seen anything uglier I said wait
a bit I never shaved again" I said you're a
musician he nodded fetched a bedpan guitar
yes a real bedpan I was treated to a concert
with song my crew was cross they were ready
to get moving but I'd had an adventure made a
friend found the owner of "Outnumbered" had
wife, five daughters PS we never saw the Piasa
bird but saw Lady of the River shrine gleaming
white in the waves and marked with graffiti

Thursday, November 8, 2018

archival find #18

this paper goes to print weds a.m. it
hits newsstands thurs my bit is due at
latest mon p.m. so as of this scrawl I
don't know whether my tues night yowl
will be joy or dismay I pray you voted
meanwhile here's news of a childhood
club: I've unearthed its handwrit charter
we were country kids didn't have a gang
of others to play with had to make our own
fun our playhouse became many things
for awhile a clubhouse for the RLJV club
(the initials of our middle names) our code
a simple substitution one: symbols for ABCs
meetings were tues thurs & sat a black purse
held our treasury (no mention of dues) the
members were us: our usual names plus dog
the club's suggested activities: circus, hikes,
jobs, put on plays, find wild animals (also bugs),
sell stuff at a roadside stand, draw, read aloud,
sing songs, tell stories, have treats, play games
our pet goat was mascot our pledge: "I here by
pledge to do my duty forever and forever to this
club, our country, and to our homes in which we
live." I don't recall president secretary probably
my oldest sister reigned did we ever have minutes
actual meetings? the listed activities were ones we
did anyway – our motto was: THINK HARD

Thursday, November 15, 2018

punditty poem

(I don't feel soto ab't gov't, I'm warren you!)

I wore blue butos for my all-hallows
garb also a blue sharise, kotek and
cordes I was a blue wave am still (I
sherrod with you) since even the
sinema is taking for evers to kaul
AZ outcome and will orange be the
new blue? (knock on underwood!)
well I casten my vote – sims to me (if
you axne) that some myths are tlaib
to rest do I lamont, baldwin, that not
all betos paid off but by gillum see 'em
soon on the hill with a full nelson expect
before londrigan betsy there too I'm
glad for the schiff in power I do give a
whitmer – I haaland you all – now for
a cup of coffey, tost and abrams

Thursday, November 22, 2018

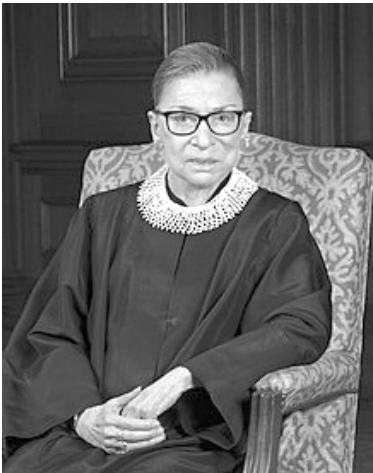
personal eco-thanksgiving poem

time to count blessings! I'm grateful to
attain (so far) a ripe old age p'raps here's
some credit: being a depression then ww2
farm kid I ate no processed food frozen
food; plastic wrap not yet invented our
milk was whole raw from grassfed cows
no growth hormones antibiotics in meat
fruits veggies only in season strawberries
a treat ditto raspberries cherries tiny peas
beetgreens green onions grama did make
jams jellies canned everything cannable
winters we ate from the pungent root cellar
apples potatoes squash turnips parsnips
I'd go down, take heady breaths nothing
gmo we got salt cod in a wooden box from
the fish market fresh oysters flown in for
christmas – after the war we welcomed all
innovations (how could we know?) now I'm
glad my body wasn't subjected to junk food
mega-sugar, polluting packaging I do rue
however that the gr-grandpa of all snack
food (except popcorn, potato chips) was
invented in our barn I was three ate what
spilled from the machine (sans cheese) our
herdsman marketed these as korn kurls
p.s. we can turn time back somewhat raise
hens for eggs, meat, avoid the superstores'
non-food make gardens of vacant lots, why a
manicured lawn? yes, croquet, but let's get
digits into dirt start beehives plant monarchs'
milkweed, carry string bags to the checkout!

Thursday, November 29, 2018

political garb poem #7

let's give a cheer for ruth b g!
what's a rib, e'en two or three?
you're our hero, lotsa spunk.
you're our super star slam dunk.
we'll wave our pink cap, raise a holler!
don our lacy ginsberg collar!



Thursday, December 6, 2018

tis the season poem #6

advent and hanukkah are now here
a story: a student lived at my house
a while back I found him rummaging in
the attic among his stuff stored there
what are you looking for? my menorah
I told my mom I'd use it I can't find it
we both searched gave up returned
to the kitchen I found a long fat sweet
potato in the bin will this do? with his
swiss army knife andy bored a row of
nine holes inserted nine candles – for
the next three years we celebrated
hanukkah with sweet potato menorahs
later when andy married my wedding
present was a ceramic yam menorah
fashioned for me by a local potter I
trust it's in use right now in sunny new
zealand where andy teaches – I'll ask



Thursday, December 13, 2018

Friend's poem: Little Treasures

A quiet morning. Just the sound of the fan
and the ticking of the clock. Both comfort.
You ask of childhood treasures. I think back,
I see a walking doll. A dictionary. A partial set
of encyclopedias. Paper and pencils. Discarded
paper sacks to draw on. Imagined houses
in a friendly neighborhood.

A jar of flashing lightning bugs. That's all
I remember. Except jacks and a ball. I'd sit
hours on the sidewalk and play jacks. I was good.
Old Montgomery Ward catalogues fascinated me.
I'd cut out furniture and people and pretend
they were my home and family and friends.

And then the J.C. Penney violin I continued to
play a year after being taken from my teacher.
But little treasures? Trinkets? I don't recall any.
I never had a room of my own. I did finally
have a bed of my own when I was 12 or 13.
And a big donated teddy bear I'd put on the edge
of the breezeway bed to keep me safe as I slept.

I traveled light in those days.

*This poem is by Patricia Ann Hartsfield Martin,
from/ her forthcoming book of essays and poems.*

Thursday, December 20, 2018

TO THOSE WHO LIE IN BELLEAU WOOD

This poem by my mother, then Vera Wardner, was read at a memorial service held at Bois de Belleau, Aisne, France, December 25, 1923. My father was also there with thirty boy scouts, orphaned, who'd hiked 20 miles from Chateau Thierry, where my future parents were working. Both American and French generals were present. (My mother's brother died from gassing in WWI.)

We cannot make more glorious your gift
By futile words or tricks of clever pen;
To recompense so great a sacrifice
As yours, lies not within the power of men.
The strength and youth that you have here laid down
Has stilled war's clamor, stopped its battle-blood;
These skies and hills once more with peace are crowned
And grasses grow again in Belleau Wood.

We can but say that we do not forget;
Can but repeat, "You have not died in vain"
Ideals for which you strove are with us yet,
A flaming lamp to guide our feet again.
And though the days have lengthened into years
Since tumult ceased and victory was ours,
The Homeland thinks of you this Christmas Day,
And makes its offering of tear-dewed flowers.

With reverence and tenderness we bring
These laurels: Known or Unknown, do not sorrow;
Sleep on, beneath these flags, and dream again.
Of world-wide peace: may this be true tomorrow.

Thursday, December 27, 2018

archival poem #28

that actual letter I found from my iowa cousin dorothy said this: “You probably don't remember but every summer my grandmother Della drove to Beloit for a visit with your grandfather and her sisters Ida and Lillian. When she could no longer drive that far I drove her; I was in my teens. I adored Uncle Wesson and had many lengthy conversations with him. (I had to write my part of it of course because of his deafness.) He was a very wise man. One time he asked me if I knew what an educated man was. I said, ‘No, I don’t.’ He then said, ‘An educated man is one who has taught his mind to think, his hand to act, and his heart to feel.’ I’ve never forgotten those words.”

Also by Jacqueline Jackson:

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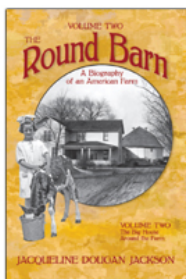
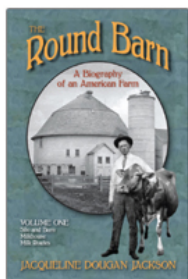


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some words about

The Round Barn



“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

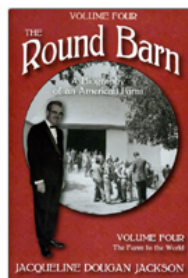
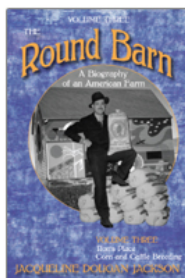
fifties, is heard to remark, ‘Well, I can tell the Dougan cows are enjoying spring pasture!’ I’m wondering about why and how the farm ended: guess that happens in Volume 4. Writing about this book makes me want to go slather a piece of zucchini bread with butter.” - Goodreads, 2014

And now Volume 4 of The Round Barn is available as Jackie Dougan Jackson completes her almost unbelievable effort in creating what I believe is the most complete history of Wisconsin agriculture ever recorded. It tells of the farm's effect on the state, nation, and world.

- John Oncken, Wisconsin State Farmer

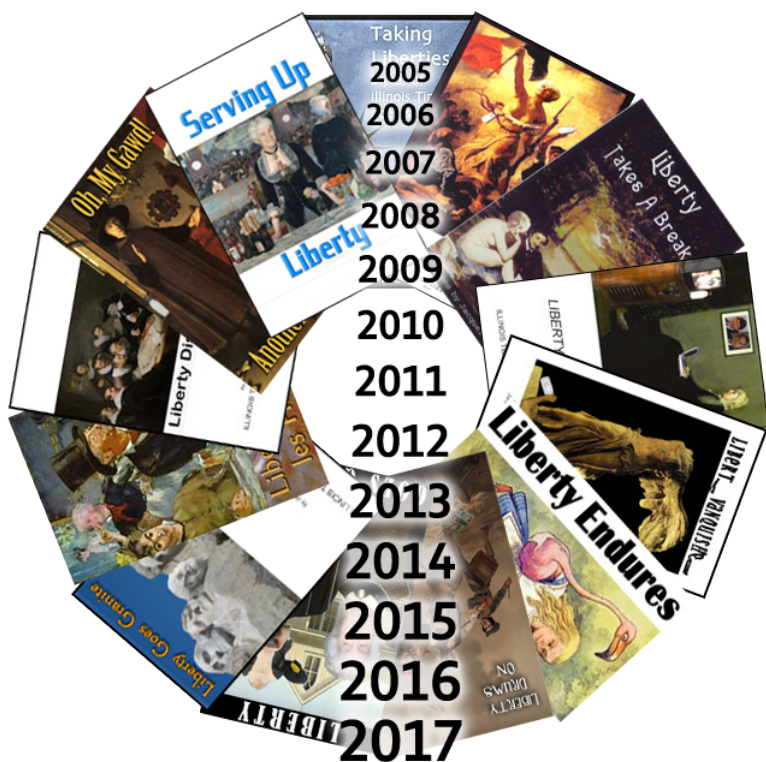
“Perhaps the fullest, most concrete history of the heyday of the American family dairy farm. It is a Tocqueville of the barn and pasture and big house, the milk route, the cornfield, and the making of an honorable living and a beautiful life. The Round Barn is a unique, unprecedented, and incomparable work, a definitive American work,

a work of incalculable value to our history, our sense of ourselves as Americans, and perhaps our future.” - Reginald Gibbons, Northwestern University: Frances Hooper Professor of Arts and Humanities



"Jackie Jackson continues to keep open the Round Barn doors at the Dougan family farm to tell us an American story. She gives us a rich history of farm life at the mercy of the forces of science and the market but grounded in rock-solid Wisconsin values. In our world of '140 characters' Jackie adds depth and texture with the remembered word, the treasured memory, and the wonderful characters she met on her life's journey." - Dick Durbin, U.S. Senator-Illinois

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