



Journal of Ordinary Thought **Time Goes On** **Fall 2009**

JOT writers from Albany Park, Bezazian, King, and Mabel Manning Branch Libraries; Southwest Youth Collaborative; and St. Leonard's House.

Photography by Andrew Starr

This issue of *JOT* is dedicated to **Charlie Clements**. Charlie was a member of the Mabel Manning Branch Library writing workshop from 2000 until his death in October, 2009.

THE NIGHT BLUE OF THE UNIVERSE **Walter Lee**

I am the night blue of the universe
Always by your side.

I am the agile and flexible
Roar of the lion.
I shake my jungle with
Cat senses.

I am the hard and quiet,
Peaceful rain of day or night.

I am the insightful rose fragrance,
Tall with thorns.

I observe the ease of getting along
With my nice, witty intelligence.

THE WEED BESIDE THE ROSE **Willie Williams**

I am blue invisibility.

I am the hippo-sized power of a pit-bull.

I am the cold thunder in a winter snowstorm.

I am the weed beside the rose.

I am the impossibility of health.

THE ONLY CHOICE LEFT *an excerpt from* **Journal of a Street Addict** **Charlie Clements**

People pass you in hordes and pretend you don't exist, nor do they exist for you. All you can do to ease the pain is shoot more dope, do more speed, drink more liquor, or all the above, together. If people give any thought to you at any time, it is usually dismissing. And this you try not to ruminate in your wanderings further/no further/up and down the dismal austerity of endless dark alleys you must pass through, preferably unseen, on your eternal path to nowhere.

MEDITATIONS ON OIL AND WATER

Donna Pecore

they flop on the beach
black yuck sand sticks
black yuck everywhere
a dog enters the dark ocean
he retreats shaking globs
of black yuck everywhere
the birds and fish choke
they flop on the beach
there are not enough not
enough volunteers to save
they flop on the beach

I have one of those bottles; those salad dressing
bottles
where you mix vinegar and oil and water and
spices and
you watch how the oil separates and coats the
herbs and
spices and they become one as you shake the
bottle with the plastic lid.

We are like oil and water
We don't get along
We separate
You coagulate
I regurgitate

A deluge
Things heat up
You thin out
Spreading out all over
Suffocating
I evaporate into thin air
We are all over

there is not enough
when are we going to hear what the scientists are
saying?
there is not enough
we are pumping the life blood of our planet
she is going to be hollow
the ground is going to collapse under our feet
are we not going to be satisfied until there is no
more
our gluttonous appetites never appeased
our future never considered

She walks miles to bring home water
Students from America dig wells and save lives
She comes here from Iraq and sees the storm, a
sign of good luck
She comes from a dry land and watches people
converse
Small talk, simple stuff in a place where the toilet
flushes, the grass is green