

JOURNAL OF ORDINARY THOUGHT

In Plain View

Spring 2003



IN PLAIN VIEW

Writing from the The Blue Gargoyle, Chicago Commons Employment Training Center, King and Mabel Manning Branch Libraries, Project Hope, and Woodson Regional Library.

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Photography by John Brooks.

IN PLAIN VIEW

By Almarie Johnson

They watch with hidden eyes
A stranger, cold hungry wondering
aimlessly down the city streets. His
mind is incarcerated inside epiphany
where people point and laugh to the
misery of his unwanted tears.
Drowning in endless rifts of pitiful
sorrows, the stranger come face to
face with his emotional scars. He
took a journey to the center of his
mind, where he became tormented

over his disappointing despairs.
That stranger just needed someone
to hold his hand and pull him out of
the condition of his own destruction.
Persistent poverty has robbed him of
his hopes and dreams. His spirits
have been broken, lost in history's
hidden eyes, where people point and
laugh at the misery of his unwanted
tears.
Cold and hungry, his only hope of
survival will come from the love of
his family, friends and the powers
from above. Then he will be lifted,
rising out of the darkness of unfor-
gettable pain, as they watch with
hidden eyes.

BLUES SONG

By Charlie Clements

I drank from her dream-blue eyes
as they gazed at the moon.
Said I drank from her dream-blue eyes
as they gazed at the moon.
Now she shines in the eyes of another,
enchanted by this new lover.
And he drinks from her eyes like wine.
Eyes like wine
in perfect tune.
I felt the flames of her rose-red hair
as they singed my soul.
Say I felt the flames of her rose-red hair
as they singed my soul.
Now her soul burns for this other
who lives in the stars above her
And my heart is a bottomless hole.

EN MI COCINA

By Gabriela de la Huerta

La cocina para mí es un lugar muy especial porque paso un buen tiempo, porque allí se prepara los alimentos diariamente. Me encuentro sola, es un día normal. Mis hijos están en la escuela. Mi esposo fue al trabajo. Estoy escuchando el ruido del refrigerador, es un ruido continuo que hay en la cocina. Disfruto del olor a mole que estoy cocinando para la comida del día de hoy, para disfrutar en familia. ¡UM UM qué rico! Pero, siento un frío inmenso que me duele el cuerpo, un frío por el cambio del tiempo y por la soledad que hay en mi casa. Me gusta disfrutar un chocolate caliente con canela, y un pan que trajo una amiga. Disfruto de mi cocina. Me levanto y veo por la ventana caer las hojas de los árboles y algunas personas caminando con prisa y yo me encuentro en mi cocina.

Bottomless hole.
I dream her shadow on
the walls of my mind.
Now I dream her shadow on
the walls of my mind.
Well, I whisper to her in the wind,
Say, would you please let me in?
But it's all a dream in the
passing show of time . . .
It's all a dream in the
passing show of time . . .
show of time . . .
show of time . . .
show of time . . .
show of time . . .

IN MY KITCHEN

By Gabriela de la Huerta

My kitchen is a very special place because I spend a good part of my day there, because every day I prepare the meals there. I am alone – it's a normal day. My children are in school. My husband has gone to work. I am listening to the sound of the refrigerator; it is a continuous noise in the kitchen. I enjoy the smell of the mole I am cooking for today's meal, which we will enjoy as a family. Yum, yum, how delicious! But I feel an immense chill that hurts my body, a cold that comes with the change of the weather and the solitude in my house. I like to enjoy a hot chocolate with cinnamon, with a piece of bread my friend brought me. I enjoy my kitchen. I get up and look through the window. I see leaves falling from the trees and people hurrying, and I find myself in my kitchen.