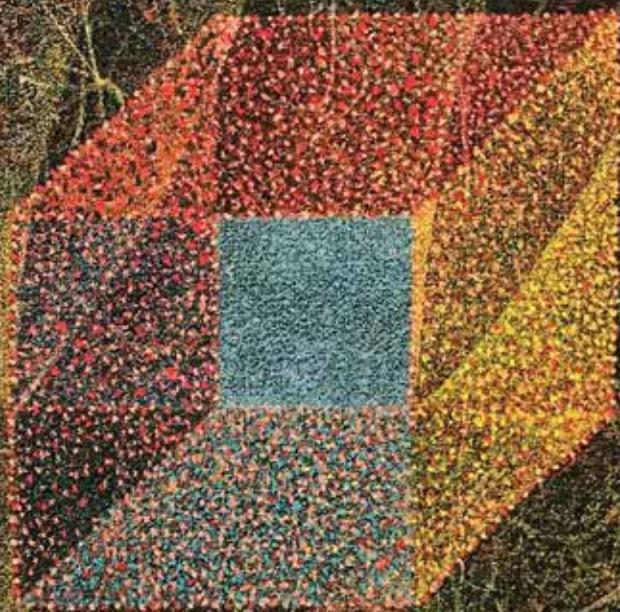


# MEAT FOR TEA

VOL 13 ISSUE 1  
THE VALLEY REVIEW

HAM



# Meat for Tea: The Valley Review

Meat for Tea: The Valley Review was founded by Elizabeth MacDuffie and Alexandra Wagman. We are a non-academic affiliated magazine committed to recognizing and featuring the work of the artists, writers, and musicians living in western Massachusetts and beyond.

## Staff:

Editor-in-Chief: Elizabeth MacDuffie

Layout: Mark Alan Miller

Intern: Cori Cannavino

Impresario: Elizabeth MacDuffie

## Cover Art:

“Birth of Moments” by Neal Parks

## Printing:

Paradise Copies, Northampton, MA

Typeface: Gill Sans, Libel Suit (Ray Larabie)

## Contributors:

Scott Alumbaugh, Hannah Ash, Elizabeth Atherton, Jennifer Vinegar Avery, Mike Bendzela, Stevie Billow, Seth Cable, Jacob Chapman, Ed Coletti, Irfan Gul Dahri, Elizabeth Wadsworth Ellis, Bobby Fischer, Tamara Fricke, Richard Wayne Horton, Hannah Jeremiah, Jury S. Judge, Jennifer Juneau, Linda Kraus, Sean Mahoney, Denny E. Marshall, Jason Mazzotta, Adam Miller, David P. Miller, Martina Newhook, Joe Nobody, Patrick O'Connor, Neal Parks, Ian Prichard, Jim Ross, Nina Rossi, Gerard Sarnat, Barbara Schneider, David Solheim, Summer Tate, Michael Washburn, Jennifer Weigel, Daniel Weinberg, Catherine Weiss, Gerald Yelle, Sarah Yun

## Special thanks:

Mark Alan Miller and Justin Pizzoferrato and Sonelab, Abandoned Building Brewery, Broadside Books, Big Red Frame, Topatoco, KW Home, Brits R Us, Corsello Butcheria, The Capitulators, The Deep State, Glamourama, and all of our sponsors. Our sponsors deserve great thanks - please visit them and let them you know you appreciate their support of the arts!

Advertising in Meat For Tea is inexpensive and easy. By advertising in Meat For Tea you are helping to keep print media alive! Visit [www.meatfortea.com](http://www.meatfortea.com) for more information.

To submit to Meat For Tea, please go to: [meatforteathevalleyreview.submittable.com/submit](http://meatforteathevalleyreview.submittable.com/submit).

Please send all other editorial correspondences to [meatfortea@gmail.com](mailto:meatfortea@gmail.com).

Vol. 13 Issue 1, March 2019, first printing. ISSN 2372-0999 (print) ISSN 2372-1200 (online)

All stories, column title and images copyright 2019 by meaty ltd. And the individuals contained herein. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, reprinted, or transmitted in any form without prior written permission from Meat for Tea: The Valley Review. Please address questions, comments, or concerns to [meatfortea@gmail.com](mailto:meatfortea@gmail.com).

For more information or to purchase current and back issues, PDFs and subscriptions, please visit [www.meatfortea.com](http://www.meatfortea.com).

- 4** Salutations from the Editor
- 5** No, You Didn't Miss My Reading  
*Jennifer Juneau*
- 6** In a Dream, Watching Days Pass  
*Michael Washburn*
- 7** Mimesis  
*Michael Washburn*
- 8** My First Dream  
*Michael Washburn*
- 10** Beast Boutique  
*Jennifer Vinegar Avery*
- 11** Perfect Stock Recipe  
*Summer Tate*
- 12** Dryocampa Rubicunda  
*Stevie Billow*
- 16** Beast Boutique  
*Jennifer Vinegar Avery*
- 17** Missed Connections  
*Seth Cable*
- 19** Arid Dreams  
*Irfan Gul Dahri*
- 20** Allergic  
*Patrick O'Connor*
- 31** Dreamer  
*Irfan Gul Dahri*
- 32** The Fulfillment  
*Elizabeth Atherton*
- 33** Zero Tolerance  
*David Solheim*
- 34** Civility  
*David Solheim*
- 35** Back in Bilson  
*Hannah Ash*
- 43** Vado Permanente  
*Barbara Schneider*
- 44** Cosmosmaragdina  
*Bobby Fischer*
- 46** Imagine This 1867  
*Sean Mahoney*
- 48** Chitlins  
*Linda Kraus*
- 50** Children  
*Seth Cable*
- 50** Throw  
*Sarah Yun*
- 51** Black Ice  
*Ian Prichard*
- 55** Meat Joy  
*Jennifer Weigel*
- 56** A Short Biography of Osmana  
*Richard Wayne Horton*
- 59** I Stubbed My Toe & Became a Poet  
*Tamara Fricke*
- 60** Hope & Lost is Just Another 4 Letter Word  
*Tamara Fricke*
- 61** This World Was Made For You & I  
*Adam Miller*
- 62** My Favorite Jokes Are All on Girls  
*Catherine Weiss*
- 63** It's Time to Change the Channel  
*Gerald Yelle*
- 64** Some Ways You May Not Play Fair  
*Gerald Yelle*
- 65** Here  
*Gerald Yelle*
- 66** Art  
*Elizabeth Wadsworth Ellis*
- 67** Neil Young: Canadian Born, Vagabond Heart  
*Jason Mazzotta*
- 68** Feet That Bleed  
*Jim Ross*
- 73** Awaiting an Uncertain Outcome  
*Jim Ross*
- 74** The Meaty Interview: Neal Parks
- 76** Tin Man  
*Neal Parks*
- 77** Elizabeth  
*Neal Parks*
- 78** Fecal Meditations  
*Garard Sarnat*
- 80** The Loney Hours Before Supper  
*Martina Newhook*
- 88** Pink Man  
*Nina Rossi*
- 89** Snap-on Angel  
*Nina Rossi*
- 90** Emotional Sediments  
*Hanna Jeremiaiah*
- 91** Poem Like the Poems They Used To Write  
*David P. Miller*
- 92** The President Reads the Tao Te Ching, Verse 20  
*David P. Miller*
- 93** My Final Lunch  
*Ed Coletti*
- 94** Change  
*Ed Coletti*
- 96** Honk for Anarchists  
*Daniel Weinberg*
- 97** "If You Talk About Destruction"  
*Michael Washburn*
- 106** Charlie Brown Dance  
*Denny E. Marshall*
- 114** Elan School General Meeting  
*Joe Nobody*
- 115** Gluttony: A Parable  
*Mike Bendzela*
- 116** Summer Work  
*Jacob Chapman*
- 117** Nation Building  
*Jacob Chapman*
- 118** Archangel  
*Jacob Chapman*
- 119** Trinity  
*Jury S. Judge*
- 120** Sailing Lessons  
*Scott Alumbaugh*
- 129** Contributors' Notes

## salutations from the editor

It began as a band. This was nearly fourteen years ago and I had just been asked out to “meat for tea” by some My Space rando. I never went on that date, but I loved the way these words looked together. Some friends wanted to start an electro/industrial band, and thanks to this guy, I had the perfect name. Sadly, one band member moved to Brooklyn, the other to Rhode Island, and here I was with this great name.

My second year as adjunct faculty in English at Holyoke Community College, I noticed a new colleague, newly moved to the area from Los Angeles. Alex Wagman and I became fast friends and before long, she looked up from the papers she was grading and suggested we start a literary zine. I suggested we call it Meat for Tea and it was decided. This was in November of 2005 and by February 2006 we released the first issue--”Gristle.”

My youngest child was the creator of the first of our interview questions, which we still use today. This Saturday, Meat for Tea will turn 13 and she will turn 26. Meat for Tea is no longer a zine, but a perfect-bound journal of over 120 pages each issue. We never would have been able to stay in print all these years without the faithful support of local businesses, for whom we are forever grateful. While we still miss Meaty Gonzales, we understand that we no longer need him, and at 13 can continue to stand on our own.

Looking forward to seeing you all at the Cirque.

4

Besos y Abrazos,  
Elizabeth

### Big Red Frame

Fine Custom Framing

Fine Art | Fine Ideas

43 Main St. | Old Town Hall | Easthampton, MA  
413-529-9265 | [www.BigRedFrame.com](http://www.BigRedFrame.com)

# no, you didn't miss my reading

Jennifer Juneau

No, baby, you didn't miss it. It's still on the 13th  
I was at another poet's reading  
I called because I thought you'd pop in  
So I can see your lovely face  
Squeeze your hand under the table  
Corner you for a kiss when no one was looking  
Pretend we didn't know each other, what a thrill  
Slip back to your place  
Have you in a moonlit room  
Shiver while you turn me into honey  
Tie your heart strings into double knots  
Stumble out of your bed at the crack of dawn  
Take forever to leave because, although I have to leave  
    I don't want to leave you  
Fumble with your door locks (they've never been easy)  
(Or maybe I was willing them to keep me locked in)  
Stop for a coffee around the corner from the subway  
Write all day on zero sleep and love it  
So no, baby, you didn't miss my reading  
I just missed you



# in a dream, watching days pass

Michael Washburn

I watched my days,

a week's worth, at least,

marching in a single file.

That is, the people I had been

on days past, moving in chains

toward the charnel house.

They looked alike, the seven or eight of them.

That one cut himself shaving,

that one wears a scowl

whose traces are on another's face.

We can't turn round, their looks said. We're spent.

Maybe there are prouder days to come.

They marched on and didn't turn their heads.

I'm sure there was something I could have said,

to give dignity to the march,

but there was only the sighing of a wind

amid the sound of tramping feet.



# mimesis

Michael Washburn

Cid Corman (1924-2004)

William Bronk (1918-1999)

We are highly practical people with cell phones and laptops, and Cid Corman lived outside of our common experience. There is no sensation, no sight or sound, in his poems that one can assume the reader shares, except to the degree that Corman successfully conveys it. And what exactly does he try to convey in *Sun Rock Man*? As the title indicates, his poetry is an attempt to describe an existence rooted in the interplay of elementary forces, not just taking place among them as in a Roethke poem, but *of* them, totally at one with spiritually with the great distances and the rising and setting sun and the far cypresses and all the other natural phenomena which are like expressions of a vision or a spiritual or emotional state. Corman is like the metaphysical poet William Bronk in some ways, notably his questioning of the meaning and relevance of pat distinctions.

Bronk may be what T.S. Eliot meant by “a dull head among windy spaces,” but in this case the wind and emptiness pass straight through into his consciousness, which can offer nothing as a shield. All mental reflexes fall away except for a sense of inadequacy, for as Bronk paradoxically asks in one poem, “What else but the mind / senses the final uselessness of the mind?”

Even in our seeming closeness, we are isolated. There is no “here.” Bronk might have been somebody respectable had he been able to forestall his creeping nausea. Suppose he had been a guitar player who’d discuss with you all the technical details of his vocation in a tone suggesting importance and relevance. Here’s something you can learn about and discuss and master. Mastering it, there is a fact you can lean on. But then there will come a sense, a mounting feeling, of despair. Put down your guitar and look out at the empty spaces and hear the wind. All activity is imitation, deception, artifice, contrivance, a papering over of unfathomable voids.



# my first dream

Michael Washburn

My first dream concerned an alligator,  
a grinning, malicious beast.  
In the dream I wandered in his lair,  
where he conducted a ghastly feast.

His home was a cave, an  
inferno, a hell;  
I remember a great fire, a  
loud wailing and a smell

of roasting flesh and ruin and  
death; huge heaps of bodies,  
charred and mangled, most without  
breath,

some moaning and crying,  
their tears running red;  
with the hard black earth  
for their great mass bed.

The alligator was intent  
on devouring someone's knees,  
gnawing and crunching  
with enormous glee;

then he turned his head,  
and looked over at me,  
the limb in his jaws still twitching,  
struggling to become free.

He spat out the leg, which quivered  
on the ground, and spoke, in a  
low, snarling sound:  
"What brings you to my royal

home, you wretched imp,  
you little runt?  
Ah! but I'm such an  
inhospitable host;

take this, and examine closely  
what you find within,  
or your young skin  
will straightaway roast.”

With that the scaly beast  
picked up a tin box  
and threw it in my direction;  
I caught it in my trembling hands, and it

came open, glinting in reflection  
of the fiery hell around it.  
Inside the box lay a writhing tongue,  
bloody and glistening with spit.

I tried to scream, but for some reason  
I could pronounce no sound.  
The alligator laughed and grinned, and moved towards me,  
and my terror was profound.

I pleaded and begged that I might live,  
that I would not be eaten; but when the  
alligator drooled and leaped, I  
knew that I was beaten.

I awoke then, frightened,  
covered with sweat,  
and bit my tongue,  
reeling from the horror that I had met.





10



top: pupa, poubelles et les bêtes:beast boutique: st. Alban, france  
bottom: pupa, poubelles et les bêtes:beast boutique: tokyo, japan  
Jennifer Vinegar Avery

# perfect stock recipe

Summer Tate

This here is an ancient recipe. Passed down from one rightful generation to the next. Just like Great Aunt Athaliah would fix it. Tip: It is a matter of Matter: upright and decent airtight ingredients should go into the Batter.

Prep time: May vary      Cook: 9months      Ready in:A generation or Two

Ingredients:

2 Wholesome and Agreeable Humans (1 Male and 1 Female respectfully)

A dollop a Pureblood

100 % Pedigree w/ Fair skin

Sprigs of Straight hair (preferably blonde)

A Bunch of Good Bones

Directions:

1. Combine Muscles that can win the Race, not diluted into disgrace with scraps from the dark ends of the world.
2. Place an ancestry of handsome bone structure, extract all that have broken-toothed smiles and tell stewed stories of survival.
3. Mix a Mouthful of “proper” language like British English, no dialects with fleshy jowls whipped with buttered drawl (remove any vocabulary like fatback and slow molasses).
4. Include a lifeline of well-born and sturdy minds, no weak linkages to ancestors with low intelligence, mental illness or gender bending.
5. Add a sprinkling of offspring, created by distant cousin coupling, to keep the family fortunes rich. (No backwood 1<sup>st</sup> cousin marriages.)
6. Quickly bring the breed of the superior race of humans to the forefront, reminding all that only the elite should procreate.
7. Let the robust eugenics permeate through Europe and America’s ideologies.
8. Sift out the undesirable genes and sow the seeds of the ultimate human beings.

Serve with a side of segregation and sterilization.



# dryocampa rubicunda

Stevie Billow

He should've known the moths weren't right.

Even as a boy, he should've known. They were too big, with butter-yellow bodies and wings striped pink. Ridiculous things flitting through the tobacco. On warm summer evenings, him and Eli and Abigail would hunt them. He was the oldest, so he got the net.

A cluster of red maples grew at the edge of the fields, tall and bright as hot air balloons. There, they would find the moths. Some years there'd be dozens and some years there'd be hundreds. Hundreds of moths with pipe-cleaner legs and cotton-ball heads floating between the trees. Eli climbed the trees to swat at flying ones. Abigail tiptoed around the trunks and cupped sleeping ones in her hands. He was the oldest and he had the net, but if he just waited long enough, he didn't have to catch them. They'd waft down onto his shoulders or his chest or his hair, and sometimes he'd touch them. His fingers trembling as he stroked their gentle bodies.

They were softer than anything.

He never could remember why they stopped hunting the moths or why they stopped going to the red maples altogether. They got older, he supposed. Eli and Abigail were followed by Joey and June and everybody got too busy for moths. For a while, he figured everyone had forgotten them—that they'd died from everywhere else but his memory. He couldn't forget them.

But the moths weren't right.

Somehow.

He should've known it.

They weren't right.

\*\*\*

Moths circled the porch lamp. He watched them, elbows on his knees and fingers interlaced. Every so often, one would stop its rotation and dive headlong for the glass and there'd be a faint *tink* against the bulb. Shadows would splatter across the floorboards. Then, the moth would falter, bob through the air, and start circling again.

He pulled at his shirt collar and peeled damp fabric away from his neck. The fields were still that night, thrumming with cicada songs and the intermittent yowl of foxes. There was something out there, running under the curls of the tobacco fronds. A rabbit, maybe. Or a neighbor's cat. Something a fox would get excited about.

He rocked on his heels and the chains of the porch swing whined.