

# MEAT FOR TEA

VOL 13 ISSUE 4  
THE VALLEY REVIEW

BARD



# 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  
Impresario: Elizabeth MacDuffie

## Cover Art:

Front: "Sister Cat" by Caitlin Hurd  
Back: "Spiro" by David Drew Longey

## Printing:

Paradise Copies, Northampton, MA  
Typeface: Gill Sans, Libel Suit (Ray Larabie)

## Contributors:

Joni Abilene, Lino Azevedo, Julie Benesh, Jacob Chapman, Seth Cable, Linh Dao, Paul Doty, Elizabeth Wadsworth Ellis, Gabriel Embeha, D. Dina Friedman, Helen Grochmal, Richard Wayne Horton, Caitlin Hurd, Jury S. Judge, Heidi Kasa, Lily Rose Kosmicki, Ann Levin, David Drew Longey, Denny E. Marshall, Jason Mazzotta, Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah, Gary Metras, James Miller, Jasmine Peck Opie, Thomas Osatchoff, Mick Ó Seasnáin, Jennifer G. Peper, Jim Ross, Thomas Rowland, Soren Sandstrom, Joosung Shin, Shelby Stephenson, Joshua Michael Stewart, Peter Urkowitz, Reed Venrick Venrick, Michael Washburn, Howard Winn, Gerald Yelle

## Special thanks:

Mark Alan Miller and Justin Pizzoferrato and Sonelab, Abandoned Building Brewery, Broadside Books, Big Red Frame, Topatoco, KW Home, Oh, My!, Attack Bear Press, Jim Whitten, Bruce MacDuffie, Delap Realty, Joslin Hall, Vaugh Agency, Corsello Butcheria, The Feldons, December Boy, and all of our sponsors. Our sponsors deserve great thanks - please visit them and let them know you appreciate their support of the arts!

The Meat For Teacast: [anchor.fm/meatfortecast](http://anchor.fm/meatfortecast) - and everywhere you get your favorite podcasts!

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 4, December 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** The Bastard Children of Dharma Bums #3,  
The Bastard Children of Dharma Bums #5  
*Joshua Michael Stewart*
- 6** The Bastard Children of Dharma Bums #6  
*Joshua Michael Stewart*
- 6** One Of Us  
*Jacob Chapman*
- 7** The Consulate  
*Jacob Chapman*
- 8** What am I Missing?  
*Jacob Chapman*
- 9** The Last Thanks  
*D. Dina Friedman*
- 10** 13 Ways of Looking  
*D. Dina Friedman*
- 12** Drill  
*Gerald Yelle*
- 13** Policy  
*Gerald Yelle*
- 14** Room  
*Gerald Yelle*
- 14** Play Fight  
*Gabriel Embeha*
- 16** Escape Plan  
*Richard Wayne Horton*
- 18** Exit, Laughing  
*Thomas Rowland*
- 22** The Countenance  
*Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensa*
- 23** Seamless Integration of the Puzzler  
*Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensa*
- 24** Section 9: Comparison to Previous Approaches  
*Seth Cable*
- 25** Pluto  
*Mick Ó Seasnáin*
- 26** The Pea and the Sun  
*Seth Cable*
- 33** Moments Explicable Only Through Color  
*Jury S. Judge*
- 34** The Library of Atlantis  
*Peter Urkowitz*
- 36** Zeno Tell's Arrow  
*Peter Urkowitz*
- 38** The Lost Stories  
*Gary Metras*
- 40** Snowman  
*Gary Metras*
- 41** "You Can Be My Cold Furnace"  
*Gary Metras*
- 42** Bush Fire  
*Michael Washburn*
- 50** The Mad You  
*Denny E. Marshall*
- 62** On Hold  
*Linh Dao*
- 63** Bitter Skin  
*Jennifer H. Peper*
- 65** William, You Say?  
*Helen Grochmal*
- 66** The Poetry of Marvin Gaye  
*Ann Levin*
- 68** Manual Revisions  
*Soren Sandstrom*
- 75** Close Cover Before Striking  
*Elizabeth Wadsworth Ellis*
- 76** Forgive Shakespeare  
*Paul Doty*
- 77** The Barn Next Door  
*Paul Doty*
- 78** It Is January  
*Howard Winn*
- 79** In Charge & Vanity  
*Howard Winn*
- 80** Infinite Doppelgangers  
*Julie Benesh*
- 87** Lobotomy Facebook  
*Lino Azevedo*
- 88** Dividing Up Paradise  
*Reed Venrick Venrick*
- 90** On The Train: A Nonfiction One Act Play  
*Jim Ross*
- 99** The Match  
*Joni Abilene*
- 105** Turning Wheel Words  
*Denny E. Marshall*
- 106** The Root  
*James Miller*
- 107** Leaving the Church  
*James Miller*
- 108** Austin City Limits  
*James Miller*
- 109** Why  
*Lily Rose Kosmicki*
- 110** Histone  
*Lily Rose Kosmicki*
- 112** Letters to Fred Chapell  
*Shelby Stephenson*
- 114** Converstion  
*Heidi Kasa*
- 117** Cherry Blossom Drop  
*Joosung Shin*
- 118** Man On Fire  
*Jasmine Peck Opie*
- 131** Lobotomy Rembrandt  
*Lino Azevedo*
- 132** The Donald J. Trump Presidential Library and Museum  
*Jason Mazzotta*
- 133** Traffic...Recasting Firefly Ascending for a Modern Reboot  
*Thomas Osatchoff*
- 134** Contributors' Notes



## salutations from the editor

John Greene famously said, “Nothing is as boring as other people’s dreams.” I’m not sure I agree. I had a dream last night in which a small army of pigs and a small army of large cats waged war against one another. The victors wore the heads of the losing army as hats. And I’m not sure if it was the pigs wearing cat hats, or the cats wearing pig hats. And I’m equally not sure if this makes any difference. I’m struck by the image of cats in pig hats or pigs in cat hats and left wondering what this means, if it means anything. I think there might be a metaphor here for our current political divisiveness. The pigs wearing cat hats are opposed the the cats wearing pigs hats, but inside they’re all really just cats, or pigs.

Speaking of pigs, impeachment hearings have begun and one orange pig proclaims this to be merely “impeachment light.” Let’s hope he comes to feel it’s heaviness and soon. Will it happen? Will we rid ourselves of this scourge? Only time will tell, and in the meantime I suppose I must submit to odd dreams starring embattled animals.

So, have I bored you? Or do you also like to think and write about your dreams? In either case, to assuage what boredom you may now suffer, I offer up the “Bard” issue, one of our largest issues, if not the largest. To celebrate its release there is a Cirque featuring the art of Gina Gaetz, Jason Montgomery, and David Longey, films, a magic show, and the music of December Boy and The Feldons, recorded live on premises, as usual. We will ring in the holidays and revel in each other’s company and dreams of impeachment will fill our heads.

4

Happy Hols and bezos y abrozos,  
Elizabeth



## the bastard children of dharma bums #3

Joshua Michael Stewart

Rose-covered backyard,  
porch vines, tomato plants,  
cool October nights.

Little kitchen gas stove,  
hot water, pillows and mattresses,  
swinging Ella Fitzgerald album.

Peaceful cup of tea, steaming.  
High on nothing, calm and warm,  
sick of the big city. No rain

among white clouds, I face  
my dark ravines.



## the bastard children of dharma bums #5

Joshua Michael Stewart

This was love-making in rubber boots.

She was casual at the typewriter.

I wasn't mad about love, and she looked

white as a pillow. Facing the Temple

of Hurt, kissing her with delight,

my Buddhism naked, she realized stars

give strength to people living in weeds.



# the bastard children of dharma bums #6

Joshua Michael Stewart

High mountain in late afternoon,  
I took shoes. *What about food?*  
I've got your sleeping bag,  
bread to eat back in the city.  
I'm bringing those cold stars  
and stir in the snow, diced  
vegetables, dried prunes,  
fix us for 24 hours.

Primitive fire, howling.  
Wilderness ecstasy,  
mysterious mountain.  
Talking ornithology, America,  
God, gun, murder:  
starlit, petrified Jesus.



## one of us

Jacob Chapman

He returned from his journeys  
with a new alphabet to show us,  
gifts for everyone, and the bad news  
that he was being followed  
for stealing some cows.  
How was he supposed to know  
that they were sacred cows?  
One died before he could give it back.  
He returned the rest,  
but it didn't matter. He wasn't forgiven,  
so he ran. He learned how to use disguises,  
and he faked his own death twice,  
but still he was pursued  
by a man whose face  
he had only seen from a distance.  
After a few months,  
he ran out of energy and returned home,  
where he was always considered  
a bit off. Charming at times,  
but restless and a bit off.  
What can we do to protect him?  
We're working on it.  
Whatever his failings, he's one of us.



# the consulate

Jacob Chapman

For some reason, the consulate of a small country  
has stayed open in our city.  
All the other consulates left  
as our city became less and less important.  
The people from the consulate walk around the city  
taking notes. No one trusts them,  
but they're very friendly. They love our tea,  
which we couldn't do without,  
and our music, which I find boring.  
They say they value its simplicity.  
Foreigners are rarely allowed into their country,  
which is frozen much of the year.  
Their Great Hall of Records and Patterns  
is said to be enormous,  
and they have more consulates  
than any other country on Earth.  
They have no military  
and don't seem to have a lot of money,  
but they have more than us.  
Right now, our city is full of disdain  
for the new century and all its losses,  
but our past centuries weren't that great either.  
Everyone points to the future  
and everything it may bring.  
The strange people from the consulate  
have watched hundreds of countries  
rise and fall and change in different ways.  
I asked one of them to tell me our future,  
and he said your future will be interesting,  
but you won't see it coming.



# what am i missing?

Jacob Chapman

In my travels, I was stabbed  
and woke up with tubes  
coming out of my abdomen,  
which was covered with scars.  
The doctors tried to explain  
the situation, but my grasp  
of their language was tenuous  
at best. One night, the nurses huddled  
around the radio, and the news,  
whatever it was, was bad.  
The nurses were quiet,  
and one grabbed her bag and ran away.  
The next day, there was one doctor.  
The day after that, no doctors.  
I was feeling pretty good,  
so I slipped out of the hospital  
and out of the country,  
not that anyone was trying to stop me.  
I burned my papers  
after I crossed the border.  
I made my way home and today  
I met with a doctor  
and asked him what organs,  
if any, I was missing.

He looked so tired!  
He sighed and asked if I was feeling OK.  
I told him I felt great,  
and he said in that case,  
it doesn't matter. He told me  
to stay sober and try to avoid  
a prewar mentality. I started to ask him  
which war he was talking about,  
but I could tell he was busy,  
so I said thanks and extended my hand.  
He looked at it in a curious way,  
then he shook it reluctantly.  
I suddenly remembered  
that we had stopped shaking hands  
in our country years ago  
and I had picked up the habit  
in my travels.  
Sometimes I get the feeling  
that I've spread myself a little thin.



# the last thanks

D. Dina Friedman

--On a painting by Wendy Redstar (2006)

See no evil, hear no  
evil, speak  
no evil. Keep

the forks over your eyes. Yes,  
you can see through the tines.  
Yes, sometimes stains

on the points (leftover Wonder Bread,  
if you ate Wonder Bread  
with a fork). But why not?

We're already in the surreal.  
Ten skeletons at the table  
with forks over their eyes.

Why not forked Wonder Bread?  
Forked corn beef hash? Forked  
canned beans? Forked Oatmeal crème pies?

Where does the food go after it passes  
through the skeleton's mouth?  
Is that why the artist cuts

a line of red-checked table at the ribs?  
No need to show chew  
gliding down pelvic bones.

Why are the skeletons wearing  
construction-paper headdresses?  
What is the red tongue-

like thing between Mr. Potato Head's  
ears? Or is it a tear?  
See no evil.

The skeleton on the far right  
holds its forks by its teeth:  
an "Oh my gosh!" moment. Oh

my gosh! That girl  
in the center, who looks shellacked  
like a porcelain doll,

the food daintily arranged  
on the plate in front of her.  
Eat no evil.

Kraft cheese slices in plastic wrap.  
Bologna.  
A yellow tub of margarine.

A can of mixed fruit—assimilated.  
A can opener. No fork.  
She is holding only feathers.



# 13 ways of looking

D. Dina Friedman

(Apologies to Wallace Stevens)

I.

Among twenty thousand terrors,  
The only moving target—  
his toady mouth

II.

I was of three thoughts:  
To tattoo my torso with profanity,  
To lament for the lost legs of my country,  
To bed down in a bubble of trees  
Where blackbirds still are trilling.

III.

The orange fowl parades his plumage  
Through false promises of heaven.  
Part of the pantomime.

IV.

A sad cloud and an acid cloud  
Are one.  
A crowd of thousands marching  
Are one.

V.

I do not know which to fear more:  
The lie of presumption  
Or the lie of bravado.  
    The orange fowl tweeting  
    Or the aftermath.

VI.

Ice floes crack at the poles.  
Unbelievers crossing claim  
all is hoax; a barbaric plot.  
God loves us. The sea continues to rise.  
An indisputable cause.

VII.

O thin men of Washington,  
Why are you chasing golden tickets  
Only to fall into the chocolate river of lies?  
Do you not see your own bodies engulfed?  
The devil walking among you?

VIII.

I know patriotic palaver  
And shiny, inescapable euphemisms;  
But I know, too,  
That he chooses his words  
To obscure what I know.

IX.

When he put his talons on her ... and her ... and her  
It should have marked the moral edge.  
Instead, the eagle flew out of sight.

X.

At the sight of the mean swing  
His belly bulging under the white golf shirt  
Even the bawds cried.

XI.

Two thousand lies  
pierce the American Dream.  
We mistake his face  
For a sky jammed with crows.

XII.

The women are marching  
The athletes are kneeling.  
All in the name of home.

XIII.

It is midnight in the afternoon.  
We wait for heaven  
Or a perfect, irrefutable storm.  
The world sits petrified  
In a cacophony of scavengers.



# drill

Gerald Yelle

This may or may not be the perfect opportunity to explain the coming operation. The environment for one thing: Open all the shutters. Do what Charlotte suggests. No closing and opening your mouth just because you have an opinion. To what end? It means what it means, meaning what you make of it. It's a free man in Paris stuff. Open to hypnotic suggestion. Too sleepy to think about why: The clouds are thick. The air is humid. The fan helps when things are organized in order of preference. Some live better than others. Some butter runs smoother downhill. Some chocolates melt in warmer weather. Which is which is hard to tell. Microscopes, tweezers, sneakers and shoes, handbags and haircuts, nose rings, hip shakes. Lipsticks and bosses. Never a reason to hide. Never get out alive anyway. So why not stir up trouble? Isn't it good for all of us to beat the drum at times: soak up the beat, tap out the code. Beat cadence on a stick with a popping sound. The fan hums, buzzes –makes fan noises that are neither buzzes nor hums. The majorette *Ten huts*. The drums fade in the distance –or maybe they're only drumming more softly –so softly you no longer hear. Now it's just the fan and the pleasant description of the operation: How we're going to pull out one fingernail. Don't cry, it could be worse. Fingernails grow back. I don't know if you know that. After you've completed your finger drill you take your place on the windowsill. I push you gently and you may or may not fall, but if you do try not to break anything. Be especially careful of your wrists and ankles. They're delicate and intricate and take a long time to heal. If you must break a bone try to land on your ulna. Preferably on the side you don't throw with. Also, don't look down. Looking down might put enough of a fright in you to make you panic and tense up and increase the severity of your injury. Now, pay attention to the sequence. First hold out your finger until your nail has been pulled. You can pull it out yourself if that makes you feel any better. Then sit on the windowsill and get ready for your push. Any questions? Okay, who's first?

