

MEAT FOR TEA

VOL 16 ISSUE 3
THE VALLEY REVIEW

DAHLIA



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: "The Story of Overcoming" by Aunia Kahn Back: "Precipice" by Jeff Stauder

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

Contributors: M.C. Aster, CL Bledsoe, Zach Brinkman, Cynthia Brody, Mark Budman, Jane Carey, Jess Carey, Linda Chown, Charles Coe, Ivan de Monbrison, D. Dina Friedman, Daniel Hales, Ellen Mary Hayes, Christina Hoag, Richard Wayne Horton, Rollin Jewett, Aunia Kahn, Karen Lethlean, Mark Lew, Xiaofeng Meng, Michael Paul Mortelliti, Blair Nishkian, Theresa Pisani, Patrick Reardon, Lauren Scarhag, John Sheirer, Jeff Stauder, Joshua Michael Stewart, Peter Tacy, Steve Waksman, Michael Washburn, Gerald Yelle, Jane Yolen

Special thanks:

Mark Alan Miller and Justin Pizzoferrato and Sonelab, Abandoned Building Brewery, Broadside Books, Big Red Frame, Topatoco, Luthier's Coop, Downtown Sounds, Bishop's Lounge, Sucreabeille, Bishop's Lounge, Oh My!, Corsello Butcheria, Hammer and Horn, Salon 180 East, Cooper Lace, Valley Arts Newsletter, Waugh Insurance, Miraim Sirota, Liberal Arts Pop Up Gallery, Paradise Copies, Tzivia Gover, Pie in the Sky Berry Farm, The Viking Runestone - 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!

The Meat For Teacast: anchor.fm/meatfortecast - and everywhere you get your favorite podcasts! For T-Shirts, Mugs, Totes and more, visit <https://meat-for-tea.creator-spring.com>

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 for more information.

To submit to Meat For Tea, please go to: meatforteathevalleyreview.submittable.com/submit. Please send all other editorial correspondences to meatfortea@gmail.com.

Vol. 16 Issue 3, September 2022, first printing. ISSN 2372-0999 (print) ISSN 2372-1200 (online)

All stories, column title and images copyright 2022 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.

For more information or to purchase current and back issues, PDFs and subscriptions, please visit www.meatfortea.com.

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Corrine deWinter,
and to all those we know and love who have left us far too soon.

- 4** Guest Salutations
Jane Yolen and Peter Tacy
- 5** In Memoriam: Corrine deWinter
- 13** At Bay
Peter Tacy
- 14** A Day Without Orange Juice
Rollin Jewett
- 15** In the Aimes River
Linda Chown
- 16** Burned to Mucous & Leaving June
Linda Chown
- 17** Butt Dialing Jesus
Charles Coe
- 18** Performance Art
Charles Coe
- 19** ABCs of Acceptance
Jane and Jess Carey
- 20** It Grew, Heatwave & Forehand, Backhand
Jane Yolen
- 21** The Boats
Peter Tacy
- 22** To Jane, a Beloved Editor
Peter Tacy
- 22** The Teacher, The Student
Jane Yolen
- 23** The Meaty Interview: Mark Budman
- 26** The Artist at Work
M.C.Aster
- 27** Carnival Knowledge
M.C.Aster
- 28** The Paramount Theater, February 1957
Steve Wacksman
- 31** Survival Tour 2022
(Or What I Did on My Summer Vacation)
Cynthia Brody
- 36** The Wind is Blowing and a Sail is Hanging
Xiaofeng Meng
- 37** Feather and Scale
Lauren Scarhag
- 55** My Mom in a Good Day
Ivan de Monbrison
- 56** Ozymandian
Daniel Hales
- 57** man
Daniel Hales
- 58** American Element & Summer Sleep
Gerald Yelle
- 59** Emily Afternoon
Gerald Yelle
- 60** Why Wait
D. Dina Friedman
- 61** Rituals
D. Dina Friedman
- 62** Red
D. Dina Friedman
- 63** Sacrum
Lauren Scarhag
- 64** Heart
Lauren Scarhag
- 65** Crown
Lauren Scarhag
- 66** Metthias
Michael Washburn
- 83** Crane
Joshua Michael Stewart
- 84** ...and Blow Out the Candles
Mark Lew
- 89** Goldilocks
CL Bledsoe
- 100** Wall of Studio
Ivan de Monbrison
- 101** Haleakala Crater
Michael Paul Mortelliti
- 102** Healing Dance & The Gifts I Can Give
Michael Paul Mortelliti
- 103** Crown
Ellen Mary Hayes
- 106** Bleached Bones
Karen Lethlean
- 110** Searching for Myself Across Continents
Christina Hoag
- 122** Henrietta the Steampunk Raccoon
Theresa Pisani
- 123** Deathless
Richard Wayne Horton
- 126** Four 100-Word Stories
John Sheirer
- 128** God-Empress Dahlia
Blair Nishkian
- 142** Poor Soul
Patrick Reardon
- 143** Journey
Patrick Reardon
- 144** Contributors' Notes
- Inside Back Cover:
The New Black Dahlia
Zach Brinkman



guest salutations

Jane Yolen and Peter Tacy

How the Dahlia IS tied to Writers

Jane: The Dahlia must be considered as a perfect symbol for writers, standing as it does for perseverance and the ability to overcome. We poets are most often the writers in the deepest trenches of publication, usually trying to echolocate some small magazine or anthology that will see in our writing, a color-filled document to flood the senses—if not with flowery perfumes, then with wit, lyricism, and a great last line. But poets are not alone down in those dark caverns. Non-fiction writers are there, too, explaining (sometimes over-explaining) their subject matter and natter.

Peter: this is in three parts (like Gaul).

My former in-house gardening teacher admired but did not grow dahlias, probably because these plants (native to central America) can't survive winters up here in New England (so much for their "perseverance!"). To be grown in this climate, the tubers from which dahlias grow must be dug up each fall and stored for the cold months, then replanted only when the soil has thoroughly warmed up--a hassle, even if the flowers are lovely.

Jane: But what about romance writers, or the merely romantic? Perhaps Anna Karinana's final statement would have met with better press had she been clutching a bouquet of dahlias. Just a thought from someone who studied Russian Literature at Smith College.

Peter: There are at least as many varieties ("cultivars") of dahlias as there are of my gardening teacher's favorite flowering plant, the daffodil. This indicates how enthusiastic (over-the-top looney?) the developers/growers of cultivars of both species have been, even though daffs, an old-world species, had a head start. (Mr. Anders Dahl, a Swedish botanist, after whom the flower is named, couldn't see or describe the dahlia until after the Spanish conquistadors had come across it). Much to the dahlia's credit, while all parts of daffodils are poisonous, dahlias can be safely eaten; so should your aesthetic feelings allow such behavior, dig in to your dahlias (they supposedly taste like potatoes).

Jane: Sometimes nonfiction is actually goofier than what we poets and fiction writers can invent. Dahlias. The Opossums. The duck-billed Platpus. I rest my case.

Peter: One other fact: our beloved Emily Dickinson talked about daffs in at least eight poems... but never mentioned dahlias at all. Ooof! That's a serious *dis* from a serious gardener (and poet)!

Jane: That gets an Amen from me! Or a bunch of dahlias.

in memoriam: Corrine deWinter

for corrine, for danica, and for others who have died too soon
and for those who have lost and incredible friend

Connolly Ryan

When a close friend dies without warning,
everything scowls and sours and you feel like
your heart has just been slammed into
by a truck driven by a cowardly maniac.
Just the other day you saw your friend
and she seemed fine and you joked around
and said see you later and that was that.
Then you get a call and your universe shatters.
There is really nothing you can do but ask God
through a tear-destroyed face Why the fuck
did it have to be her? By all means, remove
the scum, the exploiters, the predators,
from the picture in order to even the scales; but how
could you cut short a person for whom goodness
was a kind of grassroots religion; for whom
helping people out was just as natural as breathing?
Your living friends try to console you with kindly platitudes
such as “she is still right here with you” and “as long
as you think about her, her presence will be palpable.”
And perhaps you agree with the magic logic
of these warm morsels, but the part of your heart
that once held room for trust and tenderness
has been all but amputated by the devastating
and lasting fact of her physical absence and you just
no longer care about the little details of your life
since they are trivial when compared to the death
of your friend. And yet, and yet, the one certainty
you could glean from this cruel cesspool of chaos
and loss is that all she would want you to do
is to live your life to its fullest now, live it as if
it were her stolen life you were living, not yours,
but her life as she would have wished it to continue:
in a spirit of service and solace to those in pain,
as a source of amazing and unlimited healing;
and as a force of gentleness and benevolence
in a world of darkness, impatience and malice.
This is what she would want: this is exactly how
to keep her here on this sphere and beyond.





must be talking to an angel (for corrine)

Beth Maciorowski

6

dear corrine

Gineen Cooper

Dear Corrine,

I never thought I'd be writing such a letter. I'd give anything for you to know how much our friendship meant, today. I hope you read this if you're lingering a bit. I'm so grateful that even though we fell out we did reconnect a few years back and sort everything out with sweet talks, hugs and feelings of peace.

You had a profound influence on so many around you and I know how many people were inspired by the way you put your heart's love and passion out into the world. You inspired with your creativity in so many ways, of course foremost was your writing. Your discipline was astounding. How many nights did you spend typing away on your tiny kitchen table on Taft St. I felt honored to be a first reader for so many poems. Your devotion to the work was a prayer that lit up the spaces you inhabited and the people it shone on. Your tremendous curiosity about people, love and relationships, the occult and spiritual matters were ever present.

Of course we met at a show in the bathroom at Katinas in Hadley in the late 80's, complementing each other and exchanging numbers right then, squealing with delight to learn we lived a few minutes from each other. When we met immediately you were the older sis I always wanted, the co-conspirator, up for adventures of all sorts and appreciating my sarcasm as we matched joys over music, bands, poets and poetry, boys, clothes, literature, black and white movies, and

movie stars, writers and HAIR! Little did I know that first night how many many bands we would thrill to see together, how many quirks we would reveal to each other and how much would remain a mystery until so much later.

Your incredible creativity went beyond your writing and was evident in doing other creative projects balanced with feeding yourself and others with playtime. Video shoots, photo shoots, cemetery picnics, even thrift store vintage dress hunts felt like an adventure. Your enthusiasm, support and generosity of love, time and funds for other peoples creativity is legend. You modestly hid so many of your philanthropic activities but they made a difference and they were known.

Along with sharp wit, there was a fantastic fashion sense that made Goth black as a color scheme never feel dated. On the rare occasion of lace or bright red, you dazzled and even in tweed or gray or just jeans you carried yourself with poise and regal bearing; that powerful presence was exuded.

To an outsider it might have seemed like you cultivated a character and were playing a part but it was no caricature. You truly were a deeply romantic being who took her right, her opportunity, and her blessing to express her soul through all that she did. You lived your truth and served it, stayed true to it, and knew you were blessed.

Needlessly vain, and controlling of your image as most stars are, in you it was funny and endearing, easily excusable, more of virtue than ever a vice. Like a cat in the rain you would exclaim : oh no my hair! I can't go out!

Of course not last or least your wicked sense of humor and wit! you could find funny in the darkest things and made us laugh when we wanted to cry. Certainly you were an old soul; your laugh, like your personality, unique and unforgettable, so distinctly you.

For whoever was lucky enough to chauffeur you around (and there were a crew of us) it was never a dull endeavor; not bank or post office errand but a magic carpet ride simply for talking about the way a certain poem was transportative or was there sound in space? Or how long the soul lingered on earth after death.

You were bold, seemingly extroverted, a total go-getter, friendly and kind, the best kind of people person. Also sarcastic cruel generous super honest and a great big liar; you were powerful beyond measure, did you know how much? You believed in your voice and that was a gift to every woman who met you and aspired to write too. Your compassionate commiseration and patience were abundant every time I called to cry about some romantic disaster.

One of your superpowers was how many people adored you. You yourself were fascinated by the fandom of others and it was obvious from the teen who plastered her walls with Dave Vanian and Harry Houdini pics to the caring responder of her own fan mail that you loved being loved and giving it right back.

You carried on a love affair, always, with different realms than this one: fascinated by death and the macabre, your courage was an astonishing part of your wise self, unafraid to look into the darkness and follow your unflagging curiosity wherever it led.

The strong faith you had was severely tried many times in your life but you kept a hold of your belief to carry and comfort you.

I felt like a part of me died when you left as you were one of the three people who knew me best in my life. I hope the part of me that's gone with you, comforts you wherever you are now. Since I got the horrible news so many wonderful and hilarious memories have come flooding back and my heart yearns to have just one more cup of tea together.

You came to light up the world with your words, your heart, your love and your beauty and you did.

I think we've been together many lifetimes and I'm sure we will be again many more.

Until then I'll keep carrying you in my heart as I've always done.

I will keep mourning and remembering and try to find peace in the thought that you've got your wings now. Thank you always for the wild crazy delightful friendship you offered me and the writing you left for the world.

May your soul find sweet repose, dear Corrine.



photos above and right provided by Gineen Cooper



rest in peace corrine

Fares Croteau

Rest In Peace Corrine

You were the person who I thought of when I thought of the word mom. You taught me so many things in my life and I am forever grateful for you and everything you have done for me and everyone else. You have changed my life and I'm always going to believe in magic and the power of kindness because of you. You were the nicest person I've ever met and I'm never ever going to forget you and all of light you brought into this world. You were an angel living on earth and you truly graced everyone with your wonderful and beautiful presence. I will always love you Corrine and I will always be your boy.

"I love you my boy, C"





photos above and left
provided by Fares Croteau



photos above
provided by Chris Croteau