

MEAT FOR TEA

VOL 19 ISSUE 1
THE VALLEY REVIEW

HOT DOG



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.

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Salutations from the Editor

Here we are, living under a fascist dictatorship. The democratic experiment that was America might be a thing of the past. All the members of the Greatest Generation, who fought the rise of Fascism in WWII, must be spinning in their graves. The people who wanted this call themselves Patriots, lovers of the Flag, America, and all that it stands for, unless a pesky thing like the Constitution gets in the way. The center has not held. The rough beast has slouched its way into the White House and not enough is being done to stop its rampant destruction.

One the eve of the 2016 election, before the results were announced, I wrote this take on the Oompa Loompa song:

On the Eve of Election Day (with apologies to Leslie Bricusse and Anthony Newley)

Trumpa, Lumpa, stum-pa-dee-doo,
I have a perfect puzzle for you.
Trumpa, Lumpa, stum-pa-dee-dee,
If you are wise, you'll listen to me.

What do you get when you vote for a brat?
The same man who called Miss Universe fat?
He just lost his right to send out more tweets,
by Hilary he simply must be beat.

Or you won't like the look of things.

Trumpa, Lumpa, stum-pa-dee-doo,
Vote for Ms. Clinton, or we'll be in a stew.
Stop the Trumpa, Lumpa, stum-pa, please do!

Trumpa, Lumpa, stum-pa-dee-doo,
I have another puzzle for you.
Trumpa, Lumpa, stum-pa-dee-dee,
If you are wise, you'll listen to me.

Climate change is real, not some Chinese hoax,
Disabled folks should never be the butt of jokes.

Stop this fool or be afraid.

Trumpa, Lumpa, stum-pa-dee-doo,
Jim Crow laws are a things of the past.
Let's maintain women's rights too.
Not like the Trumpa Lumpa wants to do.

Trumpa, Lumpa, stum-pa-dee-doo,
I have another puzzle for you.
Trumpa, Lumpa, stum-pa-dee-dee.
If you are wise, you'll listen to me.

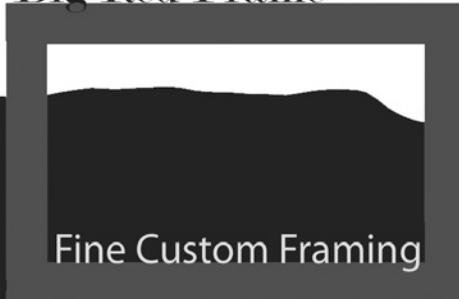
What will you get if you vote for an ass,
The man who would rape a 12 year old lass ?
If he's put in charge, it will be such a shame,
And you'll only have yourself to blame.

He'll wreck our country, rest assured.

Some of the names have changed, but the situation is as dire as I feared, more so even. So sing along with me and when you're done celebrate the fact that power-mad greedy megalomaniacs can't take our art away from us. 19 years of a small arts & literary staying physically in print is an act of resistance made possible by you all. Keep making art, writing fiction and poetry, making music and resisting. We're in this together and this machine kills fascists.

Besos & Abrazos
Elizabeth

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subroutine

John Russell Bowman

All the time trying to think of everything.
Always keeping our ancestors in mind and their art.

Wanting to roam everywhere and read it:
A sign as now this cloud merges me into
Winter midday when light changes
Its name into three initial letters
Like the sun is made of water you know?

Cave bear skulls.



office daydream

M. Benjamin Thorne

Adulging is a dull thing,
I think we can all agree.
Better to be a droll king
with throne of gold filigree,
or perhaps an astronaut
out in the starry expanse;
then again, on second thought,
I'd probably stain my pants.
I should go explore ruins,
not rot in this cubicle--
I could run into bruises. . .
let's just trim this cuticle.
True, I'd rather brave jungles
and not work the nine to five,
but I'm prone to make bungles,
and want most to stay alive.



convocation

John Russell Bowman

My poems sound so clearly in your voice.
Poems made for us and the rest made for us to withstand.
In my dream all of our friends entered a house on the precipice.
Really doing nothing except to see how it will happen.
Moment or memory we may share unfolding those flowers ourselves.
Once I am happy enough thinking of how you loved me.
A story from the underworld our grandmother read to us one summer we stayed in that
 large house by Sparrow lake in Ontario.
Drafts of the story lost within me and outside oppressions to overthrow.
I will neither run nor watch.
Let space take over.
I will listen to what light there is.
Wishing to dance I look through glass and imagine gardens.
Most days I am bored.
I will do my best work for gifts.
I have written many bad poems.
Fire replaces the forest.
Stone path blazes along thought borders.
Nothing left to want but sleep.
You and I smoke over the river ready to return home.





wall talk
Hugh Findlay

edible flowers on avocado toast

Brian Harman

Starflower, floss flower, dianthus,
we tasted and talked in an after-Eden,
food porn centered at the beginning
of a poetry manuscript consultation—
drank Scotch ale with perfumed
scents at a gastropub table, a haven
for all senses; nonsense, making sense,
two cents becoming the richness
beyond what words could ever be
written and published and spoken;
the poetics of sex, the flower of poetics,
the avocado toast of all toasts, the
edible flowers of all edibility.



blue dahlia

Brian Harman

Does not exist,
but as jest,
to ghostly imbue
the blue notes of jazz,

of Lynchian velvet,
of Elvis's moon,
Picasso's Nude,
of a dream to slip

in and out of jeans,
has not appeared
or been made
except as '46 noir—

truth be told in truth
or dare after a
blue-lipsticked kiss,
there is no true blue

to be had, not even
Blue False Indigo
deception, not even to
be found in naked half.



A real estate advertisement for Miriam Sirota. The background is black. On the left, there is a vertical red bar. To its right, the name "Miriam Sirota" is written in a white, typewriter-style font. Above "Sirota", the word "REALTOR" is written in a smaller, white, sans-serif font, arched over the top of the name. Below the name, the phone number "917.701.8672" is displayed in a white, sans-serif font. Underneath the phone number, the email addresses "Miriam.Sirota@ravelis.com" and "MiriamSirota.ravelis.com" are listed, separated by a vertical bar. Below the email addresses, the address "200 Triangle Street | Amherst | MA 01002" is written in a white, sans-serif font. On the right side of the advertisement, there is a portrait of Miriam Sirota, a woman with curly red hair and glasses, wearing a dark blazer.

the signpost

Alex Kraft

Feed me softly with saying
That you are not so little now
As a name stone carved and left to hang
Signpost beside strangers

I can see you in Christmas,
On the shoulders of fathers,
And in peeling rust off swinging doors

I like these visions unhinged, left to grow
Not bound within picture frames
Like the black and white photograph there
Of my dead grandfather as a child

Where is the attic where all your photographs are kept?
I had to make myself forget
Let's compare tramping grounds,
Where we ached under sky

And of course,
As if I have not had as little time as this night,
Idiot birds are out there, again
Singing fairy dust beginnings

I would like so badly to think more, to talk more
To daydream with you, to laugh
But it's hard not to notice the traces of sun in the water
Dripping from my clay roof to the pebbles below it
And there are children running
There's grass, coffee stains, and a very lonely vegetable garden

I'll have to speak with you later this evening
There's simply no other way



goodbye machines

Alex Kraft

September unfolds her flowers onto my head
Steel rain,
Goodbye machines

Here I am with graves and hills
Wide mountains, wild stars, and still water,
And I have been making no bold claims,
False advertisements,
Or strict proclamations to passersby

I would go so far as to say that, lately,
I've been known to routinely pass by opportunities
To speak on my little charms and graces,
Things that could easily go unnoticed

I have yet to stop ambling,
Yet to close up shop,
Yet to fire my worst employee

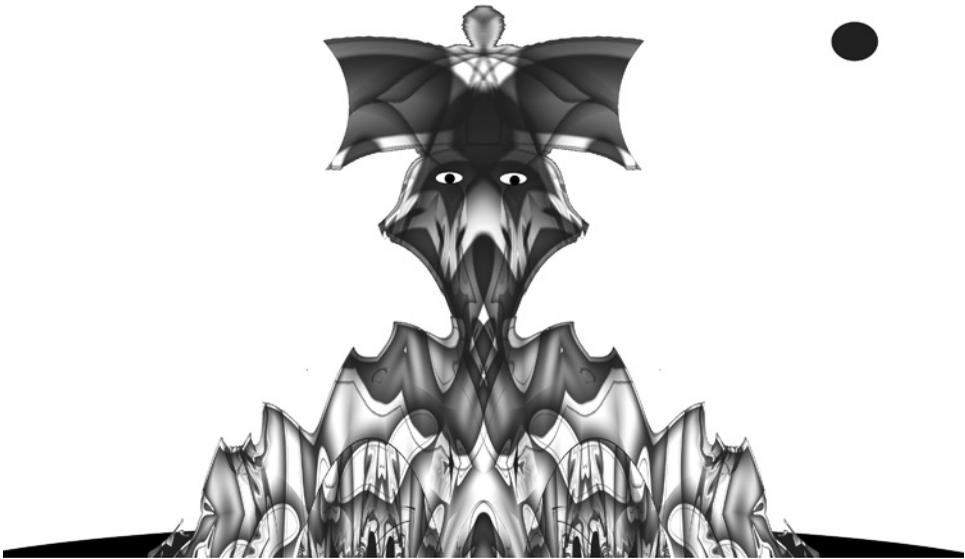
Yet to sleep,
Yet to conquer,
Yet to stop

Any of the clockwork upstairs
Bobbing me up and down
In and out of competence, and love,
And reunions

I would go so far as to say that, lately,
I have been speaking the words of someone else,
A stranger, through splitting pain

To that stranger, to their friends, and their words –
No more





icarus
Edward Michael Supranowicz

