

MEAT FOR TEA

VOL 19 ISSUE 4
THE VALLEY REVIEW

RASHER

SCIENCE

Meat for Tea: The Valley Review

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Guest Salutation with Michael Favala Goldman

Dear *Meat for Tea* reader,

This is the moment you have been waiting for.

Maybe it's the release of *Meat for Tea* RASHER.

Maybe it's reading this salutation even though you have no idea where it's heading.

Moment in Danish is *øjeblik*. Not easy for an American to pronounce, but it is a compound word,

øje + *blik*: eye + glance. A moment is how long it takes to glance at something, and then that *øjeblik*, that moment is gone. It's not a measurement of time; it's more a measurement of perception, of awareness, of potential.

This moment

So large.

So small.

So fitting.

Moments unroll really fast, a nearly infinite amount in the course of just one day. Try to add them up, keep track of them, and you'd go crazy. There is no way to chase time. You will just fall farther and farther behind. All you can do, I think, is to meet time. The moment is right now, right here. Nothing else matters. Whatever shape you're in, wherever you are, whatever is weighing on you, or waiting for you, right now, the world offers itself to your imagination.

Meat for Tea also offers itself to your imagination. Why do we write and make art anyway? Because of the miracle of interrupting someone else's day with an emotional connection that stops them in their tracks. The day slows down, the wake of time loosens its usual grip, and the moment rises to meet us with meaning. We need constant reminders to remain awake to it. At least I know I do.

Meat for Tea is an act of service, a community enterprise in the broadest sense. Here is where a lot of creatives get validated. The *Meat for Tea* team says, Hell yeah, and a new artist sees their work in print. We need this. We need each other, to keep each other paying attention, to give evolution's promise half a chance.

We are not here for decoration. Each moment is ripe to bursting for us to explore, sense, plumb, and use as a foundation of expression and unity. Welcome to this moment. Have an *øjeblik*. Glance with your eye, engage with your heart, right now, right here.

With gratitude,
Michael Favala Goldman

stay at home mom

Diane Funston

Cocoon of *Glamour* clothing
hides her body
A veneer of discount makeup
covers the blemishes

Custom cupboard doors
hide mid-afternoon rum

She has a leather-cinched ponytail
a wide shallow mouth
forced *Covergirl* smile
drawling caustic words

Batting false eyelashes
her ice blue eyes
inflict guillotine wounds—
“Stop it children and be nice”

*You embarrass me
I'll whup your lil' ass*

Bribery with new toys
hides emptiness
surround sound announces
while big screen zooms in

Catholicism and tradition
ritualizes the lies

Stay at home Mom
smooth the wrinkled linen
slip-cover secrets
max-out the charge accounts

Unscrew the bottle
It's quality time



siri shops

Diane Funston

Siri shops the markets armed with information
She avoids the advertised brands
recycles the colorful glossy ads
College educated, California born and bred
she looks down her frameless glasses on those, media-hypnotized

Her chronic awareness knows she will never shop at Smallmart
She proudly goes to Whole Wallet or Natural Foods Co-opted
Wearing her bamboo skirt, she whirls down informed aisles
reading each package as if a sacred text
She carries her fair-trade woven basket

Always organic, even though the pickers may not read English
while sorting the carrots for Grim-face Farms
She chooses rice that was dried under the armpits of certified 3rd world virgins
non-sulfite wine stomped by the unwashed feet of armed revolutionaries
BelowAverageIQ bottled water, because one can always trust plastic

Shopping ever so carefully, she buys organic and non-processed
Greek yogurt with the weirdest most unpronounceable names
Pilfer the Pension Detergent and gluten-free whatever because... you never know
Raw Deal Dog Food, although her pooches eat duck dung at the man-made lake

Almost done, she grabs Snoot Fruit Wash, because gentle chemicals are better than water
Thorough Shame logs for natural fire ambiance
She shuffles her Birkenstock sandals into the smiling cashier line
Siri will never be moved by mass marketing
She piles her purchased cloth bags into her electric car
and heads haughtily home



here

John Guzlowski

My wife takes the bodies out.
She's been asking me
To do it all day,
But my arthritis
Is a killer.

She puts them on a dolly
And wheels them to the stream
Behind the house.

It's a safe distance,
Halfway between our trench
And our neighbor's trench.

The smells not so bad
And we can barely hear
The crows cawing and cawing
As they rip the flesh
From the bones.

Most of the dead are strangers.
They came here
Looking for war
And they found it.

I wish they would have
Just stayed home.



what is "it"?

John Guzlowski

"It" is the world that exists
around your kitchen
that you never consider
when you're cooking
or walking into the living room
or preparing to sleep.

Sometimes "It" is there
standing behind you
pretending to be nothing more
than the ten-cent shadow
you left behind in a bus terminal
in Peoria when you were just
a kid with nothing to imagine
except the dreams you shared
with all the kids you felt were you.

Other times?

Well, other times
"It" is just what "It" is
waiting for you to breathe
"It" in and know what "It" is.



you are the poem

John Guzlowski

You are the poem I cannot write
No matter how much I delete
And revise and toss in the trash.

There's something about you
I just don't get. Is it your face,
The way it crawls across my dreams
Like some camel lost in the desert?
Or is it your hands that brood
Praying alone before God in a church
Full of rubble And broken souls?

If you could explain any of this,
I would write you into a poem
Greater than any poem written
By Dickinson or Shakespeare
And pay you a sonnet for the honor.





jordan peterson embarrasses karl marx
J. Andrew World

claude cahun and marcel moore, nonbinary lovers who resisted nazi occupation and lived

Ren Wilding

*I took a paper, a pencil, I wrote 'Seig? Nein: Krieg! ohne Ende!'
[‘Victory? No: War! without End!’]*

Claude Cahun

Claude and Marcel write
ohne ende on cigarette papers
and secretly scatter them

throughout the Nazi occupied
Isle of Jersey— signed
Der Soldat ohne Namen.

Sowing little sand grains
of doubt, as they witness
starving enslaved laborers

on the beach through their window.
Soon Nazi soldiers seize
rooms in their home. They pull

out their contraband typewriter
and make tracts signed *The Soldier
Without a Name* behind their locked

bedroom door. Leaflets questioning
Nazi policy and the war appear
on cars, on shop shelves, tucked

into German newspapers—
anywhere a soldier might see.
It takes three years for the Nazis

to catch them with a pamphlet
in a bag in the entryway of their house.
Their camouflage of middle-aged

spinsterhood made them invisible.
They swallow pills on the way to prison,
hoping to OD. They survive thinking

the other is dead. In solitary cells,
they both attempt suicide.
Before their trial, they each learn

the other still lives. The Nazis
only half believe they did
what they are accused of

even as they sentence them to death.
Notes pass through air ducts
and the hands of other prisoners.

In more lax moments,
they see each other
briefly. They don't know

when they might be killed.
The Allied Forces land
at Normandy, and their death

sentences are commuted. Claude and
Marcel are finally allowed in the same cell.
Together they wait for liberation.



for the queer knowledge destroyed on may 10, 1933

Ren Wilding

On May 6, 1933, first students and later the SA, stormed the [Hirschfeld Institute for Sexual Science]. They transported thousands of books... and other documents to the student house on Oranienburger Strabe. [T]housands of documents from the institute were burned. Thus not only a large number of unique materials, but also a huge amount of queer knowledge was destroyed. The first contact point for trans health care had been ruined.

Spectrum of Injustice, curated by Kai Brust*

brutal hands stripped the Institute
bare— they left a husk
before the fire even started

kidnapped and piled like trash
in a room scorched by the eyes
of men and boys seeking fuel

for their first act of pyromancy—
proud of burning
the queer library

at the stake—
at least as ash
they couldn't use it

to find queer people
to brand as fuel

