

# MEAT FOR TEA

VOL 4 ISSUE 2 : MINT

THE VALLEY REVIEW



**Meat for Tea: The Valley Review**  
**Volume 4: Issue II, May 2010**  
**"Mint"**

**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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Send all editorial correspondences to [\*\*meatfortea@gmail.com\*\*](mailto:meatfortea@gmail.com)

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## SALUTATIONS FROM THE EDITOR

Greetings and happy May dearest readers. Spring has definitely sprung, flowers are blooming and love is in the air. For more on the subject of love, see my restaurant review. As happy as I am for Spring, and the new “Mint” issue of *Meat for Tea*, it would be nice to stop sneezing. Ahchoo! Thank goodness for Loratadine.

I am saddened by the recent, untimely death of Phoebe Prince, who was exactly the same age as my niece, Esmeralda. Bullying is a huge concern for me and I’m not sure what can be done. I’m tempted to put together an issue of this magazine in which contributors express their feelings about this.

Anyway, on a much more cheerful note, I’m quite excited for *Cirque de Menthe*, at which this cool and refreshing issue of the magazine will be released. The magazine itself is packed with the intellectually stimulating poetry, prose and art you’ve all come to expect. I’m thrilled to have some of Robert Cantius’s stunning photos, poems from the poet laureate of North Dakota, Jamie Parsley, and a stunning cover created by none other than Rafael Lino. *Cirque de Menthe* has a plethora of entertainment and kicks off with a Mad Tea Party fashion show and culminates in the stunning music of The Wharton Tiers Ensemble. This will be a night to remember.

I’m happy to welcome new staffers to this meaty publication. We will have the lovely and multi-talented, Hillary Chapin Bishop interning till the Summer. We also now have a poetry editor, the very gifted young Kristen Sund.

Well, I’ve rambled on enough. Enjoy the meaty contents of this fresh, new issue. And submit your work to keep future issues just as cool as this one.

Besos y abrazos,

## MEATY





# NORTH GREENBUSH TO ALBANY

Jason Crane

Start: the Sharp house, aging Greek revival  
in what was once Bloominville.

They used to bottle spring water here  
until the well dried up. Then it's three miles,  
nearly all downhill, because the Hudson  
draws all riders to its level.

There are two bridges – the first  
across the railbed, trains carrying what few goods  
we still produce and the many others  
we pull in like driftwood from the sea.

These caravans of metal containers are  
bound for Manhattan, lodestone of heartbeats  
and rushing blood. The same lines  
carry women and men to concrete hope,  
to the race, to the scurry. Some will return,  
lowering their sights and settling in for the long haul.  
Others will half-return, riding more prestigious lines  
to their magazine homes. Or so I imagine,  
in the ten seconds it takes my legs  
to propel the bicycle over the tracks.

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The second bridge is at the base of the hill,  
the bottom of the gravity well. The concrete wave  
crests atop the Hudson, that once mighty barrier-highway  
that is now the scenic accompaniment to stroller moms  
and weekend excursionists. The river is brown on this April afternoon,  
laced with the white rush of recent rains. Soon  
they'll haul the old battleship back to the dock,  
so children can giggle on the blood-washed decks  
where their grandfathers stood taught, gripping the rails  
with terror-strengthened fingers.

The river bridge descends into the city.

The Hudson is reluctant to give up the living,  
and matches every descent with a grinding climb,  
testing my resolve to leave its banks. A slow, steady rhythm  
carries me past Albany Lodge No. 49 and the Beirut remains  
of a once majestic hotel. This is the King's Highway.

George Washington once climbed this same hill, walked  
through this city when concrete was wood, pavement  
was cobblestone or dirt, before Rockefeller's bulldozer's  
created this modernity, drained its character for the queen.

The general is remembered with a street and a park and blue iron sign.

The bells are tolling the three-quarter hour as I pass the chambers

where the laws are made, and the halls of education and bureaucracy.  
Then it's home, where a distant city's baseball team is on the radio,  
and I cook my imported convenience-store noodles and sit down to write.



## THE ROOSTER

Jamie Parsley

I.

The rooster's eye  
is not—as Elizabeth  
Bishop believed—  
stupid, but clear  
and hiding an electric  
sliver of intelligence.

I swim there  
—or my reflection does anyway—  
and in that  
liquid darkness  
I am almost recognizable.

2.

He crows—his voice  
the voice we fear  
—not three times  
but just once—  
just once enough  
to make you sit up  
and turn—  
enlightenment  
crossing as dark  
shadow  
of betrayal  
on your startled  
face.



## MEATY'S FAVORITE EATERIES: LOVE, FOUCAULT, AND BRUNCH AT THE GREEN BEAN

Although he customarily brings a pal out to dine with him, on some occasions Meaty is a fan of the solitary meal. In his jetsetting, social whirl of a life, Mr. Gonzales seldom gets time to himself and sometimes, a leisurely solo meal with some engaging reading material is just what he craves. One of his favorite venues for a meal for one is Northampton's own Green Bean.

One sunny Sunday in late April, Meaty was enjoying wonderfully strong coffee, which he was glad he could help himself to and refill as often as he desired. Meaty put aside his beloved copy of Foucault's *The Order of Things* to peruse the menu. He strongly prefers to eat locally grown, seasonal food and the Green Bean menu made it easy for Meaty to adhere to his preference. Although he often ordered the Heuvos Green Beanos, he was in the mood for something a bit different and a bit lighter this morning, since he planned to take a brisk walk around Paradise Pond later that day.

Today Meaty decided to try The Breky-Breky, described on the menu as "an open-faced breakfast sandwich with two eggs any style, Breakfast Meat, Vermont Cheddar, on your choice of toast." Meaty had his eggs over easy, ordered sausage as his meat and had the whole thing on 12 grain bread. He was pleased to note the eggs are local and organic at this dining establishment. Since it was nearly noon, he was glad they serve breakfast all day. Meaty augmented his late breakfast with a side of the Daily Greens which are one of his favorite features at this restaurant.

Whilst waiting for his food to arrive, Meaty planned to return to his well-worn book but was distracted by a stunning creature in his peripheral vision. She was sitting several tables away, to his right. Meaty couldn't resist giving the beauty the once over. No spring chicken himself, Meaty was pleased to note she had clearly passed her thirtieth birthday and the years only added to her brunette beauty.

Meaty was able to allow his gaze to linger on the pretty woman because she was engrossed in her reading. When he noticed she was reading volume one of Foucault's *History of Sexuality*, he decided he absolutely had to introduce himself to her. He finished his breakfast then wandered over to her table.

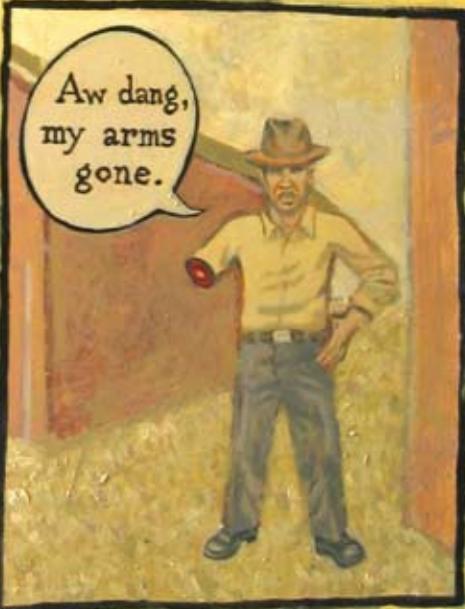
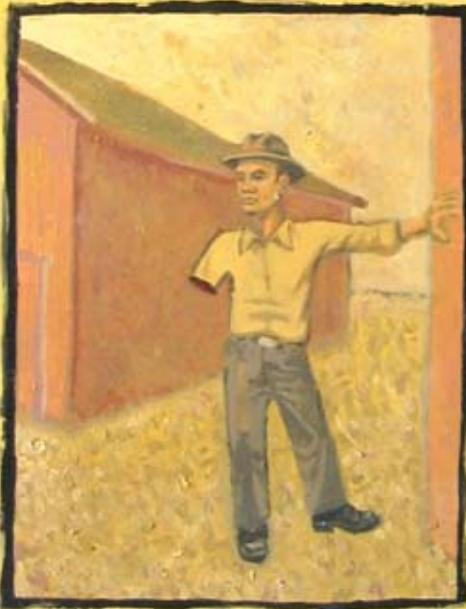
"I don't want to intrude on your meal, but I couldn't help noticing we both decided to bring Foucault to breakfast. Seems like a bit of synchronicity, to me."

"I adore Foucault; I actually have an entire shelf devoted to his books," she replied with a charming smile.

"Meaty, Meaty Gonzales, and you are?"

"Montana McMillan."

Meaty kissed the back of her extended hand, and since she'd also finished her meal, picked up her tab and inquired how she planned to spend the rest of the day. Serendipitously, she was free and Meaty ended up having company on that walk around Paradise Pond. If things continue on like this, she'll be Meaty's date at *Cirque de Menthe*. Time will tell.





You're the one that I want (see type thing)

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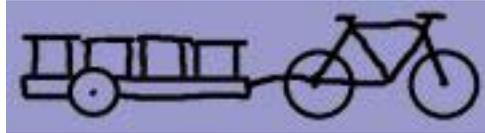
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# EASTER SUNDAY DRIVERS

Daniel Hales

have never seen so much road-kill on route 9 tomorrow when we're back at work  
an estranged possum family will be reunited at the grave side good day to figure out where  
those hilltown back roads go to feel part of something bigger rusted out hyundai drivers  
with red rejection stickers on the shield virginia slims smokers of the pioneer valley go  
ahead contribute your butt to the fountain erected in memory of a philanthropist already  
full of similar tithes good day for space prophet dogon on the tape deck rewound twice  
no periscopes spotted in the connecticut no snipers in the unitarian steeples some folk  
don't care what stamps they're given at the post office others may hold the workers hostage  
if given a book of hearts good day for deciding to love everyone or maybe just nodding in  
passing at your neighbor lay a bouquet on the curb gravestone of the street ignore the  
ominous cloud formations caution solar glare



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