Green Humanities: A Journal of Ecological Thought in Literature, Philosophy & the Arts

Volume 4 Eco-Justice

Article 13

2024

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Recommended Citation

Tuckey, Melissa. "Melissa Tuckey." *Green Humanities: A Journal of Ecological Thought in Literature, Philosophy & the Arts*, vol. 4, 2024 . DOI: 10.25779/jtyt-bf22

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"Lab-Grown Meat Could Make Strides in 2022 as Start-ups Push for US approval" CNBC

I consume the delicate heart-meat of poems. Gnaw on the gristle of the broth's soupy bones. Slurp and pontificate. Lick clean deep-fried tortilla salt. Wade deep among the knee-high corn. Bow to its majesty. Let it dry raspy on an August wind. I've crushed the grapes with my feet. Turned the crank on the wet stone mill. Wine sauce reducing in a pan. What I mean is, I've dog-eared pages and dug potatoes, loyal to earth. Lazed in the shade and gathered from the bowels of the forest. Hauled compost and manure, covered beds in summer hay. Hogs fed on acorns. Cows fat with summer grass. Some say the lab holds all futures. I'd rather eat insects than investment meat.