

PSST!

People's Song SocieTea - A Night of Music, Artful Words & Personal Reflections

Thursday, April 30, 2026

Capital

By Abbey Martin

Piles of money, stacked up in rows-
well I find it funny, how nobody knows,
What it's for, what it's for, what it's for?

Just pay your taxes- you don't have a choice.
But who is it helping, and who gets a voice?
Who's it for, who's it for, who's it for?

They sold us an illusion of democracy,
said every vote holds weight.
We're working for stability that never seems to come.
We watch the rich get richer
while the poor get poorer;
we're funding endless wars that can never be won....
the delusion is gone....

We just need healthcare- they say they can't afford.
But there's money for rich men,
they're power-hungry for more-
What's it for, who's it for, what's it for?
(What's it for, what's it for, what's it for?)

a message to my friends

By Amy Mmhmm

I've had a little cry, I've had some time to think.
Reached out to the ones I love.
Eventually we die, like a stone we sink.
And what matters are the ripples we make.

Now's not the time to lick our wounds.
The signs are there, we make our move.
It's with our art we fight each day through,
Oh we keep creating true

Oh, what's the use, of color swirlin' 'round?
It feels like its not helping anyone.
Most art is play, feels useless everyday,
but it's what tethers some souls to stay.

Yes, Now's the time to create our truth
We won't buy the narrative they choose
It's with our art we fight each day through
Oh we know what to do

Community first, Human Rights forward
Now I dissent, we show up in numbers
Show up for our neighbors
Show up in our own way
Be the change
Be the change

Poem Collection

By Otto Macfarlayne

Not All Men

On behalf of all men, He says
Hand to his heart to appeal to the dramatics,
Or maybe it's the masses,
I'm still unsure –
A man who self identifies as progressive
Loves himself some abortions, sluts
free health care would be convenient for him –
Allows his girlfriend to kiss her friends
Because *as long as it's not another man* –
Owns a "Free Palestine" t shirt that he
Proudly sports with a Starbucks Frappuccino

In hand.

I'm sorry, he puffs out his chest when he says it.

What it translates to –

I want to sleep with you.

Be the type of guy you'd trust.

He will never speak up.

It's *on behalf of all men* until

It's *Not all men*.

Until his friends' assault and harass,

Disregard and invalidate –

I perform as he says this, I can't help it –

But the difference between his performance

And my own is that he does it

Seeking praise,

He wants me to coddle and coo

Tell him how good he truly is –

That it's so hard to trust men these days

And his inflation of human decency

Equates to him being rewarded in some way.

I smile like I'm supposed to,

I tell him *thank you*.

I want to say *Fuck you*.

Fat, Feminine, and Desperate

I'd perform femininity to appease the masses,

not a force to be reckoned with

But a body to make note on –

What makes a man feel man enough?

A hand fisted in my hair, I brace myself

For impact,

For the worst of it,

Eyes shut tightly until it's over –

No reason to meet the optics,

You wouldn't want your toys

To speak, would you?

To breathe, think

He doesn't care about my feelings or my pussy or my mind

I exist in this space to appeal to his fantasy, an item to control

He wants to fuck; he wants to hear that he did a good job –

He asks if I had a good time

I swallow hard –

Hoping he didn't take note of my discomfort

I Laugh it off and cry at home.

Allowing my body to collapse into

My bed sheets, too tired to shower

But feel so overwhelmingly dirty –

Because when you are pretty enough to fuck but not enough to date

You stop trying in the first place.

You become compliant in the performance that is expected of you

So much so that when the wrong man takes his idea of sex out on you

You are more body than person to the masses,

Never the perfect victim, just fat and feminine and desperate.

But sex has never been for you anyway, a now closing act –

When the dust settles, the sets broken down

You must ask yourself if it is right that you are used

To this in the first place.

It's 9pm and I Can't Feel Anything:

January 23rd, 2022

There's a subtle irony in trying to hold yourself together

While your mind wriggles against your thumb and forefinger,

Desperate to disconnect from your body like a landline.

That's the first time you see it,

A yellow, string like line that spreads from

Your forehead to your torso like a crack in a windshield.

It's erratic, the feeling of your body trying to fracture,
When you close your eyes, you hear your tongue click
Against the roof of your mouth, but the sensation
escapes you.

You cannot feel your hand pressed just above the
bridge of your nose,
You only know it to be there as you are the one that
put it there.
You can't feel your legs, your arms.
You pinch,
scratch at yourself, you do not feel that your nails
Left claw marks on the lower part of your shoulder,
You can only see it as a line of blood trails down
Your appendage.
You only know it to be true as you did the clawing.
You put the marks there in the first place.

You tell yourself:
*My name is Otto Macfarlane; I am 22 years old. I am real, I
am me.*
Take note of the way the world looks at night.
The way you move, left foot, then right.
You remember that you're left-handed, your mind
screams it at you.
Left, left, left hand, hand left, left, not right left, left...

Its mid-January, a thin layer of snow coats the
sidewalks of Beechview,
And you can hear the local church goers returning to
their cars for the night.
Your ears are ringing, but you cannot feel that they
are ringing,
You can only hear it as it is happening to you.
You try to stop, to rest at a nearby telephone pole,
You panic as it warps against your hand, it shifts and
writhes
grows large and then small again.
It tremors as a car drives past,
You phone a friend you haven't spoken to in a while,
you don't know their name
You try to reach for it in your memories, but
everything is too far away –

You tell them:
*My name is Otto Macfarlane; I am 22 years old. I am real, I
am me*
I just need to come down.

NFN

By DRU Badger

Everybody get in line
Everybody from the New Freak Nation
Open up your tired eyes
Oh, get up now from your hibernation
Our research shows a shocking
Rise in evil bullshit
And how they pull shit; it's sick
You'd be surprised to know
Just how far it's got
Or maybe not
So everybody, now's the time
Snag a weapon and file out right behind me

The freaky time is comin' soon
All nonbelievers leave the room
Listen, won't be said again
This is your life to defend
We won't stand idly by
As it devolves into madness
Resolves in a sad mess
A broken pipe
Dream of the day
When freaks take control
Oh, yes, that's the goal
Now who's still with me?

Hurry up; there's little time
I'm burning up with anticipation
You've heard enough of leader's lies (lies)
You've learned enough to know the true frustration
Burning in the hearts of every woman, man, and child
A fire wild-style
Sad truth is most folks are trained to just ignore it
And that's some shit
To turn the other cheek is fine
If you don't care, but if you do,
We're counting on you

Raise your hand and take a vow
 I'm afraid your species needs you now
 You came in thinkin' life was play
 But hey, man, that was yesterday
 Look around and you'll see
 This is just the beginning
 And if your head's spinning
 Take that as your
 Cue up the band
 They'll be first to arrive
 And if they don't survive,
 We'll call upon you

The few who understand what's right
 The few who hunger for some confrontation
 Will get to undertake the fight
 Get set to usher in the New Freak Nation
 No one knows why all the freaky kids outside are
 screaming
 Or that they're dreaming, scheming
 Once it flows this river ain't never gonna stop
 Even if we drop
 For you step one is just sit tight
 And imagine all the things you'd change in this world

Some of you are gonna fail
 Others will end up in jail
 Danger lurks, so please take care
 Try not to get killed out there
 Most will say that we're mad
 And implore us to give in
 But the way that we're livin'
 Just makes my hair
 Curl up your fist
 And focus your power
 For you'll soon know the hour
 We take back the world

Everybody get in line
 Everybody from the New Freak Nation

Everybody get in line
 Everybody from the New Freak Nation

Everybody, now's the time
 Snag a weapon and file out right behind me

Haven't I?

By Lauren DeMechiei

Haven't I put you all before me?
 A mother-art of loving, feels like pain
 A new colossus, no silent lips, assist us
 You're racing to the bottom, after all

Haven't I?

Well, haven't I?

We could not change,
 So we should not stay

All we're good for: to use, abuse, and feel your power
 A weakness only you, can enjoy

It's short-sighted

Your pain is masquerading
 A cover for another manly plan

Haven't I?

Well, haven't I?

We could not change,
 So we should not stay

Who's that boy that's creeping in the night?
 Never wanting more: a fuck or a fight
 Who's that man who lost his life
 Protecting nothing?

Haven't I?

Well, haven't I?

We could not change,
 So we should not stay

APRIL PSST! ARTISTS

Hold On

Singalong; By Heidi Wilson

Sung by protesters in Minneapolis, January 2026

Hold on

Hold on

My dear ones

Here comes the dawn

Abbey Martin is a local singer-songwriter who began playing guitar and writing songs during the pandemic. She is drawn to themes of weather and biology with interest in how the “natural world” relates to the emotional “inner world.” Abbey also hosts a monthly song sharing group at Sunburst School of Music, open to adults of all skill levels, who are working on songwriting. Check it out!

Insta: abbey_martin_

Amy Melissen is a Singer-Songwriter, Teacher, and general encourager. Sad songs that play on your heart and whisper things you knew in your Knowing.

Insta: amymhmm

Otto Macfarlayne published their first book of poetry titled catharsis last September and has previously been published in Poetry Lounge's Yawp Magazine. With a focus on mental health and advocacy in their personal and professional life, these themes are heavily reflected in their work.

Insta: toast.dreams

DRU Badger composes and performs the smartass rock in the world. His sardonic wit, clever lyrics, and catchy melodies allow him to share uncomfortable or unusual reflections of reality in such a way that listeners don't notice that they're being lectured to.

Insta: dru.badger

Lauren DeMichiei is a songwriter and producer who has been crafting songs in many genres, for decades. She believes “good” music is timeless & when given the opportunity to serve the song, its potential can be fully realized and expressed. Currently, she's producing her junior solo album, The Lost Keys, for release in 2027.

Insta: electricredltd