

# PSST!

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

Thursday, May 28, 2026

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## **To the Movies**

By Scott Moore

Let's go to the movies  
Let's go to the show  
Anywhere to be  
Not the places you know

Let's follow the fashions  
So we know what to wear  
Relieving the tension  
Not a moment to spare

And I think it's gonna be a long long time  
Until I get it off my mind  
Slowly drifting  
Just existing  
Maybe it's here to stay

Let's go to the movies  
Let's get on the road  
Sweet little distraction  
Think we're gonna explode

And I think it's gonna be a long long time  
Until we finally draw that line  
Slowly drifting  
Just existing  
Maybe it's here to stay  
Maybe we'll save the day

Let's go to the movies  
Let's go to the show  
Anywhere to be...

## **The Valley Below**

By Adam Novi

out in the sunrise  
and glistening dew  
a hundred to meet us  
and cavalry too  
time to move on with our  
work even though  
there'll be hell to pay in the  
valley below

so pack up your bags, boys  
we're hittin' the road  
we've marched half a mile, boys  
with nine more to go  
when we get to town, boys  
there's one thing I know  
there'll be hell to pay in the  
valley below

and here is a man with his  
gun by his side  
there one meets the end of  
another man's knife  
the crank gunner, richard - he's  
jemmy's new beau  
they all met their maker in the  
valley below

so grab what you can and then  
come back for more  
leave nothin' for no-one  
kick in the door

tell 'em it's their fault for  
 bein' too slow  
 then go meet your maker in the  
 valley below

there's children in alleys, there's  
 blood in the streets  
 there's never a victory  
 without a defeat  
 but don't try to help them or  
 bring yourselves low  
 the devil presides o'er the  
 valley below

so leave it to those who  
 know better to sort  
 they're sport for the vulture, they're  
 feed for the crow  
 why help the children who  
 won't help themselves?  
 the devil provides for the  
 valley below

so grab what you can and then  
 come back for more  
 leave nothin' for no-one  
 kick in the door  
 tell 'em it's their fault for  
 bein' too slow  
 then go meet the devil in the  
 valley below

then go meet the devil in the  
 valley below

**Poem Collection**

By Joshua Tarquinio

*How Does My Garden Grow*

Merrily, merrily  
 how does your garden grow  
 quite contrarily  
 and momentarily  
 I will expound  
 resound  
 expose  
 impose  
 what's under your nose.

Higgeldy piggeldy  
 so go the rules  
 wiggly waggly  
 so go the tools  
 so go the fingers  
 so go the mas and the pas  
 and nostalgia that lingers.

Like algae plugging the plumbing  
 mem'ries collect  
 effectively numbing  
 the strain and the pain  
 of growing and gaining,  
 draining desire to learn  
 and so dumbing.

Fitness is earned.  
 A living is earned.  
 Why should it be any different to learn?  
 We live in the now  
 of the what, why, and how.  
 It's changing regardless of what you'll allow.

I can't grow my garden with what's in your shed.  
 I'm sure they worked fine when your paint contained  
 lead.  
 I don't want you gone and I don't want you dead.

I just want to be able to tend my garden  
 the way I want to tend my garden.

*There's People There*

There's people there  
 who enjoy coffee and conversation  
 and temperate weather  
 and movies about superheroes  
 who save them from annihilation.

There's people there  
 who lend each other tools  
 and fix each other's ceilings  
 and buy each other drinks  
 without expecting one returned.

There's people there  
 who would loaf in a lounge  
 with a cat and a book  
 peaceful music on the Bluetooth speaker  
 and a photo in a frame under the lamp—

There's people there  
 who would practice an instrument—

There's people there  
 who would scale radio towers—

There's people there  
 who would buy their first car—

There's people there  
 who would press flowers in heavy books—

There's people there  
 who would make clothes for dolls—

There's people there  
 who would serve each other—

before ever serving harm.

*Colors are Real*

Bright graphics flash,  
 blare and blast,  
 storm inside the straining TV screen,  
 blown away by a wind unseen so we can see  
 a news anchor—  
 standard man with  
 dark and light strands slicked back on the sides,  
 light shirt and skin contrast with  
 dark suit and tie.

No emotion does his face betray—  
 brow so straight, he could level tables,  
 gauge your foundation,  
 eyeball picture frames and leave zero gradation.

Breaking news!  
 Breaking news!

New study!

New study!

New study suggests the existence of something  
 scientists call

“color.”

Yes, you heard right.

No longer are objects merely dark or light.

What we learned when we were younger,

though it lingers in our memories,

though it clings to our perceptions,

though it suckles our ideals like a swollen, bloated

tick,

no longer stands, say smart guys.

Now let's hear from Doctor Rick.

It turns out that light exists as a spectrum of varying  
 wavelengths, each one discernable by the  
 human eye as a separate, and distinct, “hue.” For  
 instance, instead of “medium light” and  
 “entirely dark,” my folder is tan and my pen is black.  
 The grass is green. And my tie is yellow,  
 which is unfortunate, because it now clashes with my  
 blue blazer. The applications for this  
 discovery are limitless. We are living in truly exciting  
 times as our species continues to learn  
 about itself.

Back to you in the studio.

A monumental revelation  
 changing everything we thought we knew,  
 championed and peer-reviewed by slews

of seven-year scholars enslaved to settling debts in  
exchange for the selfless sake of  
strengthening our seat among the stars in the vast  
dark—I mean inky black—universe.

What does it mean to the man or woman on the  
street?

Tammy Twotone talked to them.

Tom, I am holding in my hand  
something scientists say is a  
“color chart.”

Rainbow-like,  
it lists with labels

the proper pigment names.

We showed the chart and chatted with  
children, adults, the educated, the disabled, the  
wealthy, the elderly, artists, janitors, artists who  
are working as janitors, botanists, game show hosts,  
pedicab drivers, boat mechanics,  
chocolatiers, Libertarians, libertines, the Amish,  
marine biologists, fans of Walt Whitman, the  
guy who plays saxophone on the bridge, people who  
are trying to understand their gender and/or  
sexual identity, and people who cherry-pick bible  
quotes.

Reactions to the revelation varied,  
But landed heavily in favor of the fact.

We will, however,  
present opposing opinions equally  
Because when baking a cake,  
all ingredients must be mixed in exactly the same  
amount.

A college freshman squints and quips:

“Uh, I think like,  
colors are like,  
a good thing, like,  
because, um, like,  
I don't know, like,  
they just are.”

A sour old guy sneers and jeers:

“Oh my God, you're saying I gotta learn colors now?  
Things are either light or dark!  
That's how it's always been.  
That's how it is.”

Back to you in the studio.

A scientific fact  
as mathematically actual as  
clacking trains need tracks to roll—  
a certainty sure as  
two and two make four,  
ploughing a furrow from Fort Worth to Fargo.  
For more, on the quarrel  
we converse with a controversial consultant whose  
cash commands clout.

Con-sider, says he, the con-fusion of impressionable  
minds.

Con-sider, says he, the con-tradiction of our entire  
way of life.

Con-sider, says he, the con-traction of our fragile e-  
con-omy.

Con-sider, says he, the con-tamination of our best of  
all possible worlds.

If we capitulate to color, we relinquish con-trol to the  
radical agenda of scientists who want  
everyone to be destitute and derelict.

If today, we name hues.

Tomorrow, we'll sing the...  
darks.

The quandary—  
the question,  
worth investigation,  
to the allegation  
of scientific obfuscation  
is why a community devoted to expanding  
understanding  
would commission, sans merit,  
such a mission disparate.  
Instead of inquiring,  
we'll leave you perspiring in erroneous terror.  
We did our duty  
delivering truth, opinion,  
and prophecies of doom because  
on matters of fact,  
we let you decide.  
Now here's Wally with the weather.

It's foggy out there.

**no, i know**

By Jill Marie

Sometimes you need the truth  
to smash you in the face  
and break your nose and fatten up your lip  
sometimes you need to see yourself  
through someone else's eyes  
before you realize you're worse than you'll admit

spiraling from outside in  
antenna coming down  
draining all my energy whenever you're around  
starving for some silence  
from this cacophonous violence  
I'm headed outside where my thoughts don't make a  
sound

and I know  
sometimes I need to be alone  
I need you to know that much is true  
I've left it all behind  
I'm not afraid to do it one more time  
it's got more to do with me babe than with you

and the biggest lies we tell  
are the ones we tell ourselves  
like "It doesn't hurt" and "I'm okay"  
and I will look into your eyes  
and to your face my lips will lie  
if I know that you'll be crushed by what I say

and I know  
I need to say these thoughts I own  
I know that I owe you the truth  
well I am terrified that I will someday look into your  
eyes  
and know that I don't feel the way you do

the sooner we start the faster we fall apart

and I know  
it's okay to be alone  
I just need to know you need it too  
because I need to be where I can breathe  
hear nothing but wind in the trees  
and sit alone inside my solemn solitude

## MAY 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

**Scott Moore** is a local musician who plays moody, quirky acoustic songs. He has appeared at various events and venues around town, including Millvale Music Festival, and soon will appear at the Make Music Pittsburgh event on June 21<sup>st</sup>.

*Insta:* scottmoores\_music

**Adam Novi** is an exploratory songwriter influenced by artists across a wide range of musical history and bringing forth sounds that inspire equal parts movement and contemplation while using lyrical hooks to emphasize the feelings being backdropped by the instrumentation. His work explores creativity, self-expression, and the tension of making art in the modern world.

*Insta:* adam\_things ~ aliquid.novi

**Joshua Tarquinio** is a poet and author from Hopewell Township. Dubbed “the Mad Scientist of Poetry” at a reading in Jack Kerouac’s hometown of Lowell, Massachusetts, Joshua frequently experiments with his own style. In 2025, he published three volumes of semi-stream-of-consciousness poetry entitled Lit Lab.

*Insta:* the\_lantern\_poet

**Vida Chai** has been performing and releasing music in the Pittsburgh area for over 10 years. Trained classically in jazz voice at Duquesne University, they discovered a love for blending soulful vocals with acoustic-folk instrumentation. They are committed to brutally honest story-telling in their lyrics.

*Insta:* \_vidachai

**Jill Marie** With her music once described as "sexy sloppy folk fusion," Jill Marie's songs shift from sparse acoustic dirges to jubilant funky melodies, all with a smile a mile wide. She embarks on weird sonic endeavors with Skip Sanders and plays with the musical collective Guild of Gaia.

*Insta:* smile.amilewide