



Guest written by: Serena Sebring and Emily Chávez. Hello Community! We are very pleased to have the opportunity to add our voices to the weekly greetings and radical musings featured in Bread Uprising's zine! We love this stuff! When Emily and I were thinking through what we would like to contribute to this season's subscription process, taking a turn at zine-writing was something we really wanted to do. We were particularly excited to sign up for a turn to write about Bread Uprising as queer community in the midst of Pride Weekend! However, as life tends to do, this weekend's plans took some turns we did not expect.



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We found out that Emily's beloved, beautiful, hilarious, grandmother Katherine Hawkins is nearing a transition home. So after delighting in Saturday's celebrations and dancing the streets with so many of you, we drove up to Emily's hometown Cincinnati, Ohio to visit with her. Right now I send you greetings from a chilly Starbucks up the street from Emily's Grandma's nursing home. So, rather than sharing some thoughts on what it's like to be a big queer family eating bread in this big queer bakery community (something I'm sure we'll love to share with you in a future zine), I'll tell you another story.

When I found out Noah and Tim were going to start a bakery and looking for a name, I (Serena) started campaigning hard for the bakery to be named "Angels of Bread." Why? Because this is also the name of one of my most favorite poems in the whole world written by the divinely brilliant Puerto Rican political poet Martin Espada. My name didn't win. It's cool; I do love the name "Bread Uprising." Noah introduced me to Espada's poem four years ago and its words sing in my ears whenever I am thinking

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of things like food justice, like other possible worlds, things like uprising and righteous rebellion. And maybe I'm feeling particularly rowdy/radical/rebellious in the afterglow of another spectacular Bull City Pride. So, here it is (on the back side of this 'zine) – I hope you find it a blessing as well, because this just may be the year...

Half-wheat sourdough sandwich (840g/loaf)

Water (36%), OG ww flour (30%), OG white flour (30%), veg oil (3%), NC Honey (1%), Salt

Whole-wheat sandwich bread (840g/loaf)

OG ww flour (57%), Water (35%), Vegetable oil (4%), NC Honey (2%), Fair-Trade Molasses, Salt, Yeast

Olive-garlic artisan bread (760g/loaf)

OG white flour (40%), water (36%), OG ww flour (17%), Olives (4%), Olive oil (2%), Roasted garlic, Rosemary, Salt

Manju's Love granola

Ingredients (in no particular order): OG Rolled Oats, OG NC pecans, OG walnuts,

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flax meal, sunflower seeds, raisins, pumpkin seeds, apple-juice sweetened cranberries, OG coconut oil, maple syrup, cherries, honey, vanilla, cinnamon, nutmeg, clove

Raisin Scones

OG whole-wheat pastry flour, NC pecan milk, OG raisins, apple cider vinegar, baking soda, baking powder, salt

Heads up!

Several of our comrades were visited by the FBI last Friday because of their anti-war work, and their work in solidarity with people's movements in Colombia and Palestine. Rallies are being held today (Monday) and Tuesday to show that our communities will not be divided or silenced by FBI attempts to intimidate us. We all know there is a long history of US government surveillance and terrorism against justice movements, especially when they are successfully raising public awareness of the true nature of US government policies. For more, see:

<http://bit.ly/ncstopfbi-statement>

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This is the year that squatters evict landlords,
gazing like admirals from the rail
of the roofdeck
or levitating hands in praise
of steam in the shower;
this is the year
that shawled refugees deport judges
who stare at the floor
and their swollen feet
as files are stamped
with their destination;
this is the year that police revolvers,
stove-hot, blister the fingers
of raging cops,
and nightsticks splinter
in their palms;
this is the year
that darkskinned men
lynched a century ago
return to sip coffee quietly
with the apologizing descendants
of their executioners.

This is the year that those
who swim the border's undertow
and shiver in boxcars
are greeted with trumpets and drums
at the first railroad crossing
on the other side;
this is the year that the hands
pulling tomatoes from the vine
uproot the deed to the earth that sprouts the vine,
the hands canning tomatoes
are named in the will
that owns the bedlam of the cannery;
this is the year that the eyes
stinging from the poison that purifies toilets
awaken at last to the sight
of a rooster-loud hillside,
pilgrimage of immigrant birth;
this is the year that cockroaches
become extinct, that no doctor
finds a roach embedded
in the ear of an infant;
this is the year that the food stamps
of adolescent mothers
are auctioned like gold doubloons,
and no coin is given to buy machetes
for the next bouquet of severed heads
in coffee plantation country.

If the abolition of slave-manacles
began as a vision of hands without manacles,
then this is the year;
if the shutdown of extermination camps
began as imagination of a land
without barbed wire or the crematorium,
then this is the year;
if every rebellion begins with the idea
that conquerors on horseback
are not many-legged gods, that they too drown
if plunged in the river,
then this is the year.

So may every humiliated mouth,
teeth like desecrated headstones,
fill with the angels of bread.

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