

The Bond Street Review



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From the editor

Generally, I'm not much of a "bigger-is-better" kind of guy. And yet, with the work of twenty writers contained in this issue of The Bond Street Review, it is the biggest issue yet. I'll leave it to you to decide if it is the best. All the same, I cannot be more proud to share this work with you – the compressed time of a car crash, reflections on long-loved works of art, loves lost, found and misunderstood, the dangers of conforming and oppression and a rumination on the house band for one afterlife or another are all present and accounted for. Let the investigations begin.

As well as the sharing – sending The Bond Street Review is only one keyboard click away – please abuse the "forward" option for your e-mail account and send this issue far and wide. You'll be mightily appreciated if you do.

Until the Winter 2013 issue ...

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Eric Evans".

**Eric Evans,
Editor**

Acknowledgements

Hal O'Leary's "Contrast" first appeared in *The Applicant*; Terence Kuch's "Dutiful" first appeared in *Polluto* and "Doing Good" first appeared in *Galleys Online*.

Crash Harmonics

by Allie Marini Batts

First comes the *whoosh* of air, quiet, seconds before the brakes, a high wail like banshees over the moors, in warning. A screech: thick rubber spins over the blacktop. Then the heavy sounds of collision, not quite as loud as I imagined. Plastic bumpers crack as metal meets at 50 mph. Gravity and Newtonian physics groan and twist the steel skeleton of the Honda's safety frame armature; low, and far longer than the meager seconds gobbled up by real time. The pitch of plastic on steel stretches and deepens, rubber on asphalt, metal meeting metal in a cacophony of falling, sliding, spinning and impacting. Safety glass tinkles and rains inward, sounding like hailstones or the imagined and remembered crunch of snow beneath my childhood boots. It is an icy timbre, like wind chimes, propelled by the quiet roar of air outside. For a moment, stretched like a rubber band over time, the descent of eerie quiet, before car alarms start shrieking at angry intervals. The band snaps back on itself as the Honda remembers how to scream. Louder on my eardrums is the *click* of my seatbelt. I turn to face him, my own voice alien and underwater, *Are you ok?* I hear sirens, obscured by the Doppler Effect. Police and EMTs; coming for us. The airbags didn't deploy like they promised. Andrew's Honda is an angry cobra, hissing and rattling, spitting coolant and oil onto the road. Our lips, the only things quiet in this moment.

Milkshake

by Alan Britt

***(The doctor was smiling,
but the news wasn't good.)***

--Paul Simon

**With the scaly symbols of he who talks.
With the usual ball-breaker seats
in heaven, first twenty rows or so reserved,
caution-taped, merlot roped by invitation only.
Would you eat a peach over that?
Would you dare disturb the sentimental herd
easily spooked by threats of high-priced gas,
plummeting retirements & mysterious bombings
of their houses on Thanksgiving?
Or would you (we), Oui hips grinding the bed frame,
would you, given a lease on middle-age,
decide the factory, the church,
the schoolyard, the courtyard,
the stockyard, (one of the more popular yards),
the stockyard when nobody's looking,
the stockyard when everyone
daydreams at mass—pick your
pilgrimage. That stockyard means about
as much to you as it does to me.**

Garden of Eden

by Alan Britt

Imagine, imagine the tusk, the black pearl tusk with a Lehman Brothers accountant hanging on like a swatch of seaweed, guilty mustache of sheer madness trailing a manatee's democratic grin.

Twist sideways inside a box of councilmen wasps wrapping gold-rimmed spectacles around their personal desires first, families second, then surviving constituents.

Golden berries of seaweed...imagine that, then imagine the world without self-serving religions planting cataracts like humble onions, broccoli, cabbages & fertile eggplants in every Garden of Eden that's ever existed on this god-forsaken planet.

Signified & Signifier

by Alan Britt

Immanentist...nature...poet...language, the mantis eyebrows of the World Exchange, heretical plum splintering the iris of yellow tulip, cicadas & wasps that inspired Beethoven's last quartets, flickering black-spotted ladybug's pumpkin wings jig-sawing artificial damnation, divorce, divorce as it's schemed among men in flowing black robes, plus a taste of the infinite as the infinite exists in a well placed consonant but not so much in the pompous caesura or custodial adjective. Signified & signifier as Mallarmé intimated to his dear Degas.

Immanentist...bruised peach twilight...adjective lost while on adverbial patrol. Sunken thighs, thistle stalks. Muscular verbs posit florescent green eyeliner on gallinules tip-toeing vast continents of the brain. A linguistic reality, pure & simple.

One guy says we can do this, but we can't do that. Then she says we can do anything we want so long as we embrace the flaming world we originated from. After a heart breaking experience she repents...throws her notebook, gel pen & static PC into the fire seeking a Platonic existence, neat, orderly...but according to Heraclites & Appollinaire, Trakl, Lorca & Locke a futile attempt to sentimentalize a copper ant transgressing the bridge between the infinite & the ambiguous pages of an orderly life, as if an orderly life could see without blinders, without expectations, without cross-country skis strapped to its penis & vagina.

Ecumenical Thinking

by Chad Barber

Creased,

**warped,
stretched so thin.**

**A clammy apprehension,
when stuck to a form so bad.**

**No getting out,
it's the exact opposite of victory.**

**Opaque,
general,
all is consumed.**

Continental Shame

by Chad Barber

Western thought,

western way.

Close to bought,

fleeting pride day to day.

Eyes closed, breath held.

Fleeting dignity deeply quelled.

Too far gone, existence shelled.

Euphoric thoughts, deeply dwelled.

Close to taught,

closer to bought.

Western way,

western thought.

Terrestrial Illumination, No. 38

by Duane Locke

Hundreds of wild white swans among

**Small gray ocean wave sloshes and white quivering white caps,
A thousand black-hooded white gulls on black streaked, shore's white rocks.
We stopped on the cracked, black asphalt road called
"The Dike road," a distance from Amsterdam.
We were far, very far, from women's laughter and men's giggles.
It would be five hours before a car would speed by.
It was a this worldly, earthly equivalent
Of what is called "an epiphany" in the bygone, obsolete vocabulary.**

static of the world

by Florine Melnyk

born	we are all born with the static of the world
marines	all of us cannot be marines, but admire marine life
lives	the lives of fishes are fascinating and entertain
commander	even the commander of a fleet of ongoing vessels
thee	“what do you make of thee?” the first mate cries
sorry	all the asparagus has been eaten and the cook is sorry
ceiling	he didn’t make enough, but the potatoes reach the ceiling
love	who could love a potato like he can
it	the time, it moves slowly and chocolate cannot
dead	stop their dead spirits from withering further
rhyme	they try to rhyme, but their reasoning is off
woke	although they woke with all the right colors
name	there was no name for their countless breakfasts
made	so they made boxed lunches from the static of the world

Contrast

by Hal O'Leary

**Today, we hear our casualties were light.
Good Christ...my leg...the god damned blood it spurts...
It's been announced the enemy's in flight.
Hey, someone help me...MEDIC...Christ it hurts.**

**Good Christ...my leg...the god damned blood it spurts...
There's hope that we could bring some boys back home.
Hey, someone help me...M E D I C...Christ it hurts...
In Israel, they're talking of Shalom.**

**There's hope that we could bring some boys back home.
Hey Jack...,Speak up...I din hear whatcha said.
In Israel, they're talking of Shalom.
What...,Jack...ah shit...the motha fucker's dead.**

**Hey Jack...Speakup...I din hear whatcha said.
And now, back here at home we get the word
What...Jack...ah shit...the motha fucker's dead.
Munition firms are healthy, profits soared.**

**And now, back here at home we get the word,
It's been announced the enemy's in flight.
Munition firms are healthy, profits soared.
Today, we hear our casualties were light.**

She Sees Through Sounds

by Jakima Davis

**She sees through sounds
Through the high and low pitches
Seeing the sounds of the wind
Blowing in a flimsy and weak
Manner that's hitting the dry ground
The sounds of a ruin experiment
Getting wash away down the drain**

**Sounds of bad bones rattling
To the dusty music of the
Off key harmonies and beats that's
Scratching against the stones
Just as dull as a nail**

**She sees through sounds
Of the shiftless suns and stars
Whirling lifelines and buzzing flies
Rising from the waters**

**Waters overflowing
Falling down inside of her
Floating outside this world
Sparking moons and popping fires
She knows them all
She feels and smells them
She dreams of them all the time
She runs and hides from them
She sees through sounds**

Celestial Music

by Joseph Farley

In heaven, only the top angels get to play the harp. That is, except for Michael, the Arch Angel. He prefers the horn. That is his choice. Who is going to argue with him? Not any angel.

Below Michael are harps. At the next level down in the hierarchy are flutes and saxophones. Further down is the harpsichord, the pipe organ and the piano. There are other instruments, but at the lowest ranks, angels must choose between the washboard and the saw.

Every angel must have an instrument. It is some kind of celestial law. The angels and the saints must give concert for the Creator. Some do sing for their eternal supper, but most just have to make divine noise.

No one in heaven needs to learn an instrument. The ability to play is part of the package. It comes with the halo and the wings. Yet, even in heaven there are distinctions. You can know how to play, but to be able to really play well requires some practice, some dedication. Some angels are better than others when it comes time to show off their stuff.

Music is also a requirement in hell. Few people know that. Satan is an avid musician. He plays a wicked violin. The demons under his command are required to jam with him from time to time. The higher ranking demons play violin, cello, and bass. The devil is partial to strings. The guitar and mandolin are for the next in rank. Further down is the banjo. The bagpipes are near the bottom, exiled from heaven for their infernal sound.

The kazoo and the tin whistle are reserved for unborn souls in Limbo, possibly for the simplicity of the instruments.

Purgatory is filled with chord organs with numbers and letters painted on the keys. Xylophones and zithers are also popular.

Drums are everywhere. Drums are the heart of any band, and all God's children, good and bad, like to dance, either for war or love or just for fun.

The powers that be have not decided what to do with the accordion. It sits off, lonely, to the side, with the comb and the tuba, waiting for the proper level of saint or sinner to march in and lay claim to it. There are some who think the accordion should be stretched between the higher and lower realms. It appears that both heaven and hell have fans of zydeco and polka.

Life with Daedalus

by Joseph Farley

I grew up in a wooden house made out of stone, perched on a cliff or just over. I lived my childhood in free fall. I have never quite landed.

There is a constant drumming in my head. A cicada has made a home in my ear. It is better than a cockroach, less common place. It separates me from the riff-raff.

My father told me I was destined for great things. I must become a genius even if I was not one. I must do so to follow in his footsteps, for, as he said, "I am brilliant."

One day I found my father's old report cards in a suitcase. He was no genius. He had as many F's as A's. I am my father's son. A genius of equal skill. We both could sit in a chair and watch the television. We both could read a book and scratch our heads. We both could walk to the bus stop to start the long trip to work. We are both brilliant. Or we might be.

My father is still ahead of me in one way. He is dead. Passed away before I found him out. It was a brilliant move on his part, a sign of a great tactician, and act of genius.

I only hope I can live up to his example.

Afternoon Tea

by Kenneth P. Gurney

**Birdsongs coat the sides of our house
in spring colors unimagined at the paint store.**

**When I tell you the empty spaces
are now green with vegetables**

**I can assure you that a lot of effort was
involved**

**and our unanswered prayers for rain
increased the water bill,
even though we used drip irrigation
at the expense of new hoses.**

**The unregulated mint grows everywhere
and I invite you over to harvest some
before we make tea, before you sit
at the table under the awning**

**in your sailboat-print dress
and white canvas deck shoes,
which now have green stains
from our efforts.**

**Please scrape the tea cake crumbs
into the grass, so the birds
may risk toothless tooth decay
with no way to brush or floss
or gargle with some antiseptic mouthwash.**

**You know, below us right now,
the newborn mice have not yet opened
their eyes, and the neighbor's cat
licks his lips in anticipation
while sitting on the cinderblock wall
scouting out all the best places
from which to pounce.**

A Depth to Water

by Michael Brownstein

within the confines of love, a shallow swamp, a vast beach, and a deep well of fresh water—

in the place of in-love, the swamp becomes a garden, the beach private, and the well deeper—

**and over time, being loved and loving mud and muck and sucking animals, hot sand and a well
dries up**

or

**a swamp of change, a beach of sunlight and shadow, a well that finds its source and fills itself up
again**

or

**simply the mix and match of swamp and garden, of beach and popularity, of well and depth of
water.**

Outside Copenhagen in 1899

by Michael Estabrook

**In my hotel room, on the opposite wall
from the corner where I write, hangs
a painting by FH Brandt from 1899:
a desolate, bleak landscape
in dull greens and browns,
a gray-blue pond shimmering
in the foreground, a woman
wearing a hat, with a child,
two dirt paths etched
along the rocky cliffs, one solitary tree,
one solitary white house
with smoking chimneys in the notch
behind the hills, and beyond that**

**on the high horizon, a church,
tall but not too tall,
dark but not too dark,
mysteriously beckoning
the solitary figure of a man
halfway up the path below,
carrying a book perhaps,
a writing tablet and pen,
questing steadfastly upwards
along life's path towards the hope
of everlasting enlightenment
on the crest of the hills beyond.
The philosopher Kierkegaard perhaps?
Yes, that must be him (or me), alone
and questing, always questing,
but who knows for what.**

Dancer of the Shoe Poem

by Michael Lee Johnson

**Dancer of the shoe poem,
I trip over your shoe string
dress or gown
and keep walking with a beat,
you're missing a step,
let me take you there,
or did the ghost of the night
take your slippers away-
move right, slightly left,
back one half-step.**

**Dancer of the shoe poem,
it's my duty
to take you away
in a love feast.
Thank you for this dance.**

Undressed Rehearsal

by Michelle Wittle

You say your line, something about a date. I'm too busy trying to remember my line where I ask you if you're married because I was a long time ago and then I look off in the distance like the director told me to do. You finish your line, then an uncomfortable pause. I didn't forget my line; this time I'm lost in remembering my line. I look at your left hand. Say my line. Look out into the distance.

We wait. I'm not sure for what. The director says we have to hold the scene. We do. I look at you. Finally I'm comfortable enough to look you in the eyes because I'm not me and you aren't you. I'm Woman Number Three and you're Writer. I see you looking directly into my shit brown eyes. For a second, I forget everything; my fears, my nerves, my gut wrenching crush on you. I let you see me. You smile.

I catch myself. What the hell are you smiling at? Me? You like this? I'm not really confident. I have issues. Major daddy issues with a side of abandonment and I come with a side salad of low self-esteem with depression dressing. Oh holy hell, you can't see the real me because then you might actually love me and I could be happy, really insanely happy, for once. A girl with a plate this full can never be happy. It's in the rule book. Page seventeen: section three, paragraph two.

I do the only logical thing. I push you into the metal chair. You trip. You catch yourself from falling completely face first on the wooden stage.

It's time for the faux curtain call. You reach for my hand. I take it and notice the coolness of your palm. We bow. You drop my hand and I figure you're done with me. But no, there you are pointing at me, pretending the invisible clapping should not be for you, but for me. Something tells me to bow again. This time I curtsy as if accepting your praise.

I look at you. But, the director is already giving you notes on how to improve your performance for tomorrow's opening night. You nod along but give me a side glance. You wink.

You see everything I am and you wink?

Woman, Depicted Facing and in Profile, with Glass

Jean Metzinger, 1919

By Peter J. Grieco

**As more I gaze
across the table
the fonder I grow
of you, my dear.
Not dualism
yes, no
oscillation
perhaps I shall.
Not only back-&-forth
but in-&-out. Enfolding
your glass, your arms
as we might each other.
Speckles, squares.
Lines, squiggles.
My dark bright lady,
turn again towards me!**

Twenty-First Century Pointillism

by Peter J. Grieco

**What comes next, after great sneaky games
to play at work on sleek keyboardless
keyboards soon to hit the shelves? After old
fashioned household tips fail to explain what
you need to know about probotics or
why more Americans than Chinese can't
put food on the table? A woman in
the audience leaps to her feet & is
subsequently carted off by police.**

**What comes next, after Wall Street protesters
gain world wide support? What happens next?**

**After five surprising uses for tea &
the mistake that's on your pasta box,
after men evaluate fashion trends like
this clever trompe l'oeil color block
dress, after the illusion of dancing stars
at a pistachio farm, what clumsy
gesture can possibly be off limits
at restaurants?**

About the Crisis

by Peycho Kanev

**It is in all the newspapers, in the numbers of the Dow Jones,
in all the thermometers, and into the victims of the loneliness.**

**“You got those last month’s only for yourself.
The men of wisdom declared the last days,
but if they look for us they will find only dust.”
Love, because there is no other way out, feel
the words coming out of your mouth –
when we fall down,
just to restore the eternal cycle,
and we, accept –
all of us –
(what else could we do?):**

**the struggle.
It is such hard work to be honest and true,
when the rest of the world is decomposing.
We are not like them.
We do not talk quietly at Sunday dinner
tables,
we do not communicate with passwords over
the phone,
that’s the others, who peer through the
peepholes,
growl at the fences, topple down the Stop
signs,
scream at our walls, our last sanctuary –
we are not like them, and they can’t go
without
dragging us out of what was left of the ship,
which is sinking.**

A count

by Peycho Kanev

1 useless night

2 bottles of wine

19 cigarettes in the pack

30 minutes after midnight

36 women walking on streets outside

50 minutes of hard rain falls on the grass -

1

2

3

and it's 60 minutes after midnight

and it's the 31st year of my life

and it's the night, the day

and the night again.

Hundreds of poems in my computer;

0 women in my bed -

1 useless Me.

Poetry (1953)

by Rick Henry

Wishes and whispers and willowy whimsies and a wop bop a boom boom loo and a hunching over notebook after notebook following hunches and scribbles and letter after letter and I after I and I and I and letters upon letters and scribbles and hunches. Famed and inflamed he pines for Pamela, burns for Evelina. Elizabeth. But for Elizabeth. He spurns early loves, spurns Heloise and the letters they wrote, to follow *her* scribbles, her letter after letter, her I after I, her letters upon letters and scribbles and sonnets. Famed and inflamed he humps over Elizabeth, humps over her sonnets, her sonnets—her metered rhyme, her pulsing rhythm, her blood coursing in time with her heart—no prose poems these, pure poetry, pure poetry, deferred, removed, Elizabeth effaced, her fame effaced, her husband erased, his own hunched frame impassioned and so, inflamed, he humps over sonnets, sound nests of poetry, pure poetry, no prose, no Elizabeth, no husband (no husband!) no self to inflame he humps over ten, twenty, thirty, forty...he counts her sonnets, counts her rhymes, his hand beats out time, erect and strong. He scans her stresses, unstresses, her uncoiled tresses ever nigh and nigher that brush his face and send twinkles down his spine. He undresses her soul. Famed and unnamed he humps over sonnets following curls and following cues, upward sweeps and flourishes, swirling I after I and I and I, traces of Elizabeth, traces of thee, entangled knots of us and we, were I not I and thee not thee and so no us and so no we, he rides his hobby horse, transported, translated, he rides the sweeps and flourishes, erases Eliza, pure poetry, no language, no English, no Portuguese, no Lizzie, no angels, no death, no mercy or grace, pure poetry, no sweeps, no flourishes, no Beth, no love, beloved, no tender, intended, no notebooks, no scribbles, no letters, pure poetry, no Liz, no words, no sonnets, no sound, no I, no thee, no us, no we, just poetry, pure poetry, pure poetry.

Full Noon

by Rodney Nelson

**our young time filled out where the park came
with windmill and tulip garden onto
the native beach**

**the forward innocence
of her look in our day nest among
the shrubbery meant she did not detect
the impostor in me**

**a man was taught
to wive and sire and found under law
and in the full of our time I did
not see either**

**she would and so would act
that I was one for the moment only
and every word it had to give me
owning no other home**

**our noon at
the beach or later in rooms ended on
the telephone and she would die alone
in our age**

**I have had decades of
moment to weigh the why of her and what
I did not seem to be and was and I accept
and wonder**

**how would she have looked
turning to me where our time filled out
to the tune of the sea if I had been
another**

**the man I saw reflected
in her innocence and tried to become**

Blue-Collar Twister

By Sonnet Mondal

**Sweat tries to swim upwards through the hairs
of a labourer building the statue of the herald
but fails and falls in the soil sucked up by heat,
Vanishes as a struggling animal in quicksand;
Dreams drain and entity turns into fossils as slippers
walk over it.**

**His weapons are a chisel and spade;
He lifts them to protest but vacuum wailing in the curves
of his muscles make it fall again on the mummified ground;
just to dig, dig the ground for
the Herald's statue must stand firm
or his existence will be buried under its
falling weight.**

**Toils will evaporate with the smile of the moon
The dawn will hear sounds again-
sounds of iron striking against rocks.
The air waits to weave those sounds
and strike a twister with them-
Tall enough for the world to see
bold enough to step over mountains
Clear enough to show the waving hands
begging a day out of slavery.**

Doing Good

by Terence Kuch

The Leader calls me this morning. “Ron,” he says, “there’s a poor family out on the Groveton Pike could use some social work, picnic hamper, food stamps, can of soup, stuff like that. Do ’em good.” I strap on my pistol. I know the Leader’s a busy man, but he always finds time to call when he hears about Americans in trouble. He calls us here at the Social Police, cuts right through all those layers of bureaucracy, tells me about it. “Straighten ’em out, you know, there’s nothin’ like hunger to turn a man against his leader.”

The Leader got every vote in the last election; he needs to keep his record intact in the next. If one, even one voter writes in some other name, then the Leader’s just another bum. Has to win ’em all. That’s when we started wearing guns, when the picnic basket wasn’t enough. Now, I can read minds. Not really, but the family out on the Groveton Pike thinks I can, because my training is so good. Howard (that’s his name, the man out on the Pike) thinks I can read his mind and I don’t tell him I can’t – I just finger my pistol, sometimes spin it around cowboy style, point it at Howard or at his little daughter Gracie – that’s all he’s got left now; his wife and brother and sister weren’t absolutely grateful; the Leader thought they might vote against him in the next election. So I deleted them, that is after reading their minds and understanding that they would do anything to save their skins, even vote for the Leader, but being scared, y’know, they might get a little confused there inside the voting booth and push the wrong lever, realize it was the wrong lever and in a panic rush to undo their grievous wrong but instead accidentally shove the handle that enters the vote and opens the curtains – and there I am, ready to shoot but too late, the Leader’s lost a vote, there’s criticism of the way he’s been running the country, it’s all over, no more calls for me, no more picnic baskets for them.

So I need to keep that from happening with Howard and his kid. I get there, knock on the door. Howard answers, little Gracie right behind him. They smile at a familiar face. I say “Bang, bang, you’re dead!” wait for them to realize I didn’t shoot. They laugh, knowing I’ll do ’em good. Then I shoot.

In the Dutiful Republic

by Terence Kuch

In the dutiful republic we practice our smiles on our uncomplaining mirrors, hold our hands tight over our minds, say only the wrong right things. We concentrate, now, on being public beings, view that which infests us. Which simulation are we, today? Know not how to think,

(contrasting views of responsible spokespersons

**{who are however subject to the same illusions as those
whose views do not contrast}**

are welcome)

but what. I pelvis to the Leader’s television’d motions, pretend his tongue is moist and tight inside my ear. In the light we are dutiful; but at night we gather quietly in the home of one or another, cover windows with dark cloth, power-up the peering-machine, watch the Leader address his people. We rub in rhythm against the cold tube. We Tivo it over and over until we can time our brutal movements to the cadence of anointed speech with exquisite and exhausting precision.

There is no pounding at the door tonight because doors are now forbidden.

The mirrors – the mirrors have stopped reflecting us.

Officer and Laughing Girl

Vermeer, c. 1658

by William Doreski

**Gift-wrapped in a bonnet,
the girl's laughter means little
to the artist, but much to the man
in black hat who turns away
from the dominant perspective
to frame her with his attention.**

**His red coat sags like a sack of grain,
while the cup she cuddles in both hands
looks like a useless knick-knack.
The artist doesn't trouble himself
to flatter this winsome couple.
No, the artist loves the map**

**plastered on the wall behind them,
a *Nova et Accurata* view
of Holland and Westphalia.
Maybe she intends to marry
this man whose akimbo right arm
juts backward to fend off intrusion**

**into their little tete-a-tete.
But the map has intruded
to remind us that the future
lies in creating empires,
not babies. The soldier, facing
this elaborate map, will leave,**

**as soldiers must, for dubious cause,
the girl will weep and marry
a farmer, and the map will peel
from the wall and droop and touch
the spotless brick floor and someone
will roll it up for storage.**

**Years later, the girl and soldier
forgotten, the map will hang
in a museum and we'll wonder
at how misshapen the world had been,
despite the efforts of artists
to order its lights and shades.**

Massive Silver Coins

By William Doreski

**In a nameless foreign nation
massive silver coins deploy
to resolve every transaction.
With pockets full of these coins**

**I feel anchored to the world.
You speak the local language,
but I don't. You could name
this nation, but refrain while**

**I rattle fistfuls of money
I don't understand. Adobe
painted pink, sea-green, pale blue
absorbs sunlight thick as paste.**

**A harbor bristling with sailboats
relaxes at midday, every spar
etched with artistic precision.
You insist we attempt a café**

**busy with muscled working men
gulping down carafes of wine**

**as yellow as nectar. You speak
to the waiter in that language**

**I can't identify. Reading your lips,
I believe you refer to me
as your housebroken donkey.
Maybe you're speaking Breton**

**or Gaelic or Portuguese. Maybe
you're speaking Atlantis to men
who drowned three thousand years ago.
Our carafes of yellow wine arrive**

**along with plates of bread and cheese
ripe as the dead at Austerlitz.
You tell me to leave twelve coins
in payment. As I count them out**

**you count also, using that language
I find so glossy and slick.
Maybe later in our hotel room
you'll lavish that slippery sound**

**all over me, and the heap of coins
left piled on the bedside table
will rattle like a Greek chorus
to honor our favorite sins.**

Contributors

Chad Barber is a writer from Buffalo, New York.

Allie Marini Batts is a graduate of New College of Florida, meaning she can explain deconstructionism, but cannot perform simple math. Her work has appeared in over eighty literary magazines her family hasn't heard of. Allie calls Tallahassee home because it has great trees to climb, and conveniently, her husband happens to live there, too. She's pursuing her MFA degree in Creative Writing through Antioch University Los Angeles and.....oh no! it's getting away! To read more of Allie's work, please visit kiddeternity.wordpress.com, or to read her book reviews and literary blogging, visit Bookshelf Bombshells at <http://bookshelfbombshells.com/>.

Alan Britt read at the World Trade Center Tribute WTC Visitors Center in Manhattan/NYC in April 2012 In September 2011 he read his poems at New Jersey City University's *Ten Year 9/11 Commemoration* in Jersey City, NJ. He was participating poet for the We Are You Project (WeAreYouProject.Org) at the Wilmer Jennings Gallery in the East Village/NYC, April 2012. His poem, "September 11, 2001," appeared in *International Gallerie: Poetry in Art/Art in Poetry Issue*, v13 No.2 (Mumbai, India): 2011. ABC Radio National (Australian Broadcasting Corporation) in July, 2008 broadcasted a straight read, plus live stream on their Web site of Alan Britt's poem, "After Spending All Day at the National Museum of Art," as part of their Poets on Painters series...*The Poetry Library* (www.poetrymagazines.org.uk) providing free access digital library of 20th & 21st century English poetry magazines with the aim of reaching new audiences and preserving the magazines for the future included Alan Britt's work published in *Fire* (UK) in their project. *The Poetry Project's* sole patronage by Her Majesty The Queen, Elizabeth II.....PCA/ACA Conference 2007 (Boston) Panel Chair for *Poetry Studies & Creative Poetry*. Nominated for the Pushcart Prize many times, most recently 2008, 2009 & 2011.

Michael H. Brownstein has been widely published throughout the small and literary presses. His work has appeared in *The Café Review*, *American Letters and Commentary*, *Skidrow Penthouse*, *Xavier Review*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Free Lunch*, *Meridian Anthology of Contemporary Poetry*, *The Pacific Review*, Poetrysuperhighway.com and others. In addition, he has nine poetry chapbooks including *The Shooting Gallery* (Samidat Press, 1987), *Poems from the Body Bag* (Ommation Press, 1988), *A Period of Trees* (Snark Press, 2004), *What Stone Is* (Fractal Edge Press, 2005), and *I Was a Teacher Once* (Ten Page Press, 2011). He is the editor of *First Poems from Viet Nam* (2011).

Jakima Davis is a writer born in Charleston, SC and raised in Mount Vernon, NY. She started writing poetry eleven years ago, in part to relieve boredom. Her work has been published in several high school and college newspapers and magazines. She also recently published a broadside through MaryMark Press. She holds a B.A. in History from Concordia College.

William Doreski lives in Peterborough, NH. His poetry, criticism, and fiction have appeared in many journals, and his most recent book is *June Snow Dance* (2012).

Michael Estabrook is a baby boomer who began getting his poetry published in the late 1980s. Over the years he has published 15 poetry chapbooks, his most recent entitled *When the Muse Speaks*. Other interests include art, music, theatre, opera, and his wife who just happens to be the most beautiful woman he has ever known.

Joseph Farley edited *Ace Factory* from 1996 to 2010. His books and chapbooks include *Suckers*, *For the Birds*, *Longing for the Mother Tongue*, *Waltz of the Meatballs*, and *Her Eyes*.

Peter J. Greico is a Ph.D graduate of SUNY Buffalo where he wrote his dissertation on working-class poetry. A former school bus driver, he has taught at universities in Ankara, Turkey; Seoul, South Korea; and Buffalo, NY, his native city where he studies French and is finishing his degree in Mathematics Education. Publications include *At the Musarium*, a chapbook of semi-procedural verse based on word frequency lists.

Kenneth P. Gurney lives in Albuquerque, NM, USA with his beloved Dianne. He edits the anthology *Adobe Walls* which contains the poetry of New Mexico. His latest book is *This is not Black & White*. Learn more at <http://www.kpgurney.me/Poet/Welcome.html>.

Rick Henry's most recent novella, *Chant*, was published by BlazeVox Books, (2008). His other books include: *Lucy's Eggs and Other Stories* (Syracuse UP, 2006) and *Sidewalk Portrait: Fifty-fourth Floor and Falling*, a novella (BlazeVox Books, 2006).

Michael Lee Johnson is a poet, freelance writer and small business owner of custom imprinted promotional products and apparel: www.promoman.us. He is heavily influenced by: Carl Sandburg, Robert Frost, William Carlos Williams, Irving Layton, Leonard Cohen, and Allen Ginsberg. His new poetry chapbook with pictures, titled *From Which Place the Morning Rises*, and his new photo version of *The Lost American: from Exile to Freedom* are available at: <http://www.lulu.com/spotlight/promomanusa>. His most recent chapbook is *Challenge of Night and Day, and Chicago Poems*. He is also editor/publisher of five poetry sites, all open for submission, which can be found at his Web site: <http://poetryman.mysite.com>.

Peycho Kanev is the Editor-In-Chief of *Kanev Books*. His poems have appeared in more than 600 literary magazines, such as: *Poetry Quarterly*, *Evergreen Review*, *Hawaii Review*, *The Monarch Review*, *The Coachella Review*, *DMQ Review*, *Black Market Review*, *The*

Cleveland Review, *In Posse Review*, *Mascara Literary Review* and many others. Peycho Kanev has won several European awards for his poetry and he is nominated for the Pushcart Award and Best of the Net. His poetry collection *Bone Silence* was released in September 2010 by Desperanto Publishing Group. A new collection of his poetry, titled *Requiem for One Night*, will be published by Desperanto Publishing Group in 2012

Terence Kuch's speculative fiction has appeared in magazines and e-zines in the U.S., U.K., Canada, Australia, and India. His recent novel, *The Seventh Effect*, was praised by *Kirkus Reviews*. He is a member of the editorial teams of *Z-composition* and *Fickle Muses* e-zines. He lives in Falls Church, Virginia, with a wife and too many cats.

Duane Locke lives in Tampa, Florida near aningas, gallinules, raccoons, alligators, and other sacred existences. He has published in print magazines, e-zines, and books, 6,678 poems. 29 books, the latest in April 2012, entitled *Duane Locke, The First Decade 1968-1978*. The book is a republication of his first 11 poetry books.

Florine Melnyk was born and raised in Buffalo, New York. She earned an MFA from the University of Southern Maine's Stonecoast program. She has traveled to and studied in Ireland, where she drank several pints of Guinness and saw a leprechaun (not necessarily in that order). She currently lives in Buffalo, with her two daughters Siobhan and Shannon, and several lovable pets.

Sonnet Mondal is an award winning bestselling Indian English poet and has authored eight books of poetry. His latest book is *Diorama of Three Diaries* (Authorspress, New Delhi). He was bestowed Poet Laureate from Bombadil Publishing, Sweden in 2009. His works have appeared in more than hundred international literary publications including *The Macedonian Stremez*, *The Penguin Review of Youngstown State University*, *Two Thirds North of Stockholm University*, *International Gallerie*, *The Istanbul Literary Review*, *World Poets Quarterly*, *The Journal of Poetry Society of India*, *Holler of Princeton Poetry Project*, *Friction Magazine of New Castle University*, *Foliate Oak Journal of University of Arkanas and Other Voices Poetry Project*(endorsed by UNESCO) to name a few. He was inducted in the prestigious Significant Achievements Plaque at the museum of Bengal Engineering and Science University, Shibpur in 2011, nominated for Pushcart Prize in 2011 and was featured as one of the Famous Five of Bengali youths by *India Today* magazine in 2010. At present he is the managing editor of *The Enchanting Verses Literary Review*, *Editor of Best Poems Encyclopedia*, *Poetry Editor of The Abandoned Towers Magazine* and the Sub Secretary General of Poetas Del Mundo.

Rodney Nelson's work began appearing in mainstream journals long ago; but he turned to fiction and did not write a poem for twenty-two years, restarting in the 2000s. So he is both older and "new." See his page in the Poets & Writers directory http://www.pw.org/content/rodney_nelson for a notion of the publishing history. He has worked as a copy editor in the Southwest and now lives in the northern Great Plains. Recently, his poem "One Winter" won a Poetry Kit Award for 2011 (U.K.); it had appeared

in *Symmetry Pebbles*. His "Upstream in Idaho" received a Best of Issue Award at the late *Neon Beam* (also England). The chapbook *Metacowboy* was published in 2011, and another title, *In Wait*, is due this year.

Hal O'Leary is an eighty-seven-year-old veteran of WWII who now realizes that all wars are instigated by greedy sociopaths and psychopaths to increase their wealth which translates into power. Hal has been published in thirteen different countries. A life-long resident of Wheeling, WV except for three years in the Army, he has been inducted into the Wheeling Hall of Fame and is the recipient of an Honorary Doctor of Humane Letters degree from West Liberty University.

MM Wittle is a professor of college writing. MM's work has appeared in *Nailpolish Stories* and *Transient*. For the past eight years, MM has been on the fiction board of *Philadelphia Stories* and now works with PS Books as a Poetry and Creative Nonfiction editor. In MM's opinion, there is nothing better than getting a writer friend, grabbing a green tea frap, and working on her latest piece in a cafe. Also, MM likes Cheez-its.

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