

THE



REVIEW

Winter, 2012

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**Cover photo:
Eric Evans**

From the editor

What a difference six months makes. Since the inaugural issue of *The Bond Street Review* in July of 2011 we've more than doubled in size and of the nine writers in this issue, six are new to the **Review**. And we've gone international, to boot, with writers from as far away as Israel and Scotland featured this time out. The number of submissions increased as well. Thank you to all who helped spread the word – please keep spreading it.

But, most importantly, enjoy this collection of writing as we present you with a feverish Buddha, Southern California beach riots and Emily Dickinson meditating on the nature of death. Enjoy as we question Woodstock's existence and advocate for the virtues of a lost weekend. Enjoy every last page. And then enjoy them all over again ...

Until July ...

A handwritten signature in white ink that reads "Eric Evans". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

Eric Evans
Editor

Acknowledgements

Eleanor Livingstone's "Harbour" and "Roadkill" first appeared in *Even the Sea* (Red Squirrel Press, 2010); Leslie Cohen's "Luminous" first appeared in *Voices Israel, 1999*; it has also been published in *Facets of the Poet* by Leslie Cohen and received an Honorable Mention in the Ray Bradbury Creative Writing Contest, 2006.

BONSAIS, RIVERS AND GREAT SNAKES

by Michael H. Brownstein

The river is not a snake,
but a bonsai
coiled, wired, pierced and crippled,
a brick of erosion,
one cascade of scarred bark

Let me tell you a poem.
Once a seed fell from a great tree
into a narrow crevice.
Great bird knew it could never become
what it was destined to be.
She flew to the Buddha and the Buddha
made a pilgrimage, gathered rich soil on his way,
covered it with a thin layer of earth,
and watered it carefully.

When Buddha came back years later,
the seed was now a tree,
half meter tall, its roots
bound to the list of soil,
nutrients of the mountain,
an allowance of water.
There is beauty in many things
and beauty has value.
But what of the river?

Buddha crossed it many times
and only once
did he take a deep drink.
Immediately he fainted in the thick grass.
When he woke, he found
himself soaked with fever
vomit slipping from his mouth.
Even when something seems to have no value,
it contains the beauty of great snake,
and this of itself is valuable.

The bonsai tree became a river,
its roots spreading into rapids,
its limbs flowing into wind,
its bark a blessing, one snake,
one great bird, one seed,
a confluence of streams.

LISPS, LINES, AND LITTERS

by Michael H. Brownstein

Is there nothing funny
howling at the open window
at the edge of the forest
where the young girl undresses?

What of the lines of garbage,
the two tracks over grass and dirt,
crop and seed, bone,
a sensation to sneeze.

To believe in a jabberwocky,
a fermented foe, the grape
on the vine, the taste of berry,
a field covered with snow.

SNOWFALL

by Michael H. Brownstein

In a little while we will no longer have to wear snow clothes,
we will not have to wipe salt from our shoes,
blood will thaw before reaching our fingertips.

But now there are the cars you can no longer see,
thick uneven snow,
thick uneven light,
shadows, thick and uneven,

the wind another layer of clothes,
fallen leaves another covering,
my thickening blood,
the gray thinness of light mid afternoon:
How do you not know this?

TEN THOUSAND

by Michael H. Brownstein

10,000 days
the world flows into you
tambourine skin,
metallic eyes

10,000 shimmies,
10,000 bops, 10,000 belly raffles
What color do they speak?
What language do they dance?

10,000 pages to weep,
to swallow, to wrestle,
to swim into and dive under,

10,000 meanings
to punctuation,
to sentence structures

Alpha Lit

by Florine Melnyk

He is the apex above my aphorism
He is the backbone above my ballad
He is the cascade above my celebration
He is the dessert above my denouement
He is the eclipse above my ecstasy
He is the farmer above my fen
He is the ghost above my goat
He is the homey above my hostel
He is the illustration above my Ibrishimova
He is the joker above my jubilation
He is the keystone above my kinesis
He is the lantern above my luau
He is the maestro above my McMansion
He is the nonsense above my nuance
He is the orbit above my orchestra
He is the peddler above my pedantry
He is the queue above my quotation
He is the rain above my ruse
He is the sanity above my static
He is the thread above my travail

He is the ultimatum above my umpire

He is the vault above my vortex

He is the wagon above my Wagner

He is the xeno above my xiang

He is the yarn above my yawning

He is the zebu above my Zoo

This is the poem

for E.P.

by Florine Melnyk

Bye, by, buy birds of
paradise seem lost in
murky green convertibles
consumed fully by avarice
driven ever towards –

Mono-voice(s)

by Florine Melnyk

Go slow

MOVE

Be Still

FAST

See through

GLASS

Do your

WILL

Take one

BREAK

Singing

by Hanoch Guy

Viktor Frankl emerges
From Furnace valley
swollen feet bleeding
Blistered hands from
Corroded beams
He climbs Mt. Gevurah
With an unlit pipe
His wife Tillie strapped
To his back
She smiles
Boulders fall.
Remembering
his flight instructor's words
he lets go
opens arms
relaxes the shoulders.
Air currents lift them
A smoke stack snatches her
His ashes stuffed mouth
sings with the wings.

Child

by Hanoch Guy

Every morning Snowwhite Smith
Stretches lazily
Shakes her golden hair.
Runs to the castle's top to dry
Her dripping knife.
Deaf to her mother's admonitions:
Don't wear the black bra.
Don't overplay the virgin's part.
Innocence has its limits.
Her father laughs: you'll
Never amount to anything.
All this business about
The prince and the apple
Is a crock.
She puts on the red polka
Dot dress.
Mounts a mule to
Rescue her
Child in the woods.

Harbour

by Eleanor Livingstone

And if you should go back
to stand out there alone
salt soaked to the bone

call me then: don't speak,
just let my tongue taste salt
when I lick the phone.

Roadkill

by Eleanor Livingstone

Signs on the road do not prepare us
for this gallows tree. From shoulders
thin as twigs, a shirt hangs lifeless.

No flesh, no bone; no blood drips down
on spring's sparse undergrowth, no hands
to turn the throttle or wave a last salute.

A helmet skull of white and grey,
red scrawl on jaw, eyeless stares down
as we look up, then look away.

Conspiracy Theory, '69

by Eleanor Livingstone

You'll have seen the film footage shot that day.

Why would anyone set the whole thing up
just to beat the Russians, find a backdrop

to suit, who was filming it anyway,
players, media, the right kind of light?

Folk heroes on a world stage, icons, men,
stars and stripes

so many small steps;

and then

afterwards, nothing on Earth ever quite
the same again;

that breeze,

say did you see

catching even in our way-over-here

throats, words and pictures distilled into clear

essence of '69. You're telling me

it was a lie – the folk, the rain, the rock

and roll and Hendrix too –

they faked Woodstock?

**Beautiful Untamed Southern California:
Huntington Beach 1986**

by Jim Babwe

The end
of Orange County summer
used to trade long sunsets
for cooler afternoons
and autumn see-you-laters
when we believed
life would continue into dream forever
until a restless Labor Day
when a skateboarder
almost dodged my loneliness
but we brushed it off
excused ourselves
for incidental harmless collision
then glanced north
where sudden beautiful chaos
skipped slow beginning.

Burning patrol cars
spewed black smoke
fueled riot squad plastic shield panic
stalked half-naked laughing raw joy
on a tight rope with fright

and on this side multiplied
who cares silly talk
numbed by tequila and loud-as-it-goes
radio music for hanging on to a little last
hope left to disorganized desperate
middle class kids and beautiful losers
looking for something better
by the pier.

Young lovers of summer and surf
we laughed at your new recruits
tight-jawed bullhorn threats
with not even close to enough
handcuffs for all of us
on the final weekend before
we knew we were due to hurl ourselves
into blue collar drudgery
with all the barely scraping by
just like our miserable parents
no matter how we knew we would
never be like them.

I guess some of you
proved something
to some of us
who refused to cower
and

maybe it's too late
to tell you I remember
you were just as scared
to chase us as we were
afraid to run.

So here's a question for
you
your badges and batons
boots and uniforms--
confused
broken home
draft ready
can't vote
son of bowling alley
beer swilling
nine-to-five
dead end
retail bargain shopper
cold call slave to bank
frozen turkey dinner
closest liquor store commuter
watching television
in your underwear
reclining not happy
with the
phony leather lounge chair

yelling down the hall
because you told
the kids to turn the music down
told them you would count to three
before you stomp into their room
exactly like it was for
those of us you chased
and a few subdued and arrested
after you told yourself
you would never be like them
just like we did

how was it for you?

Luminous

by Leslie Cohen

welded to the swivel stool
glasses on my bridge
I pick up the spool
of metal conductive wire
core of a fluorescent light

we are to be a lamp unto the nations

I wrap the wire, pull it
through the plastic loop
component parts in line
tidy row of ballasts
core of a fluorescent lamp

my people a light unto the nations

repetitive work
morning takes a week to pass
dull moments welded into history
fabric of my earthly shroud
I fashion the core of illumination

a lamp will shine

the comet hovers overhead
a tail of light against forever
lonely torch in the evening
orbiting in relentless pattern
core of a celestial flame

a light unto the heavens

I ask God to reveal something,
anything. Do you wonder, too?
Or, are you welded into the sky
like I in my chair?

A torch unto whom?

Greenwood Lake Revisited

by Michael Estabrook

With the family – our children and grandchildren
(most of them) – on a Cape Cod vacation –

A different beach every day:

Cook's Brook Beach / Coast Guard Beach /
Sunken Meadow Beach / Campground Beach /
First Encounter Beach / Nauset Light Beach –

And after that:

go-carts and mini-golf / trampolines
and nature trails / lobster dinners and barbecue /
and souvenirs out the wazoo –

And Ben & Jerry's ice cream every night:

Cherry Garcia / Milk Chocolate Chunk /
Bonnaroo Buzz / Strawberry Cheesecake /
Vanilla HEATH Bar Crunch / Triple Caramel Chunk –

When I was a child, my Mom and Dad,
my brother Kerry and I went on only one "vacation,"
an extended weekend in one little cabin
with a tiny wooden deck and creaky screen doors
on Greenwood Lake in northern New Jersey.

Kerry and I went fishing (caught sunfish
and threw them back), climbed trees,
collected rocks and pine cones
and colorful leaves.

On the journey back home, Dad stopped
at a scenic overlook so we could get out
and run around while he sat on the hot hood
of his big old '56 Buick and smoked a cigarette.
He tired easily even then and was beginning
to show signs of the sickness
that would take him from us a few years later.

Today, I'd give almost anything
if I could get back to Greenwood Lake
and have a smoke with my Dad
on the hot hood of his big old '56 Buick.
(And I don't even smoke.)

Measuring

"I know not what to hope for her."

--- Emily Dickinson about her mother, 1855-1859

by Martin Willitts Jr.

She has a malady, for which there is no cure ----
no doctor can prescribe or proscribe cures,
no apothecary can pestle herbs into green medicine.
Death is measuring the length of my mother.

Her course is set in disoriented waters.
Her responsibilities elude her.
She is moored to the sofa, blending into the fabric.
She clutches desperately to a chair for balance.

I conclude my own machinery might slip out of gear ----
snap loose, unfurl, lay fallow in the fields.
I do not know whether to pray for her release;
or for her to enjoy her remaining days.

We are too dependent on the sun.
She has drawn close a shade.
What could survive these cold walls?
What warmth is there elsewhere?

Why is she unsteady when the Lord holds her upright?
She has a malady, for which there is no cure.
My complaints are frogs without a muddy pond.
Death has finished his measuring and waiting for me.

Not Lost, But Given Away

by Eric Evans

Send in that band from Chicago –
no, the *other* one – and let them
play all night while I happily
live upside down on the ceiling,
drink attached to the Formica
table and another in the vintage
icebox just off to the side, the
walls a widows walk of stickers
and handbills, totems of tours
gone by, the last gasp of good
intentions commodified.

Send in the redhead, the one with
the freckles and the tattoo and
that laugh, the one I always wanted
before I knew of her existence,
so that we can trade phone numbers
and philosophies, heartaches and
histories, before we count the steps
to the basement dressing room
and the surprises within, the
rollercoaster of “oh” and “wow”
and “I’ve never but I’ll try ...”

And have my friend Adam, keeper
of the bar as well as my keys,
send over another bottle of the
green label with a generous glass
and plenty of ice as the traffic
outside dissolves to static and
I don't lose the weekend so much
as give it away, reward enough
for the so, so many I've kept and
claimed, Monday coming all too
soon yet time to spare for the
pleasures of impulse and drive.

Contributors

Jim Babwe is a writer and photographer from Encinitas, California.

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*, *After Hours*, *Free Lunch*, *Meridian Anthology of Contemporary Poetry*, *The Pacific Review* 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) and *What Stone Is* (Fractal Edge Press, 2005), and *I Was a Teacher Once and Other Philosophies* (Ten Page Press, 2011).

Leslie Cohen is a native New Yorker. After receiving her B.A. and M.A. degrees in cultural anthropology, she taught at the University of Alaska for three years. Then she moved to Los Angeles where she met her husband. They spent an extended honeymoon traveling through Europe and ended up living on Kibbutz Ein Hashofet, in Israel. Leslie teaches college English and has published many poems, short stories and articles. Her first book, *Facets of the Poet* was published in 2001. Her biography of a Holocaust survivor, called *Trapped Inside the Story* was published by Level 4 Press, in 2007.

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

Eric Evans is a writer and musician from Buffalo, New York with stops in Portland, Oregon and Rochester, New York where he currently resides with his wife, Diane, and son, Henry. His work has appeared in *Artvoice*, *decomp magazine*, *Tangent Magazine*, *Posey*, *Xenith Magazine*, *Anobium Literary Magazine*, *Pemmican Press*, *Remark* and many other publications as well as a few anthologies. He has published seven full collections and three broadsides through his own small press, Ink

Publications, in addition to a broadside through Lucid Moon Press. He is the editor of *The Bond Street Review* as well as the proud recipient of the 2009 Geva Theatre Center Summer Academy Snapple Fact Award.

Hanoch Guy spent his childhood among cacti and citrus groves. A bilingual poet in Hebrew and English, Hanoch teaches Hebrew and Jewish literature at Temple University. He has published poetry in *The International Journal of Genocide Studies*, *Poetry Motel*, *Visions*, *International Voices of Israel* and several times in *Poetica* where he won an award. He was last published in *Apiary* magazine. He has won an award in the *Mad Poets Society* and *Poetry Matters*. His book, *The Road to Timbuktu*, will be published at the end of January.

Eleanor Livingstone is a Scottish poet, reviewer and editor. She is the Director of StAnza, Scotland's International Poetry Festival which takes place annually in St Andrews (www.stanzapoetry.org). Her first full collection, *Even the Sea* (Red Squirrel Press, 2010), now in a second edition, was shortlisted for the 2010 inaugural London New Poetry award for first collections. Her other publications include *The Last King of Fife* (HappenStance, 2005), *A Sampler* (HappenStance, 2008) and as editor *Skein of Geese* (The Shed Press, 2008) and *Migraasje: Versions in Scots and Shetlandic* (Stravaigers, 2008).

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.

Martin Willitts Jr. was nominated for two *Best of The Net* awards and his 5th *Pushcart* award. He has had nine poetry chapbooks accepted in 2011 including *True Simplicity* (Poets Wear Prada Press, 2011), *My Heart Is Seven Wild Swans Lifting* (Slow Trains, 2011), *Why Women Are A Ribbon Around A Bomb* (Last Automat, 2011), *Art Is Always an Impression of What an Artist Sees* (Muse Café, 2011), *Protest, Petition, Write, Speak: Matilda Joslyn Gage Poems* (Matilda Joslyn Gage Foundation, 2011), *How To Find Peace* (Kattywumpus Press, 2011), *Playing The Pauses In The Absence Of Stars* (Main Street Rag, 2012), *No Special Favors* (Green Fuse Press, 2012), and *Secrets No One Wants To Talk About* (Dos Madre Press, 2011).

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