



THE
BOND
STREET
REVIEW

SUMMER 2013

From the editor ...

This issue of *The Bond Street Review* marks number five for us since we began in the Summer of 2011. And it's pretty amazing to me that the word – slowly but steadily – keeps getting out there, that the issues make the rounds via the all-important “forward” option in our e-mail menus and the time-tested virtues of word-of-mouth. Equally amazing is that each issue has been a mix of old and new, of writers who have forged relationships with us by appearing several times and others who are new to the Ink Publications universe but hopefully will return again and again. I'm humbled and gratified that people make the effort each time out to spread the word just a little bit more.

So, settle in, sip your coffee (if you're reading this in the morning) or your bourbon (if you're reading late at night) and let the words do their work. Let them sink in, let them get under your skin and into your brain, let them have their way with you and then thank them for the privilege. You'll be glad that you did.

Until next time ...

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

Eric Evans
Editor

Cover photo: Eric Evans

CONTENTS

- 1 | BONE SCRIPT | NEIL ELLMAN
- 2 | CALM | CHAD D. BARBER
- 3 | PUBLIC HEARING OF CONCERNED RESIDENTS | MITCH GRABOIS
- 4 | VARIOUS DISGUISES | ALAN BRITT
- 5 | INDIANA POEM (VERSION 3) | MICHAEL LEE JOHNSON
- 7 | MANKILLER | MITCH GRABOIS
- 10 | THERE'S THIS GENESIS SONG ... | ERIC EVANS
- 11 | UNTITLED | ERIC EVANS
- 12 | AT MIDNIGHT | A.J. HUFFMAN
- 13 | A HISTORY FOR MICHAEL | MICHAEL BROWNSTEIN
- 15 | NO CLUE AFTER THE DIVORCE | JOHN GREY
- 16 | THE NEW HOUSE | JOHN GREY
- 18 | TRIBUTE | KENNETH GURNEY

BONE SCRIPT

Neil Ellman

(after the painting by Ding Yanyong)

Carved from history
told as prophecy
messages from the past
in characters etched
on oracular bones

omens cut by gravers
in an ancient hand
to read the wisdom
on a dragon's tooth
and turtle's shell

the future then
and now repeated
in another time
disrespectful of the dead.

CALM

Chad D. Barber

What shall be, and who shant plot?

Conclusions frustration wrought.

Reap the fields, and pontificate concern.

Heart in knot,

calm...the earth doth turn.

PUBLIC HEARING OF CONCERNED RESIDENTS

Mitch Grabois

The explanation of the effects of
Low Frequency Noise
on the residents of a “wind farm”

by acousticians
paid off by the power company

are as understandable as a
passage of the Kabbalah

but their boss
the power co. CEO
yells: See? See? I told you
It's harmless!
You're all perfectly
safe.

VARIOUS DISGUISES

Alan Britt

When you believe you've outsmarted death,
you inherit the most trouble.

Things appear out the ordinary,
and that's just the beginning.

Phenomenology should clarify, but daily experience
proves as elusive as krill navigating
the baleen plates of a blue whale
rustling the southern coast of Sri Lanka.

Yet, existence mimics earthly possessions, too:
immaculate stereo speakers hand-built in Nashville,
Tennessee exhaling a muscular poetry more potent
than 19th Century proselytizing composers
sentimentalizing their dimwitted youth
into a blind Nationalist frenzy.

Unless you're a great blue whale from Newcastle,
Indiana, that is, heading straight for the Senior Special
at rush-hour, just before the 50-millimeter Iraqi round
dissects your oldest grandson's liver into perfect fillets
of smoked salmon for a Vegas munitions tradeshow.

Ah, well, analogies don't exist any more than
sentimental halters leading us to baptism, our daily
bucket of oats, providing us with religious shelter,
and all at the expense of the rancid truth
camouflaged in black and blue whale disguises.

INDIANA POEM

(Version 3)

Michael Lee Johnson

A few tales
of the reasons
I love Indiana.
Breaking loose from the state line
of Illinois, bursting down the Indiana
toll road near Lake Station
heading south
smelling smoke of old
gray steel mills
seeping out
of Gary
left behind me.
Work disappeared dreams died-
steel men, strong men
ribs of fire courage of
union dreamers
long gone and most laid off
pension plans stolen,
now gas station employees
travelers of the
past snuff chewers
labor wages and laws,

small lakes and fishing ponds
with half sunken boats
with tips pointed sky high
and memories dripping
off the lips of clouds.
I'm banging out 75 mph
in my raspberry Geo Tracker-
but as Jesus said "I tell you
the truth
nothing ever changes in
Indiana but the seasons
and the size of the corn ears."

-1988- (Revised 02-2013)

Author's note: All the trips from Illinois
back to Indiana, the state of my birth

MANKILLER

Mitch Grabois

Underneath
my wife was angry all the time
like Loretta Goates
one of my patients
in the state hospital
whose father was Burt the Bruiser
the brutal nineteen-fifties wrestler
colleague of
Andre the Giant

Loretta's legs were two sticks of dynamite
no relation to her genitalia
which were stuck in amber
like prehistoric beetles

Her toes were gnarled
the nails yellow
as if the nicotine from the cigs she smoked
had drifted from her lungs down her limbs
all the way down

Loretta had black hair
and claimed to be an Aztec
If she'd really been an Indian
her name would have been Mankiller
like Wilma Mankiller
the first female chief of the Cherokee Nation

Wilma would have looked into Loretta's dead eyes
and been afraid
all over again
of those xombies who floated from Europe
like pond scum

Loretta contained enough violence for ten citizen-soldiers
glorified in those high-budget commercials on the
bright flickering cinema screen

Had she concentrated her rage
Loretta could have made bridges collapse
just by looking at them
disabled Nazis by overwhelming them with
hate

When she dies
Loretta will be reborn as a buffalo
and she'll trample Buffalo Bill Cody
and all like him

When I wake in the middle of the night
and inadvertently touch my frigid wife
sometimes, half stuck in a nightmare
I think it's Loretta, Loretta Mankiller

and I shudder
and grow hard

When I'm an old man
riddled with dementia
I'll sit on park benches
and won't remember my real wife
I'll believe that Loretta had been my wife

and we drove in a big rig
crosscrissing the country
I wore a tattered cowboy hat and
played harmonica badly

Loretta clapped her hard, rough hands
keeping time

THERE'S THIS GENESIS SONG ...

Eric Evans

“ ... what he’s waiting for, I don’t know ...”
- “Man on the Corner”, Genesis

There’s this Genesis song
on *Abacab*, you see, right
between “Who Dunnit” and
“Like It or Not”, about a
homeless man on the
corner and how no one
pays him any mind. And
there’s this guy on my
corner as well, always
at the bus stop with
a cigarette in hand and,
presumably, waiting for
the bus except that I never
see him get on or off –
just waiting. He looks
clean and well-fed so
I’m trying hard not to
lay Collins’ tale of
isolation at this innocent
guy’s feet. But, still and
all, I sure as hell wonder
what he’s always waiting
for and, more importantly,
if it’s ever truly worth
the wait.

UNTITLED

Eric Evans

“Yeah, I know, the muscles and the ink are the first things you notice. But, see, I want it that way, you know? They *announce* me, act like my business card and shit. And my business is making sure that no one ever screws with me, that I can handle my affairs if it goes down that way, understand? See, when my pops came here from Puerto Rico back in the day he got no goddamn respect. All they saw was just another wetback looking for a handout. That wasn’t the case, see, but that didn’t really matter, did it? So, yeah, I heard the stories about him taking one crap job after another - emptying trash cans, cleaning toilets, taking orders from some college-ass punk half his age - just to keep food on the table. So I said, fuck it, I’m not going that way, I’m not cleaning anyone else’s shit - know what I’m saying’? That’s. Just. Not. Happening. Okay? This Caddie tattoo on my back? That’s all you need to know about me - it tells you everything. Sad-ass immigrants do not drive Cadillacs, right? But men do. Men who take no shit from anyone.”

AT MIDNIGHT

A.J. Huffman

the lawn chair, in silhouette of my half-
sleep, resembled a deer for just a blink
as I rounded the corner of the house,
entered the yard. I froze
in unintentional mimicry, caught
by my own vision. Nerves settling
into the clarifying breeze, I continued
on, chuckling at my own confusion when
two fawn approached, wandered over,
sniffed the four-legged shadow . . .

A HISTORY FOR MICHAEL

Michael Brownstein

I was raised on a farm with no indoor plumbing
and her long strands of rainbow and leprechaun glitter slides down
her back.

Let's remember Michael, she says.

This is not the story of my life.

Sometimes the heart of a smile is in its spray of joy and jasmine;
other times, silver beacons, clear weather smooth.

This is a love poem that ends badly,
a death song chanted and varnished, hung to the heavy air of distemper,
trolled through unforgiving, indifference, lust and cruelty.

Black ice scowled the curve of the highway.
Michael's pick-up truck could not hold on.
They found him in the morning in a field of ice
dead and frozen, his head unmarked,
the doors easily opened.

Her eyes pastel shaded and easy,
blue with flecks of grey and brown,
a brightness waking the neighbors at rooster's calling.

I wish to remember Michael, she says,
his kind hands and blistered fingers,
his long feet and narrow knees,
his way of talking without an accent
his way of touching my hair with fairy dust.

Audrain County,
deer run across fields of energy
dissolve into stars when night covers the moon.
There is a legend that tells us when the deer bed with the dawn,
it's their watchfulness that brings the sun to this side of the world
and their wakefulness that sets it to sleep.

Love poems are made of trite blocks,
walls that climb vines to places common.
A blazing virus entering a Garden of Eve's.

She has a brother and sister of the dawn,
well lit and satisfied,
and she can run with the best of them
and lead the herd to safety
always.

So love goes.

NO CLUE AFTER THE DIVORCE

John Grey

I'm up to my naked body in waves
My good wife's on board ship with her belongings.
Ports are awash with sponges, eels.
She doesn't go there unless to leave.

Food is a bed and a bed is food.
Clothes become house and four walls clothe me.
Look at these bills. I seem to owe my life
not vice versa.

I try loving myself,
the latest way to flagellation.
God is listening but from his persistent cough
its apparent he has better things to hear.

I look to the forger in my head
to make better use of this hand.
And for the sword to write poetry,
if marriage won't.

Walls speak in tongues.
Or sometimes the echo of old rhyme schemes.
And what do crickets want with the moon
or opera singers with dead composers.

Still, there's sparrows to sing
and lotions to smell
and roses to look like blood
when they're not being beauty.

THE NEW HOUSE

John Grey

It's a brand new house.
You cross the threshold
into what you will
someday look back on:
bare rooms, uncovered floors,
walls crying out for paint
and pictures.

You know nothing of this place
and yet, someday,
it will be all you know.
Everything is unfamiliar
from the touch of paneling
to the brick of the fireplace
but the future is already
making plans for this moment,
awarding it pride of place
in any recollection.

It's been such a struggle
leading up to this
but all that time
can only be neglected
in the years to come.
Likewise, the moving in,
the settling,
the monotony
of taking it all for granted.

It's a brand new house,
on the only brand new day
of your life.
You may forget
everything you've got.
But you'll always remember
what you had coming.

TRIBUTE

Kenneth Gurney

When the unplugged dream
collides with the electric static
of a rose thorn conversation
speak byway resonance
and flood the manifested cage
with a rush of forbidden tongues:
suggestions and aspirations
coiled so dense and sharp
they carve stone tablets
with fugues as forgetful
as a lofting cranes' flight
escaping the coyotes
abandoned rush.

CONTRIBUTORS

CHAD BARBER a 29 year old male who hails from Buffalo New York who works full time as a Sous Chef, and will be receiving a degree in the culinary arts in early 2014.

ALAN BRITT read poems at the World Trade Center/Tribute WTC Visitor Center in Manhattan/NYC, April 2012, at the We Are You Project (WeAreYouProject.Org) Wilmer Jennings Gallery, East Village/NYC, April 2012. His recent books are *Alone with the Terrible Universe* (2011), *Greatest Hits* (2010), *Hurricane* (2010), *Vegetable Love* (2009), *Vermillion* (2006), *Infinite Days* (2003). Britt's work also appears in the new anthologies, *The Robin Hood Book: Poets in Support of the Robin Hood Tax*, by Caparison, United Kingdom, 2012, *American Poets Against the War*, Metropolitan Arts Press, Chicago/Athens/Dublin, 2009 and *Vapor transatlántico (Transatlantic Steamer)*, a bi-lingual anthology of Latin American and North American poets, Hofstra University Press/Fondo de Cultura Económica de Mexico/Universidad Nacional Mayor de San Marcos de Peru, 2008.

MICHAEL H. BROWNSTEIN has been widely published. His latest work, *Firestorm: A Rendering of Torah* was published by Camel Saloon Books on Blogs. His work has appeared in *The Café Review*, *American Letters and Commentary*, *Xavier Review*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Meridian Anthology of Contemporary Poetry*, *The Pacific Review*, and others.

NEIL ELLMAN As for a biography: Twice nominated for *Best of the Net*, as well as for the Rhysling Award from the Science Fiction Poetry Association, Neil Ellman writes from New Jersey. Hundreds of his poems, many of which are ekphrastic and written in response to works of modern and contemporary art, appear in print and online journals, anthologies and chapbooks throughout the world. His first full-length collection, *Parallels*, consists of more than 200 of his previously published ekphrastic efforts.

ERIC EVANS is a writer and musician from Buffalo, New York with stops in Portland, Oregon and Rochester, New York where he currently resides. His work has appeared in *Artvoice*, *decomp magazinE*, *Tangent Magazine*, *Posey*, *Xenith Magazine*, *Anobium Literary Magazine*, *Pemmican Press*, *Remark* and many other publications and 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.

MITCH GRABOIS was born in the Bronx and now lives in Denver. His short fiction and poetry appear (or will appear) in over one-hundred literary magazines, most recently *The T.J. Eckleberg Review*, *The Examined Life*, *Memoir Journal*, *Out of Our* and *The Blue Hour*. His novel, *Two-Headed Dog*, published by Xavier Vargas E-ditions, is available through Amazon, Barnes and Noble and Smashwords.

JOHN GREY is an Australian born poet, works as financial systems analyst. Recently published in *International Poetry Review*, *Chrysalis* and the horror anthology, *What Fears Become* with work upcoming in *Potomac Review*, *Hurricane Review* and *Osiris*.

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MICHAEL LEE JOHNSON lived ten years in Canada during the Vietnam era. Today he is a poet, freelance writer, photographer, and small business owner in Itasca, Illinois, who has been published in more than 750 small press magazines in twenty-five countries, he edits seven poetry sites. Poetry books: *The Lost American: From Exile to Freedom* (136 page book), several chapbooks, including *From Which Place the Morning Rises and Challenge of Night and Day, and Chicago Poems*.

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