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From the editor

January 1st has never meant all that much to me - or at least not the *symbolism* of January 1st - the notion of the year rolling over, of new starts and cleans slates, of beginning again. I think part of that comes from the fact I feel much more that way when September 1st comes around - it's the start of a new school year, the beginning of a new theatre season (and, let's not forget, a new hockey season ...) and the month in which I was born. January, by comparison, usually just feels like a continuation of what began a few months earlier.

And yet, everything is different this time - 2012 threw me for all sorts of loops, some not-so-good, some very good and one, in particular, better than anything I had any right to imagine. So, yes, I was so very happy to take the shrink-wrap off of 2013 and deeply inhale its new-year smell. And it smells very, very good right now ...

All of this is leading up to me inviting you to take a few minutes to enjoy the new work contained in the newest issue of *The Bond Street Review*, to spend a little time with the first issue of 2013, as you connect with writers new to the Ink Publications universe (tiny as it may be) and reconnect with past contributors back for another chance to wow you with their work. So, without further delay, let the wowing begin ... (and, once you've been suitably wowed, hit the forward key and send this along to a friend or two.)

Until next time,



Eric Evans,
Editor

Cover photo: Eric Evans

The Pains of

by Chad Barber

It's a constant pain, i think

This being pure at heart.

So many overlook this simple and humble art.

It's a constant bane, i think

This being pure since the start.

So many overlook this simple and humble part.

It is a never mind factor

Mixed with all of what's left after.

Over and over my friends and I, we make the best laughter.

A storybook ending without the beast or paster.

Just a peace praise or hollowed sound.

Being Human

by Alan Britt

Falling & falling; falling, falling.

Falling, falling as though
falling makes a difference,
but falling, strung-out, if you prefer,
falling for the latest DNA aberration,
falling with Biltmores on our backs,
falling with French Riviera
foaming exquisite white cliffs
of Dover between the thighs
of our exhausted thoughts.

Sorry about the falling,
but I only meant to say
that if you lean this way
or that but don't know
up from down, you're liable
to embrace this myth or that
according to current starvation.

& who the hell wants that?

So sprout wings,
for Christ's sake.

Be human!

36 Miles

by Alan Britt

After the bludgeoning, that's when the fun begins,
after separation of muscle from bone,
bone from bone inevitably follows,
because, once again, we've overlooked mascara,
the West Virginia coal mine black mascara
from beauty parlor hoods of ochre ladybugs
posing as VW Beetles
34 miles out
with assurance that their reserve gallon
left toe away
is more valuable than informing the masses
they've got around 36 miles,
give or take, to correct the course
of human civilization as we know it today.

A Frightening Poem About Love

by Alan Britt

So, now, from the void,
a cobalt void, if you prefer,
I've fallen in love with you again.

Unexpectedly,
but head-over-heels, nonetheless.

I didn't see it coming.
The merlot hurricane
spinning from your eyes.

The lobsters all held knives,
forks and wooden mallets,
each designed to crack their succulent claws.

Lobsters finally got the upper claw!

But what of microscopic demons
loitering our intestines and brains
with hanging chads and deferred registrations
who can't even be destroyed by radiation?

A mind sweeper
won't do us any good here.

Romance always flows like horseback
over water.

I learned that from filmstrips
in grammar school.

Wolves shrug their woolen shoulders
beneath World War II overcoats.

Rain falls into a 1944 Plymouth hubcap
presented to Herodias as John the Baptist,
although one must suspend
disbelief
regarding a half-naked lute player
fluffing velour pillows
at a Victorian San Diego hotel, 1997,
sipping Portuguese port at a deserted wine bar.

Despite this absurdity,
you flicker from my mouth
like Donne's infinite forked tongue
tracing our perfection.

And, so, you see,
our love is strong,
so strong, in fact,
it resembles July pueblos
rippling the white-hot waist
of the Mojave.

Higher Education

by Alan Britt

As soon as I anticipate her,
I'm lost.

For she arrives
like a tropical storm,
bleached bangs
hiding her intentions.

Age no longer a secret.

Quietly adjusts her fear of Husserl
and leans against a paneled wall.

A Jamaican hairdresser winks.

A wah-wah guitar disguised as a wrinkled caterpillar
with eight yellow eyes and four rhinoceros horns
enters the basement.

Wah-wah shifts her hips
teasing the spotlight
like a Romanian gymnast
gracefully folded over a trapeze
in a traveling circus
but pretending not to notice.

On The Subject Of A Dearth Of Things

by Michael Brownstein

It is always coldest near the room of death.

Ron Santos buried his legs, Stonewall Jackson somewhere his arm

And Robert Frost, after the loss of his fifth child, could only shiver
Into a sludge of goose bumps outside the door of his wife's deathbed.

When your father fell to a terrible accident,

You stormed the hospital,

Refused the demands of the chief surgeon

And tickled his left foot because left handedness always brought luck.

It was not his time.

Things aren't always that simple, that sad, that tiresome.

Someone turn up the heat. It is freezing in the hallway.

9:35 a.m., Newtown, Connecticut

by Michael Estabrook

27 killed dead
20 kindergarteners
7 adults probably
a deranged young man he shot
his mother first
in the face
then the 26 others
finally himself

strange only learning
of this tragedy at the end
of the day today and not
at the doctor's office
or the dump or at the gas station
or from the car radio or the computer

"Did you hear?"
my wife murmurs
coming in from Christmas shopping
with Laura
dabbing at her eyes
crying full-out later
after the grandchildren were asleep
like any parent would

The NRA has no comment I guess
they were too
choked-up like the President was
at his Press Conference
or maybe
they simply aren't parents
like the rest of us

Interior (My Dining Room)

(Kandinsky, 1909)

by Peter Greico

Colors are mischievous souls—fickle,
promiscuous, Aready at any moment
to mingle. K was rather like that himself,
a chameleon of Europe in an age
when Europe was still like that itself—
fluid borders that railways made porous
& steamships made escapable
for economic migrants at one end
for artist soul searchers at the other,
whether sons of Sicilian peasants
or heirs of Russian tea merchants.
K & Münter each had private incomes,
modest ones, but together it was enough
to add a home & garden in Murnau,
to the rented townhouse in Munich.
Münter did her own *Interior* the same year,
depicting rooms of the Murnau house.
You can see him in bed at the back,
sitting up with a book. The window is dark
but warm light glows from within.
The artist has brushed in a jolly runner
angled along the bright floor planking,
leading our eyes to the cool blue
of their bedroom. The two spoke of painting
as *innerlich*—suffused with inward life.
When his more abstract experiments—
his paintings without objects”—
were misunderstood, he reasoned
that most viewers hadn't learned to see past
conventional recognition. It's not
that I'm unconvinced. Say, rather
that I'm still struggling . . . for how
best to convey the encounters I have with these
imposing monuments, such as you find

in the finest museums of the world,
& reproduced in these enormously heavy
art books I've sought out. Does it mean
I feel more for this 50 cent postcard
version of his Munich dining room
or can simply say more? It's fair to say
that everything is distorted. Radiators are not
that color, & we see that the blue room at the back
& the diagonal that leads to it are
painterly devices, same as Münter used—
drawing us inside, where the rapid contrasts
tingle, or seem to, with the very quaking
vibrations of living. There is nothing empty
or abandoned. The room has absorbed its aura
& pays it back in perpetuity. That shining
shield in the center is nothing like the pale
china ornament photographed in the
same apartment, Gabrielle leaning her elbow
stiffly on the side board. The artist has done
his work.

The Well

by Hanoch Guy

Small houses around the citrus grove in mourning
for eight years old Ran who fell and drowned in the well.
He strayed on the last day of school 1955
His parents cannot tear themselves
from the fence of the
grapefruit orchard.
At night the well emits a hoarse sound
Ivy covers the walls
it I looks forward to the night
to tell it a story.
Frogs nest on Ran's hat.
Acacia trees
adorn the well's mouth
With yellow balls.

Citrus groves uprooted
wheat field bald
from locust.
Acacia trees cut
leaving it exposed
well's black lips oozing
It's mouth missing teeth
filled with garbage

Old timers avoid it
spitting around against the evil eye.
Kids on their way to school
throw pennies for good luck

Writing Myself Sane

by A.J. Huffman

I struggle to order my thoughts.

Point A.

Circle B.

Arch C.

All arranged and linear.

Just as I was taught.

But it all falls apart so quickly.

One single blink

and the point has punctured D.

Turned it over.

Painted it pink.

And locked it inside the circle
for safekeeping.

I erase it all.

Swallowing the shavings.

No evidence.

No error.

I try again.

Point A.

Circle B.

Arch C.

Somewhere inside

my mind clicks.

Rattles.

 Rings.

 Breaks.

As all the scrapped scribbles
freefall.

Freakish fictional tickertapes
tumbling over themselves.

I realize, finally, it is time.

Screw the line.

New idea:

Let's have a damned parade!

Dylan's savior, not yours

(After a visit to the alternative community, Christiana, Copenhagen)

by Julie MacLean

boner abuse...what the fuck...what would you...

...make of this...glad you're not here...handmade earrings...

affection...climbing roses...shops closed... piss smells...stairwells...

you'd hate it...blind eyes...aprons...grand hall...

Harry Potter's iron stove...dogs on heat...in fight...the times...paper tree...

white moons...you prefer blue...are changing... squats...

hippies in love... guided tours...opium wars...

that would be the straw...Pusher Street...blocks of what!...no guns,

blow waves, Country Road...Nina's bike... 'wear a bra'...

curious us...graffiti walls...eco fuzzy...bad art...

man-kissed vomit...red hair cropped...tea in river...

homesick blues...knock down prices... get out of here...

toxic plume...in the wind...throw them out... infiltrate...

skinheads ...pit bulls...khaki pants...bandanas...Nazis...

bath house...lakeside... vice squad...buy a joint...bite a dog...

eat baby...lay lady...ditch car... butch ladies hand in hand...

another line to draw...go in peaceman...shitlove.....

die... I bought a bike...pre-loved rubber...120 kroner...

Nescafe tin scraps...Made in Africa...have I lived...

have I loved...glad you're not here...

Enossification

by Julie MacLean

had brian walked
one metre further

past the evening star
in the underground
in 1963

he'd have fripped out
instead kindred quavers

lined up pianos
in a hall

and taking moth fur
tennis balls
like little
rubber souls

thwacketty-thwacked
them hard against
the keys until

a lamb lay down
on broadway
a tiger was taken
and a life in the bush
and other ghosts

seeped into our lift wells

Greek Theatre over Baghdad

by Julie MacLean

Achillean boys in fresh overalls
tuck photos into secret folds
of survival vests like they've seen
in a Tom Cruise movie then sortie
to face the night-borne shadow
of the high priority peace-time exercise

On designated cue Black Hawks
wokka wokka, hovering five in line
peering through the myopic green
of the night lens, sniffing out the enemy's sweat

Blades quarrel mid-air unnerving the wavering birds
spinning out of rehearsal into another show

Poem

by Matt Morris

Beginning as a series of line
shifts, a mix of illogic
& machines, of geometric
forms & geographic formations,

each exploited by the rich
possibilities of the unspoiled
canvas, it moves through air-
less architecture. Stripped

of abstraction, it turns
animal, violent-
its wildness tamed, harnessed,
caged. How tempting

to insert a hand to caress,
to squeeze the soft,
full, black as fruit skin
of the thin & vulnerable,

the vaguely human
figure, outlined in a few
red daubs, squirming inside. Nose
bowed, eyes closed, it grows

smaller until, slipping through
the bars, a delicate bird-
like creature takes flight, whistling
an inimitable song.

What Do Smart People Think About

by Matt Morris

when they lift dry eyes above
 foggy bifocals, resting low
upon noble noses, & note
 before thumbing another page of
The Great Encyclopedia of
 Universal Knowledge, the flower-sepal,
stamen, pistil, *et al.*, diagramed
 & labeled-swaying outside, out
of context? Are artists, given
 the same perspective, drawn
to gouaches à la Dufy, a quasi
 erotic O'Keefe pastel, or *The Tomb*
of the Wrestlers by Magritte? Or porn
 stars-do they loll naked under
a sunlamp, spreading lush lobelia
 lips for the camera, wet petals
shimmering in the scintillating syn-
 thetic breeze? O the whinny
of the packhorse unloaded
 of its burden, the old saw
goes, but what about
 my sorry ass? 3 a.m. & I
stare at the Rorschach rain-
 stained ceiling, the flower in its
dark blue vase fragrantly fore-
 shadowing love, death, whatever. How,
if asked, would the flower respond?
 Why, one offers, speaking
on behalf of the bouquet, *we're*
 merely jonquils.

Caveat Emptor

by Matt Morris

Here he comes whistling up
the stoop, leaning
on the bell like the Reaper
himself, offering everything
from personalized
Good & Evil salt
& pep-
per shakers to Everlasting Light
bulbs if (ahem) the gentle-
man will allow
him a few
moments for a brief demon-
stration. O
the knot in the gut tightens
as the stranger, quirky
as his squeaky loafers, shiny
as shellac in his snake
skin suit, sidles in, but how
could a son of man not
succumb to the temptation of free
samples? *Now that's quality
you can feel*, touts
the salesman, extracting
a coil from his portmanteau's
smorgasbord
of discount, dis-
continued rope,
binding the prospective
client's arms & legs so
that his every orifice
is accessible, but all
for naught-he's long
sold. He wants

the lot, from the glow-
in-the-dark crowns
for his thorny grinning
grill to the Holy
Stroller Land &
Sea sandals
with patented Miracle
Sole technology. Days later,
when the Great Chain
of Bling on which he'd
strung his gold-plated
crucifix broke,
he wept,
recalling the disclaimer
above.

Don't stand so close to me

by Lisa Sofranko

This will be ours forever. Our mouths shut, our hands intertwined, the sweat dripping gloriously from the backs of our necks. My mother will be in a throne of pine needles that don't itch. Your mother will be lying on a cloud with dirty feet. This is how it feels to have a little destruction with your passion. The yelling, the crying, the animal, the rawness. When beds are just too plain, and you take me on the floor, the barbed wire, the brick, it only gets better. No one wake me up, I'm really enjoying this. Don't say goodbye, when you're gone, my courage goes too, my jaw unclenches, my hair falls straight, my loose limbs go stiff. Your stiff limb goes loose. We could've been like Hollywood movie stars, with tanned skin and high shoes. We could've been two junkies, finding crutches only in each other. We could've been two old, wrinkly beings smoking from pipes and reading the paper, but here, we are one. We could've been one.

The Good News

By M.M. Wittle

Twenty-five days into the last month of the year.
Present day Uganda.

Hearts belonging to the Resistance of the Lord
pound audibly in their chests in anticipation
of their upcoming recon mission-
Cleansing their land from the unholy and foul.

Twenty-five skulls crushed
under Twenty-five human
claws. Twenty-five lips
hacked apart. Woman, young girls
spoiled in the bushes.

Machetes shaving through miles
stumbling
over arms, twisting
necks.

Arms and legs tossed like discarded gift wrappings.
Blood ran like garland on a holiday tree created from popcorn.
Lord's Resistance Army seized
that holy twenty-fifth day
in the name of a new Christianity

Contributors

Chad Barber is a writer from Buffalo, New York.

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), *Vermilion* (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 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).

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." His interests include history, art, music, theatre, opera, and his wife who just happens to be the most beautiful woman he has ever known.

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.

Hanoch Guy spent his childhood among cacti and citrus groves. He is a bilingual poet in Hebrew and English, He teaches Hebrew and Jewish literature at Temple university. He has published poems in: *International Journal of Genocide Studies*, *The Bond Street Review*, *Visions: International Voices of Israel* and several times in *Poetica* where he won an award . He has also won awards in the Mad Poets Society and Poetry Matters. He is the author of: *The Road to Timbuktu/Travel Poems*. His new book: *Terra Treblinka;Holocaust Poems* was published in September 2012.

A.J. Huffman is a poet and freelance writer in Daytona Beach, Florida. She has previously published six collections of poetry all available on Amazon.com. She has also published her work in numerous national and international literary journals. Most recently, she has accepted the position as editor for four online poetry journals for Kind of a Hurricane Press (www.kindofahurricane.com). Find more about A.J. Huffman including additional information and links to her work at <http://www.facebook.com/profile.php?id=100000191382454>.

Julie MacLean, from Bristol, UK is based on the Surf Coast, Australia. In 2012 shortlisted for *Press Press* and *The Crashaw Prizes* (*Salt Publishing,,UK.*) Poetry and short fiction appear in current or recent issues of *Mslaxia*, *Orbis*, *Southerly*, *Cordite*, *Sylvia is Missing* (*Flarestack Poets anthology*). Forthcoming in *Agenda* and *Shearsman* (UK) *Overland* (Aus) Featured in *The Best Australian Poetry* and other journals. Blog at juliemacleanwriter.com

Matt Morris' first book, *Nearing Narcoma*, won the 2003 Main Street Rag Poetry Book Award (selected by Joy Harjo). Pudding House has published his two chapbooks, *Here's How* (2007) & *Greatest Hits* (2010). His poetry, recipient of five Pushcart nominations, has appeared in various magazines & anthologies.

Lisa Sofranko is currently a grad student at Monmouth University. She has been published in some literary journals, and literary magazines. Her main area of interest in writing is memoir, although she also dabbles in poetry. While teaching at Bayonne High School, Lisa intends to become a writer as a career in the future.

M.M. Wittle is a professor of writing with an MFA from Rosemont College in Creative Writing. The play, "Family Guidance" had a reading at the Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, PA and was selected for honorable mentioned at the 5th Annual Philadelphia Theatre Workshop's Playwriting Competition. "The Education of Allie Rose" was a finalist in the Philadelphia Ethical Society Playwriting competition and was shortlisted in the Windsor Fringe Kenneth Branagh Award for New Drama in England. MM's work has appeared in *Nailpolish Stories*, *Transient*, *The Bond Street Review*, *Free Flash Fiction*, *The Fox Chase Review*, *The Lit Garden*, *Philly Flash Inferno*, and *The Four Quarters*. For the past seven years, MM has been a fiction board member of the local non-profit literary magazine, *Philadelphia Stories* and is now the director of PS Books Follow MM Wittle on Facebook at <http://www.facebook.com/MMWittle>.

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