

The Bond Street Review



Winter 2014

From the editors ...

I've long considered Ink Publications as analogous to a music label — as a music obsessive since the age of eight, really, I see everything in comparison to music. I see our books as full-length release, the broadsides as EPs and the individual pieces that I'm lucky enough to get published, as singles. So, what does that make the issues of *The Bond Street Review*? Well, I guess they would be along the lines of label samplers, an enticement that draws you in and points you in all kinds of directions. So, with our sixth issue, consider yourself enticed. And then enjoy what you find inside — such as a knife-wielding seamstress, an symphony hall littered with school day essays, a mysterious man appearing with a car trunk full of bicycles, and a bar fight in Winnipeg.

And once you've sampled this issues wares, do some outward pointing as well and share the work with others — it's only a click away. Consider it your good deed for the day. Or, since we make no money from this endeavor, you could consider it an act of charity. All the same to us — just share the work with someone, please. And then consider sharing some with us for the next issue ...

Until next time ...

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Eric Evans". The script is cursive and fluid, with the first name "Eric" and last name "Evans" clearly distinguishable.

Eric Evans &
Kathy Sochia,
Editors

Cover photo: Eric Evans

CONTENTS

1 | SEAMSTRESS / BRIAN GARRISON

2 | E FLAT MAJOR / WILLIAM DORESKI

5 | SLEEP / ALYSON MILLER

6 | METALS (I) | ALYSON MILLER

7 | CICADAS / ALYSON MILLER

8 | CONTROL | MICHAEL ESTABROOK

9 | MEMORIES OF WINNIPEG AND CRAZY EIGHT BAR / MICHAEL LEE JOHNSON

SEAMSTRESS

By Brian Garrison

His mother never taught him
to wield the thread and needle.
When he'd try to sew himself open,
he'd wind up shut--
closed and alone--
pin-pricked.

He hired a girl
who opened his cheeks
with knives of kisses
peeling stitches
as they laughed away the silence
dripping red.

E FLAT MAJOR

By William Doeski

In the concert hall the heat
of five hundred bodies dulls me.
As a string quartet saws Mozart
into many small pieces I doze.

A rain of paper rouses me.
Thousands of scrawled pages torn
from notebooks, lined paper,
shower from the space above the lights.

My grammar and high school essays,
resurrected to tickle the crowd.
Most people will mistake these pages
for discarded programs. They'll leave,
after applause, without reading
a word of my childhood scribbles.
Here's a scrap of my argument
for hanging old Silas Marner

and the author who stunted my growth.

And here's a leaf endorsing
the abolishing of school prayer
and the return of junior football.

My holograph resembles the fright
wig Andy Warhol sported
after a hard day faking art.

Only a few people even glance

at the paper sprinkling over them.

The rest shrug the mess to the floor
for the janitor to sweep up
and burn in the huge hot-air furnace

moaning below. I thought I tossed
this effluvia decades ago;
but this mangling of the Mozart
E flat major string quartet,

the third of the Hayden quartets,
precipitated paper from air
to impose, instead of grace notes,
the ignorance of my scrawl.

SLEEP

BY ALYSON MILLER

In the landscapes of sleep, he is caked in his body. Thick and heavy with night, his bones unlock themselves, fall loose against muscle and flesh, collapse into the springs of the mattress. Fat tongued, his mouth is huge and cobwebbed—words can't blow through his teeth, but keep catching on lips licked dry against the pillow. His right arm is pinned, the bicep caught under the jaw of a girl. She is curled anemone tight, her breath so close to his skin she might be able to taste salt on each inhale. Somewhere in his wiring, an impulse quivers and he twitches, sharply. And then again. Electricity sparked, his arm tenses and jolts upwards, hitting the girl as hard and sudden as hail. She cries out and holds her face like a clue. Blind and unsure, her memory of something violent is a half-thing caught in the sheets, felt for and lost with the shadows on the wall, the first piece of light through the curtains.

METALS (I)

BY ALYSON MILLER

A man with an antiseptic name, Germanic perhaps, gives her a bike, pink and black and too high for her legs to carry. Her face has no straight lines and he smells like oil, dirt and onion, has hands of hard carved skin, and laughs when she does not know how to mouth the words to thank you. It is lifted from the trunk of his car, a spindly set of metals at odd angles and thin tires the dull black of liquorice straps and tarmac. Pedalling towards home, she remembers the inside of his Volvo, velvet blue and filled with old toys—a chessboard, an old baseball, checker discs in a wooden box. The memory is something like the pleasure of when her parents nod yes and tighten the helmet straps that pull her chin into a puckered kiss, but also stranger. Later, her dad attaches a new set of brake pads, heavy rubber squares that don't fit though he says they will, eventually. They tear against the silver rim, the bike shrieking with each rotation like a wild animal caught in the spokes. She pretends she can't hear it even when people stare, learning to silence the noise with wads of red wool forced into the slit-space between surfaces.

CICADAS

BY ALYSON MILLER

A room thick with the sound of clicking, like cicadas or teeth chattering over metal spoons. In a corner, a man with hair tufted as though yanked by invisible hands speaks in sentences that collapse in front of him like incense and old buildings. A caged bird flaps like the wild thing it might have been, and a freckled cat sleeps under a table, its long body threaded around feet and fallen arguments. Something that could be music struggles in the spaces between shoulders and monologues, while a chalk-white girl offers faded pamphlets from an orange box. In a crack-tiled kitchen filling with smoke, a couple screams slant rhymes and haiku at each other as a moon-faced boy sobs at the quiet beauty of a muted TV. Outside, a pole-thin man with a cartoon chin walks along peeling fence palings, shouting fragments to night skies about poetry and good omens, bedroom silhouettes and the sadness of lost shoes.

CONTROL

By Michael Estabrook

In the fancy-schmancy dress shop waiting
with the owner
who has shiny curls and skin
odd dangling eyeglasses jangling bracelets and rings
padding about in black toe socks
and a purple sash around his waist

And this guy seems so friendly and nice
I'm tempted to blurt out and ask him
while my wife is in the dressing room:

Dude I found my old girlfriend on Facebook
we've been emailing and texting
I think it might be getting out of control
do you think I should stop?
But I don't.

MEMORIES OF WINNIPEG AND CRAZY EIGHT BAR

By Michael Lee Johnson

I'm drunk, isolated,
and horny,
I stumble into The Crazy Eight
Bar and it wasn't my lucky charmed night.
Flirting with Indian women, delusional
with my white ass superiority,
I'm doing card tricks,
and end up getting my guts
and rib cage kicked out.
I'm circled by Métis Indians
no facial war paint
no Indian war bonnets,
but they fooled me.

I'm down eating floor dirt,
and the kicks keep coming-
thick needle toe boots, cowboy style, fast and heavy.

I crawl to my car half dead barely breathing,
collapsed lungs, head on the steering wheel
I somehow find the hospital.
Spitting blood and Apple Jack wine,
my tan suit is ruined,
I pissed my white pants yellow-
worst of all I deserved it.
So I learn, when in a strange town
find a place where the color of your face fits,
And don't cheat at cards.

CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM DORESKI lives in Peterborough, New Hampshire, and teaches at Keene State College. His most recent book of poetry is *The Suburbs of Atlantis* (2013). He has published three critical studies, including *Robert Lowell's Shifting Colors*. His essays, poetry, fiction, and reviews have appeared in many journals.

MICHAEL ESTABROOK is a recently retired baby boomer poet freed finally after working 40 years for “The Man” and sometimes “The Woman.” No more useless meetings under florescent lights in stuffy windowless rooms. Now he’s able to devote serious time to making better poems when he’s not, of course, trying to satisfy his wife’s legendary Honey-Do List.

BRIAN GARRISON pens poems on receipts while driving, types them into his fancy phone (not while driving), scrawls them on whatever scraps of paper he can grasp in his dark bedroom, and once tried writing on the steamy shower door. If you search near Rochester, NY, you may find some of the words that got away from him. He runs errands for the poetry journal, *Parody*. <http://parody.onimpression.com>.

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*.

ALYSON MILLER teaches literary studies at Deakin University, Australia. Her short stories and poetry have appeared in both national and international publications, along with a book of literary criticism, *Haunted by Words: Scandalous Texts* (2013). Her collection of prose poems, *Dream Animals*, is forthcoming with Dancing Girl Press.

**Books from
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Every Day of My Life by Michael Estabrook

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**The Summer 2014 issue of
The Bond Street Review will be published
on August 1st. Submissions will be
considered beginning on March 1st.**

**For submission guidelines, go to
[http://www.inkpublications.com/
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