

The Bond Street Review



**Summer
2014**

From the editors ...

One of the many advantages of editing *The Bond Street Review* is that we have no set number of pages to fill – we accept what we like and that’s about it – no quota of pages to cover, no ad space to sell. As such, some issues of the *Review* are smaller than others and that’s perfectly fine with us. But this time out, we received more submissions than ever before – and quality submissions, at that. The Summer 2014 issue is our biggest yet. We won’t say that it’s our best yet because we love all of our issues equally (just like your mother told you and your brothers and sisters when you asked her about her favorite kid ...) but we’re pretty proud of this one and all the great stuff that it contains – writers new to the *Review*, writers returning to our pages and, perhaps our favorite part, multiple pieces by a number of writers. We were beyond lucky for the embarrassment of riches that filled our in-boxes. And I (Eric) will fully admit to Cristine A. Gruber’s “Wound” as sticking in my head long after I finished reading it.

Hopefully, you’ll find your own special treasure within this issue’s pages – that piece that haunts you long after you’ve moved on to other things. But before moving on, please hit the “forward” button and share the wealth ...

Until next time ...

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

Eric Evans &
Kathy Sochia,
Editors

Cover photo: Steven Craddock / Preferred Photography

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Baby Jean

By John Grey

You have seven aunts, count them,
learn colors from their hair: brown, auburn,
grey, white, blue; settle into your
crib with the effect of sun on skin,
freckles and tan and liver spots,
or the way eyes can be green or brown and blue
and sometimes mixed shades of awe and jealousy;
and hear their chatter through the glass,
the first words about you, though one stops
to admire her nails, another plays with her fringe,
one just shakes her head as if to say
"cute now but come back in fifteen years."

You have seven aunts, charming, weird,
nasty as bees, shrill as birds, common and haughty,
loud like trolleys being wheeled down corridors,
soft as the curtain drawn across to make dark;
so clutch your hands together
and catch them like flies,
cry the sympathies from seven hearts,
gurgle and giggle seven backbones to attention.

You will have three of one thing,
a hundred of another,
maybe a million if your mother's
wishes for you are heard and acted on,

but seven aunts it is, no more,
maybe less when they die off,
though memories and photographs
will help make up the numbers;
you'll learn the number one
from how it is to be inside yourself
but seven will come from these
admiring faces, some fat, some thin,
some wrinkled, some still youthful;
you'll count through two parents,
three sisters, four posts to your bed,
maybe five good friends,
and six sincere but lesser ones,
but seven will be these,
seven will grimace at their own lost lives
but will grin like thieves at yours.

Fraction

by Eric Evans

I've become a fraction of myself; I've
been split in two. I have to keep
one eye open to watch him breathe;
I keep one ear open to hear his cry;
I need to keep one hand free to stop
his fall. Time I took for granted has
been cut in half and cut in half again.

It's more than my time, though, that's
been halved - it's been my traits as
well. I share my life with a scaled
model of myself, someone as bald,
moody and demanding as I am,
someone who'll define who he is by
defining who I am. Someone who's

part German, part Italian, a quarter
this and a hint of that, the sum of
his fractions. He's a mathematical
equation of which I'm just a factor
now. It's his problem to solve.
It's up to him to work the formula,
to do the addition and subtraction.

Here Hangs A Baby Boy

by James Keane

(life barely begun) hoisted
to face a camera, the mother
smiling at anyone
who will take him.

And here stands

a boy, nearly three years
my son. Eyes seething
as if they knew. Now he's nearing
twenty-one. They still do.

In the end,

like the mother *you* never knew,
I had no love to give you. May
the seething eyes of my son
warm someone. Like you.

Eyes

gleaming. Like yours.
Before you knew.

Wound

by Cristine Gruber

He has a new bruise,
just below the eye,
high on the cheek, left side.

He doesn't seem to be in pain,
not even flinching when his
cousin reaches out to touch it.

Too young for subtlety,
the youth asks bluntly,
“How'd that happen?”

A shrug is given, a typical
response, followed by a nod
and a request to go to the kitchen.

The inseparable pair retrieve two popsicles
from the freezer, before being shooed
from the room and sent outside.

Retreating to the backyard,
they enjoy the cool confections
in the shade of the old orange tree.

When he thinks his cousin
isn't looking, he places the
popsicle on his burning cheek,
the cool feel of icy strawberry
temporarily eclipsing the radiating
heat of confusion and shame.

With Forward

by April Salzano

motion suggested, I am out of time,
bed, my element, comfort.
Hand around mug of caffeinated
steam, I begin a day unfolding,
pushing dawn. Words rearrange on pages
torn, tired, dog-eared. I am
watching water ring and the phone
boil for signs of life.

I Dream in Abeyance

by AJ Huffman

Unconscious, my mind
is set to future tense.
I will always be
older, living
elsewhere, surrounded
by strangers. I will never feel
like myself, but will recognize
my decisions as disasters
yet to be made. Soon
I will perceive myself
as ghost. Haunting my own
mind is a concept
I cannot wait to see.

A Frontier of Lightning

by Michael Brownstein

A patch of blue skin
a mass of grey matter
then: the shock of violence
and violet, a darkening –

This is where Queenie left her death scent:
No gas in the car. No fog in the hills.
No fumes in the smoke. No sun in the shine.

Yet the world is a dangerous place.
All I want is to cover myself with you.

Red Bikini

by William Doreski

Leashed to a barrel-shaped dog
a woman in a red bikini
jogs down Temple Mountain trail.
In her wake I feel too clumsy
even to gaze after her. Dust
whispers of gnats and black flies.
Weeds have begun to flower.
The distance to the summit flails
step by step and wrinkles me
in the heat. That woman left
a hole in the air. Sour heat
fills it with sweat and decay.
The afterlife, the universal
cosmic nightmare, seems distant
as the next mountain over,
which bristles with antennae
and cell phone towers. Heart attack,
asthma, flatulence, the gout.
Any random ailment could strike
and close the loop. Meanwhile
I slog forward, upward, hoping
to uplift myself into blue
heady enough to stave off the rush
of thunder from the west. Descending
these exposed bedrock ledges
in heavy rain doesn't appeal.
I turn and look deep into the view.

The opposing mountain blinks.
No, that's a shrug of lightning,
so I should retreat. Following
the bikini woman worries me—
she could misread my fast descent
as a reckless onset of lust.
But I won't catch up. The bulky dog
has already hustled her down
to the parking lot. When I reach
the flat by the highway I'm alone
with the mountains bulking over me,
the storm ripping at its seams,
and my open pores absorb the gloom
with perverse and bottomless thirst.

With Raft

by AJ Huffman

in the shape of oversized pink
flip flop, I seek
shelter from smothering heat.
It is hard to breathe in sunshine
tuned to melting decibels. I trail
my fingers through chlorinated
waters of backyard swimming pool,
waiting for shadows to shift,
eclipse my body
with their welcoming embrace.

Apple Slices

by Kenneth Gurney

My church saddles me up like a horse
and rides me all day long.

Paul said this in response to Buddha's
Life is suffering. Which Paul said the moment before
out loud to himself and to the spider traversing the wall.

I steeped tea for us anyway. And prepared
a plate with a mix of nut meats and fruit slices to share.

Paul demanded a little more understanding,
but my understanding was so attuned to myself
that my words failed to bridge the gaps.

Paul's irises see the world at a different shutter speed
and the aperture of his lenses is much broader than normal.

I understood all of this afternoon's conversation
the way a teen girl understands careless love.

Temptation

by Michael Estabrook

Whenever he finds a spider
in the house he leaves it alone
life is tough enough
he reasons even for spiders.
But sometimes one will show up
in the bedroom
around bedtime
and his wife notices and says
“either that spider goes or I do”
So of course he captures it
releases it outside
where it belongs anyway
but honestly at times
he’s tempted to leave
the damn thing
right where she found it.

Private Vertigo

by Matt Morris

Jimmy Stewart can tail Kim
Novak's shapely ass
up & down San Francisco's

hills in Hitchcock's classic film,
yet a dour judge with
one heavy eyebrow says I'm

not allowed to &
the stuttering public
defender says the same . . .

eventually.
Love's above the law, a white
cloud you fell out of.

Footsteps are heartbeats. Yours, mine.
Run & I'll run after you.

Number 4

by Michael Estabrook

Since high school
my wife's best friend and I
have had an unwritten agreement
if we're both single at 70
we'll marry each other

When her new boyfriend
who showed up
after her third husband died
overheard me reminding her
of our marriage-pact he growled
poked his chest and said
if anyone's gonna marry Linda
it's gonna be me

OK so he'll become her fourth
that's fine with me we only had
a friendly teenage pact
but I'm not so sure
it'll be fine with Linda
she doesn't go in all that much
for growling and poking.

Tipping Point

by Cristine A. Gruber

The point
of no return
is best noted in hindsight,

that instant
when we look back
and see so very clearly

the precise moment
when life began
to go awry.

If only
we could have
picked up on the clues---

the layers
of mold growing
thick around the sink,

the piles
of garden tools
gone rusty in the rain,

the spilled
breakfast cereal
left to rot in the cabinet,

or maybe
the mere lack of soap
in the dispenser in the bathroom...

Any or all
of these clues
could have sufficed

to alert
us to the fact
that life had gone askew,

but ultimately
it wasn't any of these
things that was needed or used,

but rather
the simple appearance
of a U-Haul in the driveway,

as well as
your discarded lunch,
dumped in the bathroom trash.

From Divorce This Grammar

by April Salzano

We can call it whatever
we want, semantics, technicalities.
Rules were broken in the language
of our particular love. An ending
was inevitable, hurried as punctuation.
We dashed and bracketed, boxed
your things and what you stole of mine,
and concluded. Our house was a possessive
noun, a history, a paragraph in a poorly
written chapter on marriage.

Serial Killer

by Matt Morris

I guess I'd read one too many
vanity plates when you spied me
on the side of the road, doubled
over the guardrail—to borrow
the baseball vernacular—hurling

my no-look, split-finger dipsy-doodle.
Stranger, you parked your beat-up
pickup behind my Buick, curled
a bare arm around my shoulder
on the neglected blacktop, asked if

I needed a hand. The remainder
of my stomach followed. Soon I'd
bury you deep in an orchard, apple
blossoms blooming in late spring.
I smiled, grateful you'd stopped.

You Are Off Again

by Kenneth Gurney

You say you want to write like Rumi,
like Hafez, like angels
became the ink of your fountain pen
and your page the breath of god.

And all this without a single sip
of a potent potable
or a fashionable garment
in your closet
or your dog pulling too hard
at its leash.

You fear your ordinary life
is too mom, hot dogs and apple pie
to achieve the bottom
of a good cup of chai
and a wise word
for the breakfast table
philosophers.

You fear your horse
grazing in the pasture
will learn to jump the moon
long before the shining sea
shoes your sandy feet
or you uncork your bottled ego
and let it flee into the ethers
like a liberated jinni.

A Terrestrial Illumination (2014) No. 365

by Duane Locke

A wad of tinfoil,
Vandal-tossed,
On private porch,

Where starry sky
Is hid
By college dormitory.

She left her door
Open,
Waiting for the moon.

Finally a slice of moon
Slides over dormitory side
To touch with a sliver the wad.

Now, she has silver steak
From the moon sliver, a spiral
On side of crumbled wad.

Van Gogh's Mixtape

by Kim Peter Kovac

Inspired by Van Gogh's *Self Portrait with Straw Hat*, *The Starry Night*, and *Wheatfield with Crows*,
and Eric Dolphy's *Hat and Beard*, *Out There*, and *Miss Ann*.

Auvers-sur-Oise

August 21, 2012

My Dear Theo,

Engulfing my easel is a prism-shimmer
of light, cycling back and forth and back
leading to constant mixing of chrome
yellow, carbon black, and cobalt blue
on canvases with a palette knife -
and then darkness visible for days.
When the shimmer wavers just so,
which it does often, I lose track
of time, even day, month, and year.

Now I bask in a level light,
so I may fulfill my promise
to send a recording of music
that shaped certain paintings.
You're younger, and may not know
"mixtape," though this music
is on a zip drive, not a cassette.

The music that spiked my dreams
and guided my brushes is American jazz

from the 1960's, a time of shocking
changes and structured randomness:
Ornette, Trane, Mingus, Monk,
and my favorite, Eric Dolphy.
Composer and virtuoso on alto sax,
flute, bass clarinet, Dolphy could dance
from standard post-bop to free,
turn forward or backward on a dime
and died far too young, abroad,
alone, almost my age.

Hat and Beard: about Monk,
killer bass clarinet solo,
very vocal-like, on the knife-edge
where emotion intersects form.
This tune is why I added the hat
to *Self-Portrait with Straw Hat*
after it was mostly finished.
I never liked the hat much, really –
too much like a peasant and probably
in too many paint-selfies, - but it protects
skin from the sun and balances the color
of my beard. Should I rename
it *Hat and Beard in Yellow Ochre*?

It is not gracious of me to wish
that treacly song *Starry Starry*
Night had never been written:

“The world was never meant for one
as beautiful as you” makes me seem
like a twee and tame whack-job.

Those who want to plumb
the depths of *The Starry Night*
need only hear Dolfy’s *Out There* –
a swirling piece based in the blues,
where sadness is joyous, on cello,
bass, drums, and Eric’s multi-reeds –
leaping nimbly from bottom to top
and surprising places between.

Miss Ann: the best recording
is from the *Last Date* album,
in Hilversum, Holland with a pick-up
rhythm section who could play
like Philip Glass riffing on Bird,
beating the endless rhythm of wheat.
Speaking of Bird (or birds),
if you listen with well-tuned ears,
you hear birds on his angular alto -
Dolfy hits notes between notes,
microtones that flutter and fly.
Listen to this as you view
Wheatfield with Crows and know
that it really comes from a place
between bright and darkness.

And when the *Miss Ann* music
stops, take a moment for Eric,
whose compositional creed
Is heard in his gentle tenor:
*When you hear music,
after it's over, it's gone,
in the air. You can never
capture it again.* And I struggle,
in paint, to capture again
what I feel, and hear, and see -
before it's over, before it's gone.

In any case, write as soon as you can.
Regards, and accept a handshake
in my thoughts.

Ever yours,

Vincent

Zen

by Jakima Davis

Can't it be so simple
I'm watching the breeze blow
Looking for the broken-hearted
I can make it rain
Haunts me like a ghost
Take me, I'm on it
Using broken language
Nothing more to say

Lightbulb

by AJ Huffman

Quick flick, electric
blue hum. Switched
on or off, it is still
a shock to the dark.

Profile

by Michael Estabrook

For our flight across the country
my wife booked our seats
not together but across the aisle from one another
“I hate the middle seat” she exclaimed.

I would never
have tolerated this in the old days
but the old guy next to her
has a scraggly mustache
and big dopey black earphones attached
to his huge bug head.

Then I notice
my wife’s nose seems more prominent than normal
in this profile view I have of her
from across the aisle
although don’t get me wrong
she is still very attractive, pretty even
a handsome woman
as my brother Kerry would say.

My Favorite Geode

by William Doeski

In my favorite leather jacket
in my favorite white-splayed moustache
under my favorite geode
that smiles with a shark-mouth
of amethyst crystals I delve
into a glass of bourbon and smirk.

You find me so advantaged
you retreat into the silence
you keep handy, like a camera.
You refuse to ape my slouch or stance,
my easy fit inside myself.

One day the geode will topple
from atop the old cabinet
and helmet my yielding old head.

Not a crown but a comment—
a grave universal snicker
rumbling from deep down under,
where shielded by your paisley skirt
all things bottomless occur.

Alzheimer

by Richard Henry

The waltz hammerers waltz an old-timers' disease the ham stammerers smaltz, tink tink tink if you please no humming no mumming just t- t- tink t- t- tink t- t- tink 'neath the sneeze lips keep on lipping, teeth sink to teething, but the missing foot limps t- tink t- t- tink if you please

The wall hammerers walls an old-dimers disease the ham sammichers' small dink dink dink still they pee no thumbing the plumbing just d- dink d- d- dink in the breeze

Old-diners disease please eat your peas

The wool shammerers wools, mold the sham clamorers calls mimers

Well dammers old rhymers dis-ease, the damn brain tumbling mind numbing sink sink sink into spam sammiches eat your peas

The walls hammerers walls stam stammerers sneeze please humming the thumbing

Old-rhymers
fumbling no pummeling just p- p- peas no more peas

Grey

by Cristine A. Gruber

The cast of the skies,
dark and heavy,
covering the light,

carrying the untimely
message of finality the
last time they were together.

The tint of his hair,
just around the temples,
the sleek exuberance

and luster of youth
fading to the apathy of
salt and pepper strands.

The color of his eyes,
sad and withdrawn,
everything finally spoken,

all ultimately known,
yet never having given up,
not until that final moment.

The hue of his heart,
withered and lifeless,
yet forced to beat on.

And the shade of his soul,
already gone, just waiting
for his body to follow.

Body in a Box

by John Grey

Body in a box,
how shiny the ruins.
Norm can see his reflection in the buffed-up lid.
Has to be careful they don't spill dirt
on those lips of sorrow.
Priest stands beneath the praying willow,
thanks God for the life,
turns over the corpse for His consideration.
Anna's in black,
a picture card in a deck of mourners,
some in short sleeves,
a few straight from the job,
one who wandered into the wrong funeral.
Priest says his piece.
Norm could do with a drink.
Anna wipes her eyes,
more in hope than purpose.
Cousins with inexhaustible family tales
gather just far enough away
so the corpse won't hear.
An ancient aunt follows her stick
to a long black car.
A gregarious uncle says out loud
what nobody is thinking.
A child is bored.
A woman is angry.
A guy keeps looking at his watch.

Norm's concerned there won't be enough munchies
for the crew who come back to his place.
Anna's worried no one will show up
when she goes.
Everybody's here out of duty,
out of context

CONTRIBUTORS

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 *A Period of Trees* (Snark Press, 2004), *What Stone Is* (Fractal Edge Press, 2005), *I Was a Teacher Once* (Ten Page Press, 2011) and *Firestorm: A Rendering of Torah* (Camel Saloon Press, 2012). He is the editor of *First Poems from Viet Nam* (2011).

Jakima Davis has been writing poetry for almost fourteen years and been published in several underground publications. She has a forthcoming chapbook (published by Marymark Press) and eventually plans to publish a volume of her poetry.

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.

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.

John Grey is an Australian born poet. Recently published in *The Lyric*, *Vallum* and the science fiction anthology, *The Kennedy Curse*, with work upcoming in *Bryant Literary Magazine*, *Natural Bridge*, *Southern California Review* and the *Oyez Review*.

Cristine A. Gruber's work has been published or is scheduled to appear in: *North American Review*, *Writer's Digest*, *Writers' Journal*, *Ascent Aspirations*, *Ceremony: A Journal of Poetry and Other Arts*, *Coal City Review*, *Coffee-Ground Breakfast*, *Conceit Magazine*, *The Endicott Review*, *Eunoia Review*, *Haiku Hippodrome*, *Home Planet News*, *The Homestead Review*, *The Iconoclast*, *Iodine Poetry Journal*, *Kind of a Hurricane Press: Something's Brewing Anthology*, *Labour of Love*, *Miller's Pond*, *Northern Stars Magazine*, *Nuthouse Magazine*, *The Oak*, *The Penwood Review*, *Poem*, *Poesy*, *Poetry Explosion Newsletter*, *The Poet's Art*, *The Poet's Haven*, *Shemom*, *The Shepherd*, *Ship of Fools*, *Silver Wings*, *The Stray Branch*, *The Storyteller Magazine*, *Thema*, *The Tule Review*, and *Westward Quarterly*. She has been a featured poet in *Writer's Digest* for National Poetry Month.

Kenneth Gurney lives in Albuquerque, NM, USA with his beloved Dianne. His latest collection of poems is *Curvature of a Fluid Spine*. To learn more visit kpgurney.me

Richard 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).

AJ Huffman has published seven solo chapbooks and one joint chapbook through various small presses. Her eighth solo chapbook, *Drippings from a Painted Mind*, won the 2013 Two Wolves Chapbook Contest. She is a Pushcart Prize nominee, and her poetry, fiction, and haiku have appeared in hundreds of national and international journals, including *Labletter*, *The James Dickey Review*, *Bone Orchard*, *EgoPHobia*, *Kritya*, and *Offerta Speciale*, in which her work appeared in both English and Italian translation. She is also the founding editor of Kind of a Hurricane Press. www.kindofahurricanepress.com

James Keane resides in northern New Jersey USA with his wife and son and a shrinking menagerie of merry pets. His poems have appeared in print and online journals as well as several anthologies. In 2013, he celebrated (mostly by smiling a lot) the publication of his first chapbook of poems, *What Comes Next*, by Finishing Line Press. In addition, he still can't cook to save his life.

Kim Peter Kovac works nationally and internationally in theater for young audiences with an emphasis on new play development and networking. He tells stories on stages as producer of new plays, and tells stories in writing with lineated poems, prose poems, creative non-fiction, flash fiction, haiku, microfiction, and three-line poems, with work appearing in print and on-line in *The Journal of Compressed Creative Arts*, *Frogpond*, *Glint Literary Journal*, *Crunchable*, and *Elsewhere*. He is fond of avant-garde jazz, murder mysteries, contemporary poetry, and travel, and lives in Alexandria, VA, with his bride, two Maine Coon cats, and a Tibetan Terrier named Finn. www.kimpeterkovac.tumblr.com

Duane Locke, PH.D., lives hermetically in Tampa, Florida near aninga, gallinules, raccoons, alligators. Has had published 6,889 different poems, none self-published or paid to be published. This includes 32 books of poems.

Matt Morris has appeared in various magazines and anthologies, for which he has received five Pushcart nominations. His first book, *Nearing Narcoma*, won the 2003 Main Street Rag Poetry Award. Since then, Pudding House has published his chapbooks, *Here's How* and *Greatest Hits*. He currently lives on what remains of a farm in West Virginia with his goldfish Homer.

April Salzano was recently nominated for two Pushcart prizes and teaches college writing in Pennsylvania where she lives with her husband and two sons. She is currently working on a memoir on raising a child with autism and several collections of poetry. Her work has appeared in journals such as *Convergence*, *Ascent Aspirations*, *The Camel Saloon*, *Centrifugal Eye*, *Deadsnakes*, *Visceral Uterus*, *Salome*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Writing Tomorrow* and *Rattle*. The author also serves as co-editor at Kind of a Hurricane Press, www.kindofahurricanepress.com.

**Books from
Ink Publications**

Juggling Fire, Blindfolded
by Eric Evans

The Anatomy of a Cratedigger
by Eric Evans

The Halo Effect
by Eric Evans

Punk Rock for Hip Statisticians
by Eric Evans

A Beat Too Long
by Eric Evans

Tristero Rapid Post
by Eric Evans

Hell or Cleveland
by Eric Evans

Godflesh
by Eric Evans

**Broadsides from
Ink Publications**

(All broadsides are free as a PDF
download at the Ink Publications website)

How Not To Dress by Florine Melnyk

The King of Water by Eric Evans

Losing Duende by Alicia Hoffman

Every Day of My Life by Michael Estabrook

Geometry for Two by Lisa Feinstein

Lisbon via Boston by Eric Evans

Reap Eat by Carly Christiansen

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