

the bond street review



winter 2023

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From the editors

Hello all – this is Eric writing. I hope this finds you well – we're glad you're back with us for another month. With the way we've all been battered over the past few years, it's increasingly important to never take anything for granted – including your readership. Which brings me to the photo on the cover of this issue. To this day, my mother insists that she was happier with older television sets that only got 3 or 4 channels – not too dissimilar to the set in the picture. While I certainly have issues with people who rhapsodize about how great everything was as opposed to how good things still are in many respects and, more importantly, can be in the future if we ever get our shit together, I understand her point. And absolutely experience my share of overwhelm on a regular basis. Maybe it even makes sense to reach for the familiar and the comfortable right now – to grab on to something that demands nothing more of us than to remember that it existed. All of which is to say that several of the writers in this issue seemed to be in a similar place, to be considering what *was* and mining it for some instruction for dealing with what *is* – you'll find references to old photographs and missed opportunities, to an unknown name memorialized at a public pool and the elusive nature of fishing correctly. And yet, these pieces don't wallow in the past or traffic in the sepia-tones of nostalgia. They are, as we all should be, resolutely facing forward.

Again, thank you for continuing to return – it never goes unappreciated. We hope we offer something worthy of your time in each issue. And that you'll share *Bond Street* with those in your respective circles once you've read the final page.

With gratitude,
Eric Evans & Kathy Sochia
Co-editors

Cover image: Pexels Photos

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A Walk

By Gershon Ben-Avraham

Beneath dark trees, with my head cocked,
sound ear pointed skyward, I strain
to hear the leaves rustling above.

Something cold against the back of
my hand brings me gently to the
place where he stands, and I look down.

Nuzzling my palm, he leans into
me, as if to tell me that he's
here now, that I'm not alone, now.

It's cold. Still, we walk home slowly.
He often stops to smell the earth;
its rich perfume envelops him.

I leave my shoes beside the door,
and hang his leash on a curved hook,
my hands thick with the scent of him.

By The North Pool

By Marietta Calvanico

On a Saturday morning I stop
on the east side
of the North Pool

My right hand randomly lights
on the cool damp bronze edge
fingertips trace the etched name

I pray for Frederick's family and I wonder:
*Did they call you Fred or Rick
or something else?*

I decide to call you Fred
because I don't hear that name too often—
it reinforces your singularity

A small girl watches me
her family is impatient, waiting
for her to join the group for a photo

They smile and call to her
but her eyes stay on me
she can sense that Fred was someone

Fred, you've missed a lot:
holidays, birthdays, regular Tuesday mornings
when the sky was not so terribly clear

One Boy Holds The Hand Of A Barefoot Girl

(Inspired by a photo by Noel Celis)

By Marietta Calvanico

The photo of the flooded schoolyard pulls me in,
always called by the water for better or worse,
the surface shimmers and gives back the reflection
of the children stepping
from one chair to the next

One boy, wearing red boots,
holds the hand of a barefoot girl,
he helps her across the makeshift bridge,
she follows first with her eyes
and then with her reluctant body

Water demands answers sometimes and we were not prepared
for the nor'easter of '83 that pummeled our shoreline,
yes—we taped the windows and laid in supplies
but after, four-wheeling through snow down to the bay,
new tall dunes left us unbalanced and confused

A freshly eroded alien shoreline took the place
of the beach my feet had known without sight
We were not prepared like the people in Piazza San Marco
with their tables and pallets piled high and ready
waiting for the flood waters of March

April tastes like a new life
the past has no power now
we bought ourselves this beginning:
You will be the boy in the red rubber boots
and I will be the barefoot girl without any hesitation.

The Shock Of Recognition

By William Doreski

Storm has darkened us for days.
Our wood stoves refuse to heat

this four-room house of poverty.
Tired of the pervasive chill

our cats prepare to disown us.
The power company disconnects

the last of my feeble phone calls.
The uncharged phone plays dead.

Yet it's Sunday, which Pepys calls
the Lord's Day although he prefers

spending it fondling women.
Today we toss two hundred dollars

of food from the dark silent fridge.
Today we fast in honor

of Thor, flinger of lightning.
Not that he's the only figure

of power we should appease.
But look at him straddling the world

and you must agree that between
him and Edison there's only

a flash and shudder of motive
almost impossible to parse.

Entropy In Harrisville

By William Doeski

In the finest drizzle the mill
buildings look more accurate,
like geometry problems solved.

We drink coffee from a height
at which small events enlarge
to engage with the greater plot.

A woman struggling into a car,
her rheumatoid limbs flailing.
A dog chases a cat until

the cat turns and chases the dog.
The drizzle won't prevent us
from walking through the village

graveyard, the smell of wet stone
more soothing than a priest perched
on the edge of one's deathbed.

The mill buildings have reverted
to offices and studios, bad art
the most conspicuous product.

One building still manufactures
doodads of insoluble plastic
that harm the environment almost

as much as the clumsy art does.
We're as crude as those artists
but can't afford to rent the space

to elongate our faulty aesthetics.
The woman shuts the car door.
Can she safely drive in that state

of decomposition? The wet stone
steps of the general store porch
invite us to slip and tumble

and break our bones and become
part of the history of this place
but ruined beyond restoration.

Menauhant Beach

By Michael Estabrook

. . . don't struggle against
the waves, instead become one
with the ocean . . .

first time on the beach this summer expected the water to be cold freezing even but it's not it's warm(ish) nice

I watch the lifeguard she looks so young brushing her long brown hair pulling it up gathering it together in a red scrunchy to match her blazing red suit

need to get into the ocean every year because it seems to cleanse my soul renew my spirit brace me for the challenges ahead

the beach is fairly empty no one in the water occasional gull swooping down gliding across close to the sand

it was the Jersey Shore as a youngster Seaside Heights usually with its terrific boardwalk: games and rides, Philly cheese steaks and soft ice cream

buoy bobbing around 50 yards out reminds me of the beginning of *Jaws* the poor girl clinging to it before Bruce pulled her under to her gruesome end

and now today it's the pristine beaches of Cape Cod with their frothy waves and slate blue skies, ice cream trucks and coffee shops, harbor seals and sharks

no sharks here though on Menauhant Beach at least none that I can see although the endless shark documentaries during Shark Week on TV show sharks always around close to shore mingling with humans but not usually interested in them

Baskings, Blues, Dusks, Porbeagles, Sand Tigers, Shortfin Makos, Spiny Dogfish, Threshers, and occasional Great Whites especially if Gray or Harbor Seals, their favorite prey items, are frolicking in the surf

My biggest regret as an old man is never having been a lifeguard in my youth.
Of course that ship like so many others has sailed.

The lessons in all this, if any:
don't swim by the seals and be careful where you step

He Said, She Said To The Twenty-fourth Power

By Eric Evans

When a Cleveland-via-Texas star quarterback says the allegations of abuse are all a lie, all two dozen of them – enough to populate an offense and a defense with a couple of players to spare – the words can redirect like a tipped pass.

Lay the claims end-to-end, though, to mimic yards on a manicured and sponsored field, and the denials lose their force of plausibility, when the imbedded doubts of he said, she said get scrambled and begin, instead, to look like

[illegible]

The Tractor And The Farmer's Wife

By John Grey

It's one thing to be private.
It's quite another to be so obsolescent
that your tires are flat,
your flywheel's shot,
your gas tank's empty, rusty,
and you're abandoned
in the far end of the paddock,
mid-winter,
smothered in a foot of snow.

It's one thing to think that the ideal
is to be done with work,
cooling off,
when that work is what's sustained you,
and you're not cooling off,
you're freezing up.

And sure, it's one thing
to materialize out of melting,
with spring upon you,
the unplowed field ahead of you,
when there's a newer model in the showroom,
and the bank is making loans
to every farmer in the county.

And it's one thing to be a tractor.
But such a misery to be you.

Hurricane Brute

By John Grey

She is the aftermath
of a hurricane,
broken, battered but calm.

The man who was
such a furious slap of wind
has moved his chaos on.

Picking through debris,
she finds parts of herself
unbroken and alive.

Cruelty,
for all its bluster,
is merely weather.

Survival seeks a clear sky,
air gentle on the cheeks.

Still Life

By William Odgen Haynes

Post-mortem photography was common in the nineteenth century. Many daguerreotype post-mortem portraits, especially those of infants and young children, were probably the only photographs ever made . . . Wikipedia

The husband tells the photographer that his wife was a dreamer,
sun-smacked, inhabiting the days of young love and butterflies,

believing in wishes, full of hope. But now, she sits dead in a
rocking chair, eyes closed as if she were sleeping. A piece of

wood is placed under one of the rockers to prevent the chair
from moving. Like she did in life, she wears a dress she had sewn

herself, a pearl necklace and flowers in her hair. Standing next to
her with stoic expressions are her husband and sweet daughter.

And in the palm of her right hand, is her lucky silver dollar, placed
there by her husband. The coin has ridges worn smooth from rubbing

between her thumb and forefinger after years of making wishes, most
of which came true, except for the last one. The photographer tells the

husband and daughter to remain as still as the woman in the rocker,
because the exposure time for the daguerreotype will be quite long.

Foolish Housekeeping

By Mark J. Mitchell

She shifts her experiments
but doesn't remove them.

The refrigerator light
burned out years ago.

Pale labels are written
in a runny alphabet.

She can't decipher them
and will never eat them.

They will live in the back
until they start to glow.

Row Versus Wade

By Timothy Pilgrim

Like fishing, there's a catch
to getting it right — whether to cast
from shore or let fly off boat. How
to impose birth, replace all those hooked
to be slain —a whole school
no longer alive with lives, thanks
to males, deranged, bullet-proof vested.
Suitably rifled, pistoled, bandoliered,
knived. Given swagger, full sway
to fire, blaze, mow, dispatch, send
fingerlings back to black. There, again,
wait for mandatory first light.
Born, new fodder, no creel
for last gasp anywhere in sight.

CONTRIBUTORS

Gershon Ben-Avraham's writing has appeared in *Amethyst Review*, *Image*, *Jewish Literary Journal*, *Poetica*, *Psaltery & Lyre*, *Tipton Poetry Journal*, and elsewhere. His short story, "Yoineh Bodek," earned "Special Mention" in the *Pushcart Prize XLIV: Best of the Small Presses 2020 Edition*. Kelsay Books published his chapbook *God's Memory* in 2021.

Marietta Calvanico has lived a rich and varied life. She built a career in advertising/marketing, worked with her architect husband in client relations and doing agency work, raised a daughter who is a teacher, and played bass in dive bars. She has shared her homes with many cats. From her Staten Island condo's balcony, she can see New Jersey. From the porch of her house on the Delaware River in PA, she can see New Jersey. Both homes are excellent places to write. Her poetry, fiction and memoir pieces have appeared on line and in print.

William Doreski lives in Peterborough, New Hampshire. He has taught at several colleges and universities. His most recent book of poetry is *Dogs Don't Care* (2022). His essays, poetry, fiction, and reviews have appeared in various journals.

Michael Estabrook's most recent collection is *Controlling Chaos: A Hybrid Poem* (Atmosphere Press, 2022). Retired now writing more poems and working more outside, he just noticed two Cooper's hawks staked out in the yard or rather above it which explains the nerve-wracked chipmunks. He lives in Acton, Massachusetts. <https://michaelestabrook.org/>

Eric Evans is a writer and theatre artist from Buffalo, New York with stops in Portland, Oregon and Rochester, New York where he currently resides with his wife, Kathy. His work has appeared in *1947*, *Parody*, *Steel Bellow*, *Decades Review*, *Dead Snakes*, *decomP magazinE*, *Red River Review*, *Posey*, *Xenith Magazine*, *Anobium Literary Magazine*, *Pemmican Press*, *Remark* and many other publications and anthologies. He has published ten full collections and three broadsides through his own small press, Ink Publications, including his most recent chapbook, *Satan in Chicago*. He is also the co-editor of *The Bond Street Review*, as well as the Resident Dramaturg for Blackfriars Theatre in Rochester.

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in *Sheepshead Review*, *Stand*, *Poetry Salzburg Review* and *Floyd County Moonshine*. Latest books, *Covert*, *Memory Outside The Head*, and *Guest Of Myself* are available through Amazon. Work upcoming in the *McNeese Review*, *Rathalla Review* and *Open Ceilings*.

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Mark J. Mitchell was born in Chicago and grew up in southern California. His latest poetry collection, *Roshi San Francisco*, was just published by Norfolk Publishing. *Starting from Tu Fu*

was recently published by Encircle Publications. A new collection, *Something to Be* and a novel are forthcoming. He is very fond of baseball, Louis Aragon, Miles Davis, Kafka and Dante. He lives in San Francisco with his wife, the activist and documentarian, Joan Juster where he made his marginal living pointing out pretty things. Now, he's looking for work again. He has published 2 novels and three chapbooks and four full length collections so far. His first chapbook won the Negative Capability Award. Titles on request. A meager online presence can be found at <https://www.facebook.com/MarkJMitchellwriter/>. A primitive web site now exists: <https://www.mark-j-mitchell.square.site/>. I sometimes tweet @Mark J Mitchell_Writer

Timothy Pilgrim, a Montana native who lives in Bellingham, Washington, has a few hundred poems accepted by journals such as *Seattle Review*, *Santa Ana Review*, *The Bond Street Review* and *Hobart*, and international journals like *Windsor Review* in Canada and *Otoliths* in Australia. He is the author of *Seduced by metaphor: Timothy Pilgrim collected published poems*.

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