

The Bond Street Review



Summer 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 with us. After publishing issues for as long as we have (since the summer of 2011), we’re still often surprised at how cyclical the waves of submissions can be – a larger-than-usual issue can frequently be followed by a more modest collection of pieces, and we still cannot figure out the reasons behind it. So, here we are, seemingly true to form, with a full new issue coming on the heels of a shorter edition just six months earlier. Somehow people keep finding us, as this issue features a number of writers new to our pages (along with several returning contributors) and deciding that we may be an apt home for their work. And we are never less than honored that they have deemed us fit to potentially publish the fruits of their labors. We know that some of these writers have discovered us based on the suggestions of others and that means a great deal to us, as we know that nothing holds more weight than the word of a trusted friend or loved one. If you were one who offered up our name, we thank you for the support; and if you were one who decided to take a chance on us, we appreciate the belief in *Bond Street*.

Again, thank you for continuing to return (or for joining us for the first time) – it never goes unappreciated. We have every confidence that you’ll find something worthy of your time in this 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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The Wound and the Knife

by Gershon Ben-Avraham

I walk among the wounded,
lifting myself lightly over one,
slipping silently around another,
struggling to conceal my limp,
an old wound that will not heal.

At midnight, alone,
naked in my room,
face against the cold stone floor,
I inhale the dust.
Free me; cure me; heal me.

Through an open window
sounds a whispering wind:
You've all you need, friend,
in your hand:
the wound and the knife.

Elaine

by Robert Beveridge

She sat alone
on the front steps
of her house
and pulled
at the scab
on her knee.

The rain
had just stopped
and the smell
of her blood
as it welled
beneath the scab

mixed
with the sharp
clean air.
A caterpillar
crawled along
the step.

On Sacred Ground a Demon Walks

by Robert Beveridge

The heist is planned, the players in place. It is 1979,
and with your friends, D. B. Cooper is even cooler
than Wilt the Stilt. What does it matter if the eldest
of you is thirteen? You can pull this off. The rewards:
fame, fortune, the love of a good woman, or at least
Tara, the redhead who rides the bus with you. You
almost can't help but succeed. Who would believe
a band of preteens can rob something? Like
a Gremlin ticketed for doing 80 in a 45, these
things just don't occur. You peek around
the corner, nod to Franklin. Touch the St.
Gilles medal around your neck for luck.
The water pistol in your pocket is neon green,
itches for action. You don your balaclava,
take the first step. It's all forward from here.

Here's to:

by Nicole Brickman

The fountains at Lincoln Center
dinner at Orloff's where we were held hostage by the waitstaff
the brownie sundae we split both ways after a boy chose you instead
sleepovers with endless junk food, quietly perusing the tabloids you loved
the time we were smoking out the front window and you nearly set the lawn ablaze
singing "Just a Girl" on the sidelines of the gymnasium
reading joke books in the aisles of Barnes & Noble
hours of browsing music at Tower Records
coffee, coffee, more coffee and too many cigarettes
lunching at the food court in the 34th street mall
reunion dinners at Raj Mahal
all the lies you spun for everyone but me (or was I mistaken?)

and our kids who, most likely, will never meet.

Duke Energy's Critical Peak Pricing Day

by Barbara Brooks

“ . . one thing they don't tell you 'bout the blues when you got 'em
You keep on fallin' cause there ain't no bottom,
There ain't no end”

-- “Red Dirt Girl”, Emmylou Harris

I'm not supposed to use too much energy
between 2 and 8 pm. Don't use the washer
or dryer when I can wash and dry
another day. No worries here,
I don't have enough energy to get off
the couch much less do laundry.

These days; my plug is pulled —
not even the dog can lighten my mood.
I spiral down; grab but miss pleasant thoughts
of buddleia blooming purple by the side of the house,
fireflies drifting upwards in the evening.

I ride these days out but it takes
longer to halt my drop. Slowly, I emerge
from the darkness to admire drifting
scent of flowers, tiny spots of rising light.

The Last Ledge

by Barbara Brooks

The abyss haunts;
full of darkness. Sunlight waits
for me to return. Blackness
cries of broken hips or worse.
It teases me with the taste of that loss.

Eight weeks of sitting; waiting for that cracked bone
to heal; to return to driving for groceries, lifting
them into the car, into the house and walking
the dog. Unable to stop my plunge, I grab a shelf
to halt my fall.

The abyss haunts;
what if another fall drops
me lower
into the chasm?
Will it be
a slip
on the ice?
Maybe something
worse
leaving
me helpless
to the whims
of others?

Will I
find the
last ledge?

How To Create A Net Around An Object

by Michael Brownstein

“Art...lies in the encounter”

-- Chad Alligood

“A ship is safe

in harbor,

but that’s not why

ships are built.”

--Paulette Black, maybe

“The skies can’t keep their secret

A certain slant of light”

-- titles of installation pieces by Spencer Finch

a ship is built

not by men

but men of trees:

not of wood

but cut bone

calcite and teeth

cartilage:

not of cloth

but the color of skin:

not an organization of light:

not of thinness

nor empty space

but solids and struggles

mass and massacre

(The three quotes come from *Art Desk*,
Fall/Winter 14/15, Issue 3)

Pas de Deux

by Marietta Calvanico

Because it's late and I'm worn out I hail a cab
and hope to make the 11:30 ferry
(the schedule goes hourly after that)
and it's hard to believe how lucky I am tonight
because you pull over in less than three minutes

St. Christopher (who is practically not a saint anymore)
is mounted on your dashboard just in case
you glance at me in your rearview mirror and I think to myself
you are a nice-looking guy and your ID says Sean
and after all I do have a thing about Irish men

You are eating a piece of marble pound cake
and you ask me if I want some and even though
I shouldn't I say, why not? and you pass a chunk wrapped in a napkin
through the plexi divider that keeps us safe, I suppose
from each other

I can tell you're a regular kind of guy which is why
I am telling you regular things like how
Steve and I drove to the Rockaways last week
just because we felt like it and we wondered
where Patti Smith's bungalow was

And you say that you drove Patti Smith once
but only to a café in the East Village and that surprises me
because I didn't figure her for a cab riding type
not for a sort of short distance anyway
since I know she used to live near Christian (whose place is on Sullivan)

Well I guess you do pick up famous people now and then
but I probably wouldn't notice at least half the time
like the afternoon I passed Madonna crossing Prince Street
and I didn't even realize it until my friend
said hello to her and actually told her she looked tired

It's almost 11:22 as we're passing by Union Square Park
slipping through every light just as they start to turn
rhythmically moving with the downtown-bound stream
it's a city dance and we are swept up in it
like the bits of paper wildly flying high over Broadway

Pulling the Trigger

by Marietta Calvanico

Pulling the Trigger
In the earlier years
we thought it was funny
all those Bobbies and Billies
and they just kept coming

You married two of them
(one each)
but after a while
they were all the same person

At least with Bobby #1
you could blame it on 'nam
So when Billy's lungs were punctured
why did I pray for a miracle turnaround?

In those last days
his chest rhythmically pumped with air
the doctor reminded you—
You had the power to make it stop

You finally had the power
But even as he lay comatose
he took it back
and died at 1:15 AM.

The sellable winter (excerpt)

by Owen Paul Edwards

I don't mind if someone hates me.
But sometimes I meet someone and think:
"If you hated me I would be sad."

Today my friend told me
"You're allowed to have love too."
He is a good person.

Brothers

by Michael Estabrook

*. . . as his big brother I needed to protect him
from the indignities and injustices of the world
including getting awful diseases and dying . . .*

Full moon out tonight but I can't see it
cloud cover too thick.
My brother's 69th birthday's today
but he passed seven years ago.
I used to call him at work – he was a paralegal –
so we could confide in, commiserate, and console one another
so we could make fun of one another too as brothers do.

If you can't see the moon is it out there, is it shining?
If I can't see my brother is he still out there shining?
Not certain but he could be, you know
this notion of afterlife being so nebulous, so unproved
such a matter of opinion
people being like ghosts still around
even though you can't see them.

But it doesn't matter, afterlife or ghosts
because I know he's in here
deep inside me breathing and thinking
because we talk every day
confide in, commiserate, and console one another
make fun of one another too as brothers do.

Dignity

by John Grey

She's far removed
from the kids on skateboards
and the guy with the hotdog cart
and even the two lovers
holding hands,
binding to each other.

The pigeons keep their distance.
And the squirrel doesn't stop
to make a connection
between the babies in the nest
and the one pressed to her breast.

For all the undone buttons of her blouse,
she's not exposed.
Nothing is bare.
Except maybe the eyes
that look down
at lips engulfing teat.
Or the ears
caught up in the sound of suckling.

The Philistines, the prudes,
the crochety crones
who go running to the cop
are not in the park this day.
They must go elsewhere
to destroy a beautiful thing.

I Take Charge Of A BBQ Soundtrack

by John Grey

Yes,
I plead guilty.
I'm the one slipped
the Aretha CD into the boombox.
That's right – Aretha.
No second name required.

Kids stare at me
like I'm part of some
Natural History Museum diorama.
But their mothers know.
And Ed,
who's been all day cooking,
grins through sweaty lips.

It's not monotonous rap.
It's not a nauseating boy band.
Nor some diva
known more for paparazzi photos
than anything she's ever put on record.

Yeah,
the song is fifty years old.
But she's the Queen of Soul
goddamn you.

And this is real music.
R-E-S-P-E-C-T.
She gets it plenty.
How about a little for me.

I Was Once a Plasma

by James Croal Jackson

I am no photon.

I am no electron.

I do not oscillate on a single point.

My atomic body has no own self,

its only sister the kitchen sink

who drops by

at random

or when washed with too much soap.

Aging / Dying

by James Croal Jackson

You age and dye clothes the actors
wear, and when the old thing breaks,
we talk a washing machine between us.
I hold company money– someone else's
wealth– without knowledge or specialty.
You say the replacement must not have
sensors. And you must be able to
manipulate the water level. These, you say,
are the only requirements. Everything
else can be jazz. Copper chords I
know. I riff on melodies in my head.
Soon the machine will have to be
unhooked, and I know little
useful of hoses, washers, inlets,
pumps. If it were just about
water– and shapelessness–
I could close my eyes
and submerge. But
it's about spin, the pirouette
inside that makes it work
after the basin fills with
soil and sweat, a
pool of clean chemicals
and dead things all
scrunched together–
close the lid to hear
its tender agitations
before its heartbeats

turn frantic. The cyclone
within gathers wind of
frantic thoughts that
entertain the idea of
waking one morning,
fresh off a sharp night-
before fight in the kitchen,
and ripping all clothes
off hangers to jam
in a suitcase so that
when you wake, too,
you'd see my clothes
as a hole where they used
to hang and you'd ask
what are you
doing / what are you
doing? and I swim
up to the closed lid,
telling the world
th-thump, th-thump,
my fingers prying
and pulling.

Astronomical Summer

by Neal Leadbeater

The height of it. And high summer
has yet to run. Meteorologists
say temperatures will continue to rise
but cups buttering the meadow
are still in their infancy and
the lazy daisy has yet to spill
its petals to the light.
Days grow longer for dreaming in.
There are possibilities
in the Swells and the Slaughters,
cloud in the Stroudwater Hills.
Jessica puts on her party frock
and cows jump over the moon.

All I Have Left

by Trapper Markelz

I am not the first person to have this idea,
but I need to tell you so you'll stop
counting down the seconds, gently
sweep the incinerator of fillings;
get ready for the next basket of broken family.

You will leave this world better than you found it—
a new shelf, a crooked nail to hang a plan,
a stained pot to simmer a dish
to feed and warm and grow a hand
to place upon the small of someone's back.

You will be a friend to someone,
sometimes a mother, a father,
a sibling, a greeter, a gatherer,
a high-functioning sign
of advanced civilization.

You will sing into the world,
add your breath to the taste of the ancients.
You will leave a part of you behind,
a mass of slag that no one will ever see.
You will add yourself to the weight of things.

Remember, I am not the first person
to have this idea, but I need to tell you
so you'll stop counting down the seconds,
your watercolor eyes are a gift to this earth;
the crazy, the wild, the untamed fascination.

Form of Survival

by Trapper Markelz

Portion control is a form of decision;
how my mom left a solitary bite
lingering on her plate.

I am not as talented
at taking and leaving,
erasing things from this earth.

I want to put the spills back on the table,
watch the wine stain reassert itself
into the branching infinity of a second

—time coiled on top of more time
like the withering string of a
quantum guitar.

I've lost track of the gleaming idea
that woke me up this morning,
replaced hope with a cold cathode ray,

pierced each eye, pierced my tongue,
carved a form of fleshy alphabet
people wrote and read and translated away.

I'm fine with this life,
the fine dining of a carousing night,
the force-feeding of a duck—

pluck its liver, pull it dripping
from wet feathers, grill the guts
in its own meat
Maybe I'll leave a single bite sitting there;
a sign of my own decision,
a way to show you I learned to survive.

Everything is a Nail

by Trapper Markelz

At the football game, you pay \$10
for three good swings at an old car.

The people who line up first get the best hits;
windscreens, side mirrors, headlights.

One good whack, and the chrome door handle
spins off into a sea of cheers.

After the bigger kids take their turn,
there's not much left for us small watchers.

The cheering crowds are gone. They
leave a beaten body, a small boy,

a steel head pounding out rage,
a bid to prove a hammer fixes anything.

Where to swing doesn't matter
when everything is already broken.

In the silence, you have permission
to do almost anything now.

Every wall is glass—the floors, the ceilings—
and you are holding a sledgehammer.

The Man Who Notices Things

by Patrick Meeds

Recently a scar on my hand
that I don't remember getting.
The only clue I have
is that when I make a fist
it follows the curve of a knuckle
perfectly. I don't know how
old it is but it's still as stark
and white as the tiniest sliver
of moon visible on a cloudless night.

Waiting for your traumas
to resolve themselves? They won't.
All you can do is try to invent
a new way to say you're sorry.
A new way to ask for forgiveness.
A whole new language
more powerful than the one we have.
Something akin to music or prayer.
Something akin to the feeling
of returning a library book.
long overdue.

This Is Why We Talk About the Weather

by Patrick Meeds

Because the morning is a dull needle
that keeps poking and poking.
That reminds that the long night is over
and there is only one toothbrush
in your bathroom. A small object
exerting a great force. Lots of tiny bruises
and a little bleeding.
Connect the dots and you'll see a bird.
The one that you keep chasing away
from nesting on top of your porch light.
Everyday so determined. Everyday
you scatter the grass and twigs it has collected.
What is it trying to tell you?
That every grain of sand was once a mountain?
That every drop of rain was once the ocean?
Common knowledge my friend.
Some regrets can never be untangled
and the night is a black record that keeps revolving.
But you can stop for coffee on the way to work
and say boy, it sure is cold for May, isn't it?

Sneezing a Path Back to Source

by Scott Thomas Outlar

I think of my Father
when I sneeze,
remembering the conversation we had
while standing in the kitchen
some years ago.
He had just experienced a sudden fit
resulting in a few consecutive sneezes
that triggered memories for me
about a period during the Summer of 2009
when I was using heavy amounts
of benzodiazepines and psilocybin
on a regular basis (as in, daily),
and I would frequently go into episodes
where I'd sneeze upwards of ten times.
I told Dad that the type of powerful synchronicity
which I was experiencing back during that stage
had, among many other beautiful revelations,
led me to believe that one day
I will die as I sneeze
in a type of ecstatic spiritual orgasm
that returns my consciousness back to Source.
A few days later, our kitchen conversation sparked me
to write the first scene in the book,
The Awakening of Numa, involving its main character
having a spiritual epiphany brought on by a sneeze
that illuminated dormant pathways in the pineal gland
and opened the psyche up to the crystalized geometrical
foundation upon which all physical reality is formed.

Now that my Dad has passed on
to the next incarnation of his soul's journey,
I am able to connect with him
through a mindful meditation
each time I get a tickle in my nose
and Achoo my way a little closer
to meeting him again in Heaven.

Andrew in the Mosh Pit

by Daniel Pieczkolen

The guitar squeals
like a thing being made
against its will.
Denim & leather
make their competing claims
on a generation
& its daddy issues.
Sticky floors
& that sickly sweet sad feeling—
the one that seems
to get warmer
each time it arrives.
Outside, the nightbirds
are discussing their plans
in squawks & screams
whose notes bend
through the winter city,
leaving it mostly unchanged,
but only mostly.
And then there he is,
mumbling a proclamation
too small to contain its urgency,
diving headfirst
into the past,
taking the kindling
of his life
& setting it ablaze—
19 & timeless
for 2 minutes, 37 seconds.

I hope that the most beautiful people
in every room
know how beautiful they are.

The Blue Line

by Daniel Pieczkolen

I once saw a man shoot heroin on the train,
the blue line heading westbound. It was July and hot.

Everyone was sweating like they had done something wrong.
I was either coming or going, trying my hardest to be grateful

for having places to come from and go to, the way you have to try
when weather makes your shirt stick to your back or

you spill coffee on your new tie, the one you hovered the cursor over
for twenty minutes before deciding yes, yes I deserve this

and then life presents itself to you big as a poem,
shapeless as a coffee stain, and reminds you that you occupy

a very small portion of it, that is, for the most part, warm and safe.
He was in the back of the train, sharing a seat with a Hispanic nurse,

her scrubs the color of cotton candy. He quietly, almost politely,
rolled his sleeve up and found a vein in his arm, easy as I find the morning

after a night of dreamless sleep, and then plunged it in.
His head rolled back a little, the way it happens in movies,

but everyone knew this wasn't a movie, so we all stayed very quiet
and pretended to look at our phones, until he fell asleep

and we could all go back to actually looking at our phones.

Quantum hate

by Tim Pilgrim

I am livid about Dark Energy,
seethe when I think of its mission —
destroy all space, and time.

Fear I'll live to one hundred, wake up
not dead, live my entire life again.

This time, own a ranch, an island,
fly alone from one to the other
in a private jet. My ill will builds

for physicists, even if they've found
light has weight. I try to recall
if I took my meds, decide to forget.

Call up special hate for Photons,
puppeteers of Black Lightning.

Decide to kite-fly at midnight, naked,
taunt the coming storm.

(Originally published as "Quantum Hate"
in the *Cascadia Daily News*)

Wasting liberals

by Tim Pilgrim

“Seventy-seven percent of confirmed
congressional gun owners are Republican”

— PewResearch.org, Aug. 25, 2022

We must seize the hour, act
since three of us have Glocks
for each of them who packs.
Their pretty guns — in velvet,
locked safe in safes, the ammo
hidden far back under Vax card,
title to hybrid, passwords, cash.
Homeless-loving whiners,
babblers of justice, rights,
fairness in who casts votes —
makes real patriots want to puke.
Definitely time to stock up,
score AKs, bazookas, grenades.
Before the lefties get a clue,
move to shotguns, rifles
with scopes, read instructions,
learn to load, aim, shoot.
Cry-babies, maybe it's time
to erase a blue state or two.

**Aware Yet Another New One On (Cancel) Me....
Or Paper Of Record's All The News [Un]Fit To Print?**

by Gerard Samat

Liberation front
simply speaking
objectively, I am
admittedly a clod
with not single clue
about who specializes
in sale of "fitted lingerie."

Nevertheless, Ger, you may
just be very lucky beneficiary
of matronly underwear process
which apparently is quite different
from youth's sheerer work dress codes
as distinct from when both mothers were
our age -- although really nada so much unlike

hippy-dippy days braless parents freed-up their nipples.

Food

by Dominik Slusarczyk

Help me carve
The cutest cow.
Help me boil
And burn
The friendliest
Potato.
We would
Murder the air
If we could.

History

by Sam Szanto

"Time does not pass over me, over us
It doesn't erase anything, doesn't undo it"
-- Charlotte Delbo

My father, as always, uses a small chopping knife
to eat a bowl of tinned fruit cocktail,
his feet on the wine-red stool
as I sprawl on the sofa with a mug of cocoa,

as the music surges the people
with yellow stars on their overcoats
who could be my father's uncles and aunts
are bewilderedly shoved into trucks

by striking soldiers and put into chambers
so familiar and unfamiliar, I look away
from the screen and my father,
the living room windows are mirrors,

during the adverts my father is silent
as always, I text my boyfriend,
before watching the denouement,
consolations handed out like bouquets,

'Okay my love,' says my father,
as always, hauling himself up,
collecting bowl and knife and mug,
'time to smoke my pipe in the shed.'

Granna

by Nick Young

She couldn't know -- how could she?

She was but five, so she couldn't know that the ancient figure across the room was anything but stooped by the weight of time. She couldn't know that once that woman with brittle skin etched by life's toil was as full of joy as she, reveling in the summer sun as she ran, laughing, through the dazzling wildflowers sprinkled up the slope of the low hillside that rose toward a patch of thick timber behind the faded brick farmhouse. How could she know that as a schoolgirl the old one was bright, full of curiosity about the world and thirsty as a sponge for knowledge? Or that in her teenage years, she kept a secret diary, confiding in its deckled pages the thrill of kissing a boy for the first time and her dreams of going to a college in the ivied East and living in a city with soaring buildings of dizzying heights. She couldn't know how those yearnings were crushed away to dust by parents who put no stock in a girl having "them notions," prodding her relentlessly so that she finally surrendered, exhausted, abandoned her books and fell in with a fast crowd, living loose, for the thrill of the moment, roiling convention, flouting rectitude. How could she know that the woman before her with lank gray hair and a stolid thickness about her once had a pin-up's face and a body that was all tightness and curves, driving men to frenzies of passion and jealousy sometimes settled with fists or a knife. She could not know about the barroom nights that ended, panting, in a back seat or a shabby room in a rundown motel on the far side of the railroad tracks. And she could not know how the people of the town whispered cruelly behind the woman's back, even as she strove to pull free of wantonness, refashion her life and let the past slip into the distance of memory.

No, she didn't know -- how could she?

What she knew was that this is old soul in the faded cornflower-blue shift who shuffled so slowly, hardly lifting her worn slippers as she moved, would never fail to bring her favorite teddy, to see them both safely tucked within the cocoon of blankets infused with the faint scent of cedar as the evening drew down. And she knew this woman would bend low to stroke her hair with tremulous hand, place a gentle kiss upon her forehead, smile and whisper that the night would hold no terrors, and the morning would come with warm sunshine and bright birdsong.

(Originally published in *CaféLit*)

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.

Robert Beveridge (he/him) makes noise (xterminal.bandcamp.com) and writes poetry on unceded Mingo land (Akron, OH.) Recent/upcoming appearances in *Five Fleas*, *Dreich*, and *Sein und werden*, among others.

Nicole Brickman lives in Columbus, OH, where she inspires her middle school students to love reading and writing. She holds a BA in Education/English from Hunter College in New York City and an MA in Literature from the University of Connecticut. Her work has been published in *technicolor*, *vox poetica*, *Poetic Medicine*, and *Poetry Breakfast*. She enjoys spending time with her husband Jeff, her son Nico, her dog Dory, and her cat Albus.

Barbara Brooks, author of *The Catbird Sang*, *A Shell to Return to the Sea*, and *Water Colors* chapbooks, is a member of Poet Fools. Her work has been accepted in *Avalon Literary Review*, *Chagrin River Review*, *The Foundling Review*, *Blue Lake Review*, *Third Wednesday*, *Peregrine*, *Tar River Poetry*, *Silkworm* among others.

Michael Brownstein's latest volumes of poetry, *A Slipknot to Somewhere Else* (2018) and *How Do We Create Love* (2019) were both published by Cholla Needles Press. In addition, he has appeared in *Last Stanza*, *Café Review*, *American Letters and Commentary*, *Skidrow Penthouse*, *Xavier Review*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Meridian Anthology of Contemporary Poetry*, *The Pacific Review*, *Poetrysuperhighway.com* and others. He has nine poetry chapbooks including *A Period of Trees* (Snark Press, 2004), *Firestorm: A Rendering of Torah* (Camel Saloon Press, 2012), *The Possibility of Sky and Hell: From My Suicide Book* (White Knuckle Press, 2013) and *The Katy Trail, Mid-Missouri, 100 Degrees Outside and Other Poems* (Kind of Hurricane Press, 2013). He is the editor of *First Poems from Viet Nam* (2011).

Marietta Calvanico 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. Her poetry, fiction, and memoir pieces have appeared on-line and in print.

Owen Paul Edwards is a writer living in Baltimore. His writing has appeared in *Coalition for Digital Narratives* and *Antonym*. He works at a bookshop.

Michael Estabrook has been publishing his poetry in the small press since the 1980s. He has published over 20 collections, a recent one being *Controlling Chaos: A Hybrid Poem* (Atmosphere Press, 2022). He lives in Acton, Massachusetts. <https://michaelestabrook.org/>

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in *Stand*, *Washington Square Review* and *Rathalla Review*. Latest books, *Covert*, *Memory Outside The Head*, and *Guest Of Myself* are available through Amazon. Work upcoming in the *McNeese Review*, *Santa Fe Literary Review* and *Open Ceilings*.

James Croal Jackson works in film production. His most recent chapbooks are *Count Seeds With Me* (Ethel Zine & Micro-Press, 2022) and *Our Past Leaves* (Kelsay Books, 2021). Recent poems are in *Stirring*, *SAND*, and *Vilas Avenue*. He edits *The Mantle Poetry* from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. (jamescroaljackson.com)

Neil Leadbeater is an author, essayist, poet and critic living in Edinburgh, Scotland. His work has been published widely both at home and abroad. His latest collection is *Reading Between the Lines* (Littoral Press, 2021).

Trapper Markelz (he/him) writes from Arlington, Massachusetts. He is the author of the forthcoming chapbook *Childproof Sky*, a Cherry Dress Chapbooks 2023 selection. His work has appeared in the journals *Baltimore Review*, *Stillwater Review*, *Wild Roof Journal*, *Greensboro Review*, and *Passengers Journal*, among others. Learn more at trappermarkelz.com

Patrick Meeds lives in Syracuse, NY and studies writing at the Syracuse YMCA's Downtown Writer's Center. He has been previously published in *Stone Canoe Literary Journal*, *the New Ohio Review*, *Tupelo Quarterly*, *the Atticus Review*, *Whiskey Island*, *Guernica*, *The Main Street Rag*, and *Nine Mile Review* among others.

Scott Thomas Outlar is originally from Atlanta, Georgia. He now lives and writes in Frederick, Maryland. His work has been nominated multiple times for both the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. He guest-edited the *Hope Anthology of Poetry* from CultureCult Press as well as the 2019-2023 Western Voices editions of *Setu Mag*. He is the author of seven books, including *Songs of a Dissident* (2015), *Abstract Visions of Light* (2018), *Of Sand and Sugar* (2019), and *Evermore* (2021 - written with co-author Mihaela Melnic). Selections of his poetry have been translated and published in 14 languages. He has been a weekly contributor at *Dissident Voice* for the past eight and a half years. More about Outlar's work can be found at 17Numa.com.

Daniel Pieczkolon lives in Philadelphia and teaches literature and writing courses at Arcadia University and Rowan University. His poetry has been nominated for the *Best of the Net* and appeared in *Right Hand Pointing*, *Crack the Spine*, *Kettle Blue Review*, *Rust + Moth*, and elsewhere.

Timothy Pilgrim, a Pacific Northwest poet living in Bellingham, Washington, has nearly 600 hundred acceptances from U.S. journals such as *Seattle Review*, *Red Coyote*, *Third Wednesday*, *The Bond Street Review* and *Santa Ana River Review*, and international journals such as *Windsor Review* and *Toasted Cheese* in Canada, *Prole Press* in the United Kingdom and *Otoliths* in Australia. He is the author of *Mapping water* (Flying Trout Press, 2016) and *Seduced by metaphor: Timothy Pilgrim collected published poems* (Cairn Shadow Press, 2021).

Gerard Sarnat has been nominated for the pending Science Fiction Poetry Association Dwarf Star Award, won San Francisco Poetry's 2020 Contest, the Poetry in the Arts First Place Award plus the Dorfman Prize, and has been nominated for handfults of Pushcarts plus Best of the Net Awards. Gerry is widely published including in 2023 *San Diego Poetry Annual*, 2022 *Awakenings Review*, 2022 *Arts & Cultural Council of Bucks County Celebration*, 2022 *Rio Grande Valley International Poetry Festival Anthology*, *Pocket Samovar*, *Free State*, *The Broken City*, *Sandy River Review*, and *Three Rooms Press/Maintenant*. He is a Harvard College and Medical School-trained physician who's built and staffed clinics for the marginalized as well as a Stanford professor and healthcare CEO. Currently he is devoting energy/ resources to deal with climate justice and serves on Climate Action Now's board. Gerry's been married since 1969 with progeny consisting of four collections (*Homeless Chronicles: From Abraham To Burning Man*, *Disputes*, *17s*, *Melting the Ice King*) plus three kids/ six grandsons — and is looking forward to potential future granddaughters.

Dominik Slusarczyk is an artist who makes everything from music to painting. He was educated at The University of Nottingham where he got a degree in biochemistry. His poetry has been published in various literary magazines including *Fresh Words*, *Berlin Lit*, and *Home Planet News*.

Sam Szanto lives in Durham, UK. Her collaborative, prize-winning poetry pamphlet, *Splashing Pink*, will be published by Hedgehog Press in July 2023. She has been published in a number of literary journals including *The North*. She won the 2020 Charroux Poetry Prize and the Twelfth First Writer International Poetry Prize. Find her on Twitter at sam_szanto, Instagram at samszantowriter or at her website samszanto.com

Nick Young is a retired award-winning CBS News Correspondent. His writing has appeared in more than two dozen publications including the *Pennsylvania Literary Journal*, *The Unconventional Courier*, *Fiction on the Web*, *Bookends Review*, *the Nonconformist Magazine*, *Sandpiper*, *the San Antonio Review*, *Flyover Magazine*, *Pigeon Review*, *Fiction Junkies*, *Typeslash Review*, *The Best of CaféLit 11* and Vols. *I and II* of the *Writer Shed Stories* anthologies. He lives outside Chicago.

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