

# **THE BOND STREET REVIEW**



**Summer  
2025**

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## From the editors

Hello all – this is Eric writing. Welcome to our 25<sup>th</sup> issue. When I started *Bond Street* in 2011 (after kicking the idea around in my head for a long time), I had no real plans for it. I was lucky enough to find publications who liked my work and frequently offered me a place for it to land. I simply wanted to offer the same thing to other writers – no more and no less. That we've been going this long (with one 18-month hiatus) still kind of amazes me – that we continue to have a healthy combination of regular contributors and writers previously unknown to us (both established as well as those just beginning) is such a point of pride for us. So, what we do now is offer our deepest-held appreciation and gratitude, and then get to work on issue 26.

Once you finish this issue – and we hope you read every piece, because there is some very good work here – please consider sharing the issue with other writers far and wide. We'd love nothing more than to be introduced to so many writers and readers who we've yet to meet.

Until the next time...

With gratitude,  
Eric Evans & Kathy Sochia  
Co-editors

Cover image: Allec Gomes | Upsplash

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## **Red**

by John Brantingham

This autumn is redder than usual, that's what the librarian says. She and I like to gossip about the weather. Her daughter's in Florida where hurricanes have turned angry. She's in some gymnasium, dreaming about Northern maple woods gone red. Leaves are dropping all around the library and swirling. I ask if her daughter's going to move back.

"No," she says. "It seems like autumn gets redder each year."

She says, "I wish she'd come back to see it."

She says, "I wish God would stop fucking with Florida."

I say, "I wish God would stop fucking with us all."

## **Wind Wall**

by John Brantingham

That gust of wind just before the rain and then the rain and the wind calms – now just the rain. The dog settles back in her bed. My wife goes back to reading. I close my eyes to imagine that wall of wind pushing southward ahead of the storm. It must have crossed Lake Erie. It might be down in Pennsylvania now. My wife is lost in a historical novel about King Stephen. The dog chases groundhogs in her sleep. I'm in my Pennsylvanian childhood, back to the first time I noticed a wall of wind, chased by the rain.

**Vespers (Evening Prayer)**

by Marietta Calvanico

On a mid-summer evening  
the throng of fans  
makes way through turnstiles  
seats slowly fill  
a communion of ordinary humanity

I think about a vacant lot near the highway  
where the boys chose up sides  
no girls allowed in '66  
we sat on the service road guardrail  
and cheered our brothers on

A lanky boy from down the block  
brought a new mitt  
I watched him pounding a ball  
into the cupped shape  
over and over

A discarded outdoor seat cushion  
was home plate  
my brother swung hard  
and the ball disappeared  
into the tall weeds

The ballpark on this present day  
feels like one voice  
a roar rises up  
for the humble glory  
of a perfectly executed sac fly

The crack of a bat  
a runner coming home  
magic I still believe in  
a cool evening prayer  
somewhere, a ball sailing past a guardrail

**Paper plate. Plastic fork.**

by CS Crowe

A whole rotisserie chicken, ate too fast  
And swallowed a wishbone whole:  
Not supposed to tell you, but  
I wished never to do dishes again.

Paper plate. Plastic fork.

Squish a roach with paper towels,  
Crush a wasp with plastic crocs,  
Wrapps and crumbs everywhere,  
Dead on the ground, a honeybee.

Paper plate. Plastic fork.

Take the trash out to the road  
Don't forget the recycling bin.  
Microplastic outline of a man  
Popping lithium horse pills.

Paper plate. Plastic fork.

The neighbor wipes his brow.  
Water the grass with a hose.  
It's a hot one today, isn't it?  
A summer day in early winter.

Paper plate. Plastic fork.

### **Daily Bugle Bulletin: Spider-Man Was a Corporate Sell-Out**

by CS Crowe

I do not trust my hands with power. | I cannot pass the Tesla Dealership | without dreaming of Molotov cocktails. | When Civil War came to New York City, | even Spider-Man kissed the President's ring. | How many times has he been evil in comic books? | The President, not Spider-Man. | How many times has he been a moron? | Who would vote for Lex Luthor? | And yet... | Superheroes protect a status quo that needs them to survive. | Does that sound familiar? | The only power I need: | glass, cloth, and gasoline.



**Dreamer**

by Jakima Davis

I'm asleep  
I'm deep asleep  
Asleep in a whole other world  
Far away from reality  
Getting away from it all  
Enter the mind  
Of my imagination  
Do the things  
I'd never do in reality  
Things so ludicrous  
So outrageous

It's delightful and pleasing  
Nice and warm  
In this bizarre yet colorful world

I wish that I'd never  
Wake from this sleep  
Hoping I'd sleep a little while longer

### **Monk Goes Solo**

by William Doreski

His long fingers flex the notes  
so no one else can play them.

His porkpie hat's precarious,  
but his grip on his music's so firm

it might toughen into bedrock.  
The audience sits in a smoke-cloud.

Lonely men without women, drunks  
tottering at tables too small

to support them if they topple,  
a few couples looking vague.

But Monk speaks to everyone—  
his sparse beard a wilderness,

sweat beading his forehead,  
his concentration so powerful

it smelts easy tunes into something  
only great attention can solve.

No wonder jazz attracts the few  
who can open into discords

and harmonies of shattered glass.  
No wonder most people shut

themselves behind easier pop  
and classical: familiar places

through which Monk passed long ago,  
leaving many sharp-edged clues.

### **Dexter's Teeth**

by Bart Edelman

I don't need Dexter's teeth.  
Have no use for them.  
He says he'll sell them cheap,  
If I can ante up some cash.  
Claims he's hit the skids—  
Flat broke, busted, tapped out,  
Living on less than a dime,  
And time's running down,  
Moment by empty moment.  
He keeps watching me,  
Flashing his pearly whites.  
And, yes, they're dazzling.

Dexter smiles, convincingly,  
As the lights above the bar  
Bounce from tooth to tooth,  
Reflecting his impish grin.  
When I tell him, once again,  
I'm simply not interested,  
He gives me a hound dog stare,  
Closing his mouth completely,  
Searching the room for takers.  
Then he scratches his head,  
Shoots me a dubious wink,  
Shrugs off into the night.

## **Incidents**

by John Grey

A car, out of control  
on a gleaming wet street,  
leaves the road,  
leap-frogs the sidewalk,  
smashes into the window  
of the only boutique in town.

In the apartment above,  
he reaches out for her  
in a dream,  
takes hold of the real thing.

The town's one cop car  
is suddenly woken up  
by a call from the station,  
pulls out of a side street,  
sirens blaring,  
races toward the incident.

Not the incident  
of the unexpected cuddle in the night.  
But the crash,  
the splintered glass,  
the guy slumped over the steering wheel.

Never the tender moments in our lives.  
Always the ongoing tragedies.

## **Flip My World**

by Lon Kaufman

The breeze accepts the scent of my sweat  
While passing through the holes in my shirt  
As the sun glistens on a shiny new pack  
Of Topps Baseball Cards

In the overgrown lot behind the bodega  
Where I roam most days looking for things  
That seem to end up here in the back  
With the weeds

But I never see anything anyone would want  
Let alone something that would cause me to call  
Our block's Baseball Card King

And he called colors and we colored  
And he chose teams and we teamed  
And he cried flip and we flipped  
Til I walked away  
With 500 cards from his dups  
And 200 cards from his first cut deck

All of which was great fun  
Not because he lost or I won  
Or because I traded the first cut cards  
For a clean no holes lightly worn shirt  
At the thrift which is always a rip  
But since I started with zip was fine by me

But for the first time I felt the world helping me.

And with that breeze at my back  
And the sun to brighten my way  
I strutted home to tell my mom.

## **WORD-OF-MOUTH**

by Charles Leggett

*"Cappuccino Row," Fremantle, Western Australia*

Lunching at a dockside brewery  
we asked our waitress which of near-the-dozen  
cafés along the storied stretch of blocks

she'd recommend. She came out with a word  
that sounded like *Gee-noise*, then patiently  
repeated it until we asked her please

to spell it. We were given *g-i-n*,  
and then the dizzying, cyclonic swirl  
Australians' lips allot the vowel *oh*.

My Long Black pulled at Gino's was superb.

"Word-of-Mouth," was originally published  
in *The Centrifugal Eye*, Spring|Summer 2013, "Punchline First";

**Maggie McIntyre**

by Eleanor Livingstone

Her name lives on in old black ink  
on the back of postcard photographs:

*Me and Maggie, 1942.*

She poses frequently,  
plump girl with curls  
and wide set eyes, hat  
dangling from one hand

on steps outside a house  
with friends, en route somewhere,  
stills from a distant black and white life  
where Johnny clicks away.

Rummage in the box again.  
One arthouse shot: *June, 1943.*  
She stands alone beside the car  
Nevada vast behind her.

What happened in those months?  
The last picture postcard:

*October, 1943*  
*.... So beautiful in life and death*

he wrote on the back  
to the folks at home.

*I'll lie beside her here,*  
*love Johnny.*

### Looking for Something Special

by Christian Lozada

I look for the special at estate sales,  
not something to buy, no,  
I look for a future me.  
I search for the “just get rid of it” sales  
where the toothbrush still teeters on the sink  
not wet, that would be cruel, but unmoved.

I search for the “we don’t care” sales  
where every flat surface is home to weird stuff stacks,  
survivors of the large fire in the backyard,  
the six-year-old receipts and the birth certificates  
for children you didn’t know you had. I look for future  
mes in the things we collect for no apparent reason,

though the becauses, for us, are mountainous  
and deep. I look for future mes at these sales  
because the *it* in “just get rid of it,”  
was, for a brief moment,  
something that mattered  
for that one person

in one moment.  
That *moment*  
mattered,  
and that *something*  
defined.



### **A Good Thing**

by Christian Lozada

by being a horrible student,  
taking too much time,  
choosing a nontraditional career,  
    Filipinos are nurses not English professors,  
you are now paid more than you deserve  
by spending five years in community college  
    two more at university  
        (uneducated  
        unemployed  
        family said  
        you should be a doctor  
        by now)  
    a handful of years not using your degree before  
    two more years in grad school  
you gave yourself all that is needed to grow:  
space,  
love,  
light.

you are comfortable enough  
in your skin  
in your decisions  
in your job  
that you fear death  
    for once  
instead of planning ways to speed it along  
ways to do it better  
than White Grandma's failed attempts  
death is scary, for once,  
because you finally gave yourself all that is needed to grow  
and you're afraid,  
    now that you can be  
you won't be  
for long.

## **5 financial habits to leave behind for a more prosperous new year**

by Maureen Moroney

<https://www.npr.org/2025/01/04/g-s1-38805/5-bad-financial-habits-to-leave-behind>

### 1. Getting influenced into buying things you don't need (and can't afford)

You should only ever be influenced into buying the things you do need.

That's why we have commercials for toilet paper and ibuprofen.

Perhaps you think the things you need most shouldn't be trapped behind a paywall.

Just ignore the fact that we're funding genocides instead of ending homelessness.

### 2. Feeling like you need more expensive things

Managing your finances begins with managing your feelings, because they're wrong.

That's why we always buy the cheapest version. And then buy it again when it breaks.

And bury the broken pieces over and over.

That's how you keep a healthy mind and wallet.

### 3. Paying for subscriptions you don't need or use

\*insert *Princess Bride* 'have you ever considered piracy?' gif here\*

### 4. Ignoring your credit card debt

This burden should consume your mind at all times, causing insomnia and hypertension.

You're clearly ignoring the bloody gauze

that you're pressing against the slow hemorrhaging of interest charges and fees.

Have you tried not bleeding?

### 5. Settling with a medical bill you can't afford

Have you tried not bleeding?

Have you tried haggling over your life and your life's savings simultaneously?

Have you tried disobeying authority? Becoming an outlaw? Starting a new life with a new name?

(Again we suggest piracy.)

## Quieten

by Tim Pilgrim

Black past you kept locked away  
family story, distant, misted  
vague, at bay. *For good, for peace*  
you'd say. Truth googled its way  
to me — uncle shot wife, both kids  
asleep. In car waiting, packed outside.  
Offed himself last, no scrawled note  
of guilt, regret, sorrow, shame.  
No remorse for gambling loss  
loan your parents gave to move.  
Cash stake, fresh start, new city East.  
The loved, the precious, gone  
in a wispy cloud of pistol smoke.  
Secret out now, may you breathe deep  
let ghosts go, finally find sleep.

### **Final say**

by Tim Pilgrim

Religious youth sneaks Glock  
to school, averts murder spree

kills weird dude before he shoots.  
Students flee, hands over heads —

boy with Glock accidentally shot,  
blown away by a Swat-team cop.

Father who came to save his son  
snuffs the sniper with a backup gun.

Passing priest takes revenge,  
pulls out Uzi, blasts the dad.

Padre, too, gets erased, from above,  
out of love — the final say.

(earlier version published by *Convergence* in 2016)

### **Be Like Mike?**

by Gerard Sarret

Six and eight-year-old grandkids  
here near Stanford are basically  
raised Israeli like their abba  
& thus sports-wise focused  
on soccer

but Ger  
yesterday on Shabbes takes  
an opportunity to show off  
the very best in American  
skill-set meaning Jordan  
so we

three watch  
a video compilation of  
top 25 performances  
in order to blunt bit  
Messi obsession.  
What grit

+ talent  
which's reified  
as watch Final  
Four Houston  
prevail over  
more gifted

blueblood Duke  
that motivates me this Sunday  
morning to further pursue fix ancient  
Samsung 550 impossible-to-open tv remote  
instead a shamed asking cohort younger buddies  
will visit

during afternoon  
to assume helpmeet role Nike god(dess) of victory Swoosh!

**Sour-Notes**

by Susan Shea

When the unsuspecting  
baby bites  
into the lemon slice  
on his viral  
social media clip  
I wince in pain  
imagining  
this is intended  
to be funny  
seeing the immediate  
shock and twinge  
on the face  
of innocence betrayed  
by such  
gone-wrong  
buffoonery

## **Fabrications**

by Susan Shea

The doorbell rang to save me  
from the slapping voice  
of my stern grandmother  
who couldn't understand why  
my crochet stitches were still  
crooked after she had shown me  
how to properly loop and hook  
my yarn several times

my mother stood at the door  
presenting a warm peach pie  
I could smell from my learning seat  
afraid to move until her nodding smile  
invited me to run to her

relieved to say our goodbyes  
feel the fresh breeze on our cheeks  
we waited for the bus home  
as the wind picked up,  
my mother made me  
stand behind her, opening  
her long coat out sideways  
until she looked like a sailboat  
commanding the air itself  
to spare me from its wrath

**Flower Haiku**

by Joshua St. Claire

still  
above us  
cherry blossoms

orchid mist  
at the horizon  
time stops

I use golden flowers  
as a metaphor for sunlight again  
mass-produced plastic knickknacks

many worlds  
the infinite faces  
of firewheel

magnolia blossoms the infinite

peony  
the fawn's ribcage  
unzipped by a crow

graphing  
the Mandelbrot set  
ikebana

orchids on teal  
an Atlantic afternoon  
deepens

seaside ox-eye  
shimmering across the inlet  
ghost bridge

last day  
this lack  
of lilacs



### **Boo Boo**

by Elisha Taylor

What words, my love for you  
Held far for reason untrue  
My heart races for a new

My words mean wrong  
Like brown on a prong  
A monkey with a thong

Reason was, I lied boo  
You were wonderful but I'm rude  
I liked many but sadly not you

## A Great Question

by Wayne A. Vander Byl

That's a great question.

*The greatest minds have been working on this for decades and we hope that someday we'll have an answer, because it will profoundly affect our understanding of so many things.*

That's a great question.

*For many years we could only speculate, but a recent study has confirmed a leading hypothesis, and we are pretty certain of the answer now.*

That's a great question.

*I've been working on this one personally for years, and I'm delighted that you asked, so that I can share my excitement about the subject, and also my brilliance.*

That's a great question.

*I cover this in my book, and a short answer really can't do it justice, so buy my book.*

That's a great question.

*I don't know the answer, but you've made me curious, so I'm going to look into it, and hope that you'll ask me again after I have formulated a great answer.*

That's a great question.

*I don't know the answer because it's outside the scope of my expertise, but I'll demonstrate the breadth of my scholarship by citing some sources you can pursue on your own.*

That's a great question.

*I am clueless, but rather than admit my ignorance, I will cleverly rephrase it as though you asked a question I am actually able to answer, which I then will handle with a flourish.*

That's a great question.

*If I answer this honestly and accurately, I will be exposed as a fraud or a hypocrite, so I'm going to obfuscate, hoping that you quit pursuing the topic, at least with me.*

That's a great question.

*The answer is way over your head, and you really should leave it to the experts, but let me see if I can dumb it down for you.*

That's a great question.

*Actually, I already answered this one, and if you had been paying attention, you would know that, but as I said...*

That's a great question.

*No, it's not, but I will spare you the embarrassment and condescend to answer politely, although everyone knows that your question is really stupid.*

That is one of the stupidest questions I've ever heard. Seriously, do you live under a rock?

*That's a great question.*

## **CONTRIBUTORS**

**John Brantingham** is currently and always thinking about radical wonder. He is a New York State Council on the Arts Grant Recipient for 2024, and he was Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks' first poet laureate. His work has been in hundreds of magazines and *The Best Small Fictions* 2016 and 2022. He has twenty-two books of poetry, nonfiction, and fiction.

**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 online and in print. Among her most recent publications is a double broadside entitled *Requiem*, published by Ink Publications.

**CS Crowe** is three crows in a trench coat that gained sentience after eating a magic bean. He spends his days writing stories on a stolen laptop and trading human teeth for peanuts. A poet and storyteller from the Southeastern United States, he believes stories and poems are about the journey, not the destination, and he loves those stories that wander in the wilderness for forty years before finding their way to the promised land.

**Jakima Davis** has been writing poetry for almost 25 years. She's been published in underground publications, and now she's making her way towards the mainstream. Davis has published four chapbooks, many give-out sheets, and a broadside; she's even had poems translated into Portuguese, Spanish, and German. Davis also posts her poems on Facebook to gain a fanbase.

**William Doreski** lives in Peterborough, New Hampshire. He has taught at several colleges and universities. His most recent book of poetry is *Cloud Mountain* (2024). He has published three critical studies, including *Robert Lowell's Shifting Colors*. His essays, poetry, fiction, and reviews have appeared in various journals.

**Bart Edelman's** poetry collections include *Crossing the Hackensack* (Prometheus Press), *Under Damaris' Dress* (Lightning Publications), *The Alphabet of Love* (Red Hen Press), *The Gentle Man* (Red Hen Press), *The Last Mojito* (Red Hen Press), *The Geographer's Wife* (Red Hen Press), *Whistling to Trick the Wind* (Meadowlark Press), and *This Body Is Never at Rest: New and Selected Poems 1993 – 2023* (Meadowlark Press). He has taught at Glendale College, where he edited *Eclipse*, a literary journal, and, most recently, in the MFA program at Antioch University, Los Angeles. His work has been widely anthologized in textbooks published by City Lights Books, Etruscan Press, Fountainhead Press, Harcourt Brace, Longman, McGraw-Hill, Prentice Hall, Simon & Schuster, Thomson|Heinle, the University of Iowa Press, Wadsworth, and others. He lives in Pasadena, California.

**John Grey** is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in *New World Writing*, *River And South* and *Tenth Muse*. Latest books, *Subject Matters*, *Between Two Fires*, and *Covert* are

available through Amazon. Work upcoming in *Paterson Literary Review*, *White Wall Review*, and *Cantos*.

**Lon S. Kaufman** began writing in Winter 2021. His poems have appeared in *The American Journal of Poetry*, *The Bond Street Review*, *October Hill*, *The Poetry Super Highway*, and *The Stickman Review*.

**Charles Leggett** is a professional actor based in Seattle, WA, and a 2022 Lunt-Fontanne Fellow. Recent|forthcoming publications include *Does It Have Pockets?*, *Kinpaurak*, *The Engine*(Idling, *Apocalypse Confidential*, Beach Chair Press, ELLIE Magazine, and Anomaly Poetry's latest RITUALS anthology; his chapbook *Hard Listening* appears in the latest Ravenna Press "Triple" series edition, No. 25. Charles's co-adaptation of Maxim Gorky's *The Lower Depths* premiered in 2024 at Intiman Theatre with The Seagull Project, and his poetry film short *To Fondle Nothing* has screened as an Official Selection at film festivals in the US, the UK (Scotland and England), Portugal, Serbia, Italy, and Austria.

Scottish poet and editor **Eleanor Livingstone**'s latest collection is *Surprising the Misses McRuvie*, published by Red Squirrel Press in 2023, along with a revised third edition of *Even the Sea*. Her other publications include *The Last King of Fife*, *A Sampler*, and as editor *Skein of Geese*, *Migraasje* and *Bridging the Continental Divide*. She lives in Fife where from 2005 to 2021 she was the Artistic and Festival Director of StAnza, Scotland's International Poetry Festival.

**Christian Hanz Lozada** (he|him) aspires to be like a cat, a creature that doesn't care about the subtleties of others and who will, given time and circumstance, eat their owner. He wrote the poetry collection *He's a Color, Until He's Not*. His Pushcart Prize nominated poetry has appeared in journals from five continents and counting. Christian has featured at the Autry Museum and Beyond Baroque. He lives in San Pedro, CA and uses his MFA to teach his neighbors and their kids at Los Angeles Harbor College.

**Maureen Moroney** is a municipal water lab supervisor living in central Iowa and currently trying to survive corn sweat season. It's not going well. None of this is going well.

**Timothy Pilgrim**, an emeritus university professor and Montana native living in Bellingham, Washington, has more than six hundred acceptances from U.S. journals such as *Seattle Review*, *Red Coyote*, *The Bond Street Review*, and *Santa Ana River Review*, and international journals such as *Windsor Review* in Canada — along with two poetry books. See [timothypilgrim.org](http://timothypilgrim.org).

Late-phase often graphic poet arrived in seventh decade, aphorist, humorist or sometimes meanderist; **Gerard Sarnat**'s a multiple Pushcart|Best of Net Award nominee. *Activism Through Poetry: How Gerard Sarnat Uses Verse as a Form of Protest* is a 2025 retrospective: <https://culterateblog.wordpress.com/2025/02/20/activism-through-poetry-how-gerard-sarnat-uses-verse-as-a-form-of-protest/>. His work's been widely published; including four collections; by *Rattle*, London Arts-Based Research Centre, Israel Association of Writers in English, *The Nature of Our Times*|*Poets For Science*, *Gravity of the Thing*, *Brooklyn Review*,

*Tokyo Poetry Journal, Gargoyle, New Delta Review, Buddhist Review, New York Times, Oberlin, St. John's University, Northwestern, Yale, Pomona, Harvard, Missouri Baptist, Stanford, Dartmouth, Penn, Columbia, Grinnell, Johns Hopkins, NYU, Brown, North Dakota, McMaster, Maine, British Columbia|Toronto|Chicago, Virginia and Alabama university presses.* He's a Harvard Medical School-trained physician, Stanford professor, healthcare CEO. Currently, he's devoting energy and resources to dealing with climate justice, serving on Climate Action Now's board. Sarnat's belonged to the longest-running U.S. Jewish-Palestinian Dialogue Group. Gerry's been married since 1969 and has three kids, six grandsons — and looks forward to future granddaughters. [gerardsarnat.com](http://gerardsarnat.com)

**Susan Shea** is a retired school psychologist who grew up in Brooklyn, New York and now lives in a forest in Pennsylvania. Her poems have been published in or are now forthcoming in *Chiron Review, ONE ART, Folio Literary Journal, Radix Magazine, The RavensPerch, Cloudbank, Ekstasis, MacQueen's Quinterly, Green Silk Journal, The Write Launch, Foreshadow, The Loch Raven Review*, and others. Within the last few months one of her poems was nominated for Best of the Net by *Cosmic Daffodil*, and three poems were nominated for a Pushcart Prize by *Umbrella Factory Magazine*.

**Joshua St. Claire** is an accountant from a small town in Pennsylvania. His poetry has been published or are forthcoming in *Notre Dame Review, Lana Turner, Sugar House Review, Two Thirds North, and ballast*, among others. His haiku have appeared in several annual anthologies. He is the winner of Rattle: Poets Respond, the Gerald Brady Memorial Senryu Award and the Trailblazer Award. He firmly believes that the interrobang should be added to the standard keyboard.

**Elisha Taylor** is a writer from the Bay Area, who feels gratitude for his family

**Wayne A. Vander Byl** was inspired to begin writing by a small group of friends in Pultneyville, New York, where he lives in retirement. As a member of that group, he has done public readings of some of his personal essays. Three of his short plays have been selected for reading by the Wayne Writers Guild for their community play writing events in 2024 and 2025. Wayne wrote an epilogue for a one-act play by William S. Gilbert, which was performed by the Off-Monroe Players of Rochester, New York, in 2024. He frequently acts in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas with that company and recently directed their production of G&S's *Princess Ida*.

### Books from Ink Publications

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The Summer 2025 issue of  
***The Bond Street Review***  
will be published in  
early August 2025.  
Submissions will be  
considered beginning on  
April 1st. For submission  
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