

# **The Bond Street Review**



**Winter 2024**

## **TABLE OF CONTENTS**

**Forward or How to Cope with Rejection / Jim Babwe / 1**

**Etiquette in Society, in Business, in Politics, and at Home / Robert Beveridge / 2**

**Recital / Robert Beveridge / 3**

**Singing Yourself to Sleep / Robert Beveridge / 4**

**My Day / Ed Brickell / 5**

**Why You Should Put an Envelope in the Freezer / Ed Brickell / 6**

**Historic Site / Ed Brickell / 7**

**Finishing What We Started / Kevin Brown / 8**

**On a Monday Morning / Marietta Calvanico / 10**

**The Ice-Skating Children / Marietta Calvanico / 11**

**West Sun / Marietta Calvanico / 12**

**Yellow / Marietta Calvanico / 13**

**Extended / Jennifer Campbell / 14**

**Dead and Cold / Alex Carrigan / 15**

**Former Mother / Matthew Dawkins / 16**

**Tripping / Steven Deutsch / 17**

**Virginia, Monsters Aren't Real / Su-Ling Dickinson / 18**

**In the Goldilocks Zone / Ceri Eagling / 19**

**The Tribe / John Grey / 20**

**Life History Of A Living Boy / John Grey / 21**

**Phoenix AZ, 3 AM / Scott Holstad / 22**

**Racist Bone / Zeke Jarvis / 23**

**Faded Blue Carpet / Lon Kauffman / 24**

**A Perfect Day / Eric Lande / 25**

**mi apá / Marissa Martinez / 27**

**Adaptations / Marissa Matrinez / 28**

**The Almost Game / Mark Mitchell / 29**

**Bipolar Gaslight / Lydia Nightingale / 30**

**A-fib / Tim Pilgrim / 31**

**Storm Over Little Lake St. Germain / Kenneth Pobo / 32**

**The Last Three Dahlias / Kenneth Pobo / 33**

**When She Drinks / Laura Shell / 34**

**Japanese Hornets Fly Blind / Gene Stevenson / 35**

## From the editors

Hello all – this is Eric writing. I read an interview with another publisher a while back where they noted how whenever there was some kind of natural disaster like a flood, for example, the next round of submissions would inevitably feature a number of pieces about water and its awesome power. It's an observation that has stuck with me and that I think about every time we begin a new reading period for the next *Bond Street* issue. What's everyone thinking about out there? What are they trying to process and figure out? How will all those words converse with one another side by side? And, sure enough, I thought about it again for this issue – and am happy to note that the writers featured in the following pages have a lot to say about a lot of things. I encourage you to spend a little time with them and discover what they have on their minds.

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 attention 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:** Nilufar Nattaq / Upsplash

All contents © Ink Publications, 2024

## **Forward or How to Cope with Rejection**

By Jim Babwe

You see a tightrope.

I see a bridge

This difference of perception  
should not make us enemies,  
but if you choose  
fear over courage  
do not be surprised  
when I take no tentative steps

Enthusiasm  
is better fuel  
than fear.

Maybe delusion blinds me  
to potential consequences.

You see a tightrope.

I see a bridge.

This difference of perception  
provides me with opportunities  
to meet interesting travelers  
who may not know exactly  
where they are going  
or exactly how  
they plan to get there.

I admire those  
who refuse to calculate asset ratios  
and interest rates  
when they buy gum.

Sit and giggle and point.

Exchange whispered snide remarks  
among lazy spectators  
when I lose balance and fall.

Snicker  
while I stand again,  
extend strides--  
always forward.

You see a tightrope.

I see a bridge.

## Etiquette in Society, in Business, in Politics, and at Home

By Robert Beveridge

I guess I must  
have squeezed  
the wineglass  
a bit too hard  
since it shattered  
in my hand

she wouldn't let me  
help clean it up  
while her husband  
bandaged it  
he was only half-  
joking when he  
poured my second  
in a whiskey tumbler

but that broke too  
so both palms bled

I felt I needed confession  
but at that late hour  
we had no priests to call

the rumors had them  
all dead at the hand  
of some left-wing  
junta anyway

so I bled and drank  
with a straw  
for the rest of the night.

## **Recital**

By Robert Beveridge

We are bound to our flesh.  
The ties are strong, but not  
unbreakable; the spirit  
may alight, coaxed  
with the proper ritual.

The trick is to dance close  
to the blade, close enough  
to fool the skin into the belief  
of separation, to whirl,  
to sling the blade, court  
death. Thus will the valkyries  
come, the spirit fly.

She is small, blonde, the perfect  
picture of the maiden most popular  
for sacrifice. She has curled  
both hands around the hilt,  
hefted the blade taller  
than her body. Her audience  
sits quiet, fingernails set  
into the soft wood of chairs.

The blade in slow arcs  
alight in the glow of bonfire  
and lust, the steps  
of the dance at first  
solemn, safe, the sword  
in and out of light between legs,  
across the back, overhead,  
and the pace quickens,  
the blade inches closer  
with each pass until light  
on shaft strobes against eyes,  
the maiden in a hornpipe  
with a lethal partner,  
stray hairs sheared  
float slow

on the fire's breeze.

## **Singing Yourself to Sleep**

By Robert Beveridge

The woman in the lobby asks me  
if I'm from the Chinese Rescue  
Service. I am not here to deliver  
newspapers. I am here neither  
to pick up nor to drop off  
passengers. I have no classified  
status with the United States  
government nor 40% off coupons  
good this weekend only at Sak's.  
I have not come to empty  
the garbage nor relieve the security  
guard. I have not come to take  
your temperature. I have not come  
to take your guns. I do not have  
your prescriptions, your kitten,  
your quotidian mix of angst and ennui.  
And no, the Chinese Rescue Service  
dismissed me for flat feet.



## My Day

By Ed Brickell

In my day

    we drank hot lemonade  
        straight from the faucet  
and houses were all painted the same color,  
    a time of sacrifice and laughter,  
        although we did kick some serious ass  
    when necessary. Times weren't so much hard  
        as horizontal. Televisions were white instead of  
black and white, you couldn't adjust the volume  
        without a stick shift,  
and I never saw such rain in all my life.

Ministers took names during services, made index cards.

    Sometimes they called out the names,  
        pointing fingers. It kept people praying,  
let me tell you. There was one radio station  
in the whole world, it played one song over and over. To this day  
    I can't remember what it was, although I do remember  
    always waking up to groceries on our doorstep,  
        not knowing how they got there.  
    We ate like fiends from Hell. There was no sharing,  
        it was considered presumptuous. Chemicals fell from the sky,  
kept the cars clean. Anger was the default and we loved it.

People sold grenades door to door and no one thought twice about it,  
prices were lower that way. We lived with our diseases, gave them rooms  
    in our houses and a place at the table. Nothing was left out,  
        miracles not unheard of, but space aliens? That was  
the government's problem. I mean I can't believe  
    what I see in the skies these days,  
everyone acting like it's their business.

    The only thing that's really our business is  
our hands and feet,  
our own hands and feet. That's what Daddy said,  
    and Daddy, well, in my day he was Daddy enough  
        for you and me both.

## Why You Should Put an Envelope in the Freezer

By Ed Brickell

There's a way to remember everything.

It's a matter of envelopes, and freezers,  
forgetting what should go where.

Sure, things are made in China,  
made in the USA.  
But for whom, and why?

That sort of scissors-looking thing  
in the kitchen –  
you can't recall how to work it,  
when you bought it, what it's supposed  
to do.

But if you made up something new for it to do,  
you wouldn't have to remember

what They wanted you to do with it.  
And if you put envelopes in freezers,

sometimes you might remember they are where  
they aren't supposed to be,

and before  
frost forms on the glue strip,

your geography blows open. But  
you have to start small.

Begin with envelopes, with freezers.  
Invent new names and places

to liberate what's lost and found,  
Until forgetting is all you do.  
And when there is only forgetting,

it's not forgetting any more.

## **Historic Site**

By Ed Brickell

Murder hornets mutter in the peeling eaves  
Where flags of no known nation hang.  
Mom and Dad are never coming home from work,  
They've thrown away their burner phones.

"It's heritage, not hate," their son lectures the cops.  
"Everything but the furniture is original."  
Their daughter watches her own arrest on TV,  
The cable dish pings endless conspiracy.

It seems all their dreams turn to virus.  
Knees kneel on each bedroom's warped floor,  
Faces pray in an Old Testament rictus.  
Mongrels mount each other in the driveway.

Just ask the Founding Fathers: it began with gunplay,  
Ducked and covered through centuries of phobia  
To the post-Truth you can't teach in school:  
A car on blocks, guarding a Victorian mansion.

## **Finishing What We Started**

By Kevin Brown

My father died when I was  
flossing my teeth,  
or that's when my mother  
called to tell me, anyway.

And I finished flossing,  
as there was much now  
that was finished:

my going through golf  
scores—who birdied,  
who bogied, who blew it—

before the birthday phone  
call I would try to  
force beyond five minutes,  
maybe stretch to seven,

even double digits if  
I could use the Masters  
to keep conversation going;

the biannual questions about  
my car, whichever one I  
was driving that summer

or Christmas, about how  
it was driving, as if I  
had any answer beyond  
*Same as always* or when I

had somebody other than me  
change the oil, rotate  
the tires, perform some  
other service my father

would have understood; hours  
spent in recliners in front  
of college football or basketball,  
depending on the season,

pretending I remembered  
enough from a childhood  
when I cared about those pasttimes  
to contribute one comment

per hour, his normal rate,  
keep the conversation moving  
from one decade to the next.

In other words, everything  
was finished  
with one phone call.

### **On a Monday Morning**

By Marietta Calvanico

I watched him in the garden  
through the newly-washed kitchen window  
clear, clean water spraying  
seemingly without end  
arcing over and across  
heirlooms  
plums  
cherries  
and the multicolored ones I call “littles”

Before I wash the three perfect peaches  
he picked yesterday  
I smell them  
I marvel at the unexpected offering  
produced by the adolescent tree he put in  
just last year  
I taste the warm, sweet fruit—  
a testament to life here with him  
an embarrassment of riches

## **The Ice-Skating Children**

By Marietta Calvanico

The ice-skating children are fearless  
without worry of falling  
or even of the tightness or soreness  
of muscles tomorrow,  
they glide over frozen water  
they glide fueled by imagination,  
unbridled, untainted

Other children wake each day to hunger  
and fear of worm-filled water,  
creatures that will bore their way  
to the surface,  
through bloated bellies  
while these children glide on, privileged  
to hold onto their innocence a while longer

Tomorrow may be warmer  
but that will not stop the children  
from coming and skating,  
machines will take water  
and turn it into ice,  
predictable solid surface—  
nothing to fear

(NOTE: Thank you Jimmy and Rosalynn Carter for working tirelessly for safe, clean water)

## **West Sun**

By Marietta Calvanico

At the end of a long  
summer day  
the west sun blazes against  
my bathroom window

architects are mindful  
of that annoyance  
planning glass to welcome  
sun of southern exposure

but not that piercing  
late-afternoon-into-evening west sun  
that boldly announces  
the day's end is near

my east is no longer  
rising, fresh and young  
with years to come  
but I am piercing  
I am powerful



## **Yellow**

By Marietta Calvanico

When my brother and I  
were just kids  
he pronounced that yellow  
was his favorite color

I couldn't call yellow  
because it already belonged  
to the one who was older  
and always had dibs

So the first bedroom  
that was mine alone  
was blue with flowered wallpaper  
and nothing yellow

Today, my brother has  
a shining, clean house  
the walls are white, the floors are white  
there is nothing yellow

I'm calling yellow  
every day, inside and out  
my walls are golden  
the garden roses—yellow

## **Extended**

By Jennifer Campbell

And so what  
if the universe  
is laying down tracks  
as you go along,  
the next footfall  
making itself up  
and available  
just as you need it?

It wasn't long ago  
they thought the earth  
was flat. Maybe  
it has improved  
on its speed,  
creating the winding  
countryside in Ireland,  
and each time you arrive  
at a roundabout sign,  
a new town is laid out  
before you?

No different  
than a video game  
dreamed into being  
or a retention pond  
saturated with fish.  
You notice it,  
and then it exists.  
One jazz note  
stitched to the next  
and then the next  
and the peach creep  
of daybreak  
is revealing itself.

## **Dead and Cold**

By Alex Carrigan

*After Robert Allen's "The Running"*

It was dead and cold in the hospital.  
Even the sound of dust falling on the floor was too loud.

It was too loud for the woman staring at the vending machine,  
her eyes drawn in by the spirals that held the snacks.

The snacks wouldn't make her feel full or satisfied right now. She had  
sworn most of the items off for her diet, but she was close to breaking it now.

Breaking it now would be accepted by anyone who saw her holding  
vigil at the rows of candy bars. Some might offer her change if she's short.

She's short of desire to return to the room. She was sent out with a list  
of requests from the others holding vigil at the woman lying in bed.

The woman lying in bed didn't have any requests. The doctors had  
said she wasn't even likely aware anyone was in the room with her.

The room with her missing guest, stuck endlessly staring at the vending machine.  
It was dead and cold in the hospital.

## **Former Mother**

By Matthew Dawkins

Grief is a mother

She teaches us every thing we know about what to do with death,  
who should and should not cry at funerals  
when to set the doves free and when to  
cage them.

Grief is a mother

She is not the aftermath of the long-suffering  
but she has birthed it into the shape of a child who cries all night  
that bites the nipple which feeds it  
that will grow into a man steeped in tradition  
taller than most things,  
faster than the rest of us,  
teeth too familiar with tear.

Grief is my mother

and I try not think about what that makes me  
as I watch another car go over the long-dead body of someone's pet.  
All good things come before the eulogy. The mangled animal will  
be remembered smiling

but it's owner is owner no longer  
and my grief would be a former mother  
and suddenly the final asphalt end of a busy highway is beginning to rhyme with  
Freedom.

## **Tripping**

By Steven Deutsch

Three stringed guitar  
and a cowboy hat for change,  
you made your way  
up and down

the New England coast  
singing for sustenance.  
You coulda been  
a fine baritone.

had you not liked  
the high life more.  
Striding the sun-tinged  
clouds at the white

water's edge—  
no one  
walked with you,  
fearing the things

you saw when the tide  
came in might  
swallow  
them whole.

## **Virginia, Monsters Aren't Real**

By Su-Ling Dickinson

there was never a monster  
under my childhood bed  
"Virginia, monsters are not real"  
nor the ghosts in the closet  
longing for life and playing dress-up  
"Virginia, who would wear your old, tattered clothes?"  
UFOs never appeared outside my bedroom window  
to take me away for a lobotomy  
and fix me in my dreams  
"Virginia, you are imagining things"  
the scratching in the walls wasn't a coven  
raining hell down on the patriarchy  
"Dear Virginia, it is all in your head"  
I sit crossed-legged with a bowl of Frosted Flakes  
in front of the mirror with a childlike stupor  
as all of the monsters appeared  
in their human masks, insidious and hungry.

## **In the Goldilocks Zone**

By Ceri Eagling

Lenses in green or pink  
or gray, you could get in an hour.  
Amber took longer, had to be ordered.  
I said okay.

Because green smacks of naïveté,  
and rose of a wish to deny what's true,  
and who wants to stare through *gray*-tinted  
sunglasses -- each time the sun disappears  
see gray on gray –

when you can allay  
the gloom with a lightly-curated view:  
gilded skies in January,  
snow with a mellow glow,  
firethorn berries afizz with intensity.

And in July, why not  
Magnify the pop of daylilies rocking the interstate,  
ruby rays igniting the cordyline?

It's true, a pristine cloud may appear  
a tiny bit sulphurous, white impatiens  
imperceptibly drab, sunflowers suffer  
a minuscule drop in pizzazz.

But see how a just-right amber glaze  
will even the scales: soften the eye-abrading  
purple of bougainvillea; temper  
the blood-red rage that dogs our days.

## **The Tribe**

By John Grey

They're a small tribe whose customs, whose beliefs,  
whose actions, have no effect, for good or bad,  
on the rest of the globe. Their name is unpronounceable  
and untranslatable but it could well mean 'inoffensive'

in the local dialect. They are self-sufficient and  
harmless to one another. They're even friendly to  
newcomers though that's been their undoing.  
There is no word in their language for 'blame' or 'revenge.'

So they have suffered greatly from the intrusion  
of others but there's been no anger on their part,  
no retaliation. It's unlikely they'll be around in  
another hundred years. Maybe not even fifty.

One just caught a sickness he's not built up  
a resistance to. Given time, it will spread alarmingly.  
And another has traded in his useless diamond  
for a powerful rifle. No one is jealous of the man

but they all do want one of their own. They are  
uncivilized and civilization cannot let that continue.  
So the women wear lipstick and the men drink alcohol.  
Innocence is motiveless. Extinction has its reasons.



## **Life History Of A Living Boy**

By John Grey

Decided to end it all.

Failed.

Sent to the psychiatric ward.

Locked in.

Watched carefully.

Plastic knives only.

No belts.

Padded walls.

Tough to be self-destructive  
when the self has no way  
to destruct.

No visitors.

Felt worthless.

Everything, everyone on staff  
blocking the path to death.

Doctors looked in  
from time to time.

That's the worst thing about existence.  
The constant proof.

Hell.

So what.

Heaven.

Pastor came by.

Left in a hurry  
along with his roughed-up god.

Continued to live.

Made it to another birthday.

No cake.

No candles.

Just breaths.

## **Phoenix AZ, 3 AM**

by Scott Holstad

Walking down to the corner 7-Eleven there in Phoenix, sidling in for an early morning newspaper and a need for the spring training box scores, I didn't look up until I reached the counter and saw not one but two people staring at me, one with a scarred red bandana wrapped around his face, the other, eyes watering, whimpering, dirty auto in mouth. It took me about one second to realize I was three feet from death. I made a sudden dash and leapt for the door, hearing the gun roar and amidst bits of brain and gristle now littering the place, I fled down the pitch-dark street only to have five staccato shots fired at me from a shadowed amped up sedan.

My black lab, Babe, bought one in her side out in front of the house, and she flopped over, panting final breaths. I couldn't get to her then, but cut behind a neighbor's house, bent over, sides heaving, waiting.

When I was robbed at gunpoint down the street one month later, I moved to L.A. to escape the violence.

## **Racist Bone**

By Zeke Jarvis

Ferguson found out that he did, in fact, have exactly one racist bone in his body. The doctors found that it was his left femur. Ferguson's initial reaction was denial. Like in the stages of grief. He told the doctors that it just didn't make any sense, he got along with all of his coworkers of color. The doctors assured Ferguson that he could have the bone painlessly removed via surgery, letting him recover and avoid the infection that would come. The doctor also told him that Ferguson might not be as inclusive and empathetic as he thought.

Ferguson declined the doctors' offer, assuring them that he would be able to right himself, to move through life without having to use his left leg at all. The doctors tried explaining that it wouldn't matter, because the infection would spread and that he would come to hate anyone who wasn't white. But Ferguson would not listen. He tried to lean and hop and crawl his way through life. The doctors had been right, of course, and the infection from the bone radiated out, spreading throughout his body.

It was subtle at first, Ferguson would only watch *Friends* over and over again instead of shows with diverse casts. Then it was Ferguson wanting to put ranch or mayo on everything. But it didn't take long for things to escalate. Ferguson couldn't help leaning on his left leg (his hip and back were hurting, and he told himself that occasionally using his leg was just a small moral compromise), and, as he used it more, he started to believe that "they're taking our jobs" and "I just don't know why they have to change how history is taught."

Another issue was that people would try to explain it to Ferguson, but Ferguson could only double down. The infection was spreading, and he had begun to use his leg constantly. He told himself that it was okay, that he wasn't the problem. He told himself that amputating his whole leg would be traumatic. That it wasn't fair that he'd have to start over just to help other people out. People he didn't even know and who didn't love America.

By the end, Ferguson was almost totally alone. The people who had thought he was a good guy could no longer tolerate what he was saying. What he put out into the world. And so the only people he could connect to were the other ones who were also deeply infected. Who felt like they couldn't remove the worst parts from themselves. And plenty of others looked on. And they shook their heads. But nothing changed.

## **Faded Blue Carpet**

By Lon Kauffman

Two islands.  
Hers with a nightstand  
rich with memories.  
His with a rail.

It's dark, he screams  
the rail responds.  
He remains asleep.  
She, awake  
a wreck on her island.

Parkinson's allows him  
to act out his dreams.  
The now violent episodes  
were once endearing.  
She remembers the night he strummed  
an invisible guitar  
and sang her love songs.

Mornings she swims  
through their ocean of faded blue carpet  
to the sandbar  
where their bed once floated.  
She curls, eyes closed.  
as the waves drown her thoughts.

Last night he prayed  
on his beach.  
She knelt on her bed  
and crossed herself.  
He passed, a castaway of his disease.  
She drifts alone in an ocean  
of faded blue carpet.

## **A Perfect Day**

By Eric Lande

It was early November and there had been a hard frost the night before. The sun was rising in the east, shining through his bedroom window. The forecast said there was a 30% chance for snow.

It would be a perfect day.

He looked outside. A fine day for a walk in the woods surrounding his lake.

He would take the trail bordering his lake, leading to the upper trails where he could survey his lake below with his home in the distance.

The air was invigorating. It might be his last opportunity to walk the trails before the first real snowfall that marked the start of winter.

He crossed the wooden bridge under which flowed a stream from the dam that retained the water in his lake.

He climbed the incline and entered his forest.

His walk would be challenging. He hadn't walked more than one of the trails during the summer months. Today he intended to walk them all.

At the top of the incline, he stopped and looked around, marveling at the stillness of the forest that was all around him.

He continued, walking along the trail that bordered his lake.

At the end of his lake, the beavers lived in mounded huts. When he created his lake, he left the beavers their habitat, for beavers were the indigenous inhabitants of the area.

At a juncture, he bore right and began his ascent to the upper trails.

He was finding it tiring.

Soon he was walking through a patch of raspberry canes, devoid of their fruit, eaten by the bears.

A little farther on he came to an area of dead trees where, two years before, he had seen, in the distance, two bear cubs climbing. Today there were no bear cubs, just the remains of dead trees.

He continued along the trail which, at times, was steep. He found he had to make a greater effort to reach the plateau where there would be a view of the other side of his mountain.

It was almost 1:00 and he wasn't yet halfway.

He looked up. Overhead, the sky was a deep blue but streaked with white clouds. The air was now warmed by the sun.

He decided to rest. He gathered some of the dried leaves that matted the trail, and laying on this mat, he shut his eyes.

Soon he was asleep.

The white streaks in the blue sky came together forming a mass, covering what had remained of the sun, hiding it and its warmth from the earth below.

Snow began to fall.

The man continued sleeping for he was tired from his excursion. As he slept, he dreamt he was in his coops and it was time to feed the chickens.

Snow continued to fall. Thick flakes covered the man's prone body with a white blanket.

Time passed.

The man lay still.

It was a perfect day.

**mi apá**

by Marissa Martinez

my dad is mexican

well, no he's not

he is, but it's the most complicated simple answer i can give you

mi papá es mexicano, es chicano

pero tampoco es la verdad

mi papá — apá when i'm feeling real ethnic — is my daddy

he's ty martinez, born tyrone robert black

he changed his ID, took out the Black in his name

but not in practice

so now i'm marissa martinez, an unearned jane doe

not marissa black, whose memory of a family tree stops at ronald black

a grandfather whose name she once forgot, so great was his distance from her life

now i'm marissa martinez, who pronounces her name with dull "uhs" and not "ahs"

muh-rih-suh

who learned Spanish in school

who sticks out at a family reunion when her dad

sorry, her papá,

is momentarily in the bathroom

who wears a black outline that grows larger outside of the house

whose great-grandmother, who isn't even the one who immigrated that's how long we've fucking  
been here, rubbed her hands in the back of the car to recite

*mi niña preciosa, bonita, inteligente*

willing it into existence

my dad is mexican

but not really

## Adaptations

By Marissa Matrinez

my salvi friend asks me to heat the tortillas for her party on the stove  
back there, the tortillas are fresh

they can put them in the microwave  
but that would give our american ones a sour taste  
she doesn't know how to flip them, slightly charred  
without burning her fingers

i once asked if she ever ate the classic mexican american snack  
where you wrap butter, sugar, cinnamon in a flour tortilla  
a makeshift cinnamon roll

key word being "american," she emphasized, dismissive of this bastardization  
can struggle meals still be traditional, generational, if they're passed down  
in america?

every trip, before i return to dc, i go to at least three stores  
hoping to find the exact brand of tortillas i need to make it through  
the next few months without home

El Milagro, they're called

and a miracle they are  
the problem is, everyone else knows it too  
and i usually come back to dc empty-handed

on the off-chance i find them, i grab three packets to stuff in the freezer  
i've created a new science

defrost a chunk of tortillas in the microwave  
reheat the now-soppy flatbread on the stovetop  
leave pieces stuck to the grates where there shouldn't be any

the closest h-mart is 10 miles away  
there is an online delivery service but it's not the same  
nothing can be

the fluorescent aisles  
the self-imposed panopticon of "you don't belong here"  
the correct snacks-to-essentials ratio you buy to  
assure everyone you aren't as foreign to this cuisine as you look

grandma asks to send you some ingredients  
even though it would be far more expensive to do that  
than suck up the uber ride to east falls church (the best one) and back  
you ask for black garlic, something you can't find in the store or online  
she laughs

it take two weeks to make, she says  
you know she will forget by then



## **The Almost Game**

By Mark Mitchell

Unfold your board.  
It looks nothing like  
that picture on its box.

Unpack counter.  
They seem almost human  
but hold no face.

Your fingertips will  
teach rules in their own  
time, if you need to know.

Don't bother seeking  
an opponent. They will come  
and go if it pleases them.

Go ahead. Start now.  
Roll the blank dice  
then follow invisible lines.

## **Bipolar Gaslight**

By Lydia Nightingale

When dreams  
Are delusions  
To be happy  
Is mania  
To be sad  
Is a hole to  
Beige walls hung  
With framed blooms  
The smell of cleaner  
Decaf coffee  
One pill in a cup  
Electrode and gel  
Counting down  
100, 99, 98, 97  
Seven years and  
Three pills now  
Cautious joy  
Sad's lost its teeth  
But dreams still  
Seem hollow  
And the gaslight  
Still burns.

## A-fib

By Tim Pilgrim

I cannot tell the doctor's lie  
from heart flutter,  
vow to do more squats  
so blood won't pool  
in an atrium, clot. My fake self  
believes I passed all tests,  
sneaks me past surgery theaters  
to a movie set. We cower  
on a cliff above a plywood town,  
keep a sharp lookout  
for the sheriff said to have catheters  
in each holster. Fake me offers  
a noosed rope, says *belay*  
*to the general store, bring back brie,*  
*ice cream, chocolate, wine.*  
Hunger drives me to the edge.  
I strap both ventricles down.

## **Storm Over Little Lake St. Germain**

By Kenneth Pobo

Pink and lavender gaywings,  
a small rainbow  
flag just unfurled.

We go to bed in  
the sweet darkness  
of the woods. Thunder  
over the lake. Lightning.

We get up to watch  
water light  
up for maybe  
a half an hour.  
In the morning,

a smell of wet  
pines. The sun  
on geese  
drifting off shore.

### **The Last Three Dahlias**

By Kenneth Pobo

My friend counts up  
losses each autumn:  
her mother, father,

and this year a sick brother.  
A season like a narrowing  
tunnel, darkness

leading into darkness  
despite thousands of lit  
matches disguised as leaves

dropping. Her three  
dahlias, vital, filly open,  
refuse to enter

the tunnel. She won't  
pick them for a bouquet,  
lets them thrive even

as nights slip  
into the forties. Three  
temporary stays against

a wither than must come,  
frost on petals, the sun  
too weak to save them.

## **When She Drinks**

By Laura Shell

And so, she drinks because she has a problem. Because she has *problems*. So, she will drive the 0.56 miles to the general store with a buzz to purchase two \$7 bottles of white, rot-gut wine, which she will drink that day, leaving just a couple of swallows for when she wakes the next morning, and she will repeat this day after day. And when she drinks this white, rot-gut wine, she thinks of the past and she cries and she sleeps and she wakes and she cries and she sleeps because this is what her mother has taught her.

## **Japanese Hornets Fly Blind**

By Gene Stevenson

Like the lawn turning brown in  
summer sun, mid-heat wave,  
like leaves turning red in August  
weeks after rain tiptoed away,  
our halting words evaporate in  
heavy air, unsettled evening.

Around us, cicadas sound dizzy,  
Japanese hornets fly blind, bump  
window glass with an unsteady  
*dint, dint*. From across the creek  
comes the maul & wedge of a car  
with faulty exhaust, faulty driver.

The hesitation & wavering are  
too much, our overweight limbs  
too much, the noise of squirrels  
tearing through leaves too much.  
Bring sleep, bring yet more sleep,  
bring a long, uninterrupted sleep.

Doors close, stairs creak, water  
running through pipes grows  
distant as if from the next building  
or another county. We are left with  
the *click, click* of the old clock, so  
many sheep over a split-rail fence.

The coming winter will be longer,  
colder than most, likely devoid of  
snow. We will carry the dry spell on  
our backs into the new year ahead,  
our mouths dusty as if we had been  
eating the ashes of last year's grass.

## **CONTRIBUTORS**

**Jim Babwe** is a semi-retired, grizzled veteran of 30 years as a public school teacher. In addition to his work as an educator, he has worked as a professional photographer, digital designer, restaurant waiter, grocery clerk, taxi cab driver, contracts broker (with the US Government Agency), college radio broadcaster, journalist, non-profit corporation co-founder, assessment editor (with McGraw Hill Publishers), and writer. He also has a reputation in the formerly sleepy little surf mecca of Encinitas CA as a general goof-off who has no malicious intent. He believes that poetry as a competitive endeavor is fundamentally silly, but he still refuses to pass up an open mike or a poetry slam. He is never bored.

**Robert Beveridge** (he/him) makes noise ([xterminal.bandcamp.com](http://xterminal.bandcamp.com)) and writes poetry on unceded Mingo land (Akron, OH). Recent/upcoming appearances in *Pulsebeat*, *La Presa*, and *The Penmen Review*, among others.

**Ed Brickell's** poetry has most recently been shared in *Hiram Poetry Review*, *Bowery Gothic*, *Modern Haiku*, *Loch Raven Review*, *Susurrus*, *Alternate Route*, and others. He is among a group of international poets included in the recent haiku anthology *To Live Here*, focused on the idea of home and published by UK-based Wee Sparrow Press. He has also been twice featured by Hidden Peak Press as part of their weekly Artist Spotlight. He lives in Dallas, Texas and is a mildly anxious supporter of Liverpool FC.

**Kevin Brown** (he/him) teaches high school English in Nashville. He has published three books of poetry: *Liturgical Calendar: Poems* (Wipf and Stock); *A Lexicon of Lost Words* (winner of the Violet Reed Haas Prize for Poetry, Snake Nation Press); and *Exit Lines* (Plain View Press). He also has a memoir, *Another Way: Finding Faith, Then Finding It Again*, and a book of scholarship, *They Love to Tell the Stories: Five Contemporary Novelists Take on the Gospels*. You can find out more about him and his work on Twitter at @kevinbrownwrite or at <http://kevinbrownwrites.weebly.com/>.

**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 online and in print.

**Jennifer Campbell** (she/her/hers) is a writing professor in Buffalo, NY, and a co-editor of *Earth's Daughters*. She has two poetry collections, *Supposed to Love* and *Driving Straight Through*, and a chapbook of reconstituted fairytale poems called *What Came First*. Jennifer's work has recently appeared in *The Healing Muse* and *Paterson Review* and is forthcoming in *Slipstream* and *ArLiJo*.

**Alex Carrigan** (he/him) is a Pushcart-nominated editor, poet, and critic from Alexandria, VA. He is the author of *Now Let's Get Brunch: A Collection of RuPaul's Drag Race Twitter Poetry* (Querencia Press, 2023) and *May All Our Pain Be Champagne: A Collection of Real Housewives Twitter Poetry* (Alien Buddha Press, 2022). He has appeared in *The Broadkill Review*, *Sage Cigarettes*, *Barrelhouse*, *Fifth Wheel Press*, *Cutbow Quarterly*, and more. Visit [carriganak.wordpress.com](http://carriganak.wordpress.com) or follow him on Twitter @carriganak for more info.



**Matthew Dawkins** is a Jamaican award-winning author and poet. Matthew's work explores subject matters including adolescence, race, nationhood, and mental health. His work has been featured in *Westwind Poetry*, *Indolent Books*, *Pinhole Poetry*, and more. Matthew was the 2022-2023 Student Writer in Residence at Western University where he graduated with a B.A. in Arts and Humanities and English Literature.

**Steven Deutsch** spent many years as a professor at Penn State University studying the fluid dynamics of heart assist pumps, mechanical heart valves, and drag reduction. Since retirement, he has concentrated, with the help of his critique group, on writing poetry. He has published in dozens of print and online literary journals. He was nominated for the Pushcart Prize in 2017, 2018, and 2021. He is poetry editor of *Centered Magazine* and was the first Poet-in-Residence at the Bellefonte Art Museum. His chapbook and full collections *Perhaps You Can*, *Persistence of Memory*, *Going, Going, Gone*, and *Slipping Away* were published by Kelsay Books. In 2022, his collection *Brooklyn* was awarded the Sinclair Poetry Prize from Evening Street Press.

**Su-Ling Dickinson** is a 36-year-old writer and artist based out of Portland, Oregon. She is originally from Newark, New Jersey and a former 2nd grade teacher. Su-Ling enjoys being a total cinephile, photography, and "a damn fine cup of coffee". Her writing is inspired by raw emotion, cultural collision, and latent content.

**Ceri Eagling** grew up in Wales but has lived in the US for many years. Her poetry has been published in *Antiphon*, *Allegro Poetry*, *Verse-Virtual*, *Riggwelter*, *The Wild Word*, *Songs of Eretz*, and in the anthology, *Up Your Ars Poetica*.

**John Grey** is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in *New World Writing*, *Santa Fe Literary Review*, and *Lost Pilots*. Latest books, *Between Two Fires*, *Covert* and *Memory Outside The Head* are available through Amazon. Work upcoming in the *Seventh Quarry*, *La Presa* and *California Quarterly*.

**Scott C. Holstad** has authored 50+ books & his work has appeared in the *Minnesota Review*, *Exquisite Corpse*, *Caffeine*, *Pacific Review*, *Santa Clara Review*, *the TODAY Show*, Yahoo!, AOL, MSN, *Long Shot*, *Wormwood Review*, *Chiron Review*, *Misfit*, *Southern Review*, *Palo Alto Review*, *Main Street Rag*, *Processed World*, *Word Riot*, *The Big Windows Review*, *Ginosko Literary Journal* and *Poetry Ireland Review*. He's moved 35+ times & now lives near Gettysburg with his family. He loves geopolitics, books, vinyl & hockey & his website can be found at <https://hankrules2011.com>.

**Zeke Jarvis** (he/him/his) is a Professor of English at Eureka College. His work has appeared in *Moon City Review*, *Posit*, and *KNOCK*, among other places. His books include, *So Anyway...*, *In A Family Way*, *The Three of Them*, and *Antisocial Norms*. His website is [zekedotjarvis.wordpress.com](http://zekedotjarvis.wordpress.com)

**Lon Kauffman** retired and began writing poetry in Winter 2021. A Professor of Molecular Biology, he served as Vice Chancellor & Provost at the U. of Illinois at Chicago and subsequently, Hunter College (CUNY). Lon's first published poem appeared last year in *The American Journal of Poetry*. More recently he was featured as a Poet of the Week by the *Poetry Super Highway*.

**E.P. Lande** was born in Montreal, but has lived most of his life in the south of France and Vermont, where he now lives with his partner, writing and caring for more than 100 animals, many of which are rescues. Previously, he taught at l'Université d'Ottawa where he served as Vice-Dean of his faculty, and he has owned and managed country inns and free-standing restaurants. Recently, his stories have been accepted by more than twenty journals including *Bewildering Stories*, *Archtype* and *Literally Stories*.

**Marissa Martinez** is a journalist from Chicago. She enjoys writing about race and identity. In her free time, she enjoys cooking and watching *Real Housewives* like the comedians they are.

**Mark Mitchell** studied writing and medieval literature at the University of California at Santa Cruz with Raymond Carver, George Hitchcock, Barbara Hull and Robert M. Durling. He has published over one thousand poems in various periodicals over the years, including in the anthologies *Good Poems*, *American Places* (Viking/Penguin), *Line Drives* (Southern Illinois University Press), *Sport Literate* (Aethlon Press) *Hunger Enough* (Puddinghouse Press) *Retail Woes* (Local Gems Press) and *Zeus Seduces the Wicked Stepmother in the Saloon of the Gingerbread House* (Winterhawk Press). Several full-length collections of my poems have been published including, *Lent* 1999 by Leaf Garden Press collection, *Starting from Tu Fu* by Encircle Publications and recently, *Roshi*, *San Francisco* from Norfolk Press. His chapbooks include *Three Visitors* (which won the 2010 Negative Capability Press International Chapbook competition), *Artifacts and Relics*, and *Fishing in the Knife Drawer*. He has published two novels, *Knight Prisoner* (Vagabondage Press) and *The Magic War* (Loose Leaves Publishing). His poems have also appeared in many magazines over the last thirty years, including *The Comstock Review*, *J Journal*, *kayak*, *Blue Unicorn*, *Black Bough*, *Santa Barbara Review*, *Pearl*, *Lilliput Review*, *Runes*, *Buddhist Poetry Review*, *Plainsongs*, *Snakeskin*, *Matchbook Poetry*, *HeyDay Magazine*, *Indigo Rising*, *Mas Tequila*, *The Lyric* and *Poem*. Recently he has been nominated for both a Best of the Web Award and two Pushcart Prizes.

**Lydia J. Nightingale** is a writer, actor, and public historian originally from Troy, NY. She holds a BA in Theatre Arts from SUNY New Paltz and an MA in Public History from the State University at Albany. Her play *Adele in Berlin* showed in the Rochester Fringe Festival in September 2023 to two sold-out audiences and she is currently working on a queer romance novel set in the 1950s titled *Drawn*. Follow her adventures at [lydiajnightingale.com](http://lydiajnightingale.com) or on Instagram: @ljnightingale

Pacific Northwest poet **Timothy Pilgrim**, a 76-year old Montanan and emeritus university professor, has over 600 published poems accepted at publications like *Seattle Review*, *Santa Ana River Review*, *Red Coyote*, *The Bond Street Review* and *Sierra Nevada Review* in the U.S., and *Windsor Review* in Canada, *Otoliths* in Australia and *Prole Press* in the United Kingdom. Pilgrim is author of *Mapping water* and *Seduced by metaphor*. See [timothypilgrim.org](http://timothypilgrim.org) for more.

**Kenneth Pobo** (he/him) is the author of twenty-one chapbooks and nine full-length collections. Recent books include *Bend of Quiet* (Blue Light Press), *Loplop in a Red City* (Circling Rivers), *Lilac And Sawdust* (Meadowlark Press) and *Gold Bracelet in a Cave: Aunt*

*Stokesia* (Ethel Press). His work has appeared in *North Dakota Quarterly*, *Asheville Literary Review*, *Nimrod*, *Mudfish*, *Hawaii Review*, and elsewhere. @KenPobo

**Laura Shell** will be published in *Calliope*, *Chiron Review*, and a few ezines in 2024. She lives in South Carolina with her husband of 35 years and her dog, Groot.

**Eugene Stevenson**, son of immigrants, father of expatriates, is author of *Heart's Code* (Kelsay Books, 2024) and *The Population of Dreams* (Finishing Line Press, 2022). His poems appear in *Atlanta Review*, *Burningword*, *Delta Poetry Review*, *Door is a Jar*, *Red Ogre Review*, *San Antonio Review*, *Tipton Poetry Journal*, among others, and have been nominated for the Pushcart Prize. More at [eugenestevenson.com](http://eugenestevenson.com)

### Books from Ink Publications

*Satan in Chicago*  
by Eric Evans

*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 to download from the Ink Publications website)

*Jazz Trio At The Record Store*  
By Eric Evans

*Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Wolf*  
By Jennifer Campbell

*Helicopter Full of Ghosts*  
by Matthew Borczon

*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

*Good Fortune*  
by Alicia Hoffman

*Crows*  
by Eric Evans

All titles are available through the Ink Publications website:  
[www.inkpublications1.com](http://www.inkpublications1.com)

The Summer 2024 issue of  
***The Bond Street Review***  
will be published in early  
August 2024. Submissions  
will be considered  
beginning on April 1st.  
For submission guidelines,  
please go to  
[www.inkpublications1.com](http://www.inkpublications1.com)