

the bond street review



summer 2016

FROM THE EDITORS

Music, music, music – it is damn near a constant around the Ink Publications offices. If we're not listening to it, we're arguing about it (and sometimes we're listening and arguing at the same time) or rhapsodizing about our favorite tiny moments in a certain song - a drum fill here, a piano run there, the way a certain Floridian singer has a pretty singular way with his syllables. It's been with us through bad jobs, good jobs, romances, divorces, lonely nights, lusty nights, long drives, long walks. It is no understatement to say that for both of us, music is essential to our everyday existence.

And so, when we decided to publish our first-ever themed issue, it was a no-brainer to make that theme music – plus the cool cover photo had been in the “images” folder for a while now, just waiting to be put to good use. This issue gives you a bit of John Prine and The Beatles, free jazz, honky tonk girls, and the power of music to get us in touch with our true selves. And it also lets me (Eric) take another shot at Wynton Marsalis. Don't let me get going on that last episode of Ken Burns' *Jazz* series...

Until next time...

Eric Evans &
Kathy Sochia,
Editors

Cover image:
Eric Evans

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Inez

By Jim Babwe

One guy croons
to Alison--
swears his aim is true.

Another sweetly asks
an Amy what she wants to do.

Barbara Ann and Billy Jean
enjoy their ballads, too.

Same with
Alice, Candy, Daisy, Dawn,
Elvira, and Eileen.

It's also true for
Mary Jo, Betty Lou,
Peggy Sue, and Suzy Q.

But what about your
Aquanetta, Blanche,
or Edna Pearl?

What about your Ethel,
Myrna, or Naomi—
Olive or Octavia?
Opal or Penelope?

Living life
without a tune
it's so not right
it must be wrong;
everyone deserves a song.

Do you
know someone
whose name
does not appear
in verse?

It's time to right the wrong--
time to end the curse.
Yesterday
she told me that she digs my fez..
Now I'm telling everyone--
Her name is Inez.
Her name is Inez.

Completely unrelated to conquistador Cortez --
unfamiliar with dispenser candy --
never tasted Pez.

She doesn't lead a life of crime.
Her name is one that's hard to rhyme.

Maybe you know Simon—
the one who always says.
Simon says
he knows that she digs my fez.
Simon says
he knows that I dig Inez.

Simon also loses focus
once in a while and says my hat
doesn't impress him
but he's pleased about a future
where Inez finally has a song.

Simon also says I'd never pass
for Ginsburg, Frost, or Edmund Spenser
and I agree because odds are they
would never rhyme their lines
with Pez or Pez dispenser.

Completely unrelated to conquistador Cortez--
she knows that Lucy married Desi,
kept the Ball and didn't use Arnez.

Yesterday she told me
that she digs my fez.

Her name is Inez.
Her name is Inez.
Her name is Inez.

Girl at the Office

By Jim Babwe

She is completely professional,
completely trustworthy,
completely responsible,

She keeps files organized, neat.
She greets everyone who walks
through the door with a smile.

She makes coffee,
answers phones,
protects the office from unwanted guests.

The owners know
she not only runs the place,
they know she is indispensable.

But
on weekends
and holidays --
and beginning at approximately
5:30 PM on Friday afternoon
until early Sunday evening --
that girl at the office?

You know Diane --
wire-rimmed glasses, California tan.

She parks her car,
climbs stairs,
opens a door,
closes it behind her --
locks it tightly.

She shakes out her hair
and throws her clothes
down.

Then,
she turns up the music
just as loud as she can.

Because that girl at the office --
all weekend long --
the girl at the office
is a naked man.

She's a naked man
when she isn't wearing clothes.

She's a naked man,
dancing in the house
with no pantyhose.

She turns up the music
just as loud as she can
because the girl at the office
is a naked man.

The girl at the office
is a naked man.

claw hammer

by Matthew Borczon

my grandad
used to
work the
mine every
day and
he said
he would
often hear
banjo music
above his
head as
he dug
coal and
dreamed
of baseball
and the
railroad and
a life
where he
could see
the sun.

Today 2

By Matthew Borczon

some days

I just

want to

leave it

all alone

the poem

unwritten

the nightmares

not examined

the old

heartbreak

left in

the back

of my

memory

today I

just want

to remember

my first

Beatles song

on a

car radio

or the

night we

climbed the

grain elevator

to watch

the blue

evening and

touch the

sharpened points

of stars.

Straight Chaser

(Based on "Straight No Chaser" by Thelonious Monk)

By Jakima Davis

This is jazz radio
Bebop to the sound
It's rock and roll
Knock it down
Like dominoes
Midnight daylight
Don't bring the mood down
Sounds of pianos
Without joy in life
Relax and enjoy

This is jazz radio
Bebop to the drums
Give into the funk
Give into the soul
Fly high like a bird
Throw away the pain
In walked Monk
Light taps in the air
Puff the smoke
Going through bridges

for violin and double bass

by Anne Elvey

[attend]

[discord]

an upward lift

hair and gut

[pluck]

neither sharp nor flat

[di di di dis co cho chord]

you recall your extent

[near rasp]

[attend]

spills into split

you are both
strung

highly

low

[percuss]

[stertorous]

the whole body

the whole body

anyone can play

not everyone can play

[forget]

[recall]

[pizzicato]

the prosthesis

tucked between

the chin

and the grasp

elbow bent

spin the doppelgänger
at the neck

[history]

this worked wood

its curve
and gloss

[pluck]

take a hair from the bow

[virtuosic]

[play]

these words come with an ancestry

the next note is not obvious

John Prine

By Michael Estabrook

While Kerry languished in hospice
waiting on his deathbed
unable to speak
friends came
with their guitars and a mandolin.
I asked them to play *Angel from Montgomery*
they smiled and started right in
we love John Prine they said
and you can't imagine
how powerful that *Angel* was
in that moment
two girls in their early 20s
with long dark hair and tight jeans man
they had complete control of that place
and I'm certain
they kept Kerry alive for 2 more days.

Nacka Forum

By Eric Evans

No, not the shopping mall
but Nacka Forum the band,
bass, drums, trumpet and sax,
three Swedes and a Dane,
what sounds like the start
of a really bad joke but there's
nothing funny about what
they're laying down, what
sounds cacophonously beautiful
to me but what Mare and Jeff
call "farting frog music" as
they're no fans of the horns'
more discordant options,
to which I can only say,
if that's the sound of flatulent
amphibians then show me to
the nearest lily pad.

Sanctioned Jazz

By Eric Evans

Yeah, you know exactly what I'm
talking about, the tailored suit,
the sharp hat angled just so, the
acceptable sound okayed by Wynton
Marsalis' rubber stamp and filed
under "jazz" at your cities' finer
disappearing record stores.

Yes, you know precisely what I'm
talking about, the way the standard
bearers choose their words like
irritated diplomats when cornered
into talking about their free-playing
brethren, like some too-wild cousin
the family only reluctantly discusses
in euphemism and code.

Yes, yes, a third time yes, you know
for certain what I'm saying about the
ancient Frost line about playing tennis
without a net, to which I can only ask
that they pack up their racquets and
nets and head on home so that the
rest of us can enjoy some rackets of
a more vital sort.

String Theory

By Kim Peter Kovac

The rebaba was born in the neighborhood
of the Fertile Crescent, home to Persians
and Arabs, a expanse that also spawned
the three great solo-god religions.

So what could be more perfect than a bowed
musical instrument with only one string:
wooden box covered with sheepskin, long
carved wooden neck, single tuning peg

for the solitary string, played with a crescent
bow? Barely an octave range, still,
the rebaba is voice-like, especially
mixed with ur-poetry in an improvised

format, a call and response mosaic
of sound, a kinetic melody within
the very childlike sand that rides
the northwest wind called Shamal.

Double Fantasy, 1980

By Heather J. Macpherson

Woman, I hear your slim, hard-worked hands tear
away the plastic wrap and air breaks the cardboard
case as the vinyl rollout is fingers-crossed this one
will play it right. Paper sleeve gives way, the delicate
slide onto turntable. The tonearm drops in the first
groove and outside your room I watch as your breath
is suspended, waiting on cue til side one and his voice
is the echo of hand over heart. But time flies quickly
and the test is a swift flip to the B-side slide and this
time, no automatic touch, but your fingers raise
the arm, body leans in as I watch your steady gaze
find track ten and woman, you were frozen, ears
pinned and waiting as the needle gave static, sound
rose from the JBL L100's and woman, I can hardly
express the defect in my view as your head fell into
those calloused hands, and woman, I cannot explain
the reason why, but woman woman woman
the story breaks, skips through eleven PM and we cry—
you on the edge of the bed, me against the hallway wall.
My life is in your hands, written in the
stars stars stars

Elegy for a Honky Tonk Girl

For Mabel

By Heather J. Macpherson

Imagine heaven's a dance floor/beer joint/ honkytonk,
A jukebox of country, blues, and oldtime
rock n' roll

Where you can side step boogie and shake
Your hips without needing a replacement and there's
Hank Williams and Fats Domino just waitin' to sing n' dance
With you as the honkin' geese in the skies above
Don't know what direction to fly in 'cause they're all

Mesmerized by the beauty of a carefree woman
Who doesn't give a damn.

And that's when the cowboys roll out the piano
And your fine hands slap the keys so fierce as Johnny's
Tenor harmony roars in and you both tell the dogooders
To shove it. All that thunder and lightnin'— it's the deep
Moan and groan of rhythm and blues and it's you
Turning the world all afire.

In innocence, 1973

By Patrick Meighan

The compost heap wears a camouflage
of watermelon rinds. Snakes of summer
move in waves of green on green.

“I remember when rock was young...”

In innocence the boy kisses her mouth.
She sits cross-legged on her bed. A record spins.
“me and Suzy had so much fun...”
Downstairs her father calls. The boy shuffles his feet.

Beneath the open bedroom window
a tree boils in a gust,
turns the black underside of leaves
to await the rain.

“We were hopping and bopping to the Crocodile Rock”

The gush comes later,
later the decay of rinds
cultures flies & innumerable sprouts.

“I never knew me a better time and I guess I never will”

A child bounces
a turquoise ball
against the August sky.

CONTRIBUTORS

Jim Babwe continues to tell himself that he's aging gracefully in his native Southern California. He worries less about maintaining a youthful appearance than he used to. In fact, he's glad he cannot afford the kind of cosmetic surgery which provides 70-80 year old movie stars with unwrinkled skin that makes their faces look really weird on HD TV monitors. Jim is glad he never smoked but he does wish his voice had a deeper, gravelly tone of authority. He knows it doesn't really matter, but it still bothers him when phone solicitors refer to him as "ma'am." Recently, he has invoked his ability to see into the future in order to warn his fellow San Diego Padre fans that the team will almost certainly finish last in the National League West Division. He hopes his warning reduces the severity of their disappointment

Matthew Borczon is a nurse and writer from Erie, Pennsylvania. He has been published in numerous small press journals, including *Dead Snakes*, *Big Hammer*, *Busted Sharma*, *The Yellow Chair Review*, *1947*, *Dissident Voice*, *The Eunoia Review*, *Anti Heroine Chick*, *Rasputin* and others. His chapbook, *A Clock of Human Bones*, won *The Yellow Chair Review's* chapbook contest in 2015.

Jakima Davis has been writing poetry since 2000. She published her first poem at 17 years old and has since been published in school and college publications as well as underground publications. She published a broadside with Marymark Press in 2006. She has also had a poem set to music, and a poem translated in three languages. She is currently awaiting a new chapbook to be published by Marymark Press in addition to more poems for a few publications, and working on a project to sell her poetry to the people.

Anne Elvey is author of *Kin* (Five Islands Press, 2014) and *This Flesh That You Know* (Leaf Press 2015). She is managing editor of *Plumwood Mountain: An Australian Journal of Ecopoetry and Ecopoetics* and holds honorary appointments at Monash University and University of Divinity, Melbourne, Australia.

Michael Estabrook is a recently retired baby boomer child-of-the-sixties poet freed finally after working 40 years for "The Man" and sometimes "The Woman." No more useless meetings under florescent lights in stuffy windowless rooms. Now he's able to devote serious time to making better poems when he's not, of course, trying to satisfy his wife's legendary Honey-Do List.

Eric Evans is a writer from Buffalo, New York with stops in Portland, Oregon and Rochester, New York where he currently resides. His work has appeared in *Steel Bellow*, *Decades Review*, *Dead Snakes*, *decomp magazinE*, *Red River Review*, *Posey*, *Xenith Magazine*, *Anobium Literary Magazine*, *Pemmican Press*, *Remark*,

and many other publications and anthologies. He has published eight full collections and three broadsides through his own small press, Ink Publications, in addition to a broadside through Lucid Moon Press. He is also the co-editor of *The Bond Street Review*.

Kim Peter Kovac works nationally and internationally in theater for young audiences with an emphasis on new play development and networking. He tells stories on stages as producer of new plays, and tells stories in writing with lineated poems, prose poems, creative non-fiction, flash fiction, haiku, haibun, and microfiction, with work appearing or forthcoming in print and on-line in journals from Australia, India, Dubai (UAE), the UK, and the USA, including *The Journal Of Compressed Creative Arts*, *Red Paint Hill*, *Elsewhere*, *Frogpond*, *Mudlark*, and *Counterexample Poetics*. He is fond of avant-garde jazz, murder mysteries, contemporary poetry, and travel, and lives in Alexandria, Virginia, with his bride, two Maine coon cats, and a Tibetan terrier named Finn. www.kimpeterkovac.tumblr.com

Heather J. Macpherson writes from New England. Her work has appeared in *Pearl*, *Spillway*, *Blueline*, *OVS*, *Two Hawks Quarterly*, *The Broken Plate*, and other fine publications. She has twice been features editor for *The Worcester Review* and she is executive director at Damfino Press.

Patrick Meighan's poems, reviews and translations have appeared in various online and print journals. He teaches composition and a poetry workshop at Nashua Community College in New Hampshire.

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by Michael Estabrook

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by Lisa Feinstein

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by Eric Evans

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by Carly Christiansen

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The Winter 2017 issue of
The Bond Street Review
will be published in early
February. Submissions
will be considered
beginning on October 1st.
For submission
guidelines, please go to
www.inkpublications.com