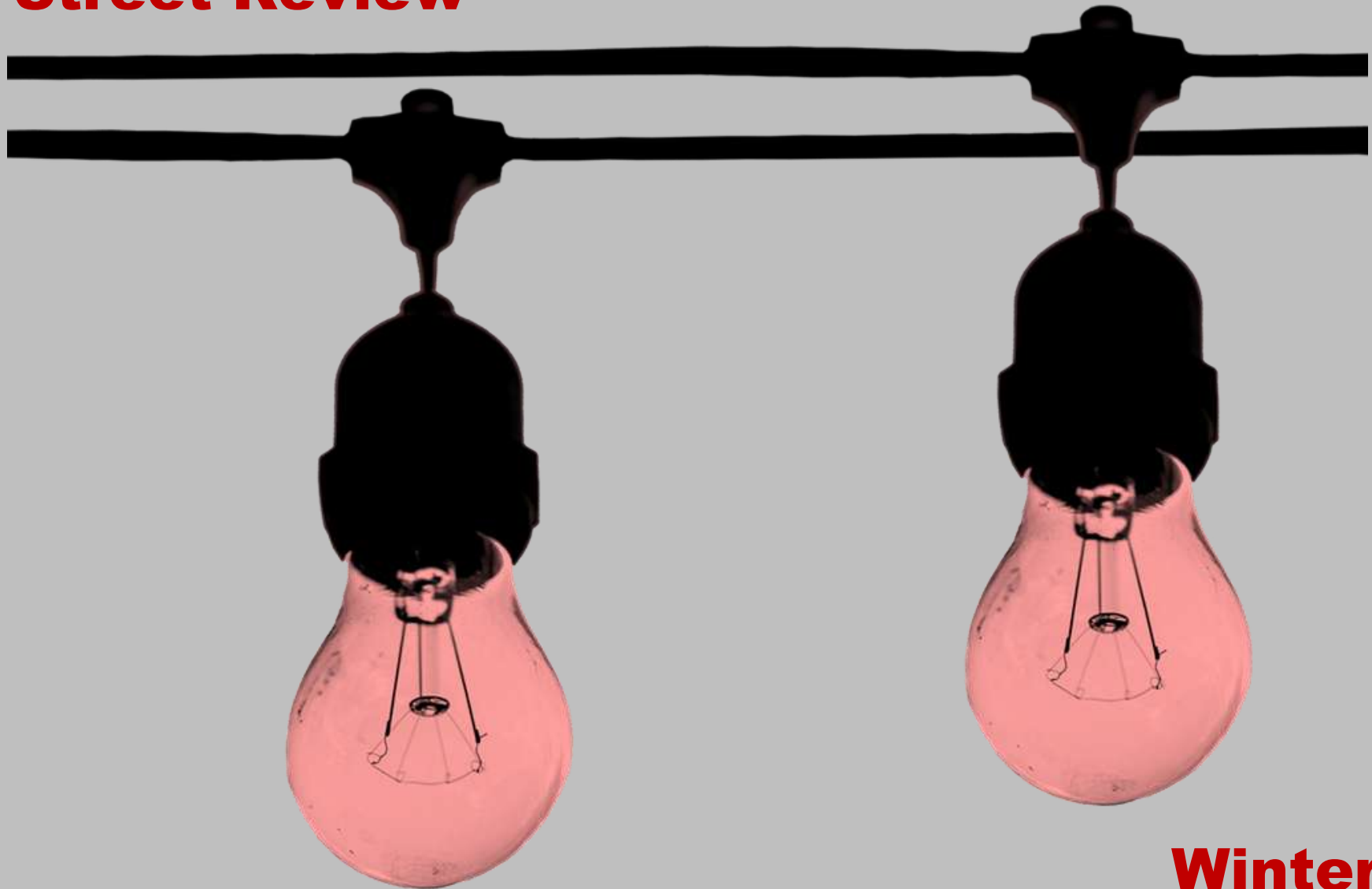


The Bond Street Review



**Winter
2021**

From the editors

We've been away for the past 18 months – did we miss anything while we were gone? Um, yeah, of course a few dozen life-altering things happened during our hiatus – way too many to recount. But we hope that you're weathering the chaos and uncertainty as well as possible. And that this new issue of *The Bond Street Review* offers at least a little bit of comfort and distraction as you work your way through to whatever better thing is waiting on the other side of all this.

So, about the new issue. Whenever you step away from something to take a break, you are never really sure how it is going to go when you return – it's just the chance that you take. To our pleasant surprise and with immense gratitude, we've been welcomed back pretty heartily. We received a larger-than-usual number of submissions and heard from a number of writers new to us, as well as some whose work we've longed enjoyed. The result of all that communication is what now sits before you – we have every confidence that you'll find something in the following pages that finds a home in your head or your heart or your gut. Maybe even all three.

When we put out the first issue in the summer of 2011, the image below was on the cover so it somehow seemed appropriate to return to the idea of light bulbs for our return. We'll let you come up with your own metaphors and such. Just know that we plan to keep them lit for a good while longer.

Until next time,
Eric Evans & Kathy Sochia,
Editors



Cover image: www.pexels.com

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 1 | Military Brats: The Orders Arrive | Pamela Annas**
- 2 | Fifteen-Minute City | Cassandra Atherton and Paul Hetherington**
- 3 | The Uncertainty Of Men | John Bartlett**
- 5 | Weight | Jennifer Campbell**
- 6 | Random Order | Jennifer Campbell**
- 7 | Tetris | James Croal Jackson**
- 8 | Falling Rock | James Croal Jackson**
- 9 | Poetry Made Me Do It | Jakima Davis**
- 12 | The Piano Music of Grieg | William Doeski**
- 14 | Every Crime is a Hate Crime | William Doeski**
- 16 | I couldn't be there | Michael Estabrook**
- 17 | this season most cancelled | Eric Evans**
- 18 | All Stories Are Ghost Stories | Eric Evans**
- 20 | She Who Commands the Fireflies | Julian Grant**
- 21 | Soup | Rick Henry**
- 22 | Group Therapy / Michael Lee Johnson**
- 23 | All These Years | Laurinda Lind**
- 24 | Will Happiness Mean I Lose My Soul | Bradford Middleton**
- 26 | Judy Collins | Keith Moul**
- 27 | Sacrificial Nibble | Scott Thomas Outlar**
- 28 | Body Politic | Scott Thomas Outlar**

29 | Blueprint | Tim Pilgrim

30 | Recalling fragments | Tim Pilgrim

31 | For Spring No Hesitation Is Great | Robert Ronnow

33 | The Way It Was in 1947 | Jeanne Shannon

33 | Eva Braun Sings “Tea for Two” | Jeanne Shannon

34 | Still Just Writing *Poem Found in an Essay by Anne Tyler* | Jeanne Shannon

36 | Not Gambling Right Now | Joe Sonnenblick

37 | Thick Skin | Joe Sonnenblick

38 | Before Sleep | Eugene Stevenson

39 | Fruit Girl | Michael Strosahl

Military Brats: The Orders Arrive

by Pamela Annas

Time to pack. Again.
To unhinge ourselves from friends.

The funny mutt we raised
has disappeared. No room
for my stash of comic books
and *Mads*. They're burning
in the trash pit in the quad
where kids already stare past us
as my brother and I cling
to each other in the nation
of in between,
trying not to throw up.

Military Air Trans plane
a box of roar
pressed against our feet,
cardboard suitcases
metal trunks, a book
of fairy tales I clutch
as we touch down in Alaska
rush through the airport
past a grizzly bear, stuffed
whose shiny eyes track us to Japan
to housing just the same
but freshly painted.

Fifteen-Minute City

by Cassandra Atherton and Paul Hetherington

1.

Handwritten notes posted across borders; the memory of his gin and tonic lips travelling my spine. In la ville du quart d'heure there's a lover and doughnut shop on every corner—closed shutters above boutiques and restaurants, hearts drawn in a window's condensation. We split the rent of a one-bedroom apartment opposite the Italian deli, tracing deep blue consonants of desire. He takes ciabatta and pancetta to his wife, tells her he got talking to the butcher or had a coffee at Krispy Kreme. I feel the rhythm of the city in his jaunty three-step home.

2.

Now the neighborhood's close with people we have met; our dalliance adopts strange rhythms of its own. He drives me to the mountains where I shiver as he exclaims at remnants of a pyroclastic flow. Can this be what our spasms yielded—old bits of jagged rock; our freezing toes? And he tells me he is “serious” when I laugh, suggests we immediately decamp to Spain. It's like our lives have become a brochure—mountain views and omelet on a pier. “The Fifteen-Minute City?”—he's sick of it. “The lovely dance of local playfulness?” He nods and turns to search the famous view.

The Uncertainty Of Men

by John Bartlett

Arms

more used to wielding heavy weapons,
reach out
to hold me.

Lips

more used to giving orders
search for mine
in silence.

Men

more used to bearing arms
adept at rape & pillage
sometimes reach out
desire stripped raw
war postponed
for now.

Leaking tenderness

you lie in my embrace
defenceless
for now

arms around each other
I'm wounded by your longing.

Or,
am I embracing
an unexploded anger
our intimacy
collateral damage?

True desire
surrenders all power

[First appeared in *The Arms of Men*, Melbourne Poets Union, 2019]

Weight

by Jennifer Campbell

In winter, every thing
becomes a chair, a table,
place to collect the results of hours

Mailboxes grow doubly tall,
metal benches accrue a soft layer,
untouched by people and birds

Even bare branches can hold the snow
incrementally more lovely
for the white dust stacked upon them

Random Order

by Jennifer Campbell

Existential eagerness
easily ends in
elemental eminence

Eleven each
equals an ever exercise
of episodic ephemera

Eagerly eking
exactly every example
elicits everything

Tip-top tracking
for total transformation
Telltale times tables

Titling trauma into
terrifying tropes
teaches transubstantiation

Troublemaking toolset
Tending the trenches
trades truth for time

Tetris

by James Croal Jackson

I am reading old journals, putting
pieces of my past in place—
a series of staircase Tetris shapes,

a broken board mixing L.A. palm
fronds with bad haircuts Dad
gave me, but we needed to save

money, and I was bratty. I wanted
video game anime hair but got slanted
bangs laughed at by classmates and

teachers (who would never admit they
found it funny). I knew, and still do.
Sharp laughter edged in memory. I

want to say I've gotten over it. Over
all of it. But I still hold the smoky
gray of Nintendo controller in both

hands, and I am trying to tell the pieces
where they need to go— but I am
older and life is faster, blocks falling

into places I can no longer find them,
stacking dark spaces to the top of my
screen after these earlier, easier years.

Falling Rock

by James Croal Jackson

As soon as a stone (from where,
who knows?) cracked my wind-
shield during a delivery I quit

my job as a driver. I zagged
right from the highway's
middle lane to the median

and set the car in park,
but could not control my thoughts—
chest throbbing, engine thrumming.

I had to step out and breathe
before I could convict the
quartz intending to harm me.

All smooth and small, I was not
sure which was the right rock,
scanning gravel to see several

similar enough. But the wolf
among them, I know, wanted to
break the glass, blind me

and puncture my jugular, only
for me to be saved by a surgeon
who would never fully believe

the story. I avoided death this time,
alive on the side of the road, looking
back in search of a *falling rock* sign.

Poetry Made Me Do It

by Jakima Davis

It's all my fault
I'm the one to blame
For the violence
And for the poverty
Poetry made me do it
Poetry made me do it
I've created the rape and drug cultures
I've created the wars
I've dropped the bombs
I've made everybody overweight
Poetry made me do it
Poetry made me do it

I'd don my beautiful afro
I still have my slavery scars
Bill O'Reilly calls me a pinhead
I'm labeled a thug
Poetry made me do it
Poetry made me do it
I'm being called a nigger
I call them niggers
Politicians call me a terrorist
Public enemy number one
Poetry made me do it
Poetry made me do it

Stop with the big words
I'll never sellout to anyone
People say I'm boring
And I'm a hypocrite
Poetry made me do it
Poetry made me do it
Beckys and Karens call me the villain
Because their kids listen to me
Wannabe oppressed kids shoot up schools
I'm banned from society
Poetry made me do it
Poetry made me do it

They hate me for sitting
They hate me for marching
They hate me for walking
They hate me for voting
Poetry made me do it
Poetry made me do it
I can't kneel or speak
I'm not allowed to read or write
I'm putting you to sleep
Nappy hair and proud
Poetry made me do it
Poetry made me do it

Don't tell me about truth
Don't put me in a box
I refuse to rap or play ball
I'm a beautiful black woman
Poetry made me do it
Poetry made me do it
Not a racist or communist
Not uppity or a troublemaker
I'm American born and made
I'm the American dream
Poetry made me do it
Poetry made me do it

The Piano Music of Grieg

by William Doeski

Savaged by a twist in the wind,
a tree falls and rips out the wires
that link me to the world. It bore
no grudge, wasn't suicidal, flexed
a thousand fistfuls of leaves yet
broke at a flaw in its trunk.

It may be days before friends
learn why I've gone silent without
dying in my tracks. A truck
from the power company slows,
then speeds up, unable
to process this heady carnage.

Meanwhile the planet turns
another cog's worth of time.
The raving of politics continues
without a hint of circumstance.
The pandemic totes away another
thousand limpid carcasses.

I stoke my generator and hope
the gasoline lasts long enough
to get me through a morning
shaped like a bell jar. Too bad
I gave away my chainsaw,
my favorite dangerous tool,

being told I'm too old to wield it.
Did Thor give up his lightning bolts
in old age? He probably did,
the tall northern sunsets aflame
with the piano music of Grieg
stifling the ancient bloodlust.

Every Crime is a Hate Crime

by William Doeski

Today all the buried hatchets
expire in rust. Today the wolves
return to their carrion
with their fangs cleaned and polished.
Today the politicians deflate
their windbags and head for home,
leaving the white city gasping.

You fear the effects of the heat
on pets whose innocence shines
button-faced in humid glare.
I worry that the disgust of trees
will topple on us with noises
we're too flimsy to withstand.
Every crime is a hate crime
on a day as winsome as this.

Let's hide in the basement and play
chess until starlight cancels
the debts that lie in wait for us.
Let's listen to old blues tunes
that rattle in the ear like space
debris from the latest comet.

You won't listen. You mistrust
my argument that creatures
evolving in culverts and drains
require as much attention

as the latest crop of babies
emerging from our township's
stock of freshly wedded blondes.

We should stay home forever,
or at least until the senators
from all the plains states resign.

Let's prepare ourselves for weather
too pale to even call weather.
If we must drive to the village
let's do it in style, overdressed
for the terrible heat, naked
in spirit, too pure to sweat.

I couldn't be there

by Michael Estabrook

I sent her flowers
a beautiful arrangement
colorful
carnations, tulips, roses, daffodils . . .

What else could I do?
She sponge-bathed my mom
changed her Depends
called the chaplain just before the last breath came
eyes closed mouth opened wide body struggling one last time
before not.

Your body knows when it's had enough when it's time to move on.

"There is a heaven isn't there Michael? I will see Kerry again won't I?"

Yes of course, Ma
Kerry and Dad, your sisters, Bobby, Jean, Bill, Kay, Elmer, Aunt Queenie . . . your mom.

Making it to 92 is not for the faint-hearted
good thing she was a "tough old bird"
good thing her caregiver was there
making sure she didn't fall out of bed
giving her sips of water
morphine when she needed it.

Yes of course I sent her flowers what else could I do?

this season most cancelled

by Eric Evans

this season most cancelled cannot show
the appetite diminishing idly,
di v ided the sea so a cell can s well
not unexpected news to mean no
collaboration with the foreseeable future,
t ying my head around the fact that twenty years of life lo ng s now on indefinite
(pause).

All Stories Are Ghost Stories

by Eric Evans

“I am always thinking about how we keep our ghosts close to us – how we store them and pull them out of our closets when we most need their memories.” – Hanif Abdurriqib

All stories, you’ll discover soon enough, are ghost stories, all told in the past tense and tense with the misremembering of who said what and why, all populated with vague outlines of who we thought we were and what we thought we meant, conversations played back like a poorly dubbed tape recorded at the wrong speed in the middle of a construction site.

All stories are ghost stories, shared with great intent but often worn thin by the retellings, tasked with the weight of mythology and agenda, dressed in ill-fitting clothes and illuminated by a string of quickly fading Christmas lights, shadows asserting themselves with increasing frequency, robbing verification of its rightful claim, the specters as most unreliable witnesses, their powers at a peak in a world of rotating vagaries.

And in the grand and frequent recitations of these accounts, we are all equally ghosts to one another, only there as long as the story requires and even then per the whim of the teller, just figurines of questionable origin as the tales get longer and the days get shorter, mental notes scattered about like debris to be reassembled by future ghosts with much more time and far less investment in your point-of-view.

She Who Commands the Fireflies

By Julian Grant

Myrna had always had a special relationship with insects. As a child, she would rush outside to meet the wet snails who would emerge victoriously after the rain. Lying down on the still-wet sidewalk in front of her house, she would encourage them to crawl onto her hand or over her wiggling feet. Her mother would not be impressed.

As she grew older, Myrna discovered that she also had a special relationship with the winged and feared insects of the air. Bees, wasps, flies, gnats – all would wreath her in her glory. *I am the queen of insects. All shall bow down to me in my kingdom.*

There came a time, however, when steps had to be taken.

Myrna caused no shortage of problems at birthdays, anniversaries, weddings and umpteen outings. It seemed many of her family or close relations did not share her love for her minions nor did they appreciate the cavalcade of ants, termites and slugs that seemed to infest every picnic, lunch or celebratory dinner.

‘They can’t help themselves,’ Myrna would explain. ‘I know that it’s not easy to live with, but they’re only showing their respect to me. Surely you can understand that?’

Myrna was deloused, fumigated, sprayed, washed and perfumed all in desperate attempts to keep her followers at bay. At the age of seventeen, she was expelled from school for her rallying of bees at the championship game (even though their school won because of her unwanted assistance). Drawing from the fields next to her school, she created mass hysteria as she orchestrated a wave of flying terror against the opposing players when the Huskers, the home team, fell behind. ‘I didn’t mean to have so many show up. I just asked a few to lend a hand and it sort of got out of control.’

Thirteen people were hurt during the ensuing panic and Myrna, unapologetically was filmed leading the assault. Authorities feared her and it was decided that the best thing to do was to arrange for a private (and distant) residence for her on the outskirts of town. While it wasn’t a prison per se, a large fence was constructed around the cottage and guards were posted to make sure that she didn’t wander too far from home.

At night, she commanded the fireflies to paint rude epitaphs in the sky you could see for miles.

Soup

by Rick Henry

A prize inside. She knows. Like the lottery, she's been told, like the cereals she's bought for her daughter, snap-together monsters and dolls and dogs and horses. Her daughter stopped eating anything else, just cereal. She knows there is a prize inside and rifles the drawer under the counter to the left of the sink. One golden ring, one in a thousand cans, in with the beef and noodles. "Savor the soup lest you swallow the ring!" So says the ad. Her neighbor, Andrea, calculated the odds -- one hundred cans, she'd said. Buy one hundred cans. She'd thought more, but Andrea had said who can afford more. After all it was only for a ring, even gold couldn't be worth more than a hundred cans of soup. Tin from the cans. The can opener is in the drawer and she sits on the floor, soups in a circle, like the birds in *Snow White*. A ring is a ring is a ring. Her daughter moans with cereal belly as she does every morning. She takes the first can in hand and settles the blades against the rim. It gives a bit of a pop-gasp and whisper. She twists and knows, right then, that she will have a cramp by the time she has opened one hundred. Should she open every one now? What then to do with the soup? Rolling about on the floor next to her -- her daughter moaning cereal belly. Moaning and holding her soup belly doesn't sound all that wonderful. Around and around with the opener. Beef. Noodles. Broth. She pours it into a pot. She stirs. No ring. Her daughter moans. Rolls about on her back. Snap-together doll in hand. Snap-together doll moaning and rolling next to her, side by side she moans and moans and moans. She looks to the pot. Looks to the cans. Inhales a bit of her own pop-gasp. Beef and noodle belly it is. The blades cut into the tin top with a whisper of promise as she twists her hand into a cramp.

Group Therapy

by Michael Lee Johnson

Wind chimes.

It's going to rain tonight, thunder.

I'm going to lead the group tonight talking

about Rational Emotive Therapy,

belief challenges thought change,

Dr. Albert Ellis.

I'm a hero in my self-worship,

self-infused patient of my pain,

thoughtful, probabilistic atheism

with a slant toward Jesus in private.

Rules roll gently creeping

through my body with arthritis

a hint of mental pain.

Sitting in my 2001 Chevy S-10 truck,

writing this poem, late as usual.

It's going to rain, thunder

heavy tonight.

All These Years

by Laurinda Lind

The first wives in your family
leave you on holidays. They have other
fish to fry. Let's say one waited
till November when the pies hit
the table to say, yeah, turkey turkey,
now

get out. Let's say one at Easter
cashed all the wedding checks
then ascended, or at least
appeared elsewhere. Let's say
Christmas left you cold presence
while your wife walked across town
with her tidy suitcase. Let's say
it was hard on both the walkers
and the waiters, let's pretend they
progressed and were replaced
then

since love is such a slippery trout
let's say the next ones walked, too,
watched the calendar to say,
Today's the day. Let's guess one
has let all the fascinating fish swim by because
they belong to themselves, and so does she.
Let's say she stayed, and she made
a self-conscious love
poem for you.

Will Happiness Mean I Lose My Soul

by Bradford Middleton

There is football on my radio
There is beer in my belly
There is smoke on my mind
There is words on my page
And all of these things make me happy
But will happiness mean I lose my soul
The muse disappearing in a flurry
Of good times
Good friends
A good life. I hope it don't
And the signs so far are pretty good
Even if I do write them myself.

The goals are flying in on a night
Of six premierships matches with
Radio voices reaching new levels
Of hyperbole, all in a bid to sell
Us the product, the dream, the
Best league in the world, yeah right!

I drink super-market branded beer
And it tastes good, going down easily
Just like these cheap whorish words,
Not bad for only £1-40 a pint and
Tonight I think I'll stop at just the one.

The smoke is freshly procured and
Goes down real fine, mixing well this
Odd little combination. But the nights, the
Years that have been lost in this way,
I applaud all of them and hope they
Continue forever more.

Judy Collins

by Keith Moul

I hear, forming in her pulse, “Amazing Grace”;
under her breath, a choir swelling every verse
after the first, finally to quell itself at the last.

Then quiet awe only multitudes breathless make.

Sacrificial Nibble

by Scott Thomas Outlar

The frequency is static behind dormant eyes
pulsing sideways left to right

I want to lick its fear from your forehead
and spit shine twice despite the plague

Jesus never said it was wrong to judge
just that you'd better be
well prepared to receive
all the flak that fires
back in kind

kiss the spot that aches the most
and sharpen your tongue for the lashing
save your teeth for new hungers

Body Politic

by Scott Thomas Outlar

Be thankful for small pains
because we all suffer worse eventually

I'll dance until my body caves in
the same way I laughed as my mind went

One limb downed
but the rest is electric

Hand's been dealt
steady straight toward the hum

Blueprint

by Tim Pilgrim

In the end, they did not have time to club
every protester in body armor of adobe,

nor those unclothed, tattooed all over
with sledge hammers inked black.

City police, precincts demolished long ago,
now worked without papers in the kitchen.

Clueless as to what was building,
Federal agents quarreled over takeout

at Taco Bell. Sheetrock, ever racist,
cowered at Lowe's in white piles, livid.

Recalling fragments

by Tim Pilgrim

Of a poem flitting off,
say, about a life breaking apart,

like a sensitive, fragile universe,
pieces flying off dark

after colliding with another universe —

a voluptuous, curvy one,
low-throat purr, unfaithful,

ready to leave on a whim,
selfish, full of black holes.

For Spring No Hesitation Is Great

by Robert Ronnow

Today is April 1st. Transit strike.
Mayor Koch accepting the fact. Myself,
far from crisis central, in North
Manhattan, measuring the temperature
of my apartment. In the sun it is
warm. The crows have returned again
for Spring.

Today life and the city are o.k. Watching
cat in the morning sun. Drinking tea.
My 1300 dollars will melt like summer
snow, but in the meantime, like samurai
I do not show my fear. I remain still
as on the subway and prepared to fight.

I am sitting under the emergency brake
when a coiffured Latin woman rushes aboard.
The doors close but she decides she wants
out. She bangs on the door as the train begins
to move. I see it happen on her face,
she finds the red cord and pulls,
no hesitation.

Maybe someone's hand or foot was caught
in the door. Maybe she's just selfish and
impetuous, got on the uptown not the downtown

side. Maybe the friends she could have
been with didn't get aboard. Whatever
her reason, she acted and the train obeyed.

Some of the passengers sit through the
whole thing, some of us stand. Myself,
I stand, look for the hand caught in the door.
Later, walk home through the pouring rain.
Today is April 1st. Transit strike.
Sky blue, temperatures mild. Democracy
is great.

The Way It Was in 1947

by Jeanne Shannon

I was eleven years old.

That year I read all the books in the series
called “Boys and Girls from Faraway Lands.”

Pierre and Hélène. . . Hans and Heidi. . .
José and Maria. . .

And I counted and counted
and never said a word about my anger:

Why was the boy's name mentioned first
eighty-seven times out of a hundred?

[First appeared in *Suttertown New*]

Eva Braun Sings “Tea for Two”

by Jeanne Shannon

She waits for Hitler's phone call
that doesn't come.

When he gets home
she taunts him
with American songs.

Still Just Writing

Poem Found in an Essay by Anne Tyler

by Jeanne Shannon

While I was painting
the downstairs hall
I thought of a novel to write

But it was March
and the children's spring vacation
began the next day
so I waited

Then the dog got worms
I had to buy groceries
pick up new cedar chips
for the gerbils
scrub the bathrooms

By May
I had written two pages

There were visits from
the washing-machine repairman
the Davey Tree man
the meter reader
five Jehovah's Witnesses
and two Mormons

Then it was time for
the cat's rabies shot
my son's dental appointments
my daughter's gymnastic meets

By now it was June
and I couldn't remember
what the novel was about

I was standing in the schoolyard
waiting for my son
when another mother came up to me
and asked
Have you found work yet?
Or are you still just writing?

[First appeared in *Grasslimb*]

Not Gambling Right Now

by Joe Sonnenblick

My air conditioner wants to cool me down,
Even in the winter...

I do not remove it from its perch,
I do not cover it from the world

A proud man and his electronic wonder,
Nodding at each other mornings and evenings
Watching me write this ode...

A guy who has run out of ideas,
Talking to his appliances.

Thick Skin

by Joe Sonnenblick

How awake do you want me to be, love?
I just tied one on and I'm at some brat's birthday party
The visor of cocaine and cognac,
These folks... All cryogenically frozen within themselves
I meet them in a park,
They all shake hands, very masonic
One exclaims that she's "read my new shit..."
Real dower,
This might be it.
If I don't make it to the end of this poem I'm dead, or they've done it.
The husbands gather around me
Gawking like statuesque gargoyles on lifeless buildings
Waiting to hear something prolific,
We all just ogle each other
"What's for lunch?" I bellow
"Tofu dogs and beyond burgers" thrown at me like a steel medicine ball.
Well, I politely chugged my beer and walked away in silence.
Went down to the bodega,
"Bacon, Egg, and Cheese... Extra cheese."
My cellular going wild, I turn it off
I returned to the park, walking right past the party
I found a bench about a block from the atrocity
There was quiet,
There was reflection
There was a beautiful day.
How can you beat that?

Before Sleep

by Eugene Stevenson

In the
minutes before
sleep takes hold, reading lamp
switched off, in a dark room after
midnight.

To feel
fingers & palm
on the bare back, & to
remember, remember again
that time.

The time
when the clock did
not race. Heartbeat. Heartbeat.
Solace after so long awake
alone.

Fruit Girl

by Michael Strosahl

She bites into
strange fruit from the
foreign hands of a
smiling missionary,
allowing her tongue
a moment to discover
sweet-sour sensations
before her desperate belly
calls for a swallow.

Across the street,
the village men have noticed her,
whispering their plans
for her future –
the same plans they plotted
for the sister
she no longer sees.

The eyes of village women
are old-age hard at twenty-six,
suckling their latest newborn
while toddlers splash gleefully
in a rare rain puddle.

But she does not know
rough days ahead,
just the now of this fresh fruit
as she licks every drop

of its juice from her lips,
smiles at the tall pale woman
selling Jesus with every handout
and asks for another piece.

[First appeared in *2006 Prize Winning Poems of Ohio Poetry Association*]

Contributors

Pamela Annas lives near Boston and is the poetry editor at *Radical Teacher*. She has published a chapbook, *Mud Season*, with Cervená Barva Press, a critical study, *A Disturbance in Mirrors: The Poetry of Sylvia Plath*, a textbook/anthology, *Literature and Society*, articles on teaching writing, contemporary poetry, and working-class literature, and poems in various anthologies and journals.

Cassandra Atherton is a widely anthologized prose poet and a leading scholar of prose poetry. She was a Visiting Scholar in English at Harvard University and a Visiting Fellow at Sophia University, Tokyo. She is the recipient of national and international research grants and awards and has judged numerous poetry awards. Cassandra's books of prose poetry include *Exhumed* (2015), *Trace* (2015), *Pre-Raphaelite* (2018) and *Leftovers* (2020). She is an Associate Professor of Writing and Literature at Deakin University and commissioning editor for *Westerly* magazine, *Axon: Creative Explorations* journal and series editor for publisher Spineless Wonders. She is co-author of a scholarly study of the prose poem for Princeton University Press (2020), and co-editor of the *Anthology of Australian Prose Poetry* (2020).

John Bartlett is the author of fiction, non-fiction and poetry. In 2019 his first chapbook *The Arms of Men*, was published and *Songs of the Godforsaken* in June 2020. His full collection, *Awake at 3am*, has just been released by Ginninderra Press. He was the winner of the 2020 Ada Cambridge Poetry Prize. He lives on the southern coast of Australia. He reviews and podcasts at beyondtheestuary.com

Jennifer Campbell is an English professor in Buffalo, NY, and a co-editor of *Earth's Daughters*. She has two full-length poetry collections, *Supposed to Love* and *Driving Straight Through*, and was a finalist in both the 2017 Fairy Tale Review Poetry Contest and the 2014 River Styx International Poetry Contest. Several of her poems appear in journals such as *Pinyon Review*, *Little Patuxent Review*, *The Healing Muse*, *Sow's Ear*, *Comstock Review*, *Pennsylvania English*, *Saranac Review*, *Oyez Review*, *Fugue*, and *The 64: Best Poets of 2019*.

James Croal Jackson (he/him/his) is a Filipino-American poet. He has a chapbook, *The Frayed Edge of Memory* (Writing Knights Press, 2017), and recent poems in *Sampsonia Way*, *San Antonio Review*, and *Pacifica*. He edits *The Mantle Poetry* (themantlepoetry.com) and works in film production in Pittsburgh, PA. (jamescroaljackson.com)

Jakima Davis has been published in a number of publications, including *The PEN*, *Big Hammer*, and *Street Value* among others. She also co-authored a chapbook with Mark Sonnenfeld published by Marymark Press.

William Doreski lives in Peterborough, New Hampshire. He recently retired after many years of teaching at Keene State College in New Hampshire. His most recent book of poetry is *Stirring the Soup* (2020). He has published three critical studies, including *Robert Lowell's Shifting Colors*. His essays, poetry, fiction, and reviews have appeared in many journals.

Michael Estabrook has been publishing his poetry in the small press since the 1980s. He has published over 20 collections, a recent one being *The Poet's Curse, A Miscellany* (The Poetry Box, 2019).

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

Julian Grant is a filmmaker, educator, and author of strange short stories plus full-length novels/ non-fiction texts and comics. A tenured Associate Professor at Columbia College Chicago, his work has been published by *Danse Macabre*, *Fiction on the Web*, *CafeLit* and *Free Bundle*. Find out more about him at www.juliangrant.com.

Rick Henry has lived across the United States but always returns to the sensibilities, landscapes, and histories of upstate New York. His recent publications are the novella, *Colleen's Count* (Finishing Line Press) and the epistolary novel *Letters (1855)* (Ra Press). His other books include: *Snow Fleas (a Reverie)* and *Then (54 text blocks)*, both from ANC. Recently completed is *Paper Dolls: hand-made book/textual assemblage in eight parts with twenty-eight movements*. A fairy tale. Paper, fabric, mirrors. www.rickhenry.net

Paul Hetherington is a distinguished poet who has published numerous full-length poetry and prose poetry collections and has won or been nominated for more than thirty national and international awards and competitions. He won the 2014 West Australian Premier's Book Awards (poetry) and undertook an Australia Council Residency at the BR Whiting Studio in Rome in 2015–16. Paul is Professor of Writing in the Faculty of Arts and Design at the University of Canberra, head of the International Poetry Studies Institute (IPSI) and joint founding editor of the international online journal *Axon: Creative Explorations*. He founded the International Prose Poetry Group in 2014. He is co-author of a scholarly study of the prose poem for Princeton University Press (2020), and co-editor of the *Anthology of Australian Prose Poetry* (2020).

Michael Lee Johnson lived ten years in Canada during the Vietnam era and is a dual citizen of the United States and Canada. Today he is a poet, freelance writer, amateur photographer, and small business owner in Itasca, DuPage County, Illinois. Mr. Johnson published in more than 1098 new publications, and his poems have appeared in 40 countries, he edits, publishes ten poetry sites.

Laurinda Lind has been published in *Blue Earth Review*, *New American Writing*, *Paterson Literary Review*, and *Spillway* as well as the anthologies *Visiting Bob: Poems Inspired by the Life and Work of Bob Dylan* (New Rivers Press), *What I Hear When Not Listening: Best of The Poetry Shack & Fiction, Vol. I* (Sonic Boom), and *Planet in Crisis* (FootHills Publishing). Her awards include Keats-Shelley Prize and New York State Fair Poetry Competition.

Bradford Middleton lives in Brighton on England's south-coast. He was born in London during the long hot summer of 1971 and spent most of his adolescence and twenties hanging around punk gigs and doing lots of bad things. When he hit 30 he went to university and graduated somehow with honors' before somehow landing in Brighton soon after. Knowing no one and with no money he began writing poems and stories and just before he hit 40 he had his first poem published. Since then he's been published widely all over the internet and in some journals and magazines and his latest chapbook, his fourth, is now available from Analog Submission Press. Go follow him on Twitter if you like @BradfordMiddle5.

Keith Moul writes poems and takes photos, doing both for more than 50 years. He concentrates on empirical moments in time, recognizing that the world will be somewhat different at the same place that today inspires him. His work appears around the world. Besides his reprint of his 2012 book *Beautiful Agitation*, also released in 2020 was *New and Selected Poems: Bones Molder, Words Hold*.

Scott Thomas Outlar lives and writes in the suburbs outside of Atlanta, Georgia. His work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. He guest-edited the 2019 and 2020 Western Voices editions of *Setu Mag*. Selections of his poetry have been translated into Afrikaans, Albanian, Bengali, Dutch, French, Italian, Kurdish, Malayalam, Persian, Serbian, and Spanish. His sixth book, *Of Sand and Sugar*, was released in 2019. His podcast, Songs of Selah, airs weekly on 17Numa Radio and features interviews with contemporary poets, artists, musicians, and health advocates. More about Outlar's work can be found at 17Numa.com.

Tim Pilgrim is a Pacific Northwest poet and 2018 Pushcart Prize nominee. He has several hundred acceptances from journals such as *Seattle Review*, *Third Wednesday*, *Santa Anna River Review*, *Windsor Review*, *San Pedro River Review*, *The Bond Street Review* and *Hobart*. He is author of *Mapping Water*.

Robert Ronnow most recent poetry collections are *New & Selected Poems:1975-2005* (Barnwood Press, 2007) and *Communicating the Bird* (Broken Publications, 2012). Visit his web site at www.ronnowpoetry.com.

Jeanne Shannon writes poetry and fiction and reads the Tarot in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Her poetry has been widely published, most recently in *Cloudbank*, *Better Than Starbucks*, *River Poets Journal*, and *Blue Unicorn*. Her book, *Summoning*, won the New Mexico Book Award for poetry in 2016, and her novella, *The Sourwood Tree*, won a similar award for fiction in 2018.

Joe Sonnenblick has been featured in such publications as *The reject* and *Citizen Brooklyn*. Joe is pleased to have been selected by *The Flea Bitten Dog* for their 7th issue which was published in September 2020, and published through *In Parentheses* for their 6th volume of poetry which was released in October 2020, as well as upcoming publications through *Impspire Magazine* due out February 1st 2021, and *Down In the Dirt* due out in May 2021. Joe has also been a featured reader up and down the east coast as including a spot at The Poets House in Tribeca.

Eugene Stevenson is the son of immigrants, the father of expatriates. His poems have appeared in *Angel City Review*, *Chicago Tribune Magazine*, *DASH*, *Dime Show Review*, *Gravel Literary Review*, *Icarus Quarterly*, *The Poet*, *October Hill Magazine*, *South Florida Poetry Journal*, *Swamp Ape Review*, & *Tipton Poetry Journal*.

Michael Strosahl is a professional driver residing in Jefferson City, Missouri. He previously was very involved with the Indiana poetry community, including serving on the board for the Poetry Society of Indiana. His work has appeared in the *Tipton Poetry Journal*, *Last Stanza Journal*, Bards Against Hunger projects and online at Project Agent Orange, *Medusa's Kitchen*, including a weekly column at *Moristotle & Co*. He currently hosts a monthly poetry critiquing group and is working on a Sandwichboard Poetry project.

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)

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**

The Summer 2021 issue
of ***The Bond Street Review***
will be published in August, 2021.
Submissions will be considered
beginning on April 1, 2021. For
submission guidelines, please go to
www.inkpublications1.com