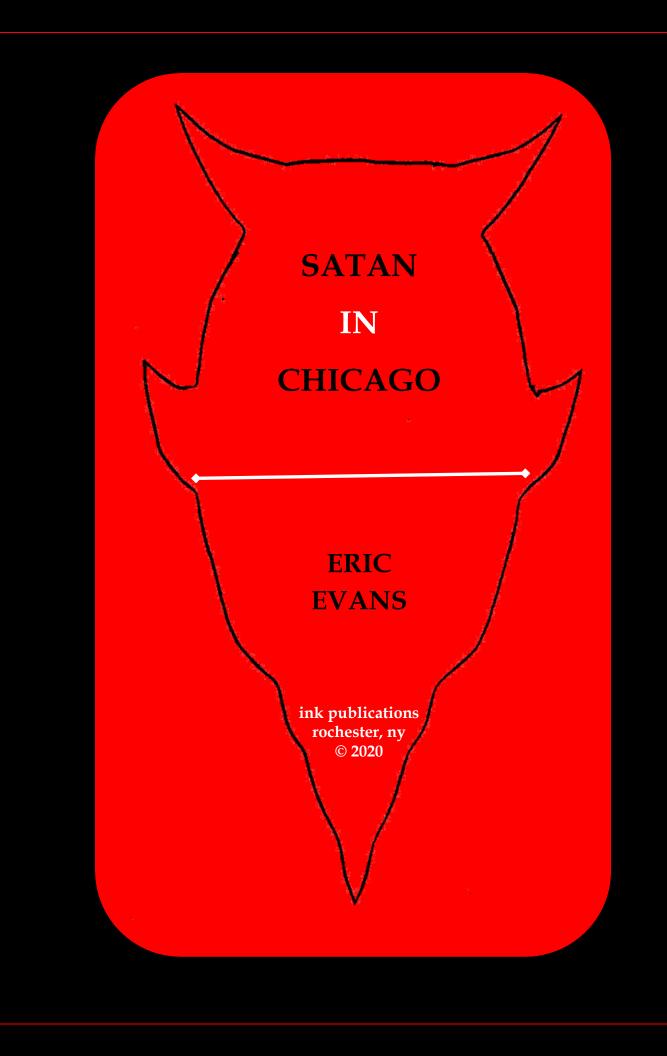


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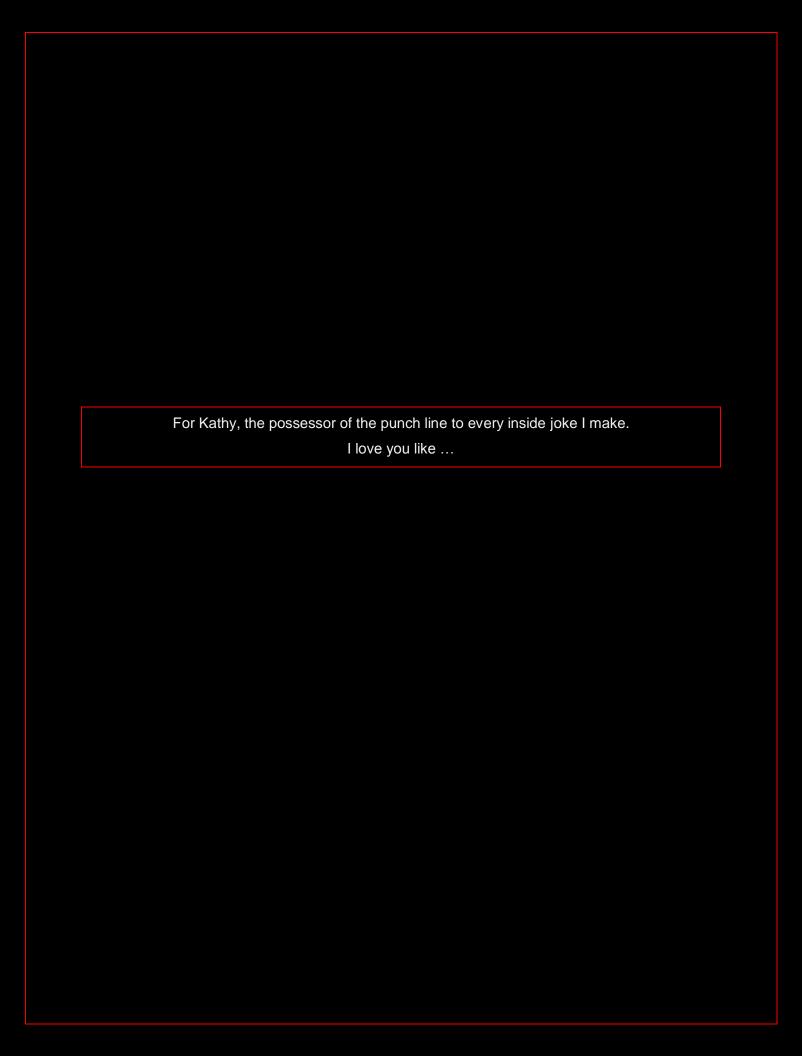
Some of the works in this collection have been previously published by the following magazines, journals or websites: *Steel Bellow* ("Montag In The Clearing", "Eighty Percent Pure", "Terraformed", "For The Sake Of The Dignified", "The Curve Of Consonants", "Untitled (Or, Now He's Simply Stressed)", and "Tom Dowd's Blues"); *Artvoice* ("Satan In Chicago"); *Anobium* ("A Carrot, Said The Good Captain"); and *Dead Snakes* ("George Carlin And Richard Pryor Debating The Meaning Of Life"). Deep gratitude is offered to these publications for their continued support. "For The Sake Of The Dignified" also appeared in the 2008 Ink Publications broadside, *Lisbon Via Boston*.

A modified version of "Montag In The Clearing" was performed as part of Geva Theatre Center's 2010 Summer Academy Showcase.

The Guy Clark quote at the beginning of "The Saturday Night Knife And Gun Show" is from his 1983 release, *Better Days*.

"This Room Isn't Big Enough" was written as part of Geva Theatre Center's 2018 Festival of New Theatre.

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DRIVING TO CHINA ON A HALF TANK OF GAS

Driving to China on a half tank of gas and an unfinished map when I take the

expressway to your skull with a cabaret dancer named Gretchen and a bottle of something or another as we burn a color picture

book of Nazis on the march and turn the stereo up so some fine New York City band can shake the windows

and

rattle our teeth with all the sweetness of a goodnight kiss and the bruise to prove it, what I'd like to think

would be, in a different life, just another in a string of average Thursday evenings.

MONTAG IN THE CLEARING

"Do your own bit of saving, and if you drown, at least you die knowing you were headed for shore" – Ray Bradbury, *Fahrenheit 451*

Say you're Montag in the clearing on that raging night, the way back home forever gone and a metallic hound on your trail.

And say you meet the bookpeople, brothers in the persecution, anonymous keepers of the forbidden word, an essay here, a chapter there, Darwin to your right, Swift to the left and Plato making the introductions.

So let's

say the question is at hand – "What have you to offer?" – do you claim Twain as your own? Or maybe Paine? Ellison as your project or Richard Wright and his *Native Son*? Whitman, Shelley, Vonnegut or Poe?

All things

equal –and they seldom are – my heart and mind and what memory I could spare would make the Mediterranean trip to Elba to embrace the bombardier words etched upon Capt. Yossarian's conflicted skin, telling the tales of Nurse Duckett's callipygous ass and Orr's duplicitous Swedish plans.

EIGHTY PERCENT PURE

Can you imagine the sight a century ago as Congolese soldiers emerged from the Shinkolobwe mine, coated in uranium, eighty percent pure, and radiant with the blistering shine of discovery, oblivious to the notion of certain death?

What must their enemies have thought at the stomach dropping vision of warriors all aglow like an army of phantoms, the ghosts, perhaps, of combatants past, a circumference of evil deeds drawing tight upon itself

with no one spared as the radiation took its toll and the nausea set in, the fatigue and the blood, piles of hair and teeth and the inevitable, the inescapable price for one man's version of a victory.

TERRACOTTA ARMY

Shi Huang Di was not the only one with such grand thoughts, commander of his terracotta army, eight-thousand strong and no two alike, six-and-a-half feet tall and multiple, assembled by hand at the ruler's modest behest, no force complete without a compliment of chariots and acrobats to render their services.

China's first emperor had visions not so unlike our own, the desire for an empire in the afterlife, a hundred rivers fashioned from mercury and damn the silvery legacy, his tomb a landscape of palaces and towers, no less than what any of us feel we deserve on our better days.

And what of the soldiers themselves? Solitary in their multitude, fifteen feet deep and none the closer to the throne, they stare to the East and watch for the fabled attack, waiting on an advance that will never come, subjected to the wrath of weather and time, unsure of which will conquer them first.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE DIGNIFIED

"You ask me am I crazy for playing the cello, why do you not ask if they are not crazy for shelling Sarajevo?" - Vedran Smailovic

How do you serenade a mortar shell, accompany a hail of rifle-fire, find the notes to accompany the shudder of destruction? Do the bullets fall intermittently or do the snipers consent to keep something akin to a measured beat, the constrictions of time bound to the dictates of an anonymous trigger finger?

Music as its own form of weaponry is a beautiful thing, a wounded solo atop the library rubble, a primal scream in formal wear, twenty-two days in a single spot and then a graveyard tour for the sake of the dignified, the measures and bars giving rise to the voices kept to a whisper, the pauses and rests like the collectively held breath of the irreducibly damned.

THE CURVE OF CONSONANTS

With a buzz in our ears we play endlessly, unaware of any other way, circling the notion of the eternal, hands clasped and eyes closed, surrendering to the air, ever defiant of gravity's usual insistence.

With the truth on our tongues we sound ceaselessly, speaking the language of a mutual plane, braiding our words with a craftsman's skill, the curve of consonants against the strength of vowels, a rope to walk the tallest of tales.

With the shade in our eyes we stare the sun down audaciously, fearing nothing the night can bring, temporary as it is, a council of shadows, deficient of form, worth no more than the papery dreams we casually crease at the eventual hint of first light.

SATAN IN CHICAGO

Jesus may have just left Chicago but Satan is still there, roaming the wind-swept corridors of the city with the swiftness of a joke and the raspy cackle to prove it.

He lit the match in 1871 then rode the rails to Mississippi and back where he still plays the final set in some seedy South Side club to the clang of a long-gone factory and the whoosh of an empty midnight "L".

Satan haunts the third-base line at Wrigley Field, waits backstage with a drink for every failed actor, whispers in the ears of all the trembling souls at the top of the Sears Tower, offering words of dubious encouragement.

He was on the floor of Sinclair's jungle, a cog in Daley's urban machine, on both sides of the line in '68, placard in one hand and a nightstick in the other, creating history with innuendo and blood.

Jesus may have just left Chicago but Satan still makes the rounds in the ghost of Al Capone, in the steps of Richard Speck, but all is not lost for the coarse and strong and cunning of Sandburg's poem, nothing can be lost with the husky, brawling laughter of the place sounding in perpetuity over the restless shores of a rowdy Lake Michigan swell.

A CARROT, SAID THE GOOD CAPTAIN

A carrot, said the good captain, is as close as a rabbit gets to a diamond, the elusive prize against which we measure his long-eared worth, born as he is naked and blind and helpless, aware of nothing but his instincts.

This rabbit, running or at rest, rich or poor, doesn't know the politics of the others, their agendas and fears, has never warred with the hares across the way or the serious jackrabbits down by the railroad tracks. His is a life of reproduction and food, one followed closely by the other.

But this rabbit, free or caged, hunted or safe, has the gift of clarity and never mind the stick attached to his reward.

Maybe he has it right and maybe a diamond is as close as we ever get to a carrot.

THE MOST ASSASSINATED WOMAN IN THE WORLD

The Grand Guignol's grand dame met her fate again and again and again once more, shot and scalped, strangled, disemboweled and raped, guillotined, hanged, quartered and burned, cut into eighty-three pieces by an invisible Spanish dagger, kissed by a leper and devoured by a ravenous puma but what, I ask, is a little death and torture for the sake of art? Only Paula Maxa would seem to know.

UNTITLED (OR, NOW HE'S SIMPLY STRESSED)

Dewey wants a hug but he ain't getting one half-naked warrior, fully-loaded gun

"I've seen the bodies and I've seen the parts, I've seen the duty of such exploded hearts"

Dewey wants some answers the who and how and why, coiled like a spring-load and getting short on time

Dewey's got his pride but the lawyers don't care, can't see the ghosts in his thousand-yard-stare

Once he was shell-shocked now he's simply stressed, points on his bronze star puncturing his chest

Dewey wants the truth or something like its kin, dossier of fiction, stolen fifth of gin

Hopefulness a spectre, wife and kids the same, tremble of distinction, can't find the way he came

Dewey's on the down slope, tenuous and seized, waiting on the orders to finally let him breathe

THE COMPANY OF ONE

Pioneers never see their faces on coins or bills, never enjoy the days set aside in their name, don't live long enough to cross the bridges built in their honor.

But pioneers learn the implications of a clear road behind and wilderness ahead, the burn of a blazing trail, the echo chamber of doubts and defeats, the counsel and company of one.

Pioneers endure the variant screwings, the denials and defenses, the imitations poor and pale, whisperings of those a little less spineful, hitched to the wagon of smaller things.

Pioneers seldom know about the reformation of their character, the warm glow of vindication, fortitude's eventual reward, sensing only what instinct instructs, turning sharply left when all the world is pulling right.

"IS THERE AN ACROBAT IN THE HOUSE?"

Do acrobats make love like the rest of us, graceless and fumbling, so slavishly obeying the laws of physics? Do they stumble and stammer, mistime and misjudge, powerless against gravity's stubborn pull?

Or do they revel in their flexibility, journey to the center of their fingertip balance, warm to the possibility of carnal invention, the room a web of safety nets and tension wire, a unicycle and pole in the corner should the mood strike?

Do they tumble about the house as a matter of course, swinging from the ceiling, springing from chair to couch and back again for the sake of the trick, neighbors peering in through the front window like it's a Sunday matinee, steaming the glass, waiting on the next set of thrills?

Do acrobats exist out of context, only seen when upside down and above a crowd? Are they mere civilians with a greater sense of danger, a higher threshold for pain? And when the theatre lights dim and the man two rows over has a heart attack, does anyone ever shout, "Is there an acrobat in the house?"

BARBIE NATION

A billion bullet-breasted Barbies assume the role of India's population, replacing the overcome residents with flaxen hair, impossible shapes and the vacant eyes of the bought and sold,

the Indians relocated to make room for Caste System Barbie and her untouchable friends, for Radical Barbie with her Pakistani rivals and their nuclear accessories, the

road to Kashmir only a day's drive while those in New Delhi and Bombay are sent on their way so that Impoverished Barbie may run with her lepers and slums, such filth and disease as she

transforms into Eastern Barbie,
Mystic Barbie with a guru and a chant,
Hindu Barbie and her Bollywood
ending, from Calcutta to call center,
Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva together

at last on the balcony of her Malibu mansion, convertible in the garage, nirvana reached, enlightenment obtained, her Western ideals stored away in their original packaging,

collector's items from her less transcendental days.

THE FORENSIC SCIENTIST'S BUSY SEASON

Summer's coming and so are the knives, the broken bottles and the alcohol within, the gun battles and the lover's quarrels, the multiple misadventures keeping the slate full and the slabs filled, slave to the microscope and the days are nothing like they seem on TV.

Summer's coming and so are the questions, the who, the what, the where, the when, and the how but never the why, so obscure and unquantifiable, refusing to offer itself up like a fingerprint or a bloody sheet, keeping its secrets with a watchful eye and a silent mouth.

Summer's coming and so are the vacations but not for the scientists, with tests to run and results to record, testimony to provide and instincts to follow. Yes, the reservations have been made and the room booked for months but death, as anyone can tell you, pays no attention to packed bags and a well-considered itinerary.

THE CURSE OF COMPETENCE

One day we'll become those people, she and I, and cast off the reins of responsibility, reverse the curse of competence for a less-directed course. We'll no longer be the trusted ones, the good sons and daughters, keepers of every secret, soothers of every jangled nerve, beacons of such misaligned hope.

One day we'll call it all quits and abscond with our backpacks and inhibitions to some Mediterranean resort for an indefinite stay of wine, debauchery and criminality, finding ourselves naked and tattooed on a deserted beach with strands of garland in our hair and mythical stories to tell.

One day we'll spend the currency of our goodwill like the lottery, burning every bridge in a ritualistic bonfire, loin clothes flapping in the sea breeze as we dance and sweat and curse the hours spent on lesser things, bellies full, eyes closed and mouths open, flakes of ash sticking to the surface of our dampening skin as we embrace and tunnel our way down to the beginnings of obscurity.

TOM DOWD'S BLUES

Was Tom Dowd thinking about his time on the Manhattan Project when he pushed the *record* button for Mingus' "Oh Lord Don't Let Them Drop That Atomic Bomb On Me"?

Was he thinking about the secret government work that Columbia University couldn't recognize, the step back that academia would have been?

Did he mean to make the song sound like it was captured in a bunker, deep underground of some federal building or the backyard of a nice suburban tract house?

And five and a half minutes later when the final piano string ceased its vibration, did Dowd silently thank the universe for bringing him to that place at that time,

trading in the finality of split atoms for the finely spliced strands of stereophonic tape?

CHICO SAYS

The snap and slide of wire brushes along a drum head are nothing, Chico says, but the approximation of a dancer's taps as her metal-soled shoes meet the floor, the call and response of the long-limbed showgirl and her silent accompanist, a private conversation in a percussive dialect, all whispers and asides, double meanings and veiled replies, a secret pact to rendezvous after the show for a drink and a stroll, the spangle and spark of the nightclub left behind for the promise and pulse of the early after hours and the rituals held within.

POEM

Now he's another of the people who died, further down the list than most, trading off with a newborn, like the line of a sold out club, one in, one out.

And as sudden deaths go, maybe his wasn't such a bad one – pen in hand and mind at work, still charming and hustling the pliant words until the bitter, constricted end.

SMALL, JUDGMENTAL BEASTS

Crows, I've heard, hold a grudge and pass the word on down the line, making you a marked man if they take a dislike to the color of your sweater or the brim of your hat.

They remember your face like a mob informer or the writer of bad checks, carrying your profile along like the conspiracy it just might be, permanent scorn in the land of crows.

You have no choice, it seems, but to learn to live with the hate, to shoulder the untranslated accusations, the unsubstantiated lies, the ruin of your simple life.

There is no appeals process here, no second chance, just the arbitrary slights of small, judgmental beasts, incapable of apology or regret, inscrutably bound to the impulse of their own hardwired ways.

GEORGE CARLIN AND RICHARD PRYOR DEBATING THE MEANING OF LIFE

I saw Willie Nelson and Ray Charles playing chess on a bus one day, Brother Ray and the red-headed stranger trading blows with pawns and bishops and rooks, sharing secrets and telling tales, admiration of the mutual kind.

Greedily now, I want such visions each day, random and revelatory. I want to see Neil Young channeling the ghost of Otis Redding at the supermarket entrance, guitar case open and littered with bills and coins.

I want to hear Nina Simone sing on the steps of the corner church, her voice quelling the restlessness of the hottest of summer nights followed by Joni Mitchell serenading us in the morning as our eggs sizzle in the pan with Charles Mingus at our weathered piano keeping his singular time.

I want to find Wallace
Stevens standing at the door of the
local library reading my journal
entries aloud like mythology and
claiming them as his own as obscure
Beat poets wait their turn to the
side while selling ice cream cones
and dog-eared chapbooks to bemused
passers-by.

I want to happen upon
George Carlin and Richard Pryor
debating the meaning of life in some
upscale cafe, patrons wide-eyed and
unsure, amused in the most uncomfortable
of ways. And at the end of the day,
I want Chet Baker at the foot of our
bed playing us off as he steals

the darkness and anything else within reach, his muted trumpet guiding us through such late hours, unafraid of where we'll find ourselves come first light.

SOVEREIGN STATE

This page is my sovereign state, my island nation, my one-man regime, martial law declared per my whim, my every utterance an edict, my every sigh a new wind blowing.

This page allows me concubines by the dozens if I so desire, riches and spoils by the roomful, the power to grant myself more power and the means to keep it.

This page knows no border disputes, recognizes no territorial claims, withstands no encroachments of any kind, immune to the traps of the outside world, indifferent to its cares.

This page is full of secret passages and Escher-esque halls, a maze within a maze, gunners on the roof and unmarked prisons along the margins should the voices of dissent make themselves too loudly known.

This page has full diplomatic immunity and the flag to prove it, has its own language and currency and a constitution small enough to fit in the palm of my hand, so few words carrying so much weight.

MIX TAPE #2

"Every day with you" said my friend, "must be like a mix tape." Probably so, I concur, probably so. But I know no other way than to place Miles Davis alongside Black Flag and Patsy Cline right next to Bela Bartok.

Son House holding hands with the Staple Singers, Rickie Lee Jones soul kissing Carlos Santana and Etta James backed by the Clash makes sense in the most intrinsic of ways, like eating and breathing, like the moments don't quite count without a soundtrack to match.

Marvin Gaye in the morning and reggae in the afternoon, a Scottish reel for the walk to your mother's and a tango for the way back home, punk and funk and jazz of the freest kind, the strands that tie the weeks together just so, my ears the spools of some ancient reel-to-reel. And on

the shelf over there is Jimmy Smith and Patti Smith, The Grateful Dead and the Dead Kennedys, the Reverend Gary Davis and the sinner Steve Earle, conspirators all in the war on sounds insipid and dull, creating battle cries for the inarticulate and marches for those with two left feet, party plans for the victory dance and penance for the reckoning come the morning after.

A BRICKLAYER'S SENSE OF SCALE

Bonham and his apocalyptic bass drum pulled me back tonight, reached through time and space and whichever afterlife the drunken sod is terrorizing and knocked some sense into me, lifted me from the ruins of my misshapen mood and sent me on my self-contained way with the gruffest of shoves and a bricklayer's sense of scale. "Your shit," he said with a drink in hand and the knowledge of the dead, " is only ankle deep." Something to remember when the wicked witch of wallow once again sends along her dubious invitation.

THE BELL'S SLOW DECAY

Only three floors from top to bottom but when the elevator doors part I'm already gone, cresting on the sound of the bell's slow decay, eyes closed and breathing slowed as I disappear to an ancient theatre in the center of Prague or the warm crook of my wife's neck, to some long-deserted island or the Statue of Liberty's massive crown.

When the bell announces my arrival the departure's an established fact like the moon crater I'm visiting or the pyramid that supports my handstand, like the scene I've entered with that pretty blond actress in Hitchcock's *Blackmail* or the pirate ship that I've commandeered to plunder what's left of the hours and days of the less fancifully inclined.

Only three floors top to bottom yet once the bell has ceased its lingering toll I've found my spot in Hopper's *Nighthawks* or Ellington's orchestra at Newport in '56, privy to the resurrection over the twenty-seven choruses as the crowd danced frantically across the lawn, each of us grateful for the unseen escape from the nagging fluorescence of the day.

THE SATURDAY NIGHT KNIFE AND GUN SHOW

"the knife was made for darker things and you could not bend the rules ..." - "The Randall Knife", Guy Clark

A thousand or so channels on and if nothing else there is always *The Saturday Night Knife and Gun Show* with its variety of blades and abundance of arms, a weekend evening spent in the company of polished metal and burnished steel, of heirloom pieces and novelties alike, transforming, on occasion, from one into the other.

I try to appreciate them for the works of art they are, for the precision and craft, the hours spent on details and design, for what they'll mean in other hands in other homes, for what good may come of them, to acknowledge that any evil that falls to them is incidental in the most and not inherent.

I try for these things but land well short of success, suppressing the urge to scoff and snort, to mock and dismiss, to wave away what I don't understand. The Saturday Night Knife and Gun Show may not hold my dubious attention but, truth be told, it probably doesn't want or need it anyway.

RAOUL DUKE'S PARANOID TWIN

The man told me that he sang with the Dead Kennedys once, a case of mistaken identity, he claimed - simple enough to believe, I suppose, since we're all entitled to reinvention now and again.

He met Lou Reed at a concession stand in Los Angeles and sat with John Erlichman in Arizona over interrogation and orange juice, swapped guitars with Emmylou Harris and stories with Son House's progeny in his own backyard. He's been to India during the multi-colored *holi* days and exchanged currency in deepest Africa with Raoul Duke's paranoid twin, firearms and secrecy just a way of life for the good doctor and his emergency escape plan.

He could have played poker with Huey Newton, for all I know, or dropped acid with Dock Ellis before he took the mound in San Diego but, knowing of my friend what I do, I'd be inclined enough to accept the stories at once as incontrovertibly true.

THIS ROOM ISN'T BIG ENOUGH

This room isn't nearly big enough for all that it aspires to hold, with its handful of seats, its simple instruments, and the lowest of possible lighting, it provides the skeleton, the framework, the outline of what you want it to be, the old movie projector sequestered in the back of the room throwing its images on the screen for you to decipher as mood and mind and, perhaps most importantly, company dictate and imply.

This room isn't big enough for all of the sweetness whispered amongst its pillows or the truths told after a night of formality has given way to something less structured and sanctioned, the band in the corner sympathetically scoring the moment as if it were their own seductions taking place, creating in real time the sense memories of a first kiss, of a second glance, of a third time charm with nothing to lose and the potential of everything to gain.

This room isn't big enough, either, for all the lies told undercover of near-darkness, the strains from the band mingling with our hushed voices so that no one is quite sure of what they think they thought they heard, the half-truths murmured and believed for the sake of a singular night unfolding in perfect succession, promises made with no sense of intention underneath, the syllables settling like dust on the picture frames of the room's shadowy walls.

This room, you see, is the wrong size for all of the wonder it wants to contain, the wonder at how we got this far and at how we haven't gotten nearly far enough, wonder at the contours of the seen and the molecular of the unseen, wonder at the jagged puzzle pieces of who we are and the sheer monolith of the murals we hope to one day become. No, this room is most assuredly the wrong size for the multitudinal wonder within its reach, but, for now it's the only room we seem to have. And it is most assuredly okay for us to take a moment and wonder at that too.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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 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 coeditor of The Bond Street Review, as well as the Resident Dramaturg for Blackfriars Theatre in Rochester.



Photo credit: Michelle Macirella / Luminaria Photography

BOOKS FROM INK PUBLICATIONS

Juggling Fire, Blindfolded / Eric Evans
The Anatomy of a Cratedigger / Eric Evans
The Halo Effect / Eric Evans
Punk Rock for Hip Statisticians / Eric Evans
A Beat Too Long / Eric Evans
Tristero Rapid Post / Eric Evans
Hell or Cleveland / Eric Evans
Godflesh / Eric Evans

BROADSIDES FROM INK PUBLICATIONS

Helicopters Full Of Ghosts / Matthew Borczon
How Not To Dress / Florine Melnyk
The King of Water / Eric Evans
Losing Duende / Alicia Hoffman
Every Day of My Life / Michael Estabrook
Geometry for Two / Lisa Feinstein
Lisbon via Boston / Eric Evans
Reap Eat / Carly Christiansen
Good Fortune / Alicia Hoffman
Crows / Eric Evans

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REVIEWS FOR PREVIOUS BOOKS BY ERIC EVANS

JUGGLING FIRE, BLINDFOLDED

"This poetry collection all but ignites in your hand, so infused is it with the force of fire. Eric Evans really lights it up in chronicling a romantic relationship - from its passionate beginning to its smoldering end. Although many of the poems are emotionally raw, the nerves are always tempered with a sense of humor and musicality. These are poems of passion and sex poems and love poems. They are all rather engaging and so funny and sad that quoting them here won't do them justice. Fans of poetry that is direct and filled with heartbreak and humor must check out this chapbook."

- Broken Pencil

"The poems in Juggling Fire, Blindfolded are chronologically ordered – a gift to the reader - as the narrative within is a sort of coming to terms with the loss of old love and the welcoming in of the new. These are not divorce poems, per say, as they lack any of that distasteful bitterness. Evans has an open and forgiving heart, and a mind that embraces the more complicated truths through his use of juxtaposition. With a tinge of sadness, but never regret, these poems fully inhabit both the exhilaration and the pain of life's various changes. With allusive nods to great music and film, and with a gifted eye for extended metaphor, this exquisitely crafted book sings its music, featuring "no stars, just character actors you'd recognize on sight, saying things that cut a little too close, set to a soundtrack decidedly mid-tempo and just this side of sad".

 Alicia Hoffman, author of Railroad Phoenix and Like Stardust in the Peat Moss

THE ANATOMY OF A CRATEDIGGER

"Evans is making photos out of words here, capturing what's sad and amazing, grainy and memorable in each moment, reaching for what is worth hanging on to and hinting at what exists outside each frame."

Quimby's Books

"Evans personalizes the obscure and finds the common ties between the pedestrian minutiae of family life and the more dazzling subjects of Patti Smith, Vermeer, Dystopian Literature, and Tiananmen Square...these poems are lyrical narratives, clear creative musings in lined form, and musical to the ear, reminding us that we, too, can think like a cratedigger, and that our connection to the archives of the world is an important one."

- Democrat & Chronicle

THE HALO EFFECT

"A collection of five poems cascading...
in streams of rhyming couplets...
great poetry slam material ..."

- Zine World

PUNK ROCK FOR HIP STATISTICIANS

"...poems dealing with punk rock, sex and various musings running the emotional gamut from the contemplative to the angry...short prose masquerading as poetry..."

- Zine World

"Evans has impressed me in the past...[and]...this collection does not disappoint. Punk Rock For Hip Statisticians [is] a passionate, heavy collection of work, well worth your money."

- Blind Man's Rainbow

A BEAT TOO LONG

"There are definite moments of vivid imagery...his figurative language is strong...if you even vaguely enjoy Eric's work, then check this out."

- Blind Man's Rainbow

TRISTERO RAPID POST

"Erotic, romantic, punk rock, raucous and dangerous. These are poems drawn rather than written."

- The Quarterly Pearl

"...wry poetry rich in metaphor and description...the poems are beautifully wrought and touchingly serene...
this chapbook is terrific..."

Lucid Moon

HELL OR CLEVELAND

"...Evans celebrates the beauties of our mortal existence...[with] scarcely a dollop of dishonesty."

- Mandrake Poetry Review

GODFLESH

"[Evans] writes poems of quiet resignation and pensive thoughtfulness...a combination of strong imagery and smoldering anger."

- Factsheet Five