

THE BOND STREET REVIEW



**WINTER
2026**

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From the editors

Hello all – this is Eric writing. Welcome to issue number 26 of *The Bond Street Review*. It contains our now-standard mix of regular contributors alongside writers appearing on our pages for the first time – you’ll encounter a love poem that (to me anyway) echoes ee cummings, a remembrance of a beloved aunt, a dive into the power of everyday objects, and witnessing the common brutality of the circle of life and nature’s complete indifference to our feelings about it. We hope, as we always do, that you find a piece (or three) that land hard for you and prompt you to pass the issue on to others – sharing it is just a click away. And we’d be so very grateful if you did.

One note: the issue contains a poem by Diane Webster that was originally accepted for the Summer 2025 issue but was mistakenly left out of the final layout. We apologize for delay in sharing her work with you.

Until the next time...

With gratitude,
Eric Evans & Kathy Sochia
Co-editors

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I like your body.....

By Pulkita Anand

I like the alchemy of your body when it mingles
With mine.....

I like your body; I love to love your body
To saunter in this sunny terrain and the beams
Of wonder. I like your touch, tickle, trickle,
Twinkle.....
And something else, but I should not name
I like kissing your body; I love to cuddle your body
To swim in the maze of the crest and trough
Of the rough crags. I like your eyes, ears, lips, cheeks,
Hair....

And something else, but I dare not name
I like your body; I love to love your body
To hover in this hurricane, and rest on the shore
Of delight. I like your smell, taste, heat, bones,
Nerves.....

And something else, but I need not name.

Cherry Blossom Gin

By Cassandra Atherton

Late night, you view the city through the pink of a Sakurao gin bottle. You're nameless in the lamp's sepia light, a ghost word in the distillery. I've seen the copper still like a shining missile, its funnel tapering into a golden plume. I've imagined leaving handprints on its surface, playing the oversized flute to hear the fizz of rising bubbles. I can't remember if I drank it straight or on ice, perhaps tonic. Did I take you back to my hotel room, or was it the night I remember slipping down my spine? // Now, as lilac infuses early morning, I try to recall your laddered ribcage, the origin of five small bruises on my thigh. Tangled up in bed sheets, all that lingers is the taste of peppery juniper.

Hiroshima Diner: Onsen Egg

By Cassandra Atherton

I've never had an onsen egg. Chef serves it in a flower shaped bowl, naked and bathing in dashi. I imagine it clothed in its shell, soaking in the hot spring. My onsen egg is a half-boiled egg in reverse—firm yolk and runny white. It's like a giant eyeball plucked from the Cyclops' forehead. The gelatinous white is soft custard on my tongue and I remember the undercooked omelettes you ate at the breakfast buffet, bright orange egg juice spotting your plate. At 8pm, one of the regulars takes a cuff and stethoscope out of her bag. 'Some won't go to the doctor, so Hina created Nurses Station Night,' Chef tells me. I squeeze the yolk with my chopsticks and wonder how many patrons she has saved, the yellow sphere is shiny, like a lacquered sun.

Queens Woman from a Bygone Era

By Marietta Calvanico

My Aunt Louise was a hard-working secretary
for a big honcho at a publishing company
(today we say executive assistant)
she commuted weekdays
into Manhattan from Jackson Heights
an affordable neighborhood back then

But on Saturday mornings
she pulled on her rubber gloves
that protected her professionally manicured nails
and cleaned, industriously
even though everything already seemed
spotless, sparkly, shiny

My uncle played his part
whipping the egg whites for my aunt's cheesecake
by hand, until they formed soft peaks
and after dinner on Sunday night
making Brandy Alexanders
while my aunt washed the dishes wearing those rubber gloves

Come Monday morning
a fitted pearl-gray jacket
a final spray of her meticulously coiffed hair
the gloves are off
ten perfect nails
another work week underway

Warrior

By Marietta Calvanico

I see you—radiance shining through your eyes,
Everything is in your eyes
and we don't need
words to waste time,
Then, alone, I can't find my words,
Yet I am too many words,
Where are the right words that explain
altered perspective?
Lessons in loyalty?
Love love love

You are a warrior
weary from battle,
Still armed to the teeth,
Your pain has pushed you
to a higher plane—
I don't pretend to understand that,
But I know you are
powerful, sassy, sly,
Your secret smile daring me
to keep up with you.

The Note Pad

By Jennifer Campbell

Beside her usual chair,
which has become her usual bed,
a square auto parts memo pad
sits with a blue ballpoint, poised
for conversations. Not a mute's slate
or amnesiac's keywords, just
space for the mundane maddening
brought by dementia. Book titles
cryptically repeating, dates and times
of pills, haircuts, menu orders,
birthdays requiring staying power.
My mother always wielded her lists
to pull thoughts into productivity,
a trait I inherited, though she never
splurged on my lined adhesive post-its.
She never favored
her daughter-in-law's spreadsheets,
even to plan a baby shower.
Her vertical freeform lists held
expectation—a ripped-off page
more proof of a life well-achieved.

The Pandemic Gave Permission

By Jennifer Campbell

In ways we are still realizing
and placing into compartments
of Decameron lasciviousness
and mundane disgust

Wiser pigs at the trough
we shove aside the weak
and welcome whatever
the consequences of preservation

Once again the mortar
and pestle go to work
grinding root and poison berry
to keep us in service

Students make a baby together
in Aging, Death, and Dying
without guilt or irony
they remember well the kind professor
and bring him baby photos

Contradictions abound
as people claim philanthropy
and share their rations
then run down the recipient
in a freshly-washed car

They'll nose past others in line
but pay it forward with a frappuccino
if the weather conditions
are ripe for a good game

The music is getting worse
but the feeling of listening
is ever better
one chord struck over and over
through centuries of rebirth

Self-Aware

By Jennifer Campbell

When I studied philosophy,
it began. Read three pages
then reread the pages aware
of how well I read them,
which is to say, sometimes
not well at all. (Though a third time
might be considered applied learning
in that case.) Choosing
books to read on my time,
I still double-read, not because
I want to give myself permission
to not pay full attention
but to remind myself of revelations
my hippocampus wants
to hold onto like jingles
or lyrics from forty years ago,
something to surprise me
on just the right occasion—words
however strange or misleading
that demonstrate the mind
has limitless capacity
to be wasted watching
myself watch myself.

Songs Of The Revolution

By Eric Evans

I get the irony of listening to songs
of the revolution while playing my
part in feeding the machine, shoveling
so much money in like coal to a furnace,
burning the past for the sake of the
present.

There are revolutions of
thought and ones of action, of mind,
body and planet. Revolutions of
thirty three-and-a-third and some
that just revolve.

But the (not so)
little secret is that revolution alone
won't feed my kid, won't shelter my
wife or cure me of my ills. It won't
displace the ugliness of humans or
make evil any less of a presence.
There is, of course, romance in the
revolution but eventually someone
still has to sweep up all the broken glass.

At Sadie's American Diner

By John Grey

We sit together
stool by stool,
the old man and me,
at Sadie's American Diner

Not for the food,
nor the sugar jar,
nor the silverware
that he touches up
with a fingernail.

And he didn't just bring me here
to spin my stool
and make me laugh
or introduce me to
the famous Sadie.
Besides, she's dead.

And it's not for
the company -
bikers, truckers, farmers.
Nor the coffee
that grips onto its spoon
like it's a mammoth
in a tar pit.

No, we come to Sadie's
because his father
took him to Sadie's
forty years before.

The waitress hands us both
an egg-stained menu.
He grins at me
as I struggle with the choices.
Whatever he's having,
generations have had already.

The net

By Kevin Armor Harris

The net has now grown around my whole body. The bands have clasped onto each other where they cross, knotting fast and rugged. I think it's some kind of organic fibre. Perhaps it's trying to plant itself in me. I can move about, but when it gets wet it's uncomfortable, and if it freezes, it's quite painful. When I could use my arms, I would feel the net stretch—quite a comforting sensation—but gradually it has tightened. Now I can move only my fingers, neck and ankles. At first it was useful for holding small items. But now I'm rather weighed down by things I tucked into it—keys, a spoon, my bowl, a pair of gloves—that I can no longer reach to discard. This pencil I still clasp of course. I can endure this, I'm sure I can. In time, my skin will capture the net, growing over it and absorbing it, and thereby will release me. I am blessed indeed. Few of us can claim such a comfort.

Oreo O's

By James Croal Jackson

A man in his mid-
thirties starts his day
as a child, leaving
a bowl of brown milk—

though the lakes are still
blue, the world
is ending. A Jehovah's
Witness told me so,
but does love have
to be a branch out-
of-grasp at the end?

Say hugs are
enough. Her sugar-
coated smile.
My teeth pain,
gums bleeding.

On the Way to Brunch in Troy Hill

By James Croal Jackson

I am your passenger on Penn Avenue. Crowds
this first sunny day of the year. All the kitschy

restaurants can't afford rent in The Strip anymore,
you say. But neither of us have ever bought from

any of these novelty stores, though that's what
gives its atmosphere. We both merely gaze at

antiques and refuse candied ants. Before turning
onto 16th Street Bridge, you point out McDonald's,

windows graffitied now, closed. I didn't know.
I toss my hands up in some exasperated prayer,

unsure why this is what would make me care.

Parkinson's Dreams

By Lon Kaufman

It's midnight.
That midnight blue on the cover
of the Batman comic book you read
when you were 6.
You're running

up an endless mound
of white-hot black coals while
your green plastic comrades
are melting out red dye #2.
You look back

Cheerios cardboard
cutout soldiers stand still,
a frieze upon the coals,
and aim,

at you. Your lungs choke.
Your feet burn. Your eyes sting.
You look back again. The cardboard
soldiers are closer.
You scream,

"You're made of cardboard
why don't you burn!" Wait
you can't scream in your sleep.
Wait!

Parkinson's is your superpower.
You can scream in your sleep.
Wake up!

MASH is on the tube.
Your beautifully-cool, fluffy, fiberfill,
memory-foam mattress is on fire
in your six-alarm studio apartment.

Art as Mirror

By Theo Morris

A triptych with identical panels
of a figure bent over and crying
in a candy cane polo shirt,

frayed denim shorts over red, sweaty knees,
each one scratched as hard as if carved,
head squeezed into a beanie cap

more fit to be a bottlecap,
the same sobbing figure in three golden frames
of mocking cherubim.

I demand one more panel

On the wing

By Tim Pilgrim

Rain, spring day, gray. School shootings
war dead, mall shoppers slain.
I silence TV, shift gaze to garden
sip tea, try to breathe. Hawks circle
one dives, chases a robin my way.
Slam — into patio glass. Hawk grabs
stunned prey as mate swoops
sends frantic jay toward the same pane.
I step out, scream, wave
the blue blur veers, flees.
One small killing cycle impeded
death on the wing,

Silent ... rowboat

By Diane Webster

Empty rowboat, inside
oars relax ...
an old woman's hands
fold in her lap;
ripples slosh
against wooden planks ...
dreams massage
her brain into slumber,
and both drift off.

CONTRIBUTORS

Pulkita Anand is an avid reader of poetry. Author of two children's e-books, her recent eco-poetry collection is '*we were not born to be erased*'. Various publications include: short stories kids, *New Verse News*, *Green Verse: An anthology of poems for our planet* (Saraband Publication), *Comparative Women* (Origami Press), *Asiatic*, (Inanna Publication), *Bronze Bird Books*, *SAGE Magazine*, *The Sunlight Press*, Farm Girl Press and elsewhere.

Cassandra Atherton is a leading international scholar and expert on prose poetry and an award-winning prose poet. She has written extensively on atomic bomb literature and hibakusha poetry and is writing a book of prose poetry on the Hiroshima Maidens with funding from the Australia council. Cassandra co-authored *Prose Poetry: An Introduction* (Princeton University Press, 2020) and co-edited the *Anthology of Australian Prose Poetry* (Melbourne University Press, 2020) with Paul Hetherington, and they are currently co-writing *Ekphrastic Poetry: An Introduction* (Princeton UP, 2027). She is a Distinguished Professor of Writing and Literature in Melbourne, Australia.

Jennifer Campbell is a writing professor in Buffalo, NY, and a co-editor of *Earth's Daughters*. She has two full-length poetry collections and a chapbook of reconstituted fairytale poems titled *What Came First* (Dancing Girl Press, 2021). Jennifer's work has recently appeared in *Bacopa Literary Review*, *NOVUS*, and *Healing Muse*.

Marietta Calvanico has lived a rich and varied life. She built a career in advertising/marketing, worked with her architect husband in client relations and doing agency work, raised a daughter who is a teacher, and played bass in dive bars. She has shared her homes with many cats. From her Staten Island condo's balcony, she can see New Jersey. From the porch of her house on the Delaware River in PA, she can see New Jersey. Both homes are excellent places to write. Her poetry, fiction and memoir pieces have appeared online and in print. Among her most recent publications is a double broadside entitled *Requiem*, published by Ink Publications.

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.

John Grey is an Australian poet, US resident, recently published in *Shift*, *River And South*, and *Flights*. Latest books, *Bittersweet*, *Subject Matters*, and *Between Two Fires* are available through Amazon. Work upcoming in *Rush*, *Writer's Block* and *Trampoline*.

Kevin Armor Harris lives in England and writes short texts with a shameless disinterest in whatever categories they fit into. His work has appeared or is forthcoming in *Dream Catcher*, *Short Fiction*, *Thin Skin*, *Streetcake*, *Modern Literature*, *Metaworker*, *Literary Yard*, *Writer's Block* and *Flash Fiction North*. <https://kevinarmorharris.uk/>.

James Croal Jackson is a Filipino-American poet working in film production. His latest chapbook is *A God You Believed In* (Pinhole Poetry, 2023). Recent poems are in *ITERANT*, *Stirring*, and *The Indianapolis Review*. He edits *The Mantle Poetry* from Nashville, Tennessee. (jamescroaljackson.com)

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

Theo Morris' publications include *ABZ*, *Cartridge Lit*, *Home Planet News*, *JAKE*, *Jet Fuel Review*, *Unbroken Journal*, and *Variety Pack*. He has an MFA from West Virginia Wesleyan College.

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

Diane Webster lives in western Colorado. Her poetry has appeared in *North Dakota Quarterly*, *New English Review*, *Studio One* and other literary magazines. Her haiku/senryu have appeared in *Failed Haiku*, *Kokako*, *Enchanted Garden Haiku*. Five micro-chaps have been published by *Origami Poetry Press*. Diane has been nominated for Best of the Net and three times for a Pushcart. Diane retired in 2022 after 40 years in the newspaper industry. She was a featured writer in *Macrame Literary Journal* and *WestWard Quarterly*. Her website is: www.dianewebster.com

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by Eric Evans

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