



From the Editors

Another six months, another issue of *The Bond Street Review* to share with all of you – time does fly when you're reading pages and pages of submissions. Not that we're complaining, of course – far from it. We're happy to read everything that comes our way, even if it doesn't do the trick for us. Luckily, we received so many pieces that did speak to us, pieces about divorce and grief, about translated Japanese classified ads and then turning off the damn computer, about long-delayed dental work and the curiosity aroused by the ghostly violin sounds emanating from beyond the neighbors' walls. We love throwing all of these disparate poems into a box and watching them fight amongst themselves. It's like literature as bloodsport ... only less grisly, we suppose and without having to do laundry afterwards.

Here's hoping that some of these pieces, however, leave a little stain on you – enough of one that you feel compelled to share the issue with many, many others. All we can say to that is – follow your impulse. Hit the “forward” button like crazy and make it earn its keep.

One last note – the Winter 2018 issue will be another themed issue. We'll be looking for pieces about work - the workplace, your job (looking for a job, finding a job, hating your job ...), anything related to your vocational life. We'll begin accepting submissions on October 1st. You can find submission guidelines, at the Ink Publications website - www.inkpublications.com. Send us your good stuff.

Until next time,

Eric Evans &
Kathy Sochia,
Editors

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The Divorce

By Michael Brownstein

knocked the earth out of me,
thick clods, mud worn,
blood listing from the Bodhi tree,

so I took the bones and planted them
in the grass filled yard of leaf and wind
near the place where breathing comes easy.

After The Will Is Read, I Am Given Custody Of The Old Mop

By Michael Brownstein

I want to get regenerated into whoever I am supposed to be.
A clam perhaps.
A sea lion.
The beginning curl of a great wave stretching itself across the ocean.
Maybe just a unicorn.

These are the things I have learned:
Reflective noise,
Protein maladjustment,
Everything double sided except for the palm of my hand.

Outside the grey moon almost blue has a Spanish hue,
Olive and bran,
Strong willed and intent,
Muscle bound weather permitting.

If by some chance I fall on my head and die,
What happens to everything I never did before?

How To Kill A Poet

By Jakima Davis

Time to explore new territory
A big world there is changes
Bounded with new ideas
Are on the rise everything before
Of the past that's part of the
Old world exploring old school
Required time to think
Outside the box looking in
New eyes looking with cat eyes
Time to belong and marching
Into the city walking in the sea
Time to touch that hand on new art

Time to write new kind of lyrics
Time to look into brand new eyes
Time to build brand new walls
Draw upon new inspiration
Time to light a fire of ambition
Time to dream a new dream
Time to have a brilliant mind
Time to act crazy on the outside
Let people know just who you are
Souls coming out of the brain
Time for the art of bliss to rise up
Time to make an aphorism anthem

Many sides in every corner
Learning how to kill a poet
How to kill a poet minute by minute
How to kill a poet in the blackness
How to kill a poet, how to kill a poet
How to kill a poet, how to kill a poet
How to kill a poet, how to kill a poet
How to kill a poet, how to kill a poet

Learning how to fly and stunt
Know how to kill a poet in moments
Hang onto the balance cause
It's hard to learn how to kill a poet

Confiscated

By Holly Day

She puts her fingers over the disaster, closes
dead white eyes once filled with pain. She kisses
his tiny feet one last time, closes the lid, the end, the end.

Stars shine bright and scream of miracles, illuminates
the fresh hole that yawns in the graveyard soil.
She denies this end, outside the door, she denies
that there is an end.

I Think of Love

By Holly Day

What you must think of me, from seeing only
my fingers flutter against the window panes
as I watch the children in the morning playing in the street
the men getting into their cars on their way to work
the mothers in their housecoats shuffling cheerfully through their days.
Do you know there's a woman attached to these fingers, and if so,
do you imagine me to be beautiful, old,
or some kind of monster?

Across the street, a dog barks loudly and angrily
at something, and I pretend
this dog can see me, and sees me as some sort of threat, as if
it thinks about me opening the door to my house and stepping outside
someday, maybe. Even though
I can barely see his black nose
pressed against the window from where I am
I imagine this noisy dog to be some sort of large breed,
a Doberman, a pit bull maybe
something much too ferocious to ever confront.

Emily As We Whip The Stoic

By Darren C. Demaree

I've started to work on my breathing.
I take off my clothes. I sit down
on my back deck. I close my eyes

to imagine the moon on a moonless night.
I take the chill on my skin. I let the chill
inside of me. I allow the sweat of the day

to escape me fully. When I open myself
to the world I notice that Emily
has found the batteries to her vibrator

& is taunting me from beneath the bulb
in our bedroom. I've abandoned most
centering to join her orneriest of moments.

Emily As Sadness Has No Taste

By Darren C. Demaree

I took the wrong pills
last night. I cratered
in the Park of Roses.

Emily found me there.
She kissed me lips
despite my loss of salt.

Trump As A Fire Without Light #30

By Darren C. Demaree

If he was a stranger this would make sense, but we know all of his names. We know all of his moves. We know he waited for the darkness, so that he might be the light. We know he is not the light. We know he hates almost all of us. We know he doesn't want to lead us. We know he wants to suppress us. We know he means to consume the world. We offered him the world. We know he means to consume the world. We offered him the world. We know he means to consume the world. We offered him the world.

A Baggy Old Spirit

By William Doreski

A warm spot on the verandah where I'm sipping iced chamomile tea. The clock in the Unitarian steeple strikes fourteen. Its gears are short on teeth. A distant engine gnashes itself to scrap. A delivery of frozen vegetables thaws on the sidewalk.

You relax in the comfort of your recessive genes. As your coffee slumps in a paper cup you glance the length of the verandah to catch my eye, but I drop my gaze so it shatters on the gray plank floor. Too bad the distance has toughened like drying cement.

Too bad our individual carcasses have so many clumsy details and so little in common. You're drawing on a sketch pad. I'm scribbling in a notebook. We pretend our work is the work of the world.

Over this scene a baggy old spirit presides. Not quite Emersonian or Vedic, and not of Mary Baker Eddy's party, either, this entity has embalmed us in our own fluids, sealing us against each other.

All of humanity's problems stem from man's inability to sit quietly in a room alone.

Blaise Pascal (1623-1662)

By Michael Estabrook

1

He drives his wife to her doctor's appointment
goes with her grocery shopping
waits at the bus stop for the grandchildren
takes his grandson to gymnastics. Being retired
with nothing to do makes him too nervous.

2

If he would've finished his PhD in Literature or not
dropped out of med school or continued playing his sax
or kept up with his French, Latin or Dutch, karate
swimming or ballroom dancing he would've made
something special of himself, something, anything.

3

How many ways can I find to waste time:
grocery shopping with the wife, another children's
basketball game, check out all the news on Facebook,
another episode of Judge Judy . . . need to slap
myself around remind myself you only go around once.

Banjo

By Mitchell Krockmalnik Grabois

Why am I here?

I murdered my wife with a banjo, her banjo, the one she got at the pawn shop. She was teaching herself to play. A melody got in her head, that song that the retarded kid played in the movie *Deliverance*. She wouldn't stop playing it. I asked her nicely, at first anyway.

She was part of a neighborhood music renaissance. The guy downstairs had bought a ukulele. He bought it at the same pawnshop. In fact, they went there together. They held hands walking over. I watched them from our apartment window. My wife wore pigtails. The downstairs neighbor had buck teeth.

I was still working in the sawmill, still driving my powder blue '55 Chevy pick-up, powder blue because the paint was turning to powder. I don't believe in change. I want my life to be unchanging. This infusion of music troubled me. The guy downstairs played *Over the Rainbow* over and over. It was his secret communication with my wife, his response to the hillbilly banjo song she played, picking out notes, each one a tiny jet of pheromones. It was like they were fucking through the ceiling, her on top.

I couldn't take it anymore. I grabbed the banjo out of her hands. The rim was hard and shiny. Her blood splashed on it, an art deco design. Then it was quiet in our apartment. The guy downstairs stopped playing. I studied the art deco pattern on the banjo and the pleasantly quiet mannequin on the floor.

Sandwich

By Mitchell Krockmalnik Grabois

Cheryl is celibate, not by her own choice. She also spends too much time on Facebook. When she looks up at the clock, the whole night has passed and she's not gone to bed, not gotten any sleep. She falls onto the couch, sleeps all day, gets up as the sun goes down, some kind of digital vampire, and does it all over again. She changes her profile pic like most people change their underwear. Cheryl wears no underwear.

There's a beehive inside her wall and the bees are getting into her room. The landlord refuses to acknowledge her complaints. Cheryl borrows a vacuum cleaner and sucks them up, sucks them up as they crawl on the window sill and bat their bodies against the window, trying to escape. Cheryl has painted the window shut. She didn't mean to, but now it's done.

She opens the vacuum bag and there they are, stunned or dead. She spreads peanut butter on sourdough bread and crushes bee bodies on top, after washing them and carefully removing their stingers. *This is a kind of honey*, she says aloud. She takes a bite. *Not bad*, she says.

She goes to her computer. She writes into a Facebook box: *sexless. eating peanut butter and bee sandwiches*. People she doesn't know, her "friends," respond: *I love you. We love you.*

Cheryl takes the bus downtown so she can be an exile on Main Street. In her mouth is a strange aftertaste from the peanut butter and bee sandwich she ate. She may have missed a couple of the stingers when she painstakingly removed them. They're like fish bones, hard to get them all.

The sunlight is so strong that Cheryl wonders if it will make her turn into a monster, like in a movie she saw when she was a kid. Though she lives in L.A., Cheryl is not used to the sun. She lives in Facebook all night and sleeps during the day. *Don't you ever sleep?* her "friends" ask her.

Like many young women, Cheryl once dreamed of being a Movie Star and having her skirt blown up around her ears like Marilyn Monroe. But by now she knows she'll never be a movie star. Or even close.

Rampant Neglect

By Mitchell Krockmalnik Grabois

My girlfriend, my dentist said: *Get out. I can't live with you anymore. Your rampant neglect of your teeth fills me with disgust, despair, anger, not on occasion but every minute of every day.*

It's a sign of disrespect of yourself and of me. You're an adult now, no longer a child whose head was filled with your mother's paranoid delusions, chief among them the stupid notion that going to dentists creates cavities and worse dental problems, like the ones you have. This is idiocy, Mitchell. I can't tolerate it any more.

So it had finally come to this. I could tell she was serious. In the past she could be playful about my neglect of my many dental problems, tooth and root, crown and gum. She could be tolerant, but no more. She'd reached her limit. She would no longer be blackmailed by the fact that she had raped me in her dental chair during my first appointment, when I was flying on nitrous oxide.

It's time for you to man up she said.

I had tens of thousands of dollars of work that needed doing but the thing is: she was going to do it all for free and she was going to do it herself, with all the love, care and attention she could bring to bear.

I said: *Okay, you win. I'll make an appointment in the morning.*

She gave me a blindingly triumphant smile.

Duplex

By James Croal Jackson

the muffled songs
made me wonder
who played violin
on the other side

who cradled the bowstring
whose long haunting moans
whispered my name
in its dried throat
beyond the wooden wall
who itself whispered
its own ghosts
its dead fingerprints

its clamoring
to live again

YAMAHA BB Series Best BB3000

By Tom Lavrakas

Wine red

Up for auction

Insufficient product description

Muses like nothing I cannot do

The promise, no request to desist

No frets and no sound

Thank you for seeing

Anyway please do not bid

Too demanding conception

Something is lost

Little in excellent condition

Self-Switching Selves

By Moses Omusolo

Sometimes,
'tis better to be existing
than to be living,

sometimes,
'tis better to be living,
than to be existing.

Thus, when tired
of living,
I exist;
When tired
Of existing,
I live.

But to live
is hard work,
is to struggle,
is to strain,
is to wrestle,
sometimes
minus gain.

But to exist
is quite simple:
'tis simple as,
"cogito ergo sum":
I think
therefore
I exist.

Time Trial

By Valery V. Petrovskiy

Sixty meters
is a short distance race
to start at elementary school once

the two of us competed
me and Boris
both the last in the ranks

one could never outrun another
now he's going to have his 60th anniversary
should we take a final heat

Searching For Symbols In A Town Without A River

By Robert Ronnow

I begin the day buying yogurt in a small
favorite grocery store. The clerk
a man of few pretenses was making jokes
about his wife, how they fight in bed.
Discovering the better stores in the community.
In a given day, isolated from friends,
I speak to few people. An old woman
asks me for directions to the post office
or I speak to a stranger over the phone about night work.

At home my every thought comes to the counterpoint of a dream:
a girl I love surprises me by knocking on the window.
I ply my arts all day alone.
After this silence like being hidden away in the woods
in a cabin, bored
but owing no member of society an explanation,
invitation to a party. A flow of wine and devilish drugs
and quickly I am making a fool of myself.

My new friends like me
but when they think about me at all,
they wonder.

Wandering home
through the midnight air, alone again,
free, admiring
the ghostly houses of my new neighbors
by new moonlight.

Obituaries

By Peter Streitz

Should be “orbits”
Not “obits”
Because the end’s
. . . always known.
Full circle
Not a dead man
walking.
A dead man
talking.
About his life.
Her life
The physical . . .
existence.
Highs and lows
With both ends
—tied in bows—
no matter the illness.
Mishap!
Act of God?
Could’ve been
the Devil
This last stop
Where it can’t
. . . be put into words.

Yet there—
it's scrawled
Line after line
A life
With places,
times and dates
Births, deaths
and marriages
Jobs and education

And as the final . . .
sentence nears
the “end” period
..... appears.
Burying the relics
. . . deep . . .
within your greyest
of matter.

Contributors

Michael H. Brownstein has been widely published throughout the small and literary presses. His work has appeared in *The Café Review*, *American Letters and Commentary*, *Skidrow Penthouse*, *Xavier Review*, *Hotel Amerika*, *Free Lunch*, *Meridian Anthology of Contemporary Poetry*, *The Pacific Review*, *Poetrysuperhighway.com* and others. In addition, he has nine poetry chapbooks including *The Shooting Gallery*, *Poems from the Body Bag*, *A Period of Trees*, *What Stone Is*, *I Was a Teacher Once*, *Firestorm: A Rendering of Torah*, *The Possibility of Sky and Hell: From My Suicide Book*) and *The Katy Trail*, *Mid-Missouri*, *100 Degrees Outside and Other Poems*. He is the editor of *First Poems from Viet Nam*.

Jakima Davis has been writing for 17 years. She has been published in mostly underground publications. She has collaborated with Mark Sonnenfeld on a Chapbook entitled, *JMDS*, published by Marymark Press. She has also been included in the Profile Series published by Bone World Publishing.

Holly Day has taught writing classes at the Loft Literary Center in Minneapolis, Minnesota, since 2000. Her poetry has recently appeared in *Tampa Review*, *SLAB*, and *Gargoyle*, while her recently published books include *Northeast Minneapolis: A History*, *A Brief History of Stillwater Minnesota*, and *Ugly Girl*

Darren C. Demaree is the author of six poetry collections, most recently "Many Full Hands Applauding Inelegantly" (2016, 8th House Publishing). He is the Managing Editor of the *Best of the Net Anthology* and *Ovenbird Poetry*. He is currently living in Columbus, Ohio with his wife and children.

William Doreski lives in Peterborough, New Hampshire, in a small house in the woods. He taught at Keene State College for many years, but has now retired to feed the deer and wild turkeys. He has published three critical studies, including *Robert Lowell's Shifting Colors*. His essays, poetry, fiction, and reviews have appeared in many journals and several small-press books. His forthcoming book of poetry is *The Last Concert*.

Michael Estabrook is retired. No more useless meetings under florescent lights in stuffy windowless rooms, able instead to focus on making better poems when he's not, of course, endeavoring to satisfy his wife's legendary Honey-Do List. His latest collection of poems is *Bouncy House*.

Mitchell Krockmalnik Grabois has had over twelve-hundred of his poems and fictions appear in literary magazines in the U.S. and abroad, including *The Bond Street Review*. He has been nominated for numerous prizes. His novel,

Two-Headed Dog, based on his work as a clinical psychologist in a state hospital, is available for Kindle and Nook, or as a print edition. To see more of his work, Google *Mitchell Krockmalnik Grabois*. He lives in Denver.

James Croal Jackson's poetry has appeared in *The Bitter Oleander*, *Rust + Moth*, *Isthmus*, and elsewhere. His first chapbook is forthcoming from Writing Knights Press. He is the 2016 William Redding Memorial Poetry Contest winner in his current city of Columbus, Ohio. Visit him at jimjakk.com.

Tom Lavrakas has worked as an editor in the equity research racket for more than 20 years, experiencing a giddy cycle of economic crises that allowed him to be laid off by some of the leading global financial institutions. He is currently recovering in Chiang Mai, Thailand, where he is working on poems inspired by the Warren Commission report. Tom likes eating mangoes and playing the bass guitar when his neck doesn't ache and is an amateur photographer who has never taken a picture of a cat or a meal. He believes that found poetry is regrettably underappreciated by the average Joe. His e-book *Imprecision: Bass Poems* is readily available to anyone with the gumption to find it.

Moses Omusolo is a Freelance Journalist based in Kenya. His essays and business articles have appeared in mainstream papers such as the Daily Nation, The Standard, The Star, among others. He writes exclusively on business and entrepreneurship at risktakers.co.ke and poetry at sixlinestories.wordpress.com, as well as theliteratisite.wordpress.com. He spends most of his free time in books, prayers, preaching, and traveling.

Valery V. Petrovskiy is an acclaimed author from the Chuvashia region of Russia. His prose has appeared in journals from around the world, and he is a Pushcart Prize nominee. As for poetry, he has his poems published in *The Missing Slate*, *Poetry Pacific*, *BRICKrhetoric*, *Blue Lyra Review*, and *Fine Flu Journal*.

Robert Ronnow's most recent poetry collections are *New & Selected Poems: 1975-2005* and *Communicating the Bird*. Visit his web site at www.ronnowpoetry.com.

Peter Streitz is an old fart who was born an iconoclastic hick in upstate New York; raised by a single mom after my dad flew the coop instead of flying The Hump--over the Burma Road in World War Two--where he won the Distinguish Flying Cross by losing both the Japs and his mind. His inevitable departure didn't affect me—as I morphed into an All-American boy and athlete who was awarded a four year, full-boat scholarship to Alfred University (which I rejected upon further review) before counter-culturing my way towards the only degree ever given by Boston University in Alternative Education.

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by Eric Evans

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by Carly Christiansen

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to www.inkpublications.com