

A glowing lightbulb is the central focus, emitting a warm, yellow light. It is set against a dark background with a perforated metal surface visible behind it. The lightbulb has some faint markings on its top, including the letters 'E10' and the number '1055 10'. The overall mood is intimate and focused.

the
bond
street
review

summer, 2011

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from the editor

Welcome to the inaugural issue of *The Bond Street Review*, a collection of writing featuring Carl Sandburg and Robert Frost kissing over a fence top, The Cramps, granite pigeons and, of course, shipbuilding. This endeavor has been a long time coming and I'm beyond excited to send it out into the world, a low-budget bird finally encouraged to take flight from the safety of its basement desk of a nest.

Enjoy. And please submit your work for consideration for the next issue.

Until January, 2012 ...

A handwritten signature in black ink on a white background, reading "Eric Evans". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style.

Eric Evans
Editor

b-side

by alicia hoffman

Let it be charcoal, let it be ash, let it be Sunday
in Piazza Grande, granite pigeons and inlaid steps,

the sun – blind fire piercing arrows through the day,
out-shooting the other side – let us ride that pontoon

to the end of the canal, let it be the sound of robins
and sparrows, indistinguishable from any other bird,

pleasant and innocuous, that sway us to rhythm
in the dark till we are pillow and flame, flint

and cat, and while you're at it, let in the things
we may not want, the garbage, the undisclosed,

all the things no one discusses here; the lame dog
with the limp suspiciously dangerous, supposedly able

to bite, because of the mange, because in this book
there is no easy end, because this is a cautionary tale,

let this be the wound in need of emergency service,
the hospital's cross, the bandage; let this be

the war song, the bit part on the b-side
of the record – the wound, the blood, the heal.

back

by alicia hoffman

to the train car
outside long island,

where everything is
old stone mansion &

play-ground – later,
the curve of yours,

the way it will linger
near the shadow

& flicker off the tree
purchased from a boy-scout

store front lot, frozen
in the winter air, dried

leaves icing over, melting
out only days after

the thaw, the branches
weighed down &

overturned, credit
cards established or

denied, the slow turn
of thirty, forty . . . we carry

this life's present: the years
turn backward: always

a train car passing
long island, wanting

what is outside, wishing
for whatever it was back.

my wife grocery shopping

by michael estabrook

Serious business,
arms folded across her chest,
scrutinizing the shelves,
checking this brand then that,
referring back to her list.
"I can't read that,
can you read that?"
she asks me, consternation
clutching her brow.
She reads some labels,
moving her lips silently,
her reading glasses
at the end of her nose.
I can see why men
go to supermarkets
to pick up women. She's
so nicely dressed, her comfortable
light blue top hinting
at her lush sweet body beneath,
Capri's tight and smooth
wrapped around her pretty legs.
Yes here I am grocery shopping
with my wife thinking
if she weren't mine already,
I'd try to pick her up myself.

build a ship, kids

by jakima davis

I don't know what
You've heard about me
I can make a dollar
It's business over matter
Let me build a ship, kids

I'm up to my knees
Falling downhill to me
Heart over the matter
My body's the secret of the soul
My voice is the message

My heart's on fire
That often burns up inside
With my favorite time
I can't have it all
Life's a holiday for me

Running in daylight
Medicine by the spoonful
I'm catching that train
Find a way to bring it back
Let me build a ship, kids

building fences

by lisa feinstein

This is Sandburg kissing Frost hard on the mouth in my front yard.
Fences making good neighbors where two city streets meet,
the corner where my pretty ghetto hide-away emerges from a morning of cat feet
and last-night-emptied bottles strewn on asphalt sprouting cracks and weeds.

Children stop and stare as my brother wields a hole-tap, blonde haired, blue eyed,
he stabs the earth with this spear, a medieval weapon it seems,
clearing away clumps of soil, to plant a fence post, where a gate will swing

on cast iron hinges between the hedges I have been shearing since early spring.
Sirens call. Cars reply. Three boys race down the sidewalk
in someone's grandmother's wheel chair – waving to me and my brother.

Shattered glass lines my front-porch floor, shards of a rock thrown weeks ago
when summer still burned the city. We laugh in the dirt, my brother and I,
until he goes home, back to his horses, and I finally sweep the glass from my porch.

I never planned to live here alone, but the whistles, cheers and hard hits of a game
echo off the neighboring houses and allow the high school that is three blocks away
to float over the newly-hung gate and onto my freshly-swept porch.

making stone soup

by lisa feinstein

It is a fable to be sure,
folded over, steeped
in a cast iron pot swung just above
a tedious fire. A hag woman,

wilted like wet bay leaves, saltier
than month-old meat, seasoned, never cured,
crouched in rags as a blaze lights up
her face, speckled brow,

jowled countenance, kerchief clad head. She is

pure woodland lore, tethered to her hovel
by swollen knees. She is weary
with loss and a stretched womb
that has scattered lambs across the countryside.

This is not pathetic. We all tend embers.
Her hard leathery hands caress
an old wooden spoon, inveighing strangers to share
a potato or two, a handful of sweet peas

the rare parsnip or a bag of dried beans.
And she stirs, her fire casting
your shadow among the trees,
you flickering on knotty pines

begging on her behalf
for something of substance
to toss into the pot, to sweeten the stew,
to flavor your life with savory herbs
and exotic seeds.

There cannot be stone soup for two
It is folly to believe we can build this
alone, get by on bland meals,
all water and stone, all mine or all yours.

Yet we cannot stand still,
play the mendicant. I will carry a new cauldron
for you, and leave the tired crone,
in search of new villages, colorful townships,

hamlets bursting with autumn squashes,
glorious grains and spices so rare
our tongues
will dance like flame.

customs

by jim babwe

Last night
Wall of Voodoo
Jane's Addiction
and The Cramps
at Baby Rocking Baja Lobster
tacos, talk, and no tequila for me--
not this time.

I like finding my car
and usually
I don't mind driving,
but this morning's wait
to cross the border
with the velvet Elvis painting
and plaster Homer Simpson banks
between exhaust, exhausted,
bouncing stacks of cotton candy,
woven blankets, laundry baskets,
leather wallets, leather belts,
and staring starving children
chanting *chicle chicle*
for nickles, dimes, a dollar--
anything until we've slowly rolled
into the zone
where secondary customs sniffing dogs
and random questions search
for contraband
about two hours south
of Disneyland.

Nazis
built a wall.

No.
That's not right.

In 1961,
they were just
normal Germans.

Weren't they?

Miller's Vietnam Thing

by Eric Evans

What should it be tonight? Miller wondered. My Lai or Kent State? Lyndon Johnson on TV or the monk on fire? So much to choose from and still, presumably, so long to go. It was work, keeping this Vietnam thing alive, keeping in touch with the year that defined the old man and, naturally, Miller too.

It had been Miller's constant for, what, nearing twenty years now? Ever since that day with the duffle bag and the note left pinned to a pillow, ever since enough became too much and out was the only option left. Through school and jobs, marriage and kids, fear and boredom. The folder of photos secured in the desk drawer always called, always offered up its power for his singular use.

Sometimes the pictures were torn from newspapers and magazines, fractions of sentences still surrounding the image, other times they were neatly trimmed, almost suitable for framing, sometimes photocopied, sometimes original, paintings and photos, sketches and landscapes, black and white, color, the randomness essential to the spell.

And what a spell it was, rapturing Miller as he redirected its force towards the old man, a prism of anger and retribution, of hanging on and letting go, the intimate quarrel of one with the other. It was like a lover, Miller faithful in all his other pursuits as husband and father, brother and friend. It was where the dark impulses instinctively flowed, drawn by the comfort of recognition and the forgiveness of those that came before. It was where he conceded to his lineage, in some convoluted ways even embraced it, gave himself to its force and determination, to its hydra-like ability to regenerate itself, to marvel at its twin powers of reduction and expansion, sometimes simultaneously, to locate the raw nerve of any moment and probe it with near-scientific curiosity, enamored with the chemical properties of the information gained.

Miller's folder was his periodic table, his laboratory, mixing this image with that mood, just add postage and imagine the psychic explosion waiting in the old man's mailbox, the fuse so easy to light when the retributive mood struck, the random strike, the precision shot, the strafe from above and the tripwire below, all options in his arsenal of justified returns.

Where to begin tonight? Miller considered as he made his way downstairs, coffee in hand and the task before him, envelope addressed and the stamps in place. Some old TIME-LIFE photo of a soldier bandaged and bloodied, his stare a thousand miles away? Or one of all that sickening orange consuming so much lush green, nature no match for napalm? A portrait of that bastard Westmoreland? Or maybe that poor little girl, naked and on fire, her skin still burning as hot as it ever did?

contributors

Jim Babwe is a writer and photographer from Encinitas, California.

Jakima Davis is a writer born in Charleston, SC and raised in Mount Vernon, NY. She started writing poetry eleven years ago, in part to relieve boredom. Her work has been published in several high school and college newspapers and magazines. She also recently published a broadside through MaryMark Press. She holds a B.A. in History from Concordia College.

Michael Estabrook is a baby boomer who began getting his poetry published in the late 1980s. Over the years he has published 15 poetry chapbooks, his most recent entitled *When the Muse Speaks*. Other interests include art, music, theatre, opera, and his wife who just happens to be the most beautiful woman he has ever known.

Eric Evans is a writer and musician from Buffalo, New York with stops in Portland, Oregon and Rochester, New York where he currently resides with his wife, Diane, and son, Henry. His work has appeared in *Artvoice*, *decomp magazinE*, *Tangent Magazine*, *Posey*, *Xenith Magazine*, *Anobium Literary Journal*, *Pemmican Press*, *Remark* and many other publications as well as a few anthologies. He has published seven full collections and three broadsides through his own small press, Ink Publications, in addition to a broadside through Lucid Moon Press. He is the editor of *The Bond Street Review* as well as the proud recipient of the 2009 Geva Theatre Center Summer Academy Snapple Fact Award.

Lisa Feinstein is a poet and writer who shares her western New York ghetto-hideaway with a neurotic coon hound and a fat cat. Lisa's writing has appeared in the online journals *Poetry Midwest*, *Flutter Poetry Journal*, *Up the Staircase*, *The Houston Literary Review* and has been printed in *Jigsaw*, *Hazmat Review*, *Vincent Brothers Review*, *GUD Magazine* and *Stone Canoe*.

Alicia Hoffman lives, writes and teaches in Rochester, New York. She has taken an interest in reading and writing from the moment she learned to remember. Recent poems can be found in online and print journals such as *Oak Bend Review*, *Boston Literary Magazine*, *Redactions*, *elimaë*, *Umbrella*, *Writer's Bloc*, *Red Wheelbarrow*, *decomp* and elsewhere. She can be reached at newyorkcatcher@gmail.com.

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