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
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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.