

2018

Brick House Review



Photograph by Laura Branford



Photograph by Laura Brantford

*The 2018 edition of the Brick House Review is dedicated to Dr. Anne Bonemery, whose patience, professionalism, and unwavering support will be dearly missed.
We love you.*

Founding Editor

PJ Jongbloed

Senior Editors

Sharis Lewis

Karolise Williams

Layout and Design

Kathryn Szmyt

Produced by Michelle Rubiera

Special thanks to Dr. Anne Bonemary

Contents

Untitled , Janui Patel.....	3
City of Lions , Mickey Rodrigues	4
Flower's , Jose Martinez	4
Fishing , Laura Bradford	5
Bandits of Sorrow , Christopher Sullivan	6
Untitled , Moses Gonzalez	7
Armchair Hawks , James Bradford	8
Gold Mountain , Kalum Eddy	9
Love Letters From a King , Ibn Husein Muhammad	10-13
The Glow of Streets at Night , Laura Bradford	14
Untitled , Jessica Rivera	14
Untitled , Tyler LaPlante	15
Lexicon Corp. , Christopher Sullivan	16
Untitled , Jessica Rivera	17
How Poetic , Christopher Sullivan	18
Untitled , Jessica Rivera	18
Phobia , Christopher Sullivan	19
Hippopotamus Sumo Wrestler , William Bradford	19
Untitled , Olivia Barkett	20
Flores , Laura Bradford	21
Untitled , Olivia Barkett	21
Dreams Inspired by Daddy , Marisol Nieves	22 - 25
Untitled , Olivia Barkett	25
Untitled , Jessica Rivera	26
Untitled , Janui Patel.....	27



Untitled
Janvi Patel

City Of Lions

Mickey Rodrigues

A city to call my very own, as if I was king but so alone. The darkness rises, shrinking the fire of life within my soul. When the wind starts to blow, sounding like a lion's roar that controls the fire running through my veins. While looking for signs of life, I can feel death's grip around my neck, feeding off my light as the lion roars once more. Determined to find the one I want, I find the light I was looking for. I look into your eyes to see the light. On the path of life, I come across a lioness staring me down, hoping I would blink, she finds that I'm worthy and walks with me to my throne, once I sit, she roars claiming my life source.



Flower's
Jose Martinez

Fishing

Laura Bradford

Based on a painting by van Gogh

A cinnamon-haired artist stares back at himself,
as brushstrokes fall onto his canvas
like so many spring petals.

Beside a hacked-up tree he sits by the water,
staring at a lonely boat. His lowered expression says,
Go away. The fish aren't biting.

An ageless gray bridge arches overhead
like an indifferent deity.
Flowers blossom in a haze.

Their reflections float in the water
as green and yellow leaves
stretch out in the shade of his brush.

Bandits of Sorrow

Christopher Sullivan

In my hand there is a locket
to hold a picture of someone special.
In my heart there is a locket
but it is filled with tears.
I stare into the locket and see my child's face.
Once again I fill the locket.
A boxcar of memories spills open
as my train of thought is derailed by bandits of sorrow.
The memories project on my skull
like an old drive in movie.
Playing back "The Great Fight"
and "The Night I was Forced Out."
Never Again.
I close the locket
and tuck it away.
My eyes and face are dry because my soul is filled with sand.
My hardened exterior betrays nothing
yet my locket is filled with tears.



Untitled
Moses Gonzales

Armchair Hawks

James Bradford

They came back from Vietnam
Only to be spat upon
They deploy to far away
And risk their lives in every fray
They do their duty in every way
Inside, bad memories will ever stay
The soldiers, to their duties, pledge
While others play their games and hedge
Politicians sit and plan attacks
And vehemently deny the facts
Soldiers do not start the wars
They finish them and get the scars
Politicians start the wars and smile
As they strut about all the while
If it were up to soldiers to say
There would be no war today.



Gold Mountain
Kalum Eddy

Love Letters From A King

Ibn Husein Muhammad

Long ago, light years away from earth there was a planet where magic reigned supreme. On this planet there was a king named Zeid, whose magic, was the seed that all his people believed. Every spell he wrote inspired his people to do great things. If he wrote a spell about fertile lands his people executed the plans. King Zeid wrote magical spells for food, wealth and shelter for all his people in all of his lands. Everything they wished for he granted with his writing hand, every body loved him, but no one loved him more than his queen.

Queen Cosima was the most beautiful helpful and compassionate woman of the kingdom, her intelligence is what inspired the king to write the spells that gave everything to his people, nobody wanted for anything.

One day the queen fell ill, and in that one day the king wrote thousands of tear soaked healing spells for his queen, but none of them worked. It seemed like as fast as his hand was writing her health was deteriorating just as fast. He sat by her side and wrote love letters and health spells until she took her last breath.

After this day, King Zeid's Heart was so heavy that he never wrote again. It was like a black cloud fell over the kingdom. The soil was not as fertile, the cows milk was half curdled and the bees honey was bitter sweet. Any thing that yielded did not yield as much as it did when the king was happy with his queen, the people of the kingdom were sad and hungry.

The King stayed in his quarters for years, no candle burned and no fire was lit, and he only ate the sorrows soup known as broth water. One day as he was dreaming about Queen Cosima, his servant bowed down and asked the king for a minute of his time and said "Your highness, your sorrow has run throughout the kingdom, it has been 20 years since queen Cosima has died, you are now fifty years old. There must be some type of spell you can write to make things more pleasant for your people?"

The king paused and took a deep breath and let it out with a grumpy sigh, and said "I'll

write this one time but it will be my mind, I'm getting old and I don't have much time." The servant looked at the king and asked him, "How was that going to get us back the life that we used to have." The king said "I will write my mind to help all man kind, and when I read these words again I will relearn what I lost due to the hand of time; and for that love of mine I will write love letter and then lock them under a spell where only I and she, will have the key. Oh! And this is my everlasting decree, to all who reads all shall be king!

The king lived for another 38 years, he set his mind aside in in the Kings Library. The library was full hundreds of powerful books and spells that he wrote for the people to use for themselves. before the king died he had all his love letters and wellness spells locked in a magic box that only the true king and Queen could open and put it on a table in the center of the library. One hundred years after the king died, The kingdom was able to see through the his eyes, they read only what they needed to survive. Some people even tried to open the box and be king, but it never worked.

One day far from the kingdom there was a young man who was the saddest in all the land. He was sitting on a rock pondering his sadness when a witch walked out of the tree line and asked him why he was so sad. He said that he did not know and looked down to the ground where he was studying a rock. The witch told him to go to the kings library in the center of the kingdom because this is where they have all the answers. The young man looked up with a strange face but the witch was gone.

He listened to the witch and walked to the king's library in the center of the kingdom. Every man woman and child were in the library getting information to make themselves prosperous so that the milk and honey could keep on flowing. The library was the working machine that got the kingdom going again after King Zeid made his last decree.

The young man sat in a chair, and with all his sadness and started to read, he read all the books from A to Z. The people of the kingdom read to take the knowledge to support themselves and their families. But the young man read to quench his sadness. Not a pupil in the society read every last book in the library. The young man was the only one, it took him five

years to read them all, and when he finished his sadness was still not quenched.

He left the library and sat on the steps and he was approached by an old Gypsy Woman and she asked him what was the matter. He told her that he read all the books in the library and he was still sad as can be. She said “poor child, There is still more to read, the love letters from the king to his queen. The young man looked up from the ground that he was and studying, and said to the air; because the Gypsy was no longer there. “But they are for the King?” Something made him bold and he went back in the library and tried to open the golden box. With a light and a flash the box was opened with a blast, everybody in the library was stunned and the word spread fast throughout the kingdom, that the king was back at last!

His people where so happy that they brought him to his palace and the first thing that hesaw when they opened the golden doors was a portrait of Queen Cosima between twospawling stair cases. This was first thing that the old king wanted to see when he came home,his queen. At that moment the new king Zeid knew what he was missing from his life.

Every night after that he would write new books and spells for his people to learn, hewould fall in love with Queen Cosima again and again after reading the love letters and wellnessspells that he wrote long ago. He would wander to both there graves in the back of the palace and think to him self about how it could be possible that only he could be alive. Zeid finally came to a conclusion that Queen Cosima had to be somewhere in the kingdom; she just did not know who she was.

So the King grabbed all the love letters and the wellness spells and put them back in the golden box. He then sat on his throne, the gold box was place on pedestal in front of him. The king asked his servants to let it be known, “The woman that opens this golden spell bound box shall be queen.

The next day there was a line from the palace that was filled with beautiful woman fromthe kingdom as far as the eye could see. One by one they walked by the king and each tried toopen the golden box. But none of then succeeded, after 100 days the last woman finally walked through. He did not find is Queen.

The king sat on his throne silently in deep thought, then he got up and opens the golden box and folded each love letter and spell in a certain way. He then asked one of his servants to get him a sledge hammer, and when he returned with the hammer the king whispered over it and began to smash each folded spell and letter.

After the huge burst of fire and smoke cleared from the room, the letters that he tried to smash turned in to diamonds. Frustrated with the beauty of the stones he said to him self, “All this woman does is haunt me!” He reaches down and grabs all the diamonds and puts them back into the golden box, and buries it in the back of the palace next to their graves.

King Zeid pauses for a second when he finished burying the box and then walks back into the palace and order a fresh bowl of broth. When he gets to his quarters he takes a sip of his broth and looks out the window and sees a bustling and energized city that no one wants for anything, not even a king, And thats when he heard a knock at the door.

He slowly got up from his chair and opens the door and sees his queen with a future familiar beauty. And she says, “What took you so long, now the people can run themselves and you don’t have to write any more spells.” Queen Cosima said with a smile, the same smile as the one when they first walked down the aisle.

She apologized to him for using a jealousy and attention spell that nearly killed her and said “I knew you could not live without me, all I had to do was haunt thee, are love is so strong that it can be planted like a tree, look out side your window, we are finally free. The king happily forgave Queen Cosima and they both went to the stable and grabbed two horses and road off into the sunset to the farthest place that they could find away from the kingdom and lived happily ever after.

THE END

The Glow of Streets at Night

by Laura Bradford

The sky is an inky indigo, devoid of stars,
and so the bicyclist stands out: a shadow
wearing a red windbreaker.

But as he nears the intersection (and so do I,
caught by a red light), the lines fill in.
A face overshadowed by worry. Hands, pedals.

The shops and traffic lights shine neon.
The road is clear, dark, open to invitations,
lit by the sometimes glow of white headlights.

He rides on, and my radio station flickers static.
Raindrops spatter onto my windshield,
sparkling, tiny as a child's glitter.



Untitled
Jessica Rivera



Untitled

Tyler LaPlante

Lexicon Corp.

Christopher Sullivan

Hello and welcome to Lexicon where the worlds for most in lexicographical supplies are created and distributed. If you'll just step this way we'll get right into the tour of our facility. Here on the left you'll see our majestic Lexigriffons, the source of many of our fine products. Like baby chicks these creatures are covered in a soft but wordy down when they are new to this world. This down is gently removes once it is thick enough. Not to worry though in a few short weeks these beasts will begin to grow quills, which we will later make into a most exquisite writing instrument.

Over here you'll see our trained technicians gathering and delivering the down for processing. On this side our licensed lexicographers spin the down into our patented Lexi-Thread. You'll notice that we only use 14th century spinning wheels. After all, the best tools make the best products. In fact if you look in back, just over there, you'll see the actual spinning wheel that spun straw into gold.

Moving on...

Here on the wall you'll notice the company name with our motto under it: 'From self expression to verbal warfare we have you covered' and beside that is an inspirational poster that reads: 'Making the finest of products for writers and poets; protesters and legislators'. Above you, you may notice the cameras over head. Theses are connected to our patent-pending Pal-in-Drone robotic security system.

Next on our tour is our customer service center where our dedicated staff are waiting to take your homophone calls 24/7. We care about making sure that you, the public, both express your self properly and clearly, so as to make the most of your words.

If you'll just follow me down the hall here...

This is the foundry, where our wordsmiths work hard to beat and pound new ideas into usable terms. You may notice the fast moving individuals with towels. These workers are there because it is intensely hot in the foundry. They're job is to towel off the inspiration that beads up on our smiths skin as they work. This keeps the smiths cool, and the pungent smelling inspiration is later bottled for sale to those with a case of the dreaded 'writers block'.

Finally we come to our shipping department where our products are crated and shipped world wide by singing anagram for people of all nationalities, genders, religions and languages to purchase and utilize. We here at Lexicon will guarantee your products are delivered in a speedy manner and handled with the utmost care.

This concludes our tour. If you'll follow me we'll be moving on towards the gift shop...



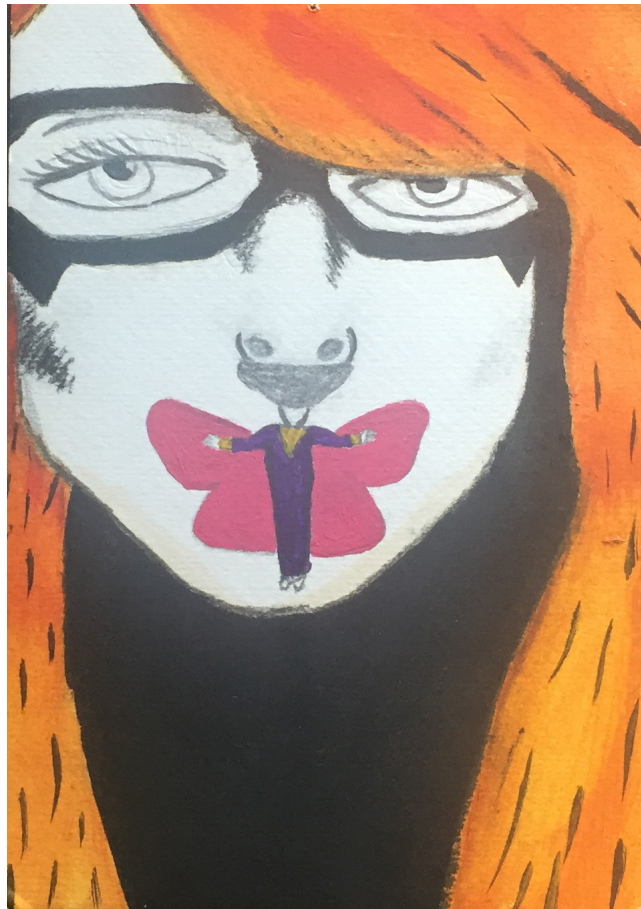
Untitled
Jessica Rivera

How Poetic

Christopher Sullivan

How is it that I have come to stare at this screen?
Once poetry would spew forth from my finger tips and delight the page with my musings.
Now I get nothing.
I try to awaken my poetic heart but get only snores from it.
The white screen seems to burn the color from my eyes as I stare longingly.
I am hoping for a spark of brilliance.
But none comes.
Nothing is ever so mocking as a cursor on an empty page.
Nothing says failure louder than a blank screen when it is your duty to write.
Life seems meaningless when numbness silences the soul.
A writer with nothing to write and a reader with nothing to read...

How poetic.



Untitled
Jessica Riveria

Phobia

Christopher Sullivan

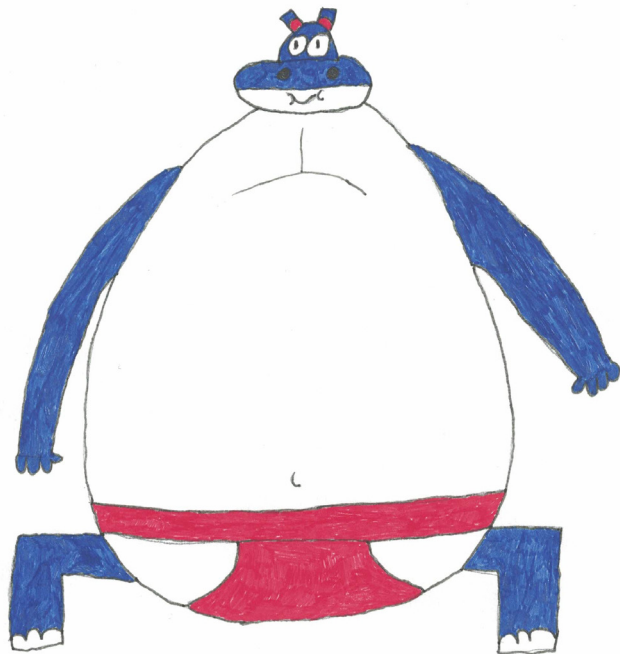
I avoid bakers and their shops because I don't like the way they count a dozen. I get sick and the world begins to spin if I go outside. My chest feels tight and I can't breathe if I'm in an enclosed space. Worse still are the spiders. I scream with the intensity of a thousand terrified first graders at the mere mention of a spider. How do I live my life? How do I go on with this fear that grips my soul? I order from the internet so I don't have to leave my house. I never let the delivery boy see my face because I'm scared of his blue eyes. I have an internet store but I don't handle the products because I can never tell if things have been washed properly.

It's horrible to be scared all the time. I'd slit my wrists but I would have to clean up all that blood. I can't have others seeing my house a mess. Not to mention blood makes me queasy. And I'd have to boil the knife for an hour, bleach the handle, then boil it again just to make sure it was clean enough to slit my wrists with. I don't want to get an infection if I mess things up and survive.

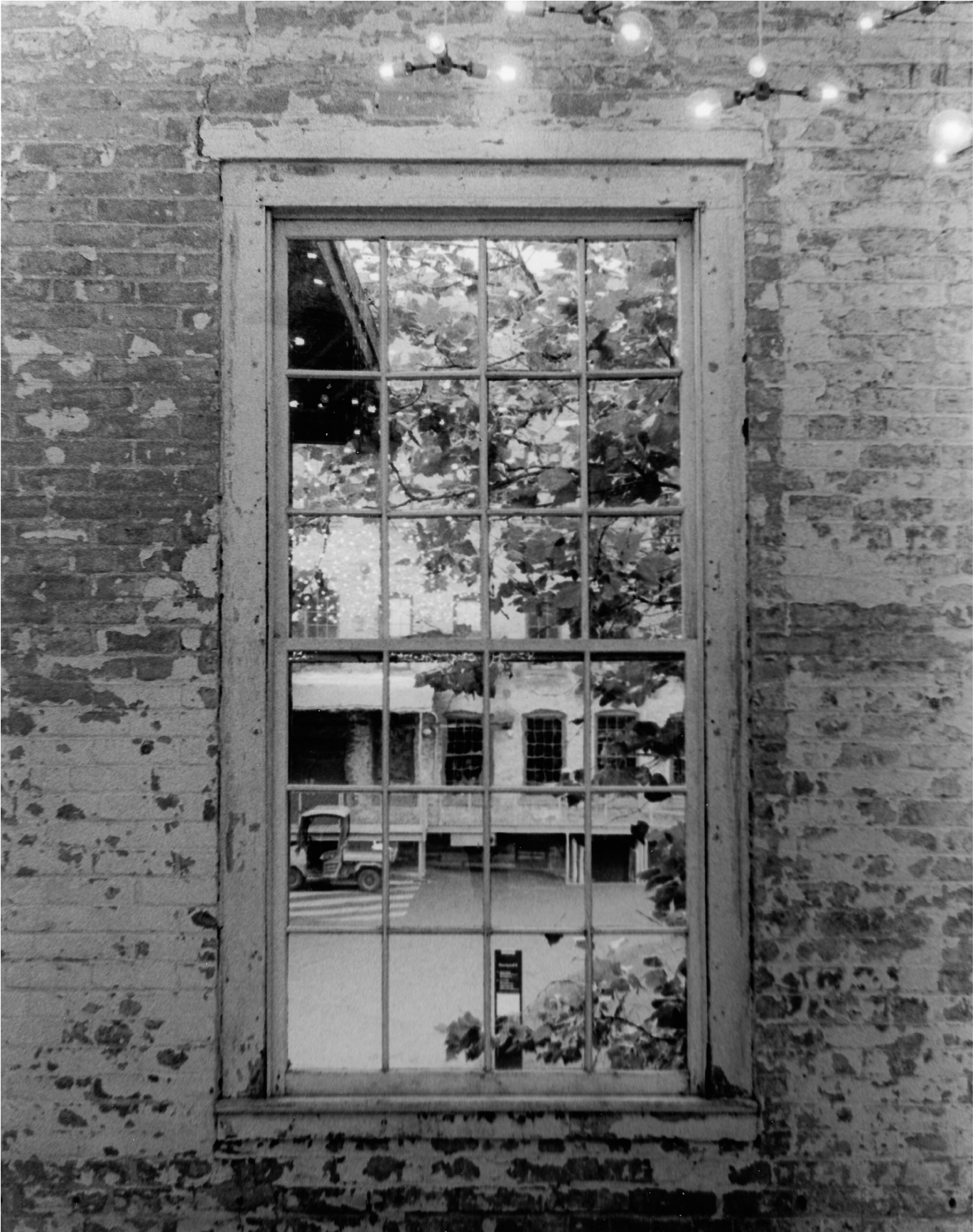
I could hang myself to escape the fear but I once saw a spider hanging and... god I can't even finish that thought. I hate spiders. Yuck.

I could take sleeping pills but that would mean that I'd go to sleep and I can't sleep because the clowns will eat me. Red noses, floppy shoes, and that laugh. That terrifying laugh cutting to the bone like a chainsaw. Aagghhh, definitely can't go to sleep. Drink a coffee, yeah that's what I'll do, with some 5 hour energy in it to keep the clowns away. Yeah, that's good. What's that on my cup? A spider? Oh my god! Wait it's just a dust mite. Oh, I can't do it. Wash the cup. Wash the cup. Wash the cup.

Where did I put my aspirin? I have a head ache. That's better. Oh no! That's not the aspirin. That's the Benedril. No the clowns!



Hippopotamus Sumo Wrestler
William Bradford



Untitled
Olivia Barkett

Flores

Laura Bradford

In la primavera, the spring, the daffodils poke up,
first only green stems yawning out of the ground,
then pale yellow buds appear.

The calla lilies, elegantly curled,
and rosas, the color of bubble gum,
arrive by their side.

The grass turns mint-green, and the apple trees
—árboles de manzana—
burst into blossom as if set with white fire.



Untitled
Olivia Barkett

Dreams Inspired by Daddy

Marisol Nieves

As a child, I remember at around 5:30 a.m. I would hear what resembled the sound of wind faintly, blowing against a wind chime as my Daddy walked thru the living room. I can recall hearing the ting- a- ling of the belt buckle as my Daddy fastened the belt used to hold his navy blue dress pants onto his waist. Accompanied by the jingle and jangle of keys swaying and brushing up against a vintage, metal coin dispenser attached to my daddy's belt clip as he got ready for work. The thumpity clump, as he placed his feet in a boot and then his feet onto the floor.

On his way out the door, he would always stop in our rooms and give me and my brother a kiss on the forehead and say, "I love you and I will see you when I get home . "I would whisper, "don't forget to bring us a surprise Daddy and don't forget, I love you this much" as I pinched my forefinger and thumb together. "That's it, why not like this?"as my Daddy would spread both arms wide open and frown until I'd say, "Yes, that is so nobody could ever get between us." That would make him smile and I knew just what to say, to get my way since, after all, I was Daddy's little girl.

My daddy, was a bus driver for New Jersey Transit and I thought that my daddy being a bus driver, was the coolest job ever. We were always eager for him to get home from work, because as he spoke, we went on adventures. Daddy always had a story about where he went that day, what had been left behind on the bus and he always brought home a surprise. One day he brought home a beautiful stray Husky dog with Greyish blue eyes, another time he brought home a Siamese cat that was beautiful but destructively feisty; but mostly, daddy would have a pocket full of change and sometimes even candy.

We lived up on a hill, on Garrison Avenue in a town called Paterson, New Jersey next door to a woman we named "Cat Lady" since she had at least twelve cats, she was more than happy to take the crazed Siamese kitty home. " Hey, look what I got!", my father reached in his shirt pocket and pulled out a John F Kennedy silver half dollar. As I stared in awe, my daddy reached out his hand with a smile and gave it to me. I felt like my daddy had discovered some rare riches and I was especially lucky to have it in my possession. After he handed me the coin,

he instructed me that I should put it away in a secret place because it was special and only I had the most valuable one.

This man, had such a great imagination and encouraged me to have a whimsical way of believing. For example, I believed in the Tooth Fairy, The Easter Bunny and Santa Claus until I was about 11 years old. Money would mysteriously appear under my pillow when I lost a tooth; one time I got a two dollar bill. On Easter, Easter Baskets would appear at our door after a mysterious knock and on Christmas Eve, the cookies and milk would be gone and gifts would appear. It was amazing to be a child and have nothing to worry about aside for getting surprises and gifts from imaginary beings.

For some odd reason my daddy favored cattails and pussy willows. I remember being by a pond where we saw some cattails and hovering around were dragonflies and butterflies. I was frightened until my daddy told me, “You know, Fairies use dragonflies like transportation; kind of like an air horse, in order to get to the cattails, which are actually their wands.” I asked, “what about butterflies?” “Oh, those guys are reincarnations of people’s spirits during the day and at night if you look in the sky and see a star, that is the spirit sleeping.” Oh boy, I cried when my brother said, “You do know the Tooth Fairy, Easter Bunny and Santa aren’t real.” My daddy said, “everything starts out in a dream and you create your own reality, baby girl.” My daddy had a way of erasing my fears. It was fun to believe and pretend and it was good while it lasted.

From an early age I observed both my mother and father exhibit the importance of providing, hard work and education. My mother came to the United States at the age of sixteen and made it a goal to learn English and obtain an Associate’s Degree in Business Administration. Mommy taught my brother and my how to read, write and speak Spanish on a chalk board over the summer breaks from school. I can recall my mother and I walking to this church for daycare near her way to work as a Bank Teller. My mother was very reserved but did what needed to be done to keep our household running.

She worked at the bank in downtown Paterson, New Jersey for a few years; until she started becoming clumsy, complaining of non stop headaches and all of a sudden became forgetful. My mother was diagnosed with a non malignant brain tumor. It was a scary time not knowing if she would survive the surgery and if she did how different would things be. After

surgery and for awhile, she didn't remember her own children or husband. It was like having a person with amnesia.

I think I was like in the fourth grade. I remember my daddy having flash cards teaching her how to pronounce words, showing her pictures of us as a family until she could remember us, helping her eat, walk and get back to function as normal as possible. It was a tough time but my daddy honored his vows of in sickness and in health and it taught us a lesson on loyalty as he stuck through it. I dreamed that I one day I would get married and be so lucky to have such an amazing husband to be their that way for me.

Although, her physical features changed and appearance due to removal of nerves that went with the tumor, in time, Mommy would improve. Although she was not completely the same she was still my mommy.

My father loved to explore and travel and when I was on break from school he would let me and my brother ride the bus with him. When Daddy would have chartered routes, we would go to some really fun places. We went to the Hershey Factory in Pennsylvania, the Bronx Zoo in New York, and Medieval Times near Secaucus New Jersey.

My father was an eccentric man who was adventurous, curious and made his dreams realities. Daddy had personality, the eagerness to continue learning and self taught himself how to do everything he did not know by observing or reading. I recall my father writing poetry, affirmations, drawing, creating oil paintings, playing the guitar and the flute. My brother played the guitar as well and I learned to play the clarinet when I was in fourth grade. I can remember him having us play together and sing together songs like, "Blowin in the Wind", "Puff the Magic Dragon" and "Yesterday." Sometime my brother and I would think it was weird and somehow, as I got older I learned to appreciate both art and music.

My father was in the Navy and earned a living in Transportation and sadly, was laid to rest after a fatal bus collision while he was returning from the Meadowlands Arena and hitting another vehicle, a street sweeper. I was thirteen when my dad passed away and have always held on to all of the great memories. I believe that I was blessed to have inherited some of his characteristics.

I guess it is fair to say, I am not afraid to try something new and continuously am drawn

to the things that pull at my curiosity or challenge me. I am able to be and do all those things because my daddy said, “everything starts out in a dream and you create your own reality baby girl.” On those days when I do see a butterfly, I will think of my daddy and say, ‘Hey, and thank you daddy for some of the best memories and dreams of my life.’”



Untitled
Olivia Barkett



Untitled
Jessica Rivera



Untitled
Jahvi Patel