

Letter to the Editor

By: Charlene L. Edge

(best read aloud and fast)

So what the hell do you want?
I sent you my blood my
earliest morning journal entries
I mailed you my workshopped-to-death essays
and final exams rewritten you got my
poems I know you did those babies I
barely can let go of they spill my
guts and glory so what the hell else can you
possibly expect from someone
who works 40 hours a week not
counting the 45-minute drive down the
interstate and what about the half-hour
lunches crammed with speed
reading the latest issue of *Poets and Writers*
magazine devouring the poems by the
famous names and once in awhile an unknown
first-timer but I doubt that honest I do I
sent another batch out yesterday on the heels of your
enigmatic rejection letter which by the way was
so clever and witty congratulations on your
creativity in writing this is just to say we
have taken some plums we found in our
mail box you were hoping they would be yours
forgive us others seemed sweeter or colder or
bolder or whatever yeah whatever of course there was
no evidence of a human sending this note to me no
signature sealed the deal no one would admit to
rejecting yet another poor delusional soul no one
had a precious second to scribble an initial I would've
taken a frowny face so how do I know you
are editors posing as humans so really do you expect
me to believe you a friend told me she received a
rejection slip from an editor to whom she
HADN'T EVEN SENT ANYTHING she
said it was like taking a walk down a lovely street and
having someone open a door and yell out you
can't come in I laughed till I cried and
peed in my pants when I heard that one so
that's what you're really up to so what you really
want after all is to beat me to it so if that's what you

want then that's what you'll get so go
ahead and send that slip before I send you
anything I'll show you!

Published in *The Florida Palm*, Vol. 6, No. 4 Fall 2006 by The Florida Writers Association.
This poem was also read on public radio station, WMFE.

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