

## 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!

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