

Rejection Letter
Tom Vaine

Their letter said, "we won't be able", as
though the things I wrote might tear the page and run
amok despite them, or perhaps they felt
their passions running wild as the read and so
they had to keep it for themselves.
I think I like that second notion best.

But the truth is I'm a sock drawer poet
of worn rhymes and frayed clichés,
a scrap-knee poet
of bent spokes and uncoiled chains,
gap-tooth poet
of overalls and deep grass stains,
a beer-mouth poet
of mumbled voice and garbled phrase.

As such my words may prove too rough,
too rude, too boisterous for some to hear,
but let them turn away. At least they won't
be able to claim I have nothing to say.