

PITY THE POOR WRITER

Up to my hips
In rejection slips;
My space is getting crowded.

I bite my lips
And mail my clips;
My talents still are doubted.

My assonance trips
On workshop tips;
My theme is overclouded.

My metaphor rips,
My heroine flips,
My syntax leaves me sighing.

I've come to grips
With banal quips,
Grown sharper, no denying.

I've fellowships
And microchips,
But editors still aren't buying.

--Glenna Holloway