**Rejection 1**

I have failed.

the fault lies

with me, not

with you

like stone, worn

by the drip of

a Chinese river

i cannot pene-

trate the ob-

scurity of

the choices you

have made:

line lengths,

meter, and

punctuation.

Perhaps, at some

time in the distant

future

i will have come to

a place in my

life, a sacred place,

where your submission

will mean more to

me, and the light of

your words will

penetrate the tenebrous

fog that is my

critical

mind, and

I urge

you to continue

to submit to us,

for perhaps at some

time in the fu ture

we will find your

poetry more suited

to our

pages.