**Rejection 2**

Please accept our grateful returning of your submission, enacted in the hearfelt desire that you will continue to write, to polish, to edit, for as the wise have said: do we not all suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous rejection, pushing us from our self-exalted perches, our pedestals as it were, and sending us in ignominious unglory tumbling to the hard pavement of reality, there to choose: to pick up our teeth and start anew, footsteps ringing down the cobbled alleyways of our creativity, or do we surrender to the blackness that accompanies each and every letter that begins with dear poet or hey loser or one of the other dreaded phrases that introduces the authorial heartbreak that accompanies the outset of every great career?

No say i, climb back onto the horse of metaphor, the engine of simile, the 18-wheeler of allegory and allusion, and let no hint of the morbid abyss poison the pen that has so recently sullied our poetic integrity and impinged our editorial retinas.

For therein, says the editor, lies the truth, undeniable and holy to our tiny minds, and we state, with all the weight of the obvious, that we most and without reservation love you, and single copies are available for $12.50, pay with Paypal.

Thank you,

*The editor, his word echoing in the empty hallways of literary resonance in the cavernous palaces of the bereft.*