

## Wilderness House Literary Review 8/4

*Marti Noel*

### **Rejection**

Nailed like a banner, hung and done.  
Ravens on dead limbs hark grim warning;  
Do not go gently on about some survival or  
Revival; or about some old silly folk perhaps  
Amused, bemused, addled or hopelessly  
Confused, who simply refused to let go.

When two paths parted the one  
Discarded forever more or less lifeless-  
No trodden hoof print or cart creak  
Caress, till finally a knobby frost-heaved  
Carcass remains of two bumpy ruts  
Meandering off and meaning nothing.

Leave promises unkept, keep bells unrung,  
Let the old bones lie, let them bleach  
And blanch exposed to dry, drained  
Of lifeblood remaining from some pagan time  
Browning grey embers of passion and love; left to  
De-compose; the glimmer gone from a lifeless eye.

So frigate, is it simply sancticillious design?  
Or God! Even worse, some heinous crime to wit?  
Drop it balled up, gutted, stuffed in the rubbish.  
Clearly promotes the 'Note:' (an epitaph of dire prose,  
Stated obscurely in the small print)  
"Poems that rhyme rarely get published".