



Slam-I-Am

(the proverbial door to publication)
by Donna Marie

I do not like when you are closed,
When judging pictures, rhyme and prose.
I do not like what you suppose,
When left to choose these over those.

I do not like this sorry stack,
Of form rejections you send back.
It makes me wonder Should I pack?
Should I give up before I crack?

I do not like to be upset,
Just because we haven't met.
I do not like to wait, to fret,
Because you haven't called—not yet!

I do not like this paper jam.
I want to scream; I want to scram!
I do not like your door to slam!
I do not like you, Slam-I-Am!

I do not like you, not at all.
I hated you, as I recall,
But you're not so bad after all,
'Cause Slam-I-Am—I GOT YOUR CALL!



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(STILL waiting for that call!)