

POEM OF THE WEEK

A PLACE OF REST

There ought to be a place of rest
A resting place for a parent to grieve
Give honour to the departed
It wasn't their fault they were discarded

Barely born they lay naked on the page
Wondering what would happen
Naked and vulnerable they await
Their fate; to be picked up, kicked around

Twisted and turned; until they collapse
Dizzy, disorientated and worse for the ware
Is this not cause for desolation and despair?
No time! They get handled more gently

Feel more valued. They're through
To the final draft. It is a delicate time
Anything can happen. The whole thing
Could be destroyed in a fit of frustration

They're put here, put there; bent, twisted
Rejected, dejected, selected; hold their breath?
The final paragraph, their last chance
Will they fit, can they enhance?

The poet can't decide. They have a 50/50 chance.
There ought to be a place of rest
A resting place for a poet to grieve
For the words, the phrases that did not get

The final reprieve.

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