

# Submission guidelines

by Roberto C. Garcia

"For it is not so much a matter of being chosen, as of not being excluded"—Louis Simpson,

New Lines for Cuscuscaraway and Mirza Murad Ali Beg

She hums a thoughtful *hmm*  
at the poet's name on the envelope,  
she's Asst. Editor of [insert name here] Review.

Somewhere in her the name triggers  
a grainy chain of Cheech & Chong,  
a click clack from her mind's projector.

She pulls out the poems,  
really likes them but,  
Rolando Lopez, Rolando Lopez—that name.

She runs them by her editor,  
not expecting a new perspective  
more for affirmation.

*These are awesome poems but...*  
*I know*, she says.  
*Write up a good rejection letter*, he says.

Their slush pile—packed with like voices  
from New York, Boston, Vermont,  
Ann Arbor, Michigan.

And there's nothing wrong with identity,  
it forms our foundations but it is not a tastemaker,  
it shouldn't keep some people in & others out.

Hey, this isn't the prickly poem of poetry's politics,  
it's another poem,  
waiting to be published.

