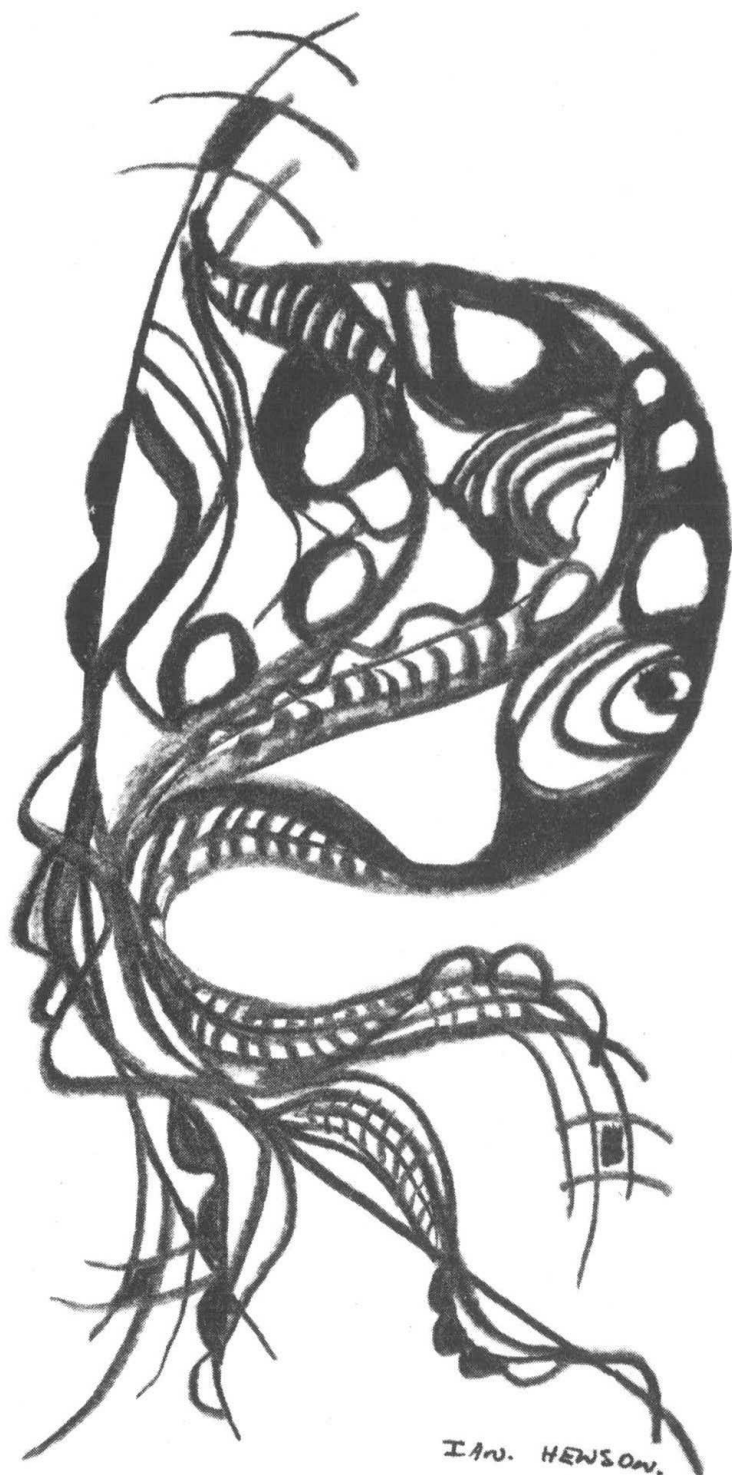


## ANTHONY HUNTINGTON

### REJECTION

To sip again that bittersweet chalice.  
To walk shadowed paths  
Or lie in the sun and compose lines.  
To float on seas of words,  
Those calmest of oceans.  
To admit your delightful first letter is lost  
No matter how much I scratch and dig.  
To re-examine what I did and wonder.

Your voice says we have no middle ground  
Due to my Godlessness.  
Lady, I am served by these two eyes  
And they have seen no radiance save yours.  
You shun the darkness of my haunts.  
—Fuseli ate raw flesh to obtain visions,  
I once whispered to you  
As we waited a taxi on a lonely factory street,  
Your sweet hand on my elbow.  
No, nevermore shall I hope for those neatly addressed letters.  
Away, and let this sacred animal howl out this night  
To himself, carrying your memory as no metaphor can tell.



IAN. HENSON.