

The People Who Won't Get Back to Me

by Con Chapman

Literary agents, also editors,
But most assuredly not my creditors,
Someday they won't mean jack to me—
The people who won't get back to me.

Old girlfriends I find on the web—
One's named Robin, the other's a Deb.
I wonder whatever attracted me—
To the women who won't get back to me.

Publishers, prospects, famous authors—
I've sent them all emails, they can't be bothered.
Their silence speaks loudly this fact to me—
The people who won't get back to me.



The people who've said to me "Let's do lunch!"
Over the years I've collected a bunch.
There may be a hundred, I don't know exactly--
The people who won't get back to me.

