

# Red-Handed

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You're under arrest!" shouted Officer Ed.

"I don't understand," I said, shaking with dread.

"You're wanted for MURDER!" he boldly proclaimed.

"I'm only a writer!" I cried. "I've been framed!"

"Then show me your fingers," Ed smugly demanded.

"Ah HA! There's the ink! Now I've caught you red-handed!

Surrender your pen! You are guilty as sin.

It's the slammer for you. I am taking you in."

"Okay," I admit. "I did it. It's true.

My story was wordy! What else could I do?

I killed all my darlings. I slaughtered each one.

They weakened my plot, so it had to be done!

In fact, I'm quite proud of this crime I've committed.

My book is much stronger, so when it's submitted

an agent won't scoff that my word count's too high,

and maybe — just once! — I'll receive a reply."