

COMIC RE-BRIEF

The sun spun fast tonight,
as muddy as the moon.
Its darkly freezing light
congealed in Jack's spittoon.

None woke to watch its noise,
but in my dreams I heard
an absent group of boys
shout silence at a bird.

Her heavy nest took float
before my laughing ears,
then Jack withdrew his vote
to crown my jest with jeers.

— *David L. Hatton, 2/3/2020*