

JANUARY 2ND

a poetry comic by
Catherine Bresner

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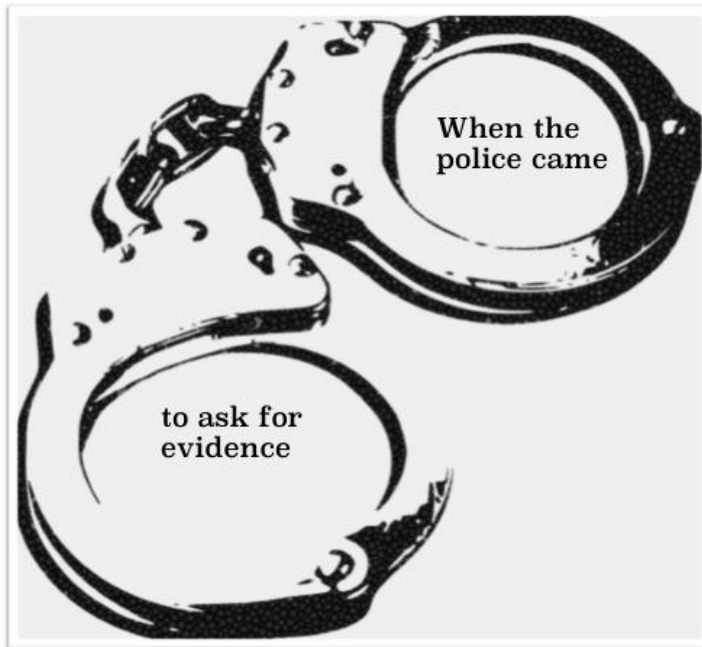


Already
it has come
to this

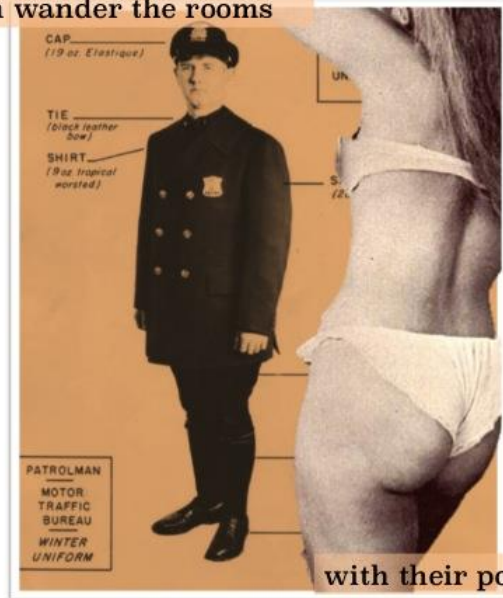
& only yesterday I murdered



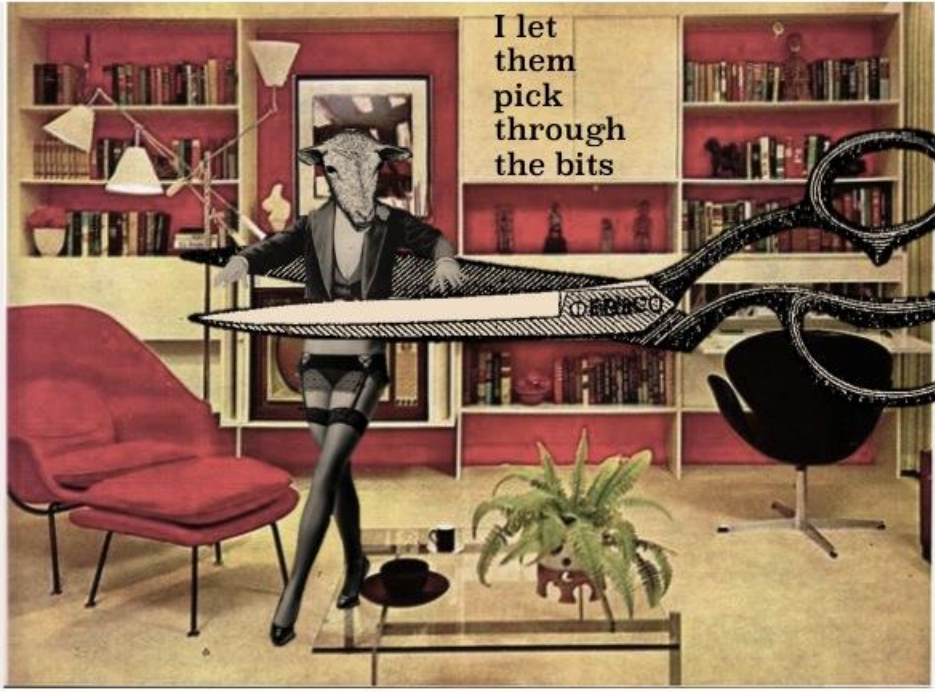
myself all over the house



I let them wander the rooms



with their pocket knives.





I promised them everything



& everything was noticeably nocturnal

I am
almost
ready



to put
my body
to rest



against a cool aspirin & a fresh glass of tap.

But already the clock



regrets its tick.



Talk is as good an alibi as any, I suppose



That,

& the knowledge

that this is the year

of the sheep

