

## A COMET AND A SUPER

By Paula (@PicsByKatieMcGrath)

There once was a man named William Dey

He had two Pulitzers, but no place to stay.

Arrived from London to follow a lead,

Little did he know how much help he'd need.

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Secretly investigating Lex Luthor was no easy quest

Luckily, CatCo welcomed him as a guest.

Under his desk he slept, with no time to house-hunt.

An unconventional arrangement, if I may be so blunt.

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He worked with Kara Danvers, another award winning reporter,

They had a weird relationship: they were both imposters.

Kara was the secret Hero of National City, the Supergirl of Steel,

William Dey was a thousand year old meta-human white steed.

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Comet was his given name, his real appearance caused despair:

Hands with three fingers, horse legs and long white hair.

But as long as a comet was in orbit, he could easily hide

As a dashing handsome human, tall, shoulders wide.

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William and Kara, together they investigated,

Researched, questioned and spied on Lex Luthor.

But he was always one step ahead, his plans cleverly orchestrated

Cunningly evil, bald, narcissistic, egomaniac manipulator.

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Relentless and fervent the reporters kept trying,

Kara frequently cheated, with her super-powers spying.

Thus some days she would have a lead, a tip, a suggestion,

She stumbled and stuttered her way through an explanation.

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William frowned, unconvinced,

But he was not new to pretentions,

And in a spur of the moment connection,

Put his doubts to pasture and followed the blonde into investigation.

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Their efforts were thwarted, time and time again,  
But William and Kara were good at playing the game.  
Occasionally, however, he would falter and lose his temper:  
Punch a wall, stomp his feet, smash a keyboard, surrender.

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Unknown to him, he had a Paragon by his side,  
Kara Danvers gave the best "Hope speeches" the world could provide.  
"Don't give up", "You're strong", "Rein it in" she would say  
Whipping William back into the saddle, ready for the next day.

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Over time their relationship grew stable,  
Game nights and karaoke were their friendship's staples.  
Lex would be Lex, elusive and crafty  
They learned that to stay sane, sometimes they needed to party.

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Eventually, however, their friendship could not handle  
The lies, excuses and family emergencies entangle.  
So William decided it was time to tell the truth  
"Stop horsing around", he told himself, "Just play it smooth."

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He prepared a speech and made his way to Hope Street  
He still lived under his desk, so at Kara's they would meet.  
Once inside he sat comfortable on the couch,  
He braced to articulate, made ready to vouch.

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Kara was nervous too, an unusual situation  
"I have something to confess" they both uttered with trepidation.

They laughed, eased the tension.  
"You go first," Kara said, "You have all my attention".

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"Well, you see, I haven't been honest"  
Said William, being too modest.  
"I look human, but I am not. I hope this isn't too coarse."  
"My real name is Comet, and I'm actually a horse."