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SPENCER DE CORNEILLE

Sick

I try : to sing; to talk, to
 love
 Everytime I fail: I don't
 get back up
 I slither away: and cut my
 self up
 Until the wounds have
 diseased my
 Skin
 Which demolishes all of
 the sin I am
 In

*Spencer De Corneille is a 14-year-
 old with a unique sense of style.*

KRISTJANA GUNNARS

The Suit

Kristiania, Knut Hamsun wrote, that strange city no one
 escapes from
 until it has left its mark on him...

Perhaps even I have become one of the walking wounded...

The man he wrote about found no food and found no words
 and found no
 shelter, not for mind or body or soul...

sleeping out in the rain on the damp ground, chewing slivers
 of wood....

These days not so strange a city any more, it still has its wind-
 ing roads,
 irregular addresses, houses hither and yon on hills, painted
 white, painted
 red, white, red, white, red...

and the concrete inner core, the pacemaker heart—

I think I have been thrown against the hard edges of this town,
 where I had the bizarre notion that I should get a suit! some
 unknown
 material resembling taffeta and wool, jacket and slacks, noth-
 ing else on...

I would never wear anything else, day and night, I would
 wear
 this navy black, pin-striped, feminine take on the male suit,
 male suit,

male suit, my only outfit!

I would be like Hamsun's hungry writer at the bottom of
 everything
 in life. Who has lost himself and then the key to himself....

Who had only one suit to wear and even that he pawned
 away.

I would end up like that, inheriting even here the wretched of
 the earth,
 and then go off to sea. But so classy. So very classy...

*Kristjana Gunnars is the author of several books of poetry and prose. A new book
 of poetry, Silence of the Country, was published in the spring of 2002.*