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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.*