

## The Suit

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*Writer*

The sea was elephant grey when it gifted me the suit.

Would a creature on this Earth believe me if I told them that it revealed itself by riding improbably on a small wave to my bare feet?

The alien sight of it, held tightly together by its skinny necktie, wrenched me clear away from whatever faraway memory was haunting me that evening. Though soaked right through, it somehow glowed, and through its unlikelihood communicated something distant to me.

Some moments later, I had it on.

That it fit to the inch only confirmed that I was the chosen party in an event long fated to occur.

On a fissured boulder I abandoned the trousers and sweater I had been wearing and set off towards home. Along the way, peculiar visions reeled me into unfamiliar worlds and words with harsh sounds and unknown meanings crowded on my tongue. I saw whoever I was now distressingly awake on a sleeper train as it bored through deepest night in a land of mountains and pink smoke. There were scarcely populated airport terminals, a drained strait viewed from the elevated vantage point of an electricity tower, the faintly blurred image of a woman who appeared to be perpetually stuck in a gesture of slow waving.

The words I could not get a hold of at all. I imagined they were what one might groan out in opaque dreams, an unheard shadow language summoned by mysterious forces deep within.

The easterly gusts had dried the suit by the time I reached the house. In the corner, the dog rose hesitantly from his bed and eyed me as he would a shadow moving across the ceiling. I went to the window and in the sky's dying light there flashed scenes of a man wearing the same suit shuffling uncomfortably through a hotel lobby before sitting and writing postcards depicting beauty spots local to here. As he wrote, I felt the motion of it stiffen through my own hand while the rest of my body eased itself into a calm so total it felt artificially induced.

Later, as I lay down in bed, still in the suit, I considered the words my story would be met with if I chose to someday tell it. At best, I would be accused of tasteless decoration, of

taking what was later accounted for in the newspapers and attempting to make someone else's sad story my own. For attention, some might say, or even for reasons nefarious in nature.

As the time-stretched night expanded around me, I let such thoughts drift mercifully away and there, face down, I saw myself unknown, nameless, floating gently towards a place that, though foreign to me, seemed to be calling me home.



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