The Other

They are well-connected, comfortable in each others skin. For them it is not a gathering of strangers but a family reunion, and I am like the distant cousin 5th removed speaking a different dialect, language sorely off.

I cannot find their rhythm – I attempt and attempt again, but it is awkward beneath my skin. Face and body, unaccustomed to such masking, surrenders in the resolution of distance and sanity, settling into the familiar place of Other.

The cacophony of words and laughter land in the brain that cannot filter until spirit screams for the solace of space and silence. I sit the curb beneath the cold October sky that lovingly nips skin back to life until body and brain are one again and the Other, the Other becomes just the story I once told myself.

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