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## The Others

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# The Others

**Keywords**

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**Author Bio**

Jessie Cox is a sophomore who's interested in linguistics and foreign languages, writing, traveling and reading everything she can get her hands on. The story of where she is from would, unfortunately, take up more than her allotted space here. She thinks her friends are the greatest, even when they're trying to draw her, psychoanalyze her, or just steal her cookies. She'd also like to say hi to all the members of her family, especially the cute, black four-legged one.

I can't give up on her. She was great. She wasn't amazing. But she was great. She was there for me. She was a shoulder to lean on and now she was gone. Gone, swallowed up in the streets of some god forsaken city in a huge, unforgiving country, where the weak are stepped on and shoved to the ground. She doesn't stand a chance.

Guilt sets in. You sit in your car and look at the pretty little women walking around and you wonder if you played a part in her disappearance. You wonder what happened to all of the girls here. They're just girls. Were they tormented? High school is tormenting. Unless you're a select group of few, high school is defines pain.

I pull into a parking space and put my hand on the wheel. Kill the engine. Light a smoke. Screw it.

JESSIE COX

## The Others

They say that those who sow in time shall reap.  
Big-boned, with big goals and big work they are  
Not frozen, but warm with success; not a  
Corpse in sight. The new father gets to sip  
His coffee in the diner at night while  
The woman in the corner plays that flute  
Without going flat for once: the glory  
Of sweat revealed in its entirety.  
(Pay no attention to any silent  
Sobbing, suppress the growing sickness if  
You can. It would not be normal or right.)  
Well, to their visions of empty but diligent years  
Leading to ultimate pleasure, I say, "Yeah, right."  
The early flamingo just gets the ice.