

The Juggle
Bryce Lakin

The juggle
I feel it coming closely
The juggle
Performing for the stage

Tossing problems from one hand to the other
Watching them float in an arc
Never gone
Just not in my hand at the moment

I'm not a good juggler
I only have the coordination for two balls to throw
Sometimes only one
Let alone pins, flaming knives or even snow cones

There's a lot of things that are being tossed into my hands
Bowling balls and glass phones
Burnout and anxiety
Responsibility and far falls

It feels like too much at once
But I don't know how to stop
Tap the breaks
I don't even know where to find that one

I have such a fear that my worth is tied to my performance
I want to do everything perfectly
But I don't think I can
I don't want to crash the car

Please make it stop
Slow down a bit until I feel more comfortable
It's like that feeling of when you first learn how to drive a car
It's dangerous and terrifying

If something goes wrong

And the car stops working
There's nothing that I can do to save myself
All that could stop me is a wooden telephone pole

Do you see what I fear?
I keep going and if I drop the balls
They would begin to fall
Well, clearly the end is near

The shame of the drop would wreck me completely
I'm not dealing with plushies anymore
These are flaming knives
They could cut apart my life leaving me scarred

I have to be careful
But the amount of safety desired is NOT WHAT I CAN PROVIDE
I DON'T HAVE THE ENERGY TO CAREFULLY HOLD A KNIFE AS I PRETEND TO
TOSS IT UP AND CATCH IT ON THE OTHER SIDE
A DAYDREAM WOULD BE TO CARRY AND SPIN THE KNIFE IN MY HAND AND
CAREFULLY PLACE IT IN MY OTHER WITHOUT A DROP OF BLOOD EXITING MY
HANDS

SWEAT DRIPS PROFUSELY
WHY IS SWEAT SO MUCH LESS VALUABLE THAN BLOOD?
MY PORES POUR OUT THE HEAVENLY RESOURCE I NEED TO KEEP ME ALIVE
WATER LEAVES FROM EVERY CELL BEFORE I WOULD RATHER DROP A SINGLE
KNIFE

IT'S KILLING ME;
THE DEHYDRATION.
I CAN'T DRINK FAST ENOUGH.
NO WONDER I'M ALWAYS SO TIRED.

MY CONSUMPTION RATE IS TOO HIGH
AND IF I SPEND TOO MUCH TIME CONSUMING,
THEN I'LL DROP ALL THE KNIVES
IT'S A LOSE LOSE SITUATION

I love would you rathers
Hypotheticals reign supreme in my mind

What would you do,
If you were pouring out your vitality through your pores, but it's in exchange for keeping the
blood that keeps your muscles moving?

I'M BLEEDING TOO
THIS LITTLE WATER LEADS TO MISTAKES
MY HANDS ARE TIRED
AND MY BRAIN IS IN PAIN

IT DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER WHAT I DO
I END UP BLEEDING JUST THE SAME
EXCEPT NOW I'M EXHAUSTED
AND I'M OUT OF THE RESOURCES I NEED TO KEEP THE JUGGLING GOING

Maybe that's the point?
Maybe the lesson is that it's ok to take a break
It's ok to drop the knives
You are NOT expected to be without mistakes.

God I need You
Please help me
Please bring me through
Heal the parts of me that are exhausted and let them know how much love they have in You

Part of me wants to put down the knives indefinitely
"What's the point?" he cries
"Why hurt ourselves at all if we all eventually die?
Put down the knives and jump towards the end."

"The train tracks look awful quick today
That building is only a step away
The fall looks easy
Do you think the cars would stop in time if you ran out without hesitation?"

He wants me to die
And I don't know why
I wish that I could speak to him
And tell him why he is so important to me

That when he speaks I can tell he's hurting

That the longest days are long
That his pain is hurting the other parts of me
That he is valuable beyond the items that he holds in his arms

That it doesn't matter what he juggles
That he can still see me supporting who he is in every show
That if he drops a glass phone
He will be ok

And that any tears he cries
Will be wiped away in due time
Because I love him so much
And I want him to know that he is mine

Every inch
Every "flaw"
Every callous
Every scar
Every shame
Every fall
Every regret
Every lowered head

Is held gently when he cries
When he stands tall too
I am here to support you
Through black and blue

You are human
I am too
Despite everything you fear
I want to hold you so much more than just dear