

The Fall

Holding things together has been my job for as long as I can remember. I don't do it alone, of course, I have a little help. But it's what I do. It's my thing. I've been doing my thing for over 20 years and I do it well. I contribute to something greater than the sum of its parts and this gives me an enormous sense of being needed and necessary. I take pride in what I do.

Doing my thing though, puts pressure on me. The pressure was welcome when I first started. I enjoyed it. It helped keep my mind focussed on the task. Without the pressure, I felt a little lost. But with the pressure, well, that's when I was at my happiest. It was when I could show off what I could do. The pressure meant I was doing what I was here to do. It meant I was achieving my potential.

But there's a thing with pressure. It's a delicate balancing act. If we are not careful enough, it can push us too far. Our threads that keep us connected and in place can become weak under the strain, and we become loose. If I'm completely honest with myself, and with you, it would be fair to say that I don't hold anything together anymore. My connections are too loose. Now I just hang here. A relic of things gone by.

Sometimes I tell myself that we can be what we tell ourselves we are. But recently I've been forced to face my own mortality. You see, I say that I hold things together, like it's my current purpose. But is it really? And if it is still my purpose, then I am failing at it. I've only ever had the one purpose before, and if I can't do it, then what's my new purpose? Do I even have one? I'm starting to question whether I am needed anymore. I'm barely hanging on now.

I've heard stories of times where the pressure became too much for others. They also became loose. Some, a lucky few, get caught early enough that they can be repaired with a stitch here and there. For some though, the pressure becomes too much and they become too loose. People see their looseness and choose to do nothing about it. Well, that might not be fair. People think about doing something about it, but it's never a priority. I suppose it's not that people don't want to help. It's just that they are too busy, or they don't know how to sew, or they think they have more time. And then, in one moment - pop! The pressure becomes too much, and us buttons fall.

I'm not sure what happens after we fall. Anyone that claims to know for certain is either lying or deluded. There are some that claim to have fallen, and returned. But they sound like crazies to me. After the fall, there may be something, there may be nothing.

I'm about to fall, and I'm comfortable with that. If there is nothing, then I won't know. And if there is something, then I will find a new purpose on a new adventure.

Bring on the fall.