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The County Juggler

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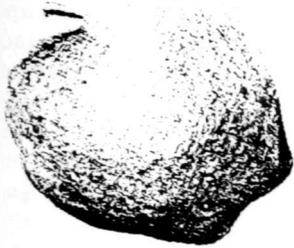
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THE COUNTY JUGGLER



By Aaron A. Baker

The girl at the window
 watched me the juggler
 toss green cucumbers into the air
 as I stood in the courtyard
 in front of the old courthouse
 at the county fair She was amused
 but didn't smile just sat there
 with her elbows resting on the window
 sill so I changed to tossing red
 ripe tomatoes then yellow squash
 higher and higher into the air even
 throwing them under one leg and then
 the other She almost smiled
 when I began squatting and did a Russian
 dance that should have moved the watermelons
 and then stood on my head feeling my
 blue britches slipping out of my cowboy
 boots and someone stuck a red flower
 in my mouth But she only had a funny
 look on her face so I stood right-end up
 with the flower still in my teeth showing
 off by unbuttoning the front of my new
 white silk shirt and started juggling
 again purple-top turnips and orange-
 colored carrots any old vegetable
 that was handy then I saw the girl
 was joined in the window by a gray-haired
 woman who was hugging and smiling and
 pointing over my head to where they
 were judging lambs and heifers
 at the annual county fair and I remained
 just a what you may call a metaphor.

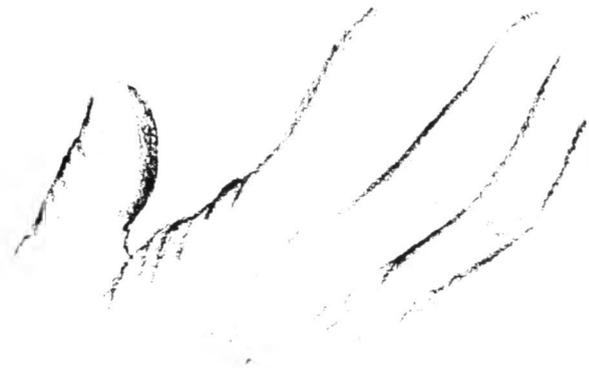
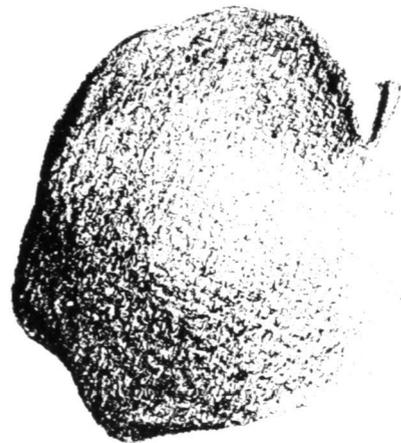


Illustration by Trey Wright