

To Flower Somewhere Else

A green stem grew at the edge of the bare pavement, leaves at the base in a confused mass. It was just beginning to shoot, with no petals.

Sarah, on a Sunday walk, had been following the sidewalk for a number of minutes, followed it right to the end where it disappeared into the grass at the side of the gravel road. Now, at the finish of the cement slabs, she felt a great weight settle on her shoulders, and she read the pavement as her life she had come gradually to love. It tapered, and then... ended.

Four years ago, at the front end of high school, she had had a number of memories and mindsets ground into her thin skin, things her parents had hoped would grow, with proper care, and seed into a good, well-adjusted girl. Now she hardly remembered what they were. The world was just so monumentally different. Anyone could have ventured into her life now and had the power to earn her love, and indeed many had.

But she didn't feel like she had grown. She had just been uprooted, pulled up and planted again somewhere else. She had been lucky enough to be dropped in a beautiful place, and now she had grown roots that would not pull up without hurting her, Sarah, the flower that had bloomed.

Stooping down, she picked the green stem that would not grow, and put it in her pocket, starting on her way again. Perhaps it would flower somewhere else.