

Life Is a Flower

by Morgan

Life is a flower. Growing, blossoming, seeding. Born from a tiny seed, blossoming into a flower, petals extending, stem reaching toward the heavens. Leaves open to the warm sunlight, the dew fresh upon them. Sweet unlike any other.

Life is a butterfly. Growing, changing, fluttering, beautiful. Showing beauty to the world. Flying up, drinking the pollen of the flowers.

Life is a dove. Graceful, elegant, soaring into the sky. Devouring the beauty of the butterfly.

Life is a cat, silent, majestic. Sneaking up, attacking without warning. Stopping the dove dead in its tracks.

Life is a wolf, vicious, mysterious. Hunting, killing, eating. Leaving the cat cold stone dead.

Life is a human. Intelligent, superior. Killing, disposing. Brushing aside the deaths of the flower, butterfly, dove, cat and wolf. Turning its shallow face away from the world, gazing vainly into the mirror at its own beauty, forgetting the beauty of the flower, butterfly, dove, cat and wolf. Trying to hold on the beauty before age covers it up. Life always seems too short for the human and it waits eagerly for the time to go by, then sits old and withered complaining through yellowed teeth how the world and its beauty went by too fast.

What if the human could live like the flower, butterfly, dove, cat and wolf? Would it be happy? Maybe it should let time go by at the pace it does and enjoy every minute of it, not worrying about the future more than necessary. Trying not to worry about the future, or maturing faster than it needs to, or maturing faster than it needs to, or getting involved with things it shouldn't until an older age, just to fit in. What if the human could be itself? Would it be like the flower, or the butterfly, or the dove, or the cat or the wolf? Maybe the human can never be as simple as the others, simply because it is so complex. But that doesn't mean the human can't simply enjoy life and its changes, and not always worry about how it will turn out.

Twenty-five years from now, a woman sits in a parked car at the far side of a parking lot at a Middle School. Her light-skinned, blonde-haired daughter gazes up at her, biting her lower lip slightly.

"I'm really nervous," the girl says, as she picks up her backpack and slings it around her slender shoulders.

"You'll do fine. I promise." The woman places a pale hand on the girl's cheek.

"How do you know? What if no one likes me?" The girl stares up, blue eyes locked into the woman's.

"Trust me." The woman gives her a gentle hug. The girl unlocks the car and opens the door. Straightening her hair she turns toward the school. Teenagers flood the field as the girl looks for someone she knows, finding no one. She passes by a group of girls wearing tight pants, cell phones bulging from their pockets. Their tone is that of gossip. The woman waves goodbye, and drives out of the parking lot.

The woman sits slouched over the steering wheel, lost in thought, parked across the street from the art center where she works. She feels bad for leaving the girl, but knows better than to stay with her. She prays her daughter doesn't fall into the common crowd and grow up too fast. She thinks about her past, switching schools in the 8th grade and remembers the temptation to fall into the common crowd just to be noticed, but then deciding to be with friends she wants to be with.

She remembers following her dreams and passions and not letting the mainstream crowd inside of her heart, not letting them change her. She became who she wanted to be simply by being different and accepting it. Being a bit immature at times, having fun with her friends, enjoying nature in its simplest, purest form. And from time to time stopping to enjoy the sweetness of the flower, the beauty of the butterfly, the grace of the dove, the majesty of the cat and the mysterious nature of the wolf, and she hoped her daughter would do the same.

We must live life to the fullest, stay young as long as we're meant to, because in time, the flower will wither, the butterfly will fade, the dove will pale, the cat will silence and the wolf will expire. All will die and, in time, so will we. So why not enjoy life while we have it? Because it won't be there forever.