

Like All Lost On Us

Halanna Williams

Have you ever watched a flower bloom?

Neither have I. I wonder why.

Perhaps I am too impatient. Perhaps you are too busy. Perhaps there is too much life to live and we prioritize what we believe is worth our time, because we have instilled the idea that time is limited, it is crushing and a race above everything else.

I have not taken time to watch a flower bloom, but I think I have seen one before, unintentionally, in the quick glimpse through my peripherals.

The beauty sprouts from a simple bud, and the petals form and grow, and if they are an underrated sunflower, they follow the sun and that is the blossom.

I'm sure if you watch from another angle you will catch as they spiral up, or as they thrust themselves out, as they raise just a bit, and in all sense they are becoming alive.

They feel the wind gushing through their delicate entities, and they get pushed around, but rarely weaken and snap apart. They stand tall, immaculate in the scenery.

If we do not choose to even take the time to watch them bloom, then why do we find so

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much beauty and significance in them?

Why do the artists paint them into a mural?

Why do the florists dream of them to thrive
before plucking them from their roots?

Why do lovers await to obtain and
exchange—give and receive them to only
admire their breathlessness for one
brief second of their life?

If we sacrifice a single moment of
admiration for them, then what is the point
of attempting to gain that single moment
back any other time?

I do not watch flowers bloom, and I do not
attempt to portray their beauty in a mural or
capture their dying breaths in a flower shop
and I barely admire them when they rest in a
vase in my presence... but I admire the fact
that a flower blooms. And I admire the fact
that a flower gives it all up for the sake of
ignorance and lost admiration.

When a flower blooms, a flower does not
think of the restriction of time, a flower
thinks of all the momentary admiration it
will obtain before it wilts, before it is
shunned, before becoming betrayed and
tossed away.

Unlike the artist creating a mural of this
particular, tangible wonder, I chose to
immortalize it within this, and so in the end,
am I just the same?