

The Autobiography of the flower that grew from the sidewalk crack

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For days that feel as though you're taking in more water than the ocean has to give. Where your lungs burn, you can't breathe, and you are drowning in the clutches of every single little thing, that's wrong in your life. Let me remind you it can always be worse. The sky might not be so blue or the stars shine so bright, for we live in a world where not everyone has the gift of sight. Painters that paint, and artists that draw, there's so many wonders of the world that leave us in awe.

There's a little creature that flies for thousands of miles on their tiny stained glass wings. Trees and birds that hum their own lullabies, so beautiful you might cry. If the tear drop falls from the apples of your glowing cheeks to the ground below, nature has a way and a will, you know. And your tears on the soil can form something new. Replenish a family of ants, who are hard at work. A drink for a caterpillar waiting to transform. Or a new blade of grass, that plays its part so, in so many ways, that most will never appreciate or know. But a favorite of mine, one of the best, is a beautiful creation that fills me with love, and makes my heart beat out of my chest.

To create and sustain life, even in the most unusual of places, with hope that reaches out, and grasps you in the warmest of embraces. True beauty is being the flower who grew from the sidewalk crack. Strong as a willow, with a curve in its back. And delicate as an orchid, arising to the clouds. Against the odds it survived, persevered, and did what some would deem impossible. Defining the reality of what is actually plausible. People are like this to sometimes, they can be quite remarkable. Jaded and bruised, yet eyes like the sun. This is usually where most stories are begun. Shutters drawn tight around eyes for so long that you forget that there's even a world left

outside at all. But if you pull back the blinds, even painstakingly slow, you'll find this whole world that you've forgotten that existed down below.

People are like flowers, and flowers like people. With walls of survival built beautifully high like steeples. With petals and tips of fingers, grazing the sky. Sculpting clouds with your fingers pretending you can fly. Fragility and strength dance together in ways we don't understand. Like sand falling through the cracks of the earth, into mother nature's hands. Easy to bend and break, yet survives storms most wouldn't dare, torrential downpours rain down with not a drop to spare.

And the thing about flowers, that grow from cracks in the ground. Sometimes, other flowers start to grow from the sidewalk to, just from association. Knowing lives wait, tribulations and trials, were worth our patience, if our suffering leads to our salvation. As if they know they've been found, that they're not the only ones anchored into the ground. Told to believe in yourself, and watered with hope and dreams, only to realize life is much harder than it seems. It's as if the other flowers started growing from cracks in the ground too, because now they know it's possible. It can be done. Life is not a contest waiting to be won.

You can blossom and thrive. Move mountains and explore. Grow into the best person, and flower version, of yourself that you couldn't have become before. Brave the storm, and the torrential showers from the sky. And the lightning, and the thunder, and the tornado's eye. And streams of suffering pooled with your tears. This is your future, and your life, so push past the fears.

You sparkle and shine, yet tremble with the tremendous weight of the petals adorning your head. Crowning your face, your body, the stem. Your arms are the leafstalks, your hands are the leaves. Your fingers the veins, your nails the tip. And your roots are your feet, connecting

you to the ground. In spite of it all you turn your face to the sun, and embrace your blemishes and bruises as battles yet won. This is how you grow and discover who you are. Knowing that tomorrow is another day and your futures just afar. So welcome the splintering in your stems, and your roots that may weaken, let your hope and passion drive you forward, and be your beacon.

From one budding flower in the sidewalk to another, open your wings and be off in a flutter. Don't waste your time, and don't waste your life. Don't give up on dreams, you've been told are unattainable. Because at one point someone on the moon was fable. You take your aspirations, your hopes, and your goals. And grow to the stars, in ways that only you, the other dreamers, and the flowers know.

Whether you became a flower in the sidewalk crack alone or with the help of others, is a huge accomplishment despite the struggles. To grow from a place that's not meant to birth life. Where it's a fight to thrive, despite the battles you have fought, and will in the future. You are a remarkable flower. Never forget that where there's pain, there's power. Everything in your life has shaped you into who you are. And lifes not always going to make sense, it's just part of the charm. You are not what has happened to you. But you are who you decide to become. And every person who's a sidewalk flower, has had a day one. We splinter, and wilt, and blow in the breeze. This is your life, so laugh till you wheeze. And watch the sunrise, and dance in the rain, and remember to live your life, Every. Single. Day.

Sincerely from, a Flower that's growing from a sidewalk crack