

Bloom Where You're Planted

by Melissa Forney ©2009

"Bloom where you're planted," Mama would spout.
I should have listened and not tuned her out.
She said it a lot,
I'm kidding you not.
"Bloom where you're planted, whatever your pot!"

See, I was a kid who might grumble and gripe.
"...Don't like my teacher...just not my type."
But Mama would say,
In her no-nonsense way.
"Bloom where you're planted, cause that's where you'll stay."

I stayed and I stood, though I kept up my guard,
Knowing Miss Burns would be much, much too hard.
I entered her room
With a heart full of gloom.
And found, with Miss Burns, that I'd bloom and I'd bloom.

Call the militia! Call the Marines!
For seven years later, I'd entered my teens.
I hate to confess
That I'd stress and obsess,
"I've nothing to wear!" and "I hate this old dress."

But Mama would say, "Child, we haven't a dollar,
But I'll change the sleeves and put on a new collar."
I'd watch her begin
With her needles and pins,
And wouldn't you know it? That dress "bloomed" again.

Then came the time when I left home for college,
Eager to fill up my head with new knowledge.
I wrote home to Mom,
Saying, "Please, please stay calm,
But I've met a guy and he's cute! He's the bomb!"

Mama wrote back, saying, "Wait! It's a phase!
Trust me! You've known him for just...14 days."
Her words did intone,
"Agree or come home!
Bloom where you're planted but right now, ALONE!"

"But Mama," I wept, "I might be an old maid."
I launched, to my shame, an impressive tirade.
But Mama held fast,
"It never would last.
You'll bloom again—and this too shall pass."

The years rolled on by, and much later, I wed,
And I tried to "bloom," like Mama had said.
It was I, now, each day,
When my kids were at play,
"Bloom where you're planted," they both heard me say.

But oh, how we want things—bigger and better.
Then one day we find we're a credit card debtor.
My checkbook held naught!
I was in a tough spot,
For trying to live much too big for my pot.

I'd forgotten to bloom in a pot just my size,
And that is when trouble will always arise.
When debts are assuming,
Mortgages looming,
Odds are that happiness will not be blooming.

My lifestyle had taken possessions for granted.
I had to RELEARN to bloom where I'm planted.
It isn't the "stuff,"
Possessions or "fluff,"
That make us feel deep down that we have enough.

It's focusing in on the blessings from God
And learning to live with a life slightly flawed.
The car has a dent?
Your bracelet is bent?
Your son tracked in mud, or worse, wet cement?
Need to lose weight?
Hairstyle's not great?
Don't like your husband, or friend, or roommate?
Don't have a job?
Head has a throb?
Your boss is demanding and sometimes a snob?
Your son wants a turtle?
Can't find your girdle?
And lunch with your daughter is sometimes a hurdle?
Kids always fight?
Can't sleep at night?
Your first grader can't get her shoes tied just right?

You can go far
In the place where you are,
No matter how humble, how small, how bizarre.
So shout hallelujah! Take nothing for granted.
Give God the glory, and bloom where you're planted.