

*To a sojourner in time:*

## **BLOOM WHERE YOU ARE PLANTED**

As the wind blows, so we live,  
Drifting from place-to-place.  
Not stopping long enough to smell a rose,  
see the shadow, read a face.

Answering the question before its asked,  
Leaving before arrived,  
Sinking before jumping in,  
Trying to survive.

Always looking down the road,  
Past the unknown curve to come,  
Certain about what is not ahead,  
Finishing what is done.

What a life you know,  
Better than others, of course!  
So nice, in fact the best!  
Why? Because we told us so.

Yelling, screaming, scowling, too loud!  
Stop that whisper ranted,  
Settle down and sink your roots,  
Bloom where you were planted.

If you settle down and sink those roots,  
To reach His Living Water there,  
Then the blooms will bear much fruit,  
Not a vine that reeks so bare.

Seek only the fruit that feeds and fills  
and reverses the sin that forever kills.  
Not doing that, feel the panic?  
Then, settle down, receive His Peace, and  
Bloom where you are planted.

No refreshment you will find, in time,  
That nourishes like it ought ta'  
That is because, search as you might,  
It's not the Father's water.

With His water's grace,  
you can smell the rose,  
read the face, see the shadow,  
straighten the road, leave the race.  
Indeed, all will come in order.  
With the Life that He provides,  
Through His Living Water!

So pray, my restless friend,  
Asking again "why can't it?"  
Settle down, look around, and in silence,  
Bloom where you are planted.

Then in time, if a stir you feel,  
To pull up your roots and go,  
Do not become too frantic.  
Pray and wait awhile, for He may say:  
Stay where you've been planted!