



## THE ROSE

Some say love it is a river  
that drowns the tender reed.  
Some say love it is a razor  
that leaves your heart to bleed.  
Some say love it is a hunger,  
an endless aching need,  
*and* I say love it is a flower  
and you it's only seed.

It's the heart afraid of breaking  
that never learns to dance.  
It's the dream afraid of waking  
that never takes the chance.  
it's the one who won't be taken  
who can not seem to give,  
and the soul afraid of dying  
that never learns to live.

When the night has been too lonely  
and the road has been too long,  
and you think that love is only  
for the lucky and the strong,  
just remember in the winter  
far beneath the bitter snows  
lies the seed that with the sun's love  
in the spring becomes the rose.

© Amanda McBroom