**The Rose – Amanda McBroom**

Some say love…it is a river

That drowns the tender reed.

Some say love…it is a razor

That leaves your soul to bleed.

Some say love…it is a hunger,

An endless, aching need.

I say love…it is a flower

And you it’s only seed.

It’s the heart that fears the 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 cannot 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.