

## **The Nightingale and the Rose**

Bear me a rose, a beautiful rose,  
and I will sing you my sweetest song.  
Bear me a rose that loves as it grows,  
and I will open my arms to you.

Grow me a rose with bright morning blooms,  
and I will sing you my sweetest song.  
Grow me a rose with evening perfumes,  
and I will open my arms to you.

Cut me a rose with a delicate hue,  
and I will sing you my sweetest song.  
Cut me a rose to use as a muse,  
and I will open my arms to you.

Bring me a rose with creamy white petals,  
and I will sing you my sweetest song.  
Bring me a rose with the shimmer of pearls,  
and I will open my arms to you.

Give me a rose of pale golden yellows,  
and I will sing you my sweetest song.  
Give me a rose for all our tomorrows,  
and I will open my arms to you.

Bear me a rose, a rose that is red,  
and I will sing you my sweetest song.  
Bear me a rose of full-blooded crimson,  
and I will open my heart for you.

## **An Idea of Love**

Alice sits, frozen to an idea  
of love. Her roan gold hair tents bloodshot  
eyes and lids stained with pricey mascara.  
She clenches her slender fists knuckle-white  
and digs her fingernails into her thumbs' hams.  
A hard overbite stops her lips quivering,  
as the late tube train slinks beneath the Thames,  
but she weeps with the fresh remembering.

Alice is shocked by his carefree methods.  
He was kind, up to a point. He knew the  
"right" things to say. But he was hard in shapes  
she'd never known before. He was icy:  
and try though she might, and did to her shame,  
no ember of love could she fan to flame.



