

## Rhododendron

Bella White

As I look out my window all I can see  
Is a bush of rhododendron flowers staring back at me  
And a mama robin. She is always working  
Bringing worms and bugs to feed her young  
While the snakes and house cats are lurking

All this time I've spent inside my head  
Well, I've been hurting, is the world still turning?  
For this weight I bear leaves me so damn scared  
I guess we've all been hurting, like a little bird I'm learning

Could I be a mother or a lover  
To something greater than my own instinct to suffer?  
And would a sheep run if she knew she was for the slaughter  
Or would she simply let her soft wool warm her daughter?

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Now if a mother were to stop working  
Then her babes, they would die and the lamb did cry  
When her mama's fate became certain