

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?

All this time I've spent inside my head
Well, I've been hurting, is the world still turning?
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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