

## **Amid the Roses**

By Alice Dunbar-Nelson

There is tropical warmth and languorous life  
Where the roses lie  
In a tempting drift  
Of pink and red and golden light  
Untouched as yet by the pruning knife.  
And the still, warm life of the roses fair  
That whisper "Come,"  
With promises  
Of sweet caresses, close and pure  
Has a thorny whiff in the perfumed air.  
There are thorns and love in the roses' bed,  
And Satan too  
Must linger there;  
So Satan's wiles and the conscience stings,  
Must now abide—the roses are dead.