

5.13.11: Alice Ruth Moore's "Amid the Roses" (1895)

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. 5

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. 10

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*. 15

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