

## The Rose and the Bee

*Sara Teasdale*

1884—1933

If I were a bee and you were a rose,  
Would you let me in when the gray wind blows?  
Would you hold your petals wide apart,  
Would you let me in to find your heart,  
If you were a rose?

If I were a rose and you were a bee,  
You should never go when you came to me,  
I should hold my love on my heart at last,  
I should close my leaves and keep you fast,  
If you were a bee.

## Bee on Matangi

