

Poetry Series

Norine Blankenship
- poems -

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Norine Blankenship(March 8th 1972)

Life is a never ending fountain of change..

I have two wonderful, beautiful children, um a husband on paper but not of his heart, and 3 wonderful step children.

We have 2 granddaughters our little twin angels and a grandson I only pray will one day be more apart of our lives.

I grew up on a small Peninsula with no store, gas station, or even a park. We had family and I know thats all thats needed in life.

Grandma's Twin Angels

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20 little fingers,

twenty tiny toes,

two little hearts

and two big souls.

To everyone around you are,

'the girls'

To grandma you are two seperate souls.

One independent and one more meak,

sisters you

are...Alike you look,

grandmas twin angels different,

if you love enough to really look.

When no one else can tell you apart,

tell them this my dears..

My grandma says look deeper into my heart

for inside our souls are apart.

Love Grandma

Norine L Blankenship

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I Open My Eyes (This Poem Is To My Family)

I open my eyes and I am strong
No longer at daddy's knee nor mama's arms
Life is hard, it makes me strong.

Children come with evil eyes of strangers
Yet I stand strong.
Work is hard and life is meager
their little smiles keep me eager.

God came at night and took my love
Sorrow so deep, our eyes bled loss,
our fears ran deep.
I pray out loud, scream his name to the rain
Why Lord can't you hear me as I scream out your name?
Open your eyes OPEN YOUR EYES
My children's hands in mine and
I stand strong.

To love again I wanted so
They came and gone with vicious blows.
Hearts broken, children angered
Open your eyes
These children keep you anchored.

I opened my eyes and there he stood
At a mere four foot nine his shadow covering mine.
My heart raced as I began to feel it heal.
Why God? What will be different this time?

The strength of his hand in mine,
Gentle embraces, loving, encouraging words
that healed my heart and breathed life into my soul.
For a moment, life is not so hard.

Time is cruel....
The children now grown, my anchors have gone.
A man has taken my baby from my arms
to hold in his own.
A ring now makes her his own.

Grandmas twin angels now bring her hope.
Where has my strength gone
must be this damned war! ! !

I pray out loud, scream his name to the rain
Why can't you hear me Lord as I scream out your name?
Open your eyes he says once again
Our child is with me safe in the insanity of this land.

A ring and a war my soul feels lost
One pillar stand strong, or so I felt for a moment
now I know it's me and myself and no other.

Years have passed and I open my eyes

My love has strayed me, my children have grown
my life feels empty
My strength is now gone!

Where has the time gone?
I open my eyes
My true love is gone.
He searches another
my heart wonders whether love was ever truly mine to ponder.
Were there others?

Even my children now save their strength for others.

Once, I stood strong
eager, ambitious
now it has gone.

What now Lord?
Angry words replace the gentle embrace
pages of names without any face
The children now grown our love shall be strong
AGAIN, I AM WRONG!

Jesse and Helen will now hold them strong
Who will hold me when the nights are too long?

I open my eyes and thought I was strong
Love was my pillar and now it has gone! !

My true love Lord, you hold in your arms
You gave me another
My strength and My pillar.
Why then Lord, so easily taken by another?

OPEN MY EYES LORD
SHOW ME THE WAY
MY FOUNDATION IS ROCKED
MY CORE IS DIVIDED
MY ANCHORS HAVE GONE
MY PILLAR IS LOST
OPEN MY EYES LORD
SHOW ME...
WHERE I HAVE GONE WRONG?

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Why So Wise My Little One?

Why so wise my little one,
Once I held you with only wondering eyes,
now, not nearly grown, your words are wise,
your eyes are bright, and now your mind, not eyes
wonder in peer delight with words and songs
of love and peace. Why so wise my little one?
Words dance, not walk across your mind,
gently gracing the pages with love and pain.
Life is still a wonder, the pen guiding your very path.
Allow it to guide you, never deceive you and answer my prayer,
Why so wise my little one.

To my beautiful talented niece, a poet in her own right.
Nini loves you Alyssa

Norine Blankenship