

Poetry Series

**Whitney Albright**  
**- poems -**

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## Whitney Albright(07-31-1988)

Hi, my name is Whitney. I am a college student who finds time to write poetry. I write to understand myself. I read to understand others. Without poetry, the world would lack expression.

## ...To Be Loved...

I asked a languished friend,  
"Why did you never marry? "  
His pupils seemed to transcend  
As he thought on the contrary

"I didn't wish to be settled  
One woman, all my life's days  
Like the wind, I was unsettled  
I was just born that way.

I didn't want to give up me  
Let my desires be vaguely haunted  
Freedom, freedom, freedom..  
Was all I ever wanted."

I said, "You're way different from me! "  
As if he'd given me a shove  
"For all I've ever wanted,  
Was only to be loved."

Whitney Albright

# A Halo Of Flowers

I propped my elbows on the old white picked fence  
And watched the daffodils lie down with the wind  
The honey-suckle filled the spring's thick air  
With the daffodils, they too seemed to bend

There I stood, as a curious young lady  
Beautiful plants had my mind racing  
Then I spotted a handsome fellow  
Walking around the garden, pacing

He held on to a four-leaf clover  
So hopeful, he was sincere  
And that's when I saw him walk toward me  
That's when a diamond ring appeared

I only could say yes  
As I scratched paint off of the garden gate  
I was speechless, struck by awe  
Time stood still and seemed to wait

My halo of beautiful flowers  
Fell to the ground as I embraced the fellow  
Two young lovers confessed their love  
In a garden so white and yellow

And I come back now, to this picked fence  
I flip the latch, and walk on in  
Feebled, I slowly walk to a gray head stone  
That marks the resting place of an old friend

I start pondering, in that garden dale  
Of a moment I never forgot  
Oh, he impacted my life  
I shall forget him not

He taught me love has many beauties  
Of tulips, honey-suckles and doves  
But none of these possess the beauty  
That's so defined by love

For nothing is more amazing  
As two lovers in their youth  
Holding each other in a garden  
Of never ending truth

And the birds sing and flowers sway  
With the wind in a lovely tune  
In this garden of forever  
Where everything always blooms

And the old tire swing still hangs from the willow  
And the grass still just as green  
But never as beautiful as that day  
As it conquered two lovers dreams

And oh, the world is meaningful  
With it's gardens in the distance  
But without love, I must say  
This world is non-existent

As the pink sun sets in the valley  
And I ponder there for hours  
I walk over to a peaceful grave  
And lay on it, a halo of flowers...

Whitney Albright

# A Letter From Heaven (For Wes)

Mommy, I'm sending you a message  
By someone who can understand  
I asked God to lay it on her heart  
To bring it to your hands  
For me you've cried a thousand tears  
And colored your life deep blue  
But I always paint you rainbows  
To bring a smile for you  
Mommy, I heard your prayers for me  
And I have felt you mourn  
I knew that you loved me  
Before I was even born  
And I watch you pass by room  
With tears in your beautiful eyes  
Dreaming of what could have been  
Of laughs and rock-a-byes  
I'm sorry my life was short  
And I couldn't stay longer  
But you're the reason I hung around  
You're the arms that made me stronger  
And I loved it there,  
In your sweet embrace  
I loved to see your hope for me  
Written on your face  
We are forever a family  
I will see you soon  
I'll always be with you  
And love you to the moon  
Don't think I've been robbed of life  
Or met a fate undue  
For I'm only here with God  
Just a waiting for you  
So, smile and know that I'm ok  
And in the care of another  
Know that I did have a choice  
And I picked you as my mother  
Thank you for all the kisses  
For rocking me safe to sleep  
And for all the love and promises

That those rare mothers keep  
I know it's hard to understand  
That tables turn out of the blue  
Because now I watch you sleep  
Now I take care of you  
I know you'll always hear my footsteps  
Echoing through the halls  
Always see the family pictures  
That should hang on your walls  
But, mommy you must know  
I listen for your footsteps, too  
And I have a billion hugs and stories  
To one day share with you

Whitney Albright

# A Love Scale

I intended to create a love scale  
For anytime I had a doubt  
I knew when I thought of love  
The scale would balance out

This imaginary instrument  
Swayed in my head  
Kept me occupied  
When a man turned his head

Many possibilities were weighed  
Maybe I added on a few  
The scale never failed me  
Until I fell for you

Even though I contemplate  
And look for reasons we should fail  
My thoughts only turn to love  
And you, you break my scale

Your beauty, reasons, and possibilities  
Weigh a million pounds  
And the risks, bitterness, and pain  
Go crashing toward the ground

Whitney Albright

# A Lucky Frog

I walked in to the marshes sad  
And spotted him there on the lilly pad  
He sat there, so very tiny  
With slippery feet that were way too slimy  
I'd slipped into a place I wasn't fond  
And occupied myself with this little pond  
I pulled up my long, tattered sleeves  
And engaged with this fellow looking at me  
Then I decided, I'd kiss him on the head  
And he'd turn into a handsome prince instead!  
I took his wet body, put his head to my lips  
And kissed him there, what a trip!  
Frightened, he started to ribbit up a storm  
As I waited for him to transform  
And then I concluded, alone in that bog  
I had been fooled into kissing a...frog! ?

Whitney Albright

# A Splitter Splatter

Splitter splatter, splitter splatter  
The rain tumbles, the rain scatters  
Such a day for rubber boots  
Such a day for a poncho suit  
What a moment to kiss my fella  
Under this polka dot umbrella  
The muddy puddles, we straddle  
Should have brought a wooden paddle  
The rain's no more a pitter patter  
The rain is now a splitter splatter  
Splitter splatter, splitter splatter  
The rain tumbles, the rain scatters

Whitney Albright

# Abortion

Their little hearts beat  
Inside of their mother  
Tiny hands and feet  
You kill one after another

Why do you want them dead?  
It's a brand new life  
Yet you plunge into their heads  
With a surgical knife

They will never see a sunny day  
You will never hear their voice  
And to think, you can stand and say  
It is freedom of choice?

This life, it's in God's will  
His own work of art  
It is not yours to kill  
It's not your place to stop their hearts!

This baby cannot even cry  
Who will cry for the child inside of you, who?  
This child that will die?  
I will cry for the child that dies inside of you!

Whitney Albright

# 'An Ocean In Those Eyes Of Yours'

There is an ocean in those eyes of yours  
Which washes me away to distant shores  
Entangles me in its corals and colorful weeds  
Loses me in its unsteady speeds  
Where I swim helplessly without rush  
As my body and the swarming fish brush  
And the caves and canyons find me there  
Even the ship wrecks stand so aware  
Such a wonderland to discover  
Every mystery could never be uncovered  
Every spec has chromatic features  
And they outnumber the tiny creatures  
My current collides with yours in this ocean  
Like a never ending wave of commotion  
Which washes me away to distant shores  
There is an ocean in those eyes of yours

Whitney Albright

# 'Baby Dreams'

Full moon's beaming  
What is baby dreaming?  
Of sweet little sonnets,  
Blue baby bonnets,  
Trinkets and toys,  
Kisses and boys,  
Fairies and wings,  
Shiny, diamond rings,  
Red floating kites,  
Tinker Bell and Snow White,  
Angels on clouds glowing,  
Trees buried in winter's snowing,  
Princesses in their gowns,  
Princes in their crowns,  
Polka dotted umbrellas,  
A shoe and Cinderella,  
Little girls as they play,  
Toys on the sleigh,  
Sitting on Santa's knee,  
Ornaments on the tree,  
Decorations in the grove,  
Gingerbread men in the stove,  
Jesus in his stable,  
Cookies and milk on the table,  
Elves as they pose,  
Rudolph's old shiny nose,  
Carolers in their attire,  
Stockings above the fire,  
You are tucked cozy in the bed,  
Dreams dance in your head,  
The full moon is beaming,  
Baby, what are you dreaming?

Whitney Albright

## 'Back Into The Trees'

This little bird, with his velvet head  
Frisks around with his tummy fed  
Ducks down deep in the wet mud  
To the others he's such a stud  
You can hear the female's vocals  
In our neighborhood he is local  
Ah, he raises, and with a tasty worm  
He gobbles it quickly and so firm  
The dew sticks to his wet hair  
As he frolics through the foggy air  
Mr. Cardinal starts to sing along  
Joins the others in a lovely song  
And there he goes along his spree  
As he flies back into the trees

Whitney Albright

# 'Because I Know You're There'

Age 12

Many tears cover my eyes,  
For many burdens I bear.  
But, there's a place where I will never cry,  
Because I know you are there.  
I'm wanting to fly away,  
To a place where earth can't compare.  
It's a new and better day,  
Because I know you are there.  
Jesus is who I want to see.  
He's the one who always cares,  
But even happier he must be!  
Because I know you are there.  
Yes this place is blue and torn,  
Cruel and unfair.  
But I will never mourn,  
Because I know you are there.  
I'll live there forever.  
The crown I will wear.  
But heaven's a whole lot better,  
Because I know you are there.

Whitney Albright

## 'Bee Charmer'

I walked on down that narrow, paved road today  
My eyes caught the open little space in the thickets  
Before I went on about my way  
I stopped and listened to those old crickets  
I thought about your sweet familiar self  
How you would walk up the road in your guard  
You would protect yourself  
As you walked across the yard  
You'd set on the table that mason jar of honey  
So thick and sticky it almost hid the comb  
Maw-Maw would wipe the jar because it was runny  
You'd always bring some home  
Now my old bee charmer's left this world for Glory  
And left those old bees behind  
But to my kids I'll pass on that story  
That's embedded deep in my mind  
They still cover this hard ground, those bees,  
When those green clovers bloom  
They probably swarm from Tennessee  
And even end up in heaven, I assume  
My Grandfather may have been an old farmer  
Walking around Alabama in his straw hat  
But I'll never forget my bee charmer  
He's bringing home the honey in heaven, count on that!

Whitney Albright

# Being Me

Age 14

Oh, to be an angel so lovely in the sky  
Would be a thrill to never die  
To fly with wings with the whitest white  
To flutter with radiance and the lightest light  
Oh, to be a star so elegant and bright  
Would be a thrill and such a site  
To stand out with beauty and grace  
To be looked up at with many a face  
Oh, to be an ocean so fierce and strong  
Would be a rush to roll along  
To roar and splash and not get tired  
To be sailed on ages and be admired  
Oh, to be a flower so precious and low  
Would be so flattering to live and grow  
To drink from the roots of the world  
To be worn in the hair of a sweet little girl  
Oh, to be a kiss so warm and wet  
Would be such a present for one to get  
To land on lips or upon a cheek  
To be the language that true love speaks  
Oh, to be a hug so meaningful and warm  
Would be a treat to receive in the morn  
To feel the strength of sweet embrace  
To fill a heart with worth and grace  
Oh, to be a smile so delicate and long  
Would be refreshing to come on strong  
To light up a face with great enlight  
To be a symbol of joy and delight  
Oh, to be a dance that meant so much  
Would be a memory for two to touch  
To twirl and wind and tap with feet  
To show off even upon the street  
Oh, to be a heart in someone's skin  
Would be a pleasure to beat again  
To keep someone alive and know your the reason  
To give people life in and out of seasons  
Oh, to be God's painter just for one day

Would be a treasure to brush away  
To paint the skies with pink and purple trim  
To make a masterpiece just like him  
Oh, to be a rain dropp falling on down  
Would be an adventure to make it to ground  
To fall upon the heads of dancing lovers  
To land on top of hot wrestling brothers  
Oh, to be a waterfall so powerful with height  
Would be a task to cascade the light  
To rush upon rocks and make my mark  
To always fall heavy even in the dark  
Oh, to be many wonders would fulfill many wishes  
Would fill what my premonition misses  
All of these are nice things to be  
But I'd rather just be me

Whitney Albright

# Breaking The Sun

Breaks the sun and mends it  
Makes the river lose its name  
Reaches bodies of the world  
Robs mountains of their fame

Hums a sailor's tune-  
Gives him many a meal  
Consumes mysteries-  
Its depths never reveal

And no matter how long I stand  
Alongside the sea  
She never shifts directions-  
Always comes towards me!

Whitney Albright

## 'Broken Mirror'

I walked into my room and slammed the door  
The mirror fell onto the floor  
So frustrated, I my head shook  
I turned around to give it a look  
Something so beautiful was shattered  
In so many pieces, it is scattered  
Next, I sat on bended knee  
I saw the broken parts of me  
I tried to put it together sighing  
As I cut myself trying  
It would have been better to have left it alone  
Then to hurt myself trying to fix it wrong

Whitney Albright

# 'Cadenced Beats Of This Creek'

Cadenced beats  
Rippling sheets  
The lows and peaks  
Of this creek  
It's mucky  
But I am lucky  
I stand on these boulders  
With water to my shoulders  
Honey-suckle in the breeze  
Ah, this day's for me  
Communion on my tongue  
Fresh air in my lungs  
Chills down my spine  
This day is my shrine  
He ducks my head in the water  
I come up as God's daughter  
My sinful flesh was bathed  
Praise God, I'm saved  
With these cadenced beats  
Rippling sheets  
And the lows and peaks  
Of this creek

Whitney Albright

# Christ On Easter

Daffodils arise from the green, green ground  
But not for the spring do they come around  
Dogwoods slowly begin to compile  
Yet, not for the sun do they bloom wild

But for Christ Jesus on Easter day  
Reminding his children of the flower-bordered way  
Grow to the heavens, grow so tall!  
Exhault our father the Lord of all!

Whitney Albright

# Cotton Candy Clouds

On this celestial hill I wait  
With hopes that are no less than great  
I look to the cotton candy clouds  
Which wrap the sun in a misty shroud

They look so soft and battered thick  
If my tongue were long, I'd give them a lick  
You'd think my day's goal was a waste  
To crave the most impossible taste

God himself prepared this cuisine  
With his giant cotton candy machine  
Mixed with rainbows and mountain mist  
Topped with honey and an angels kiss

I tilt my head back and spread my lips  
Stretch my tongue to its very tip  
And I taste something so very nutritious  
I'm drinking raindrops, so delicious!

I look underneath those beautiful shrouds  
And I thank God for letting me taste the clouds

Whitney Albright

# 'Dance In The Wind'

A father and child walk in the garden lane  
Under the flourescent trees which reign  
It's the garden of Eden in modern day  
They gather flowers for babies' bouquet  
She's an angel who carries a glare  
And wings? Oh, she has a pair  
Yes, she's his world  
This sweet little blonde headed girl  
Daddy tucks a daisy behind her ear  
She claps her hands and starts to cheer  
Oh a moment filled with harmony and bliss  
She thanks her daddy with a juicy kiss  
And she runs off and that flower takes a spin  
Dance little daisy, dance in the wind  
A father and woman walk in the garden lane  
Under those flourescent trees which reign  
Still the garden of Eden in modern day  
They gather flowers for the bride's bouquet  
She's an angel who carries a glare  
And wings? Oh, she has a pair  
Yes, she's his world  
This sweet, beautiful blonde headed girl  
Daddy tucks a daisy behind her ear  
She smiles and lets go of a tear  
Oh, a moment filled with harmony and bliss  
She thanks her daddy with a juicy kiss  
And she walks off and takes a spin  
That little daisy gets caught in the wind  
Dance little daisy, dance in the wind!

Whitney Albright

# Dandelion Seeds

She stands out  
Against the weeds  
Oh, she spouts  
Her dandelion seeds

The smiling song  
Of spring she leads  
May the sunshine on  
Her dandelion seeds

From the damp land  
Her roots feed  
Causing silver strands  
In her dandelion seeds

Wishes she carries  
Wishes she bleeds  
Wishes are scattered  
In her dandelion seeds

Whitney Albright

# Days Of April

O, my days of April, I've pined for you so long  
And waited to see your gardens return where they belong  
O, my days of April, which find me with a fellow  
Do you see my new smile outglowing daffodills yellow?

O, my days of April, you leave me sleepless in your splendor  
You find me beneath the shaded trees in his arms tender  
Marveling beneath the orange sunlight that covers the grassy hills  
Feeling the blissful breeze travel where it wills

O, my days of April, his voice hums like your honey bees  
It often sends my heart on happy little sprees  
And as we swim through the land of lavender seas  
I thank you for the days you bring such as these

O, my days of April, he smells like your fresh rain  
That waters the mowed grass in the thirsty plains  
His eyes shine like the diamonds you leave on the blades  
I hold them to my memory to escape December days

O, my days of April, remember you'll live forevermore  
Your cloudless days and golden rays always will knock at May's door  
And your flowers will bloom so high they almost reach the gables  
But remember us, remember us, my sweet days of April

Whitney Albright

# Dreamcatcher

While I toss in my empty bed  
Your feathers hang above my head  
Give me dreams so lovely and fair  
As you catch my little night mare

Let light shine through your strings  
When dawn breaks, keep everything  
Because I'll forget my dream and see  
Dreams just don't belong to me

Big or small, no matter the size  
They all vanish at the time I rise  
So with your web, keep them free  
They will die if given to me

Whitney Albright

# 'Footprints In Our Soul'

Age 10

We all of shoes we try to keep clean  
As we walk down the roads of life  
Others do not know what our shows mean  
For they have not dealt with our strife  
We only seem to stare  
At what shoes others have on  
While we aren't even there  
In there shoes alone  
There are shoes you see day to day  
That aren't even worth the wear  
Must we have to compare the pay  
Why can't we all just lend another pair  
Everyone sees shoes that are worn down  
But we don't see the paths they've been  
Who has seen their walking grounds  
And ditches they've been in?  
The people with the worst shoes on their feet  
Are the best people in all  
For the have had more enemies to defeat  
And had more downs and falls  
So, next time you come around a bad pair of shoes  
That are filthy and have fallen apart  
Think of what all they had to lose  
And how you don't know their hearts  
Though sometimes our shoes get torn  
And even sometimes have those old holes  
The shoes that we have worn  
Leave footprints in our soul

Whitney Albright

# 'For Our Children'

Mama, just because I am little  
It doesn't mean that I don't know  
I sense your emotions and your confusion  
About letting me go

I tried to kick and reach out for you  
To assure you things will be ok  
I wish you wouldn't listen to society  
And believe I'll just 'go away'

Mama, your womb has been my only home  
I've cherished our silent connection  
But now you want me out  
Forced from my only protection

Mama, your voice is the only one I know  
And maybe you don't think I can hear  
But it lulls me gently to sleep  
And draws you ever more near

Mama, I can't promise you'll regret your decision  
Or even give me a thought  
To look back on your life and wonder  
At the happiness I could have brought

Maybe you won't wonder who I'd be  
Or imagine me at a glance  
Still, I could never want revenge on you  
All I wanted was a chance

Mama, I want you to know I was a life  
And the liberals can stand on pro-choice  
But I'm not some tumor or lifeless person  
Just because I don't have a voice!

America, I don't understand your people  
They flaunt rainbows and protest that black lives matter  
They'll march down and yell in the streets  
And make the window shatter

They decry animal cruelty  
And will give almost anything a fuss  
But I just have one question to ask them,  
Why don't you care about us?

What about the children of the blacks and whites?  
You hear that our body parts are sold and don't bat an eye  
Maybe if you would stand up for your children  
We wouldn't have to die

Mama, I wish you would have wanted me  
I wish I could have had just one hug and kiss and understand  
I never expected you to be the perfect mother  
I know I wasn't planned

But Mama, this sin is on your soul  
Abortion is never the answer, I say  
All your burdens would have been relieved  
If you would have only prayed.

Whitney Albright

# 'Four-Wheeler'

Daddy, when you look at me  
Do you see the little girl who sat on your knee?  
Do you realize I'm just like you?  
This woman I have grown into?  
Daddy, you'll always be my kiss stealer  
You'll always be my partner on the four wheeler  
And as a thirsty child you'll always be my fountain  
In my head I can still see us on those wild mountains  
Listening to you singing those country tunes  
Chasing the sun those old afternoons  
Heading towards Maw Maw's to grab a spoon  
And racing each other before we met the moon  
Oh, those wild mountains are loved so much  
They give a blessing to those who they touch  
We watched the deer swim across the river  
Smelling your scent in your jacket as I'd shiver  
Watching the trees turn was a breath taking view  
Oh, these days that I once knew  
The fog in the trees seemed to make them blue  
I'm glad to have spent those days with you  
My long, brown hair striked you in the face  
As we'd stir up dust all over the place  
We'd cross those old rocky creeks  
There was never a moment dull or bleak  
Those old tall oaks reached to the sky  
We couldn't take our eyes off of them as we passed by  
Seemed like each one had a story to tell  
When we were in those woods, it made us well  
I still remember those branches and my shirt getting hung  
Or those sweet rain drops that landed on my tongue  
That fresh country air still stays in my lungs  
All from those moments when I was so young  
And I'm still addicted to those bottoms to this day  
I imagine I'm there when I seem to go astray  
I roll my car windows down and act like I'm there  
I remember those memories that we shared  
Those days will always be a part of me  
Oh, and they will always be  
Just as much a part of me as my feet and my hands

I'll miss us laughing and riding on that beautiful land  
Oh, my dream is to one day open my back door  
And spend my life in them forever more  
Yes, in those old damp bottoms where we'd roam  
And call them my sweet Alabama home

Whitney Albright

# God's Greatest Creation

Remnants remain of the low-hanging sun  
Confident, he thinks he can't be outdone  
Beautifying eternity before he evades  
Beaming golden lights before the moon raids

Then, he fades, and takes the afternoon  
Leaving the sky for the silver-lit moon  
He too, competes from afar  
Pulling out his perfect little stars

He soon too, will disappear  
When the sun starts coming close and near  
But for now, he shows his cratered covering  
Owning the sky while he's hovering

Beauty is carried again and again  
But, if a competition, who would win?  
If they could know, they'd be stunned  
Yes, the moon and the sun

They'd refuse to appear in bitter frustration  
If only they knew God's greatest creation  
Their proud shine would be seen through  
If they knew I thought the winner was you

Keep my secret, it is my plea  
For the day and night mean much to me!  
Let them flaunt with their great ambitions  
But between me and you, there's no competition

Whitney Albright

# Grandfather's Clock

Papa's feet would rock  
To that old grandfather's clock  
We'd listen to the ticks and tocks  
Of that old grandfather's clock

Across from him I'd be  
Sipping sweet iced tea  
With my leg crossed at my knee  
As still as I could be

I'd tilt my head back to the ceiling  
Try to savor the feeling  
Of time's unchanging healing  
And moments so revealing

Oh, the way that pendulum swayed  
Reminded us time was ticking away  
But it froze there a moment that day  
Impossibilities, they find their way

Years and years have left me hence  
And all to my expense  
Moments of Papas' two cents  
Lead me through the present tense

But, oh if I could turn back the hands of time  
All of its ticks, tocks, and chimes

If at any memory, I would be  
In a sunlit room with my iced tea  
There with my Papa at ten past three  
Where time stood slow and still for me

Whitney Albright

# Granny's Cookin'

You could hear granny's feet  
Tapping against the floor  
Every Sunday morning  
Before you came through the door

Granny would cook cornbread  
Potatoes that'd melt in your mouth  
Peas, fried chicken, and okra  
A lunch from the south

The whole family sat at the table  
Sometimes all afternoon  
Saying blessings in the circle  
Beside napkins, forks, and spoons

I haven't sat there in eight years  
Seems longer when I start looking  
But this morning my stomach churned  
For some of granny's cooking

I remembered how a busted stomach  
On Sunday evenings would feel  
But I smiled as I got out of bed  
Grateful for every meal

I know at this very moment  
Granny's at God's table, see  
He wanted her in heaven  
To fix him her sweet tea

Whitney Albright

# Halls Red & White

I drove slow through this country town  
Looked at businesses time's closed down  
I flipped through my memory of when it was alive  
I remembered how Halls Red & White looked in '95  
That store now looks old and tainted  
But I still see it with the windows painted  
Baskets of watermelons lined up at the door  
Sacks of fish feed stacked on the floor  
Benches full of old men wearing their straw hats  
Reading their Wednesday papers, smoking cigarettes  
Kids riding bikes around the parking lot  
Running to get popcicles when it was summer hot  
Skipping across the tile, not stepping on a line  
Running my fingers down that old coke sign  
Hearing my friends come in with their bare feet  
Watching Charlie in the back butchering meat  
Seeing Mr. Dwight as I peeked around an aisle  
Hugging the little man with his ever glowing smile  
And before we'd take our groceries to the car  
He'd let me have any candy bar  
It's sad, how people drive by and don't remember  
That tiny man in his old suspenders  
I know in heaven there's a store just off the street  
And I'll hear a, 'Hey suga, come get a treat.'  
Because if heaven's any delight  
I'll see a sign that says Hall's Red & White

Whitney Albright

# 'Hour Glass'

Is your life like an hour glass?  
The sand moves from slow to fast  
First everything was at the top  
And then it all starts to drop  
Pouring down from a hole so small  
More and more sand starts to fall  
All of the grains slip right through  
Pouring to the very bottom of you  
The mountain at the bottom gets steeper  
The void at the top grows deeper  
Suddenly, all becomes still  
Your life's at the bottom, how does it feel  
When all the sand has finally dropped?  
When all of your pride as suddenly stopped?  
You try and find out what to do  
But the answer is to find that God loves you  
Pick each small grain from the ground  
And the lord will turn you back upside down!

Whitney Albright

# Hydrangea Trees

Harmony would follow Spring's appearance

In the eternal bond of their adherence

And also would come the birds and their choir

All added together, made spring conspire

Bees covered the flowers, jasmine, the air

When fair was time and time was fair

Blissful daffodils, they'd bloom in threes

Over by the hydrangea trees

And in the tire swing, my feet slashed through clovers

For the Seraph's peaceful weather had taken over

I danced in it, I loved the sweet jubilee

That bloomed the little hydrangea trees

The dandelions that floated on the bottom of the sky

Days when ground squirrels forgot to be shy

And even butterflies came to enjoy the breeze

Fluttering beside the hydrangea trees

Careless children within it parade

And sit out selling lemonade

And old couples remember times like these

On their rockers beside the hydrangea trees

The blue and purple fragile bunched blooms

Never appear a minute to soon

They make life simple, they make life sweet

Remember to admire the hydrangea trees

Whitney Albright

# 'I Give My Heart'

Age 8

I dont know how long I'll be gone,  
But I promise you one day I'll be home.  
No matter what I'll always be there,  
I give my heart for I care.  
When you are going down lifes road,  
I give my heart to take off a load.  
When you wonder who you are,  
I give my heart for I wont be far.  
When a teardropp falls down your chin,  
I give my heart so dont cry again.  
As the sunsets across your face,  
I give my heart full of grace.  
Close your eyes for the day is done,  
I give my heart for it shines like the sun.  
When you smell flowers outside,  
I give my heart so please dont hide.  
When you look at the sky above,  
I give my heart full of love.  
Now we are not to far away,  
For in my heart you will always stay.

Whitney Albright

# I'LI Give You A Flower, Mother

I'll give you a flower, mother  
I'll give you a flower, dear  
For life is but a garden  
To children of 5 years

I'll give you a flower, mother  
I'll give you a flower, dear  
For to a bride, they're lovely  
Mother, hold your tears

I'll give you a flower, mother  
I'll give you a flower, dear  
I'll lay it in your sweet hands  
For our time has disappeared

I'll give you a flower, mother  
I'll give you a flower, dear  
When I see you there at heaven  
When my time's done here

Whitney Albright

# I'LI Show You Love In This World

Come, let me show you my home  
Child, oh so greatful one  
From the abandoned roads you roam  
Child, oh so greatful one  
Your ribs prove your hunger so  
Your bare feet show your chill  
The cuts and bruises show your woe  
I'll help you, oh, yes I will  
Come let me hold you close by  
Draw me close to your beaten image now  
No, you aren't going to die  
Come let me help you somehow  
This world you've seen isn't so caring  
You've wandered upon its fragile ground  
Stealing your hopes to them is daring  
Don't be so down, don't be so down  
Now you must come, let me show you my home  
Child, oh so greatful one  
From the abandoned roads you've roamed  
Child, oh so greatful one

Whitney Albright

# 'Illegal Immigration'

A Honduran man left his kids and wife  
To give them all a better life  
Of no more hunger, no more thirst  
No more waiting on misery to spread worse  
On an 18 wheeler, he sneaks a ride  
For days on in he hopes and hides  
Riding through America, land of the free  
Turned out nothing like it seemed to be  
For when he ran off after the truck stopped today  
He found himself as a hopeless stray  
He can't get a job since he has an illegal name  
And he won't accept food since he's so ashamed  
The government, they won't take him back  
They say it's too much money for them to stack  
So, what of this man do you blame him at all?  
The courage he held as he tried to stand tall  
What would you have done to stop your families cries?  
How far would you have went to stop hunger in your children's eyes?  
Would you go to the next country or two  
To try and find something there for you  
We have to look at him with our eyes and tears  
And tell him we can't help him here  
Around the corner, he disappears  
Why can't we help him here?  
A Honduran man left his kids and wife  
To give them all a better life...

Whitney Albright

# 'Jesus' Feet'

Though last nights prayer  
Brought on deep conversation  
I found myself  
In a sleep aspiration

Centuries ago in Bethany  
Where Lazarus was raised  
Six days before Passover  
He came to be praised

They hosted a supper  
Martha served  
Awed by Christ  
I couldn't help but to observe

Oh, I was a sinner  
My life benighted  
And to this supper  
I was uninvited

I couldn't help but step inside  
And bring my ointment jar  
I told him with bright eyes  
Christ, 'I want to be where you are! '

So, then and there I fell  
Fell beside him on my knees  
And let the ointment  
Wash his soft, smooth feet

I was so gentle  
As I watched dirt smear  
I washed them so merciful  
That I began to bathe them in tears

My sins of scarlet turned to snow  
And then he caught my eye  
For I used my long hair  
To pat his feet dry

I kissed them on their tops  
And let him get back to dining  
But no one could ever look  
Those precious feet shining

And when we all get to heaven  
Do not look for me in the street  
For if you want to find me  
I'll be at Jesus' feet

Whitney Albright

## 'Like Noah And Allie'

I want a love like Allie and Noah knew.  
Dance through life, dance in the street with you.  
Ride a Ferris wheel off the ground.  
Let you chase me all over town.  
Hear you tell me the sweetest lines.  
Even though I wouldn't believe you half the time.  
Take off in summer and jump in the creek.  
Find a love that's so unique.  
Think of you when my head hits the pillows.  
Ride bikes with you under the willows.  
Tell me you know things will be all right.  
And read Walt Whitman to me every night.  
Run and jump in your arms to feel your embrace.  
Lick vanilla ice cream off of your face.  
Let me leave you in a big trance.  
Know our love's not just a summer romance.  
Play my piano for you in the dark.  
Give you every little piece of my heart.  
Rest my head on your white t-shirt.  
Love you like I'm not afraid to be hurt.  
Write me 365 letters a year.  
Write me truly, write me sincere.  
And no matter how far away you seem.  
I'll always come to you in your dreams.  
Take a canoe ride that looks surreal.  
Make me hurt and make me heal.  
Let's have feelings we can't explain.  
Kiss me madly in the pouring down rain.  
Make love to me as your first and last.  
Watch our lives fly by fast.  
We'll love each other every hour.  
I'll give you pancakes, you'll give me flowers.  
Build me a house and paint it white.  
Tuck me in oh, so tight.  
Read to me when I'm too old to remember,  
Every detail from January to December.  
Live each day like a movie scene.  
When we're seventy let's still be seventeen.  
Remember our days in my old blue dress,

And you in your jeans, weren't we blessed?  
Think of our days in that old pickup truck,  
Or down at the river by those old white ducks.  
Lay our heads down on the bed,  
Softly kiss me on my head.  
Sit back and remember our ride,  
Of how I became your lovely bride.  
Feel so chilled as I'm teary eyed,  
As I pass away by your side.  
To know life isn't a big finale,  
I want a love like Noah and Allie.

Whitney Albright

# Lion Before The Storm

The lion before the storm  
Watches the lightning's strands  
Before the rain gathers  
In the lonely lands  
The lion before the storm  
Feels his whipping mane  
Brush his golden body  
Before the gentle rain  
The lion before the storm  
Prepares for thirst to cease  
And beautiful is the lion who  
In the storm is pleased

Whitney Albright

# Love From A Distance

Love, from a distance,  
Is a revelation  
Millions of words  
In one formation

Love, from a distance,  
Is a breakthrough healing  
A living dream  
Of dearest feelings

Love, from a distance,  
Is all but a waste  
A painful hunger  
For a peculiar taste

Love, from a distance,  
Is an envious view  
Two squinting eyes  
Can't see through

Love, from a distance,  
Is but an affliction  
A mere craving  
For tender addiction

Love, from a distance,  
Is a miserable anguish  
A lingering ache  
Leaving grief and languish

Love, from a distance,  
Is a tragedy to some  
But love, from a distance,  
Is close as I'll come

Yes, love, from a distance,  
Will never touch me  
Love, from a distance,  
Is close as I'll be

Whitney Albright

# Melodious Song

The autumn's presence has come on strong  
The old bull frog's tweedling his drone  
And the bird chirrup and seems to belong  
All in a melodious song  
In this melodious song  
The squirrels fidget behind the pine combs  
The owl's hooting joins right along  
A woodpecker is pecking a hymn unknown  
All in a melodious song  
In this melodious song  
And on the ground, I am prone  
For I can't find where I belong  
I'm never happy, never strong  
For this tune sounds horrible with groans  
All in a melodious song  
In this melodious song  
But what if my purpose, my purpose is known?  
To just sometimes listen to this cheerful song  
And let it inspire me, all of these tones  
All in a melodious song  
In this melodious song!

Whitney Albright

# 'Oh, Heart'

(Age 8)

Oh heart, oh heart, why must you beat?  
Oh heart, oh heart, why must you weep?  
Oh heart, oh heart, why must you hide?  
Oh heart, oh heart, what lies inside?  
Oh heart, oh heart, why must you cry?  
Oh heart, oh heart, why do you despise?  
Oh heart, oh heart, why are you weak?  
Oh heart, oh heart, why can't you speak?  
Oh heart, oh heart, why must you burn?  
Oh heart, oh heart, why can't you learn?  
Oh heart, oh heart, what went wrong?  
Oh, heart, oh heart, can't you be strong?  
Oh heart, oh heart, why are you blue?  
Oh heart, oh heart, where are you?

Whitney Albright

# 'Pathway'

Yesterday I missed you so bad  
That I found myself in your back yard alone  
I became so terribly sad  
Because I looked for you and forgot you were gone  
My eyes looked down to that old familiar pathway  
Where you would walk to the old dog pin  
I just remembered those old days  
How I'd never see you walk that path again  
My memory seemed to be so clear  
I walked with you down it so many times before  
But this time, you wouldn't be here  
My heart saddend even more  
The pin was there like it always had been  
Even the bowls were right where you left them  
I sat and stared at that old dog pin  
Stared so long, the sun became dim  
A warm breeze covered everything around  
It even blew away ever tear that I'd cried  
The beautiful dandelions swayed on the ground  
Somehow I felt you by my side  
And I could see my grandpaw walking in the sunlight  
Although this time I couldn't hold his hand  
I walked iwth him until he was out of sight  
Then I could clearly understand  
Even though I'd walked there alone  
On the way back, with me he'd stay  
But only we couldn't walk back home  
For his home was much farther away

Whitney Albright

# Poor Man

Dear God, I can barely look at him through this window of my car.  
So God, how can you stand to watch from this window in your heart?  
The rain drops are trickling just as quick as my tears.  
Sweet Lord, you seem to know that I am crying in here.  
I prop my elbow on my steering wheel,  
And if I had room on this floor board I'd kneel.  
I see this man, all tattered and torn.  
His feet are bare, his body is worn.  
A homeless man walks on this side of the street.  
Looking at my side from his, it's so discrete.  
I'm stopped in traffic for a couple of hours,  
And I'm praying for this man inbetween these showers.  
So pitiful, so hungry is this man.  
He walks around with a trash can.  
You can see the shame on his face.  
He does not belong in this place.  
Does any kind of mercy exist?  
Has his life ever known bliss?  
Has he ever felt a kiss?  
How did his life turn out like this?  
He needs to eat. He needs to bathe.  
He needs to sleep. He needs to shave.  
He feels hurt he feels resented.  
But I feel his sadness, yet I feel demented.  
I look up to heaven and continued to pray.  
I had a question and couldn't go about my way.  
God, why don't YOU do something about this view?  
He said, I did something about it a long time ago, I made you!

Whitney Albright

# Saydie Belle's Fairies

Saydie Belle closed her sleepy blue eyes  
And heard a song, to her surprise  
So she tucked her blond curls behind her ears  
And followed it closer so she could hear

Little Saydie left footprints on the dusty, yellow moon  
Disappearing quickly from the month of June  
To a place of lillies and jasmine in bloom  
Still following that sweet little tune

She put her hands over her red blushing cheeks  
Her mouth dropped before she could speak  
For the sound she heard, that made those toots  
Came from nine little fairies on their golden flutes

They played for her their cute soft song  
And Saydie Belle danced all evening long  
She laughed like heaven, she sung like spring  
While they surrounded her flapping their tiny wings

And then a fairy looked into her eyes blue  
And asked her if she'd like to be a fairy too  
Saydie thought hard and she thought long  
She tried to decide where she belonged

But she held out her palm for the fairies to land  
She kissed each one in the palm of her hand  
Then she skipped on, back the way she came  
Leaving the tune that sounded the same

She ran back through the garden, jumped back over the moon  
And then she walked back in the month of June  
She had fun, yes she was well  
For she loved just being little Saydie Belle

So, she opened her eyes and before she could speak  
Her mommy kissed her rosy cheek  
And she still hums the tune the fairies taught her there  
And everyone still wonders how the lillies got in her hair

Whitney Albright

# 'Tears Of Stone'

So afraid to shed a tear  
Because a soul might stop to hear  
The whole world would stop and look  
At the moment of sorrow that I took  
But instead, I stopped and let it out  
I'm guessing the crowd is wondering about  
Are they staring while I cry?  
Can they not just pass me by?  
O! How bad it hurts me inside  
My tears are impossible to hide  
How bad I sob, how bad I moan  
I seem to be crying tears of stone  
So loudly do they hit the ground  
On top of the mountains they hear the sound  
I don't understand how this could be so  
How tears of stone could ever flow  
And from my eyes, what such pain!  
What is running through my veins?  
I guess now I am the talk of the town  
All because my tears hit the ground  
And tears of stone from me did fall  
Which nobody stopped to hear.... at all

Whitney Albright

# 'The Coldest Hour'

A long, white dress she wore that day  
Her silked hair on her shoulders  
It was the warmest hour in May  
So beautiful she was, he told her  
They both said I do  
Till death do they part  
None had seen a love so true  
So true, it warmed their hearts  
They spent a lovely year together  
A lovely year to remember  
No, it didn't last forever  
It ended that September  
She knows her future is gone  
Sadness is the only thing she can see  
Yet, the time goes on  
And after all, so must she  
A long black dress she wore today  
Her silked hair layed on her shoulders  
It was the coldest hour, I must say  
For he could no longer hold her

Whitney Albright

# 'The Depot By The Tracks'

Daddy would crank up the old chevy  
And I would jump on the back  
He'd drive on into town  
Down to the railroad tracks

The tracks down by the depot  
That stretched toward the river brim  
Daddy'd light up an old cigar  
And tell me secrets about him

He'd pull out a penney  
And hand it to me on tales  
I'd carry it around a while  
And then lay it on the rails

I loved the beautiful Tallapoosa  
With its sounds of brushing weeds  
The river's timely flow  
Matched their steady speeds

And the sun would set in Wadley  
Upon the open plain  
And we'd leave the blowing whistle  
After counting carts on the train

Every year the paint's more chipped  
And it looks more and more haunted  
It's sad such a run down depot  
Was once so daily flaunted

The long bench that held passengers  
Still sits empty and alone  
Every bit of history  
Is carried for so long

Time takes its toll  
The walls fade and crack  
But nothing could stand as strong  
As the depot by the tracks

Whitney Albright

# 'The Eastern Strand'

The mist is gone  
The sun has risen  
I see our new dawn  
Let's escape our prison  
Take my hand  
Follow me  
To the eastern strand  
Of yonder sea  
Our lost days are done  
Our trials have passed  
Our victory's begun  
We're free at last  
You'll rest with me  
Let's make a hurl  
And leave this balcony  
To enter the world

Whitney Albright

# 'The Sense Of Smell'

In a sense, it's not the heart or the mind  
That triggers memories so deeply confined  
They only play a common role  
In those mad moments that flood the soul  
Vision and hearing have their tales  
But I think the detonation's due to...smell  
That's what I said, yet you probably oppose  
That most of our memories come from the nose  
The reason I hold this strong conclusion  
Is because my smell brought on so many illusions  
Walking outside, I encountered a breath of fresh air  
And memories exploded, memories flared;  
On the mountains on a day so breezy  
On the beach with the tide uneasy  
Opening a window during a clashing storm  
Sitting by the fire in hopes to get warm  
A doe swimming across the river brim  
A prickly pine cone falling from a limb  
Playing in raked leaves in mid fall  
Gathering a horse back into his stall  
Drip drying in the summer wind  
Chasing lightning bugs with my friend  
Looking at the stars, oh what bliss  
A little boy and a first kiss  
Going to a baseball game in night fog  
How the rocks roll during a jog  
Knowing grass has just been mowed  
Making an angel in the snow  
A vision of a tire swing under a maple  
A candle lit Christmas dinner table  
Watching flowers sway on tops of hills  
Remembering how God's love feels  
Volcanic memories explode and then again swell  
Memories are pure madness when encountering a smell

Whitney Albright

# The Willow's Aren'T Weeping

His lonely arms tried to fold  
And whisper a story ancient and old  
But tangled branches showed evidence of persistence  
Yet those arms, they only grew more distant

He wears moss as his cloak  
King of the forest, over pines and oaks  
Behold his beauty, so old and new  
The wind finds pleasure to blow right through

And in his shade, he hides the sun  
Illuminates the rays one by one  
Through the storms he is defiant  
Peaceful he stands, a lonely giant

But, I stopped to listen for some time  
I sat in the grass and let my eyes climb  
And then I noticed, in that moment complete  
Life could be flawless, life could be sweet

To realize how perfect perfect could feel  
I grew teary, I broke out in chills  
For his aged life made mine feel small  
And showed me I hadn't loved mine it at all

He'll still be standing, even after I'm gone  
I hope his story is passed along  
Oh, he had a secret, and it wasn't worth keeping  
But, I must say, the willows aren't weeping

Whitney Albright

# Through The Belt Of Orion

Diamonds, he placed  
With his index and thumb  
Carefully paced  
For a world to come

Watch them presently  
Beneath God's hand  
Shining pleasantly  
To his command

Each, his own role  
Tracing to Zion  
To liven the soul  
Through the belt of Orion

To guide the skippers  
On their lonely sails  
Or to make up the dippers  
And Pisces's tail

Diamonds, he shoots, diamonds he flares  
Diamonds he makes, diamonds he shares  
Oh, if not for those diamonds he wears  
There would be nothing, nothing there!

He drops them many  
In flashes they stream  
He shoots them plenty  
For his people to dream

Whitney Albright

# To My Father

To My Loving Father:

I could never give you a price tag  
Or appraise your worth  
To measure the amount of love  
I've felt for you from birth

Though, I've learned it's the little things  
That makes our relationship grand  
I'll do my best to explain your uniqueness  
So maybe you'll understand

That you're a smile at Turner Field  
As Chipper lets one fly  
Fireworks shooting from the coke can  
On a hot night in July

You're an afternoon ride in a dump truck  
Singing with George Strait  
You're a busted butt at fifty  
In a pair of roller skates

You're a Friday night football game  
A big glass of sweet tea  
A quarter on the railroad track  
And a ham bone on the knee

You're a four-wheeler and a flying cap  
An understanding father to admire  
You are the upside down bottle rocket  
That caught my hair on fire

Yes, you are the man that was my first love  
Who always had a pocket full of jokes  
And you are the cup of tobacco spit  
That I thought was coke

You're the good smell of cigars  
On days that went too fast  
You're an every night alka seltzer  
To feel better fast

But all humor aside,  
I will say I'm blessed  
For those memories we made  
Under the roof of Corner Express

And only the pines and the blue skies know  
Of the times of which I speak  
Where everything was simple  
On the banks of Beaver Creek

Because you are a rocking chair in the evening  
The sweet sound of wind chimes  
Feeding fish and telling me about life  
Back in another time

You're a beard and a scruffy kiss  
A swing under a pecan tree  
Times and places, they may change  
But never will you, to me

Please remember I'm always your girl  
And though I couldn't choose  
I always thank God that my daddy  
Is a hero of mine, named Bruce

Whitney Albright

# 'Underneath The Sun'

I remember helping my grandmother in the fields  
We would awake in the early morn  
Out in the woods, on top of the hills  
We'd plant peas, turnips, squash, and corn  
It would be so beautiful watching the sun rise  
All day long I'd just stare  
Stare at the deep blue skies  
And smell that foggy, fresh air  
The grass would be covered in dew  
I planted seeds into the cold ground  
Out there, my troubles were few  
As I'd feel the breeze cool me down  
On top of that hill, I could forever stay  
So breath taking are the things God has done  
I saw life everywhere during those sweet summer days  
Those days I spent underneath the sun

Whitney Albright

# 'Up Here On This Saddle'

Corn stalks are swaying in summer air  
The weeds and tall grass as well  
In which it carries my long hair  
And gives off a lovely celestial smell

Lightning strikes in the trees beyond  
It thunders in the distant valleys  
Rain slowly casts on the pond  
Like rising splattering rallies

Traveler kicks up his two heels  
Races for his stall in the stable  
Ah, dark clouds, so ideal  
I'd touch them if I were able

But, still I reach for those clouds  
Like a dreaming woman on a horse  
For nothing is so quiet when loud  
As Traveler's galloping force

We slash through the mud and grime  
Underneath apple trees and rain  
On the back of Traveler I'll always climb  
Until the day neither he or I can again

Ah, horses are the reason people settle west  
Not for the gold rush or a quencher  
It's the horse that brings on a quest  
It's the horse that gives adventure

We yearn for a feeling deep inside  
And through each other we do provide  
His feelings and mine seem to collide  
Our souls are one whenever I ride

To run with time, to chase it for a while  
Disappear as quickly as the days  
He lifts me up and runs for miles  
In the place where all of the eagles prey

And all of the wild beast roam  
Where puddles are missed by a straddle  
Ah, it's nothing but home  
Up here on this saddle

Whitney Albright

# Wadley Cafe

When I was a kid on every weekday  
You could find me down at the Wadley Cafe  
Customers would order a good fillet  
Or wait in line at the warm buffet

At breakfast they'd come in for buttered biscuit  
It tasted so good everyone would tip it  
And the feeding frenzy for late July  
Would be some good old fried apple pies

People would come in wearing overalls and hats  
Order coffee just to chat  
They'd read the paper, watch the news  
Put a quarter in the jukebox and play the blues

And all of the town, they understood  
No one could whip up a meal like my grandparents could  
Though time closed it down, I still say  
I'm proud I grew up in the Wadley Cafe

It stands abandoned behind the old shrubs  
Beside the closed down domino club  
But I still remember days so sweet  
In that little cafe down on Main Street

Whitney Albright

# 'Wait On A Friend'

Sometimes I wonder how to find my way  
When my heart is so blue  
I don't know what to deny or say  
But my love, my way is you  
Sometimes we don't have it all together  
And we say things that are uncalled  
But I have known that forever  
Together we will have it all  
Sometimes we both cry  
And you know it seems we're apart  
We separate and wonder why  
We're always in each other's heart  
You're a lover I've never really known  
But tried to understand  
Everytime we think each other's gone  
You come back and you take my hand  
If you die before I do  
And you're not with me until the end  
Ask God to do a favor for you  
Ask him if you can wait on a friend

2001

Whitney Albright

## 'Wet Foot-Prints'

I sat there on the cement by the pool  
Such a hot day, that I wanted to be cool  
I couldn't help you kept running through my mind  
And how bad I wished that I could find  
Your little flip-flops on the pavement right by me  
Little wet foot prints running as far as I can see  
But you couldn't be with me swimming tonight  
Because you're up there where everything's all right  
I can almost see you smile or hum a song  
Bet your hair would be beautiful and long  
I know your face would light up the world  
You would be a sweet little girl  
But you couldn't be with me driving today  
That's all right for I know you are okay  
I wish I could see you in your 3rd grade class  
I wish I could see you grow up so fast  
I wonder what you'd look like or the person you would be  
I've never even met you and you mean so much to me  
I wish that I could meet you just once, I'd be filled  
I just keep forgetting that someday soon I will  
I want to know what's like to hold you in my arms  
To keep you from all harm  
I want to kiss you on your cheek a million times  
And braid your hair and pretend that you are mine  
It's a shame to me more than anything  
How I'll never hear my Carly even sing  
Because she went to heaven before she was even born  
I guess an angel was too good for the earth that morn  
But no matter where you are or where you've been  
Just know that I love you my baby, Carly Lynn  
And I want to thank you for shining light for me to see  
I want to thank you for being the angel that watches over me  
Everywhere you look down on me, so much joy you bring  
'Cause I know my Maw-Maw's got you close inside her wing  
But tonight I just felt so much like a fool  
Because I want to see your little flip-flops laying by the pool.

Whitney Albright

# 'What I Thought I Knew'

I thought that when I married, I'd only found my other half  
Someone I could lean on, who'd always make me laugh  
That's what I considered or what I thought I knew  
But instead of picking a husband for me, I was choosing a father for you

I knew that when I prayed for you before bed in my room  
You would be a miracle forming within my womb  
What I didn't know was how perfect God would form you, sweet lips and tiny  
limbs  
That because of you nothing could ever sway my faith in him

I knew you'd be a big chunk of my life, because there was nothing I'd wanted  
more  
But I didn't realize from the moment I saw you, you'd become its core  
I knew when I felt your flutters and kicks, pieces of my heart were already won  
But I didn't know you'd steal it whole, my darling little son

Yes, I knew I'd lose many nights of rest  
Soothe your little cries with my breast  
But I didn't realize on peaceful nights, though so few a number  
I would still be lying awake, just to watch you slumber

And I thought that I'd be raising a boy  
To help you grow, give you a life to enjoy  
But I didn't know it'd become my plan  
To ensure you become a descent man

What I thought was that you'd only be significant to me while I was living  
For when the flesh and blood fade, there's no love for giving  
But what I didn't know, from the very moment of your birth  
You would be my legacy, my mark here on this earth.

Whitney Albright

# What Is The Grass?

I saw a toddler pondering at the grass  
Wondering what it was as she passed  
She pulled wild flowers out from their patch  
How'd that get there? She thought as she'd snatch

Was it a never ending rug?  
What about that lady bug?  
She was puzzled, you could tell by her eyes  
She knew not a cloud from the sky

All of the textures and views from the world  
Confused this little smart girl  
Then I thought as I watched her glee  
I knew nothing more than she

But the names of each thing I saw  
But funny, that was all!  
I just grew up and stopped playing outside  
I grew up yet my fascination never died

That's the difference in people and poets  
Our fascination never dies as we know it  
We try with words to make it make sense  
We are curious but never dense

She inspired me, that blonde girl  
To never stop wondering about the world  
Do not grow bored like the people around  
Touch the earth and feel the ground

Let our imaginations run far and wild  
For we all know nothing more than a child

Inspired by Walt Whitman's 'A Child Said, What is the Grass? '

Whitney Albright

# 'Where I Belong'

The autumn's presence has come on strong  
The old bull frog's tweedling his drone  
And the bird's chirrups seem to belong  
All in a melodious song  
In this melodious song  
The squirrels fidget behind the pine combs  
The owl's hooting joins right along  
A woodpecker is pecking a hymn unknown  
All in a melodious song  
In this melodious song  
And on the ground, I am prone  
For I can't find where I belong  
I'm never happy, never strong  
For this tune sounds horrible with groans  
All in a melodious song  
In this melodious song  
But what if my purpose, my purpose is known?  
To just sometimes listen to this cheerful song  
And let it inspire me, all of these tones  
All in a melodious song  
In this melodious song!

Whitney Albright

# World Of A Million Hearts

There's this old heart  
That got lost in the rain  
Oh, it fell apart  
It seemed choked in pain  
Seems it can't beat  
I watch it being tossed  
It only weeps  
I can tell it's lost  
I don't know to whom it belongs  
For it must have jumped right from their chest  
I'm sure they know it's gone  
Because there life is now a mess  
Nobody stops to watch this heart  
They step on it without knowing  
But I find it as a work of art  
That doesn't know where it's going  
But isn't that what makes this place?  
It's a world of a million hearts lost in a demension  
And we're so use to seeing people on this chase  
That we don't even stop to pay attention!

01-2002

Whitney Albright

# 'Wrinkles'

As a child, I'd go to my grandparent's house in the sticks  
I'd see cats, dogs, ducks, and baby chicks  
I would run around the yard so wild  
For it was an interesting place to be a child  
I would touch my grandma's colorful yarn  
Shuck corn with grandpa back in the barn  
Play with trinkets, necklaces, and rings  
Uncover a box of all sorts of things  
Like a wanderer finding mysteries  
I was a kid learning of their histories  
As I'd fish with grandpa in the lake  
Or help him work with my tiny rake  
I always felt grandma had a mystery about her smile  
Which made my entire childhood feel worthwhile  
Next thing I knew, I was sixteen  
I'd still go see them on routine  
And help make fried apple pies  
I wasn't much help but I'd still try  
I'd listen to grandpa on the couch snoring  
And watch other children in closets exploring  
I still knew grandma had a mystery about her smile  
Which made my entire teen years feel worthwhile  
Now, I'm all grown but still drive to the sticks  
Some animals are gone, like those sweet baby chicks  
Time's turned their hair gray and thin  
The wrinkles have got deeper in their skin  
But I still see them as the most beautiful creatures  
For they have the most amazing features  
I still see myself as a child uncovering mysteries  
I'm still a kid learning about their histories  
There's a story behind every wrinkle  
There's a life in every crinkle  
And one day as I go about my way  
I hope I live as old as they  
And my grand's look at my face  
And find a mystery in its trace  
I'll tell them how my grandma had a mystery about her smile  
And it seemed to make my entire life feel worthwhile

Whitney Albright

# 'You Always Stayed'

My Lord, My wheel,  
My rock, my shield  
My life, my rod  
My strength, my God  
My hope, my fan  
My love, my hand  
My faith, my soul  
My master, my whole  
My protector, my friend  
My messiah, my end  
Thank you for each breath  
Take with you what's left  
For now I live for you strongly  
Not like the sinners wrongly  
You are the legs that hold me up  
You are the drink that fills my cup  
Redeemer, you saved me  
Creator, you made me  
From now on I make a swear  
To live each day with all my care  
And though I hurt all the while  
I swear each hour I will smile  
And I'll take the life you put inside  
And bring it out and will not hide  
I'll be thankful and rejoice to you  
I'll praise you for everything I do  
Thank you for carrying me on my way  
When I was lonely, you always stayed  
My Lord, my wheel  
My rock, my shield  
My life, my rod,  
My strength, my God  
My hope, my fan  
My love, my hand  
My faith, my soul  
My master, my whole  
My protector, my friend  
My messiah, my end

