

Poetry Series

Whitney Albright
- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

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

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