

Poetry Series

Albert Price

- 84 poems -

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Albert Price (12-14-1943)

The reason that I write is to promote harmony and to uplift the spirits of humanity. My desire is to persuade others to elevate their thoughts and meditations toward the Eternal Creator.

The topics that I am challenged by are such things as beauty, romance, fertility, resurrection, nature, peace, spirituality, and eternity. And my greatest desire is that people enjoy my work-enough so that it impels the mind and releases or unclasps the soul.

A Memorial To Martin Luther King Jr.

Words would fail me if I might assay
To articulate the courage of this man.
The numerous facets of his dossier
Are subject for song in a distant land.
Awakened in youth from serene dreams
By the melodious blast of Israel's horn.
Tall standing received earth's esteems,
Accepting God's charge wherefore he was born.

His marble image cleaves the bluest sky,
And his halo is now a crown about his brow.
His peace of mind earth can no longer deny,
For he has now fulfilled his earthly vow.
It can only suppose with the midnight of the mind,
What may be reason's welcome morning star.
One day he may return even more divine,
With a holier task from God who reigns from afar.

There's no thunder heard from Sinai's height,
And we see no parting waves at Jordan's bank.
We have followed no truer soldier in our darkest night,
And now are marching on bravely in file and rank.
Rolling on in faith toward the welcome dawn,
The good fight won he's earned the honor of Moses.
Now trekking the soul's desert to the divine throne,
He follows God's light up the street of yellow roses.

Albert Price

A Prayer For Sufficient Grace

Teach us, O Lord, the newness of wisdom;
Bestow on us daily the power of the mind.
Keep us humble by the knowledge of creation;
On your sustenance allow us to continually dine.

Pour into us the divine light- your first creation,
That very first fruit of your heavenly artistry.
And open our mind's gate to your dominion
So we may partake of your inventive mastery.

Unlike man all your works are judged very good;
May we share your vision so to share your gift?
Let the works of our hands be not mere vanity,
But the product of hands that help and minds swift.

Pardon our selfish desires we no longer need;
Allow us to avail ourselves of the new libation,
That comes pouring over the fountain of goodness,
Moving as it cascades toward utmost consolation.

Consecrate within our soul a new spirit,
To guide our appointed path with divine light.
May we always reverence your dominion,
Never forsaking to hold high our sworn plight.

Albert Price

A TANKA TO DEAL WITH A RANCOR

Genghis Khan was born,
Gripping a blood clot in hand.
But Love Child more bold,
And if I can say more cold,
Grasped I.U.D. dripping blood.

Albert Price

A Voice for Sanity

For leadership, many countries look our way,
To ascertain whether this nation will hold sway.
Its as if they are not apt enough to plan,
And their fate was apt to be in our hands.

We wonder if America can abide,
But know that God must be on our side.
God will not give us another choice,
His has been, is, and will be the final voice.

We wonder if America can abide,
The way things are trashed and tossed aside,
And fear is ripping at the American heart
With the threat of tragedy tearing it apart.

At night, the voice of children mocks,
Like the sound of Sirens on the rocks,
Their waiting mothers under the light,
As alcoholics prepare to fight.

Peaceful towns, with hours to while away,
Now hear weapons firing in the day,
With acts of violence changing their life,
Are seeking ways out of this strife.

No suitable answer that they can respect,
And grasping at straws becomes a project.
Will a heroine appear, unawares,
And save them from the inevitable snares?

For this land, we asked for salvation,
And, right early, we expect its revelation.
But the faith we need, to get what we expect,
Is more often than not what we want to reject.

Albert Price

Albert's Dry Bones

My ship reached your lush and comforting shore,
But my flesh had no more left than dry bones.
And these bones could remember no more
The warm breezes that now gave unheard moans.
But GOD can make these dry bones live,
As Ezekiel saw in Babylon one airy day.
And my dry bones seek for GOD to give
A body divine in which they desire to stay,
And roam the mountains that cool the air,
Collecting fruit so lavish and so ripe.
With clear eyes to enjoy a view lovely and fair,
I inhabit a world of freshness and beauty of every type.
So dry bones no more, by Omnipotence's grace,
Nature's bliss I now see well face to face.

BIBLE REF. – Phil.3: 9-13 and also Psa.34: 20

Albert Price

Amazon Queen

Across the starlit Milky Way,
Roll the golden chariots of the Amazons.
With full war regalia on display,
They sweep across the celestial zones.
Amid great pomp and warrior's zeal,
Ann Zingha cruises in the silver cloud.
Triumphant, she is, on the battlefield,
Keeping Matamba pretty and proud.
On either side of the river's bank,
Concealed in cornfields caressing the sky,
One finds the strength of Nzingha's flank,
As summer's breeze creeps softly by.
Her shapely ankles beautiful and brown,
Carries her victoriously back to town.

Albert Price

An Ode To Mother

It seems the angels were singing a song,
And their melody pleased God's ears;
Singing of to whom such love belong,
They could subdue all pain and fears.
He asked them about who became
Possessed of a kind of love so grand.
He was told of the sweetest mortal name
That ever satisfied the hearts of man.
The dear name "Mother" God then heard,
It giving sound to the throb of His heart,
As if such a title was that preferred,
And such a figure so honored in classic art.
My own dear mother was second to none,
And enjoys her deserved Elysian rest.
Thus since down from heaven came the Son,
Her role and function is eternally blessed.

Albert Price

Athena

Her lips are like a scarlet ribbon
Spread invitingly in the cloud.
Her rosy cheeks like pomegranates
Tell me my tender kiss is allowed.
As I lean over her armor breastplate
I feel the warmth of her amplex.
I savor her light and fruity fragrance,
As I seek the cleavage of her breasts.

Goddess of arts, battle and sapience,
Athena rules the mental battlefields.
She engulfs her suitors in confusion,
While her beauty she cunningly wields.
In the shade of an olive grove she indulges
Her plume covered hooting sage escort.
This fellow traveller asks no idle retort,
His heart's desire is to never fall short.

Albert Price

Aura of Autumn

Breath-taking beauty,
Above brown and gold leaves fly,
Pumpkins' glowing eyes.

Albert Price

Ballade Of Eternal Bliss

Here the sun shines soft and warm—
Caressing all in vales and on hill—
It gives a glow to every inherent form—
And reveals for every eye a thrill.
Of here they never get their fill—
For this is Bliss, an endless treasure—
Where our dream is the Lord's will—
And God rules by His divine pleasure.

The garden is a lush, green platform—
Big blooms with the fluffiness of chenille—
Songbirds' music raise a storm—
Their feathered robes fill the bill.
Wings spread they fly away at freewill—
Along the curvy course of the river—
They seek the Lord's grace with skill—
And God rules by His divine pleasure.

The dream cottage, fancy for the norm—
With a stone paved path to the doorsill—
A neat little shelter from the storm—
Has a spice garden for basil and dill.
And there's a gazebo for time to kill—
For when gardenwork calls for leisure—
Or even for the blessing of a drizzle—
And God rules by His divine pleasure.

To some this vision may instill—
A yearning for the bliss in nature—
But the Lord is sovereign still—
And God rules by His divine pleasure.

Albert Price

Ballade Of Mature Beauty

Easy comes beauty in youth's natural spring,
But with age its mellow dimensions grow.
Like to a bud, a full bloom, age will bring.
With grace its beauty does ebb and glow,
Its liberty allows its new functions to show.
Mature beauty is and will be admired always,
Youth's beauty and its esteem goes to and fro,
But ageless deeper beauty has endless days.

Mature beauty has a melody to sing,
And this it releases so that you will know,
The elegance and blessing of its echo's ring.
The evidence of a mind is part of its show,
For it opens tastefully with a view to bestow.
Ageless beauty never lacks for praise.
The beauty of life's spring may lose its glow,
But ageless deeper beauty has endless days.

In poetry and melody its praises we bring,
For mature beauty's many dimensions we know.
With fervid dignity I see it take to wing,
Giving the young buds an inspiring show.
May you long guide youth as they grow,
Leading them in elegance the celestial ways.
So youth will know how easy beauty may go,
But ageless deeper beauty has endless days.

Now young buds aspire to full blooms grow,
And become worthy of nature's timeless praise.
Allow your charm in majesty and grace to glow,
And may your ageless beauty have endless days.

Albert Price

Barelegged Charm

Along the sidewalk, strolls my dimpled dear,
Below a cloudy sky of pink and lime.
Her legs, ringing a bell my senses longed to hear,
Gives a celestial performance so divine and sublime.
A pair of sculptured complementing visions,
Creating a fervor within, one can feel to the bone.
Obliging my superego to handle decisions
About whether I see an angel from the rarified zone.
Such heavenly limbs should head the epicure's list,
Being so divine as dove wings in the skies.
O how they lift my soul on waves of bliss,
As this vision beams its pleasure to my eyes.
O may we one day fashion the ideal affair,
So I can extol her figure so extraordinaire.

Albert Price

Blossom of Paradise

In God's most sacred garden valley,
A flower of inviolable beauty and charm.
The blossom of exquisite sweetness
With the spirit to resist all harm,
Glowing like the icon of a cherub,
Boldly tempts and tries all the senses.
Posing itself front and center,
It washes away all sinful pretenses.
Soft and warm, with smoothness sublime,
Responsive to the gentlest touch,
Every feature of its divine form,
To my eyes, contributes much.
A manifestation of God's fine craft
And His compassion half and half.
Albert Price

Booty Everywhere

There's a new dance craze
Comin' on the media both ways.
They all like it out west
And east it passes the test.
The girls don their lingerie,
Then agitate it every which way.
She does the reel and the shake,
Making more moves than an earthquake.
Your mind's control is her rear rotation,
Making your only thought gratification.
Forgetting all God knows you need,
You're ready to bow and humbly plead.
But the booty shakin' doesn't stop,
So it's best you leave before you drop.

Albert Price

Bronze Star

From the ambience of the boundless sky,
A twinkling and perfect bronze star,
As if a saint had gotten spry
And left the everlasting ajar.
The splendor of the palace beds
On the corner of the firmament
Where ice cloud and star weds,
Beyond all chills of any extent.
The twilight verse of the turtledove
Awakens us at morning's dawn
Foretelling blessings from above
And glory to the heaven-bound.
Albert Price

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