Poetry Series

Albert Price
- poems -

PoemHunter.com

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Isle Of The Blessed

Looking into the ready bronze orb of a rising sun,
I envision the crown of honor for labor's worth.
With deeds right and wrong that cannot be undone,
Accompanied by high delights I venture forth.

Having glorious visions of exceeding greater good,
I dream of the triumphant shadow of my past.
With good fortune and a deep and eager mood,
I seek to find a tearless and unlaborious life at last.

In this realm of God following the light of a star,
I boldly abided thrice the tempests of honorable life.
Recalling mother's prayers has brought me thus far,
Free from discomfort and grief or unrequited strife.

Onward toward that isle of the blessed I continue,
With me a story of words like arrows with a voice.
Looking to find noble deeds in that glorious venue,
The isle of the blessed is a most desirable choice.

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Along the way passing meadows and wood,
I delight in the melody of birds in feathered robe.
I would linger for a season in a garden if I could,
But soon black the dome above but for golden orb.

Now when I reach the holy realm I set out to find,
I will rest at ease and on my story I will calmly reflect.
Sending out shafts speaking lines as sweet as wine,
I give honor to our Benefactor the Eternal Architect.

Albert Price

The Armature In God's Field

My heart is gladdened by warmth
Of expanding gratitude and zeal,
For God's provision in our cosmos
Of a powerful and beautiful field.

It embraces with all comfort and joy
My armature of incarnate substance,
As I go about this very terrific circuit
To deify indeed the Creator's existence.

With a whole galaxy of devotion,
The mission continues to run its course.
It continues to pursue an endless reward,
Spinning about to the pulse of life force.

Albert Price

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Man's Fantastic Mission

It's a lovely sun-drenched day of clouds and blue sky,
Giving such a beautiful vista on which I gaze.
Two sparrows dancing at opposite roosts catch my eye,
On a large branch in the huge maple at center stage

Distant bells ring out in the distance a melodic peal,
Accompanying the movement of leaves in the breeze.
I see a twin-tower temple with sweet images to reveal,
With such quiet grace it sets troubled minds at ease.

I muse of a sanctuary of inner warmth and grace,
With a scent of roses urging me to follow my nose.
Drawn as by the sensuous smile on a woman's face,
I begin to presume how the rest of the story goes.

Woman indeed is so wisely and nobly endowed,
Between the pillars of her calling in awesomeness.
She remains her openly receptive self and still proud,
Showing me haven where my weary soul finds rest.

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Together we dream of a garden of hope and love,
Living within the comforts of shared pleasure.
As I drink the nectar that showers from above,
I conceived of a supreme realm for all to treasure.

Albert Price

Shadows In The Moonlight

Sleet licking its tongue at my window.
Leaves its icy gift on the glass panel.
Logs on the fire still give their glow,
To objects seen in the mirror on the mantle.

Need Apollo share with Artemis his cloak!
On this cold and tempestuous night.
That dark star-spangled overcoat
Keeps from frost with its warmth so right.

The sun has set and retired beyond the shade,
Though its golden faded trace is yet seen.
The moon prepares to begin its promenade,
Making midnight shadows dance in its gleam.

As hearths nobly extend their gentle heat,
The sun consoles itself in a cloudy bed.
Then sweet dreams and solace meet,
As moon tips his cap and bows his head.

Albert Price

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Life Is A Dream

Life is but a singular happy dream.
God crafted with light and steam.
A marvelous imposing fantasy
For me alone to transverse and see

A joyous adventurous masquerade
Where celebrants pass in a parade
It fits like the most comfortable shoes
As if it was composed by Mother Goose.

But fearing God will find us out.
We erase every vestige of doubt.
Cause God knows how to infuse.
In a huge bowl fantastic brews

The key elements He stirs with care.
To invent a life with ease and flare
And then He spins like a tapestry
The fabric of life in all its majesty

So, through it we chase daily success
Donned in a cloak of sublime behest.
Daily we chase our fantasy morn to morn
And thank God for that day we were born.

Albert Price

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Remembertng Marvin

For my friend Marvin here is a grateful song,
Woven from the memory of shared years.
His loyalty was legend his whole life long,
And his humor, like music, could inspire tears.
.
Marvin was one of extraordinary style,
And a woven tapestry of compassion.
He was a steady star all the while,
Who lead with the passion of a champion.

May these words be an ode to a brother,
And to a gentle wind leading me home.
For being a lifelong friend like no other,
May his story be sung for ages to come.

Time may smooth the sharp edge of sorrow,
Yet the echo of his voice lingers in the air.
In every golden sunrise and each tomorrow,
We are reminded of the gift of his care.

Let every heart he touched recall,
The warmth he offered without pride.
Wherever silent blessings rise and fall,
May Marvin's radiant memory abide.

Albert Price

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Small Recalls

Each morning You lift Your gleaming golden crown
And awaken me with a divine and pristine light.
So now I thank You Lord for allowing me around,
Relaxing in Your comfort for this long night.
You give me strength to step bravely on the way,
Remembering the Good Samaritans in my life.
I plod on a path of pleasant feelings about the past.
This long journey has been sweet and of little strife.

So, I never want to forget so many special peeps,
Who has taught and rescued me so many a time.
The quiet mornings of yesterday left memories deep.
Of my parents coaxing me from ordinary to sublime.
I think of the preachers blessing me with their word.
They enlivened and edified something within self,
And lead me to accept the One sent down by God,
And to realize the place for the Bible is not the shelf.

When I gaze up at the cloud in the blue sky,
Tears come when people, that I envision,
High up in the stars passing me gently by,
Make me think of how they helped my fruition.
They are God sent points of light above,
Who guide me to the fulfillment of dreams.
And sustain me with memories of love,
For a heritage, my heart still hopefully esteems.

Those who softened my steps across the green-
The wise teachers and professors- sages all,
Visionaries who showed me what life should mean,
Are exalted in my sky as the brightest stars of all.
They are all on my mind as I journey home,
Fueling the fire in my heart turning the wheels.
God, please renew my faith as homeward I come-
Welcome Your grateful servant who before You kneels.

Albert Price

My Gerty Macdowell

As true a specimen of feminine charms,

I would ever wish to hold in my arms.

An icon of women with style and grace,

Gerty entrances men with her radiant face.

Fittingly considered dream-nymph of mine,

Gerty is worshipped by me enshrined.

Today she is just a shining luscious vision,

But soon she'll be my devoted affiliation.

Albert Price

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Each Star Has Its Own Pattern

Patterns are evident throughout God's creation.
A nucleus determines the pattern of every cell.
And the seas shape patterns for shores and straits.
Why should stars not have their patterns as well?

A city has skylines of steel, glass, and brick,
As stately as a mountain range of ridges.
Music holds patterns within every chord,
Much like urban waterways feature bridges.

An egg rests snug and secure in its bird nest,
Like a nebula embedded with a protostar or baby sun.
Here the protostar begins its long life,
Following the pattern as ancient as creation.

In the cosmos patterns are not one size fit all.
So, each pattern fits one star at a time.
One for the massive giant and others for small,
Since little stars live longer in the cosmic clime.

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Less mass means long life with many patterns,
While the giant's life is less eventful and long.
Of course, all these patterns are seen only by God,
And serve as aspirations for man's dream and song.

Albert Price

Accenting Kamala Harris

Into our lives, God manifests in various ways.
He protects us from every stupid deed.
In the era of Esther - the biblical days,
This lovely woman was made Persia's queen.

Today vice president holds great significance.
And Kamala Harris can emulate Esther's glory--
A powerful place in the political landscape
And a chance to be the heroine of the story.

With shootings and corruption brewing a funk,
What will be done to save our people from harm?
Will the Lord empower her to wield His influence,
Before the silent majority raises a monstrous storm?

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A Walk 'cross The Wabash

Being met by a river like in some boyhood dream,
I retain a memory of the Wabash with affection.
Its vista added an attraction to the landscape,
Aided from above by a blue expanse of reflection.
This was a view that entertained me weekly,
Since I crossed it to reach the shops downtown.
There was a spot on the bridge to spend a time,
Being soothed by the waterflow's pristine sound.

Albert Price

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Our Flag

You stand there in your pride and raw beauty,
But don't forget that caressing you is my decreed duty.
That warm and sturdy fabric my heart can feel,
Because of your humbling courage-stimulating appeal.
My arms are ardent by desire of your body to hold,
And with due grand and tender affection to neatly fold.

I pray you will always be a symbol of power for peace,
And a force for the oppressed to use to gain release.
No longer will you flutter like a vulture over divisions.
But flying o'er a land of unity with matchless decisions.
You give none of your glory to racist sexist bigot forays,
Since such tyranny abuses the favor of the Ancient of Days.

May the blue field of stars display its splendid raiment,
As the blue of our lakes and rivers reflect the firmament.
And our valor and devotion let the red stripes impart,
Reminding me of the red blood throbbing in my heart.
Lastly the white stripes symbolize mountain caps of snow,
Given its magnificence by the light of the daystar's glow.

It floats o'er the expanse of the brave and fairest land,
A mighty responder for every just and proper demand.
When the oppressors are humbled and shackles burst,
Supporting the liberated our colors must be risen first.
The justice seeker knows this is not the end of the story,
But may God continue to bless the sway of Old Glory.

Albert Price

The Master's Plan

Allow me to awaken you with the aura of morning's serenity,
To a new day with all the solutions to your deepest fears.
Let your step be in time with a songbird's refreshing melody,
Allowing the trees and winds to deal with yesterday's tears.

Written is the plan of life but not in your heart of hearts,
Since the heart is tender and not akin to engraved stone.
It is the sacred domain where our most secret desire starts.
Our plan for life descends from the realm of God alone.

Our humanity has more to live for than mere bread,
For the Lord Himself has made an elaborate plan.
He has detailed our life, welfare, and successes ahead,
Given like a dream without the need of lifting a hand.

We must think less of ourselves and more of others,
Which is overcoming the inner self and reaching above.
The perfection of joy is in helping your poor brothers,
Which is sacrificing the flesh for the sake of endless love.

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Two things—justice and mercy—are the critical keys.
They allow us to turn the diamond knob and enter salvation.
Therein is found the blessings of God—beauty and ease,
But know your wisest is less than God's weakest notion.

The Master's plan is worth its weight in platinum and gold.
Its immensity is too expansive for the human eyes to see.
This amazing inspiration of God conveys wisdom untold,
As bright and shiny as the sincerity of our hearts can be.

Albert Price

Little Shrine

Sitting quietly in the midst of a copse of pine,
A little white church dwells there in the wood--
A sacred beacon as well as a rural shrine,
For the residents of this idyllic neighborhood.

The aroma of dried pine needles give a fragrance
And a friendly welcome to all souls who come.
The gentle breeze and diffused brilliance
Reminds the pilgrim of the serenity of home.

Now and then mournful occasions necessitate
This small venue be filled with a crowd.
The cheering on of passage to the higher state
Is attended to with eulogy and singing aloud.

But its highest duty is evidence of God's presence,
Here in this lush and green backdrop of countryside.
A testimony of the local people's faith in Providence
And a ready representative of our Savior's bride.

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Albert Price

Magic Of Tube Radio

Does anybody remember tube radio?
They were wooden miracles to a little boy.
I could lean back and rest my elbow
On the veneer wood surface and enjoy.
I'd just spend some time in a casual way,
Amusing myself tuning the magic green eye.
The dream inducing music I found to play
Made trees out my window wave toward the sky.

The paradigm of the time was bebop jazz.
So the the console and I turned one another on.
Outside on the street was the worldly razzmatazz,
While I was musing away on the blue notes alone.
The joy of hearing Dizz, Ella and the Duke
Has been embedded in this curious mind.
But don't think I was an eccentric spook--
Just a spirit that only the radio could bind.

Albert Price

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O Thank The Lord

O give thanks unto the Lord of lords.
O give thanks unto the God of gods.
For He alone does great wonders.
In the clouds His divine truth thunders.
Heaven and earth He doth display.
He made the sun to rule by day.
He remembers us in our low estate,
And His power saves us from our fate.
To all flesh He gives plenty food—
O give thanks unto God for He is good.
Give thanks unto God for His compassion—
Thanks for mercy only He can fashion.
O thank God for all that He does,
And for all He is and for all He was.

Albert Price

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My Eyes Yearn For Beauty

The beauty born from lovely melodies fill my visions.
Nature's image transformed into a glorious tone,
Is found all over, extending earthly nature's regions.
Even the sun appearing as a bright flower in the morn
Gives off its soft rays with the civility of the harp.
My eyes long to envision a view of something so fine,
So easy and encouraging so to appear that sharp,
The trademark and the product of God's design.

Woman's beauty when bathed by the Morning Star
May fool my eyes into thinking I see a goddess,
But it is only the splendor of the sun from afar.
Being sweep into a demure vision so modest.
Her womanly figure whether draped or not
Displays such a floral elegance to my prim mind,
As to render me to a period of no thought,
A facility of the most beautiful female kind.

Albert Price

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Chrysalis

Over the winding road of human life,
Few are the challenges and tests
To equal the aging process' strife,
That confine folks to timeless duress.

The metamorphosis of the butterflies
Is a display of struggle and pain;
But how delightful a revelation to arise
Is the revived mortal strength again.

Aging may confine us in an imago
And a virtual chrysalis of coldness.
But we will arise with bravado
And a pulsating divine boldness.

For those with the determination,
Awaits a crescendo of divine pleasure.
The ecstasy of rebirth's inception
Is a resurgence beyond measure.

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Virgin Highway

A train runs Cape Town to Cairo.
It will be through here by and by.
The route is straight as an arrow,
It's like riding clouds through the sky.

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New Jerusalem

All things will be made new.
The past things are in the past.
Death and crying and pain are thru,
Decreed by GOD like a trumpet blast.

From heaven the new land will descend-
GOD's dwelling for man in His holy city.
It is our new home built for love without end-
Robed as a bride divine and pretty.

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Time Reversed

Time in its flight travels by so fast,
The future seems lost in the past.
I wish that I could reverse the clock
To find that lost future now defrocked.

How enticingly fine she was back when,
She seemed to belong to other men.
What I would give to dream of her now,
If only Almighty God would me endow.

When reversal of time can be condoned,
I will gladly turn and face the unknown.
And in that great expanse of paradise,
I would cross every threshold of joy twice.

Albert Price

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The Vineyard Dance

As the celestial music becomes ever faster,
She moves to and fro with the harmony.
And in sync with the Great Master ever more,
She is a bit giddy from the wine of eternity.

All the earthly pleasure occasions her movement,
As swift as the well-trained eye can know.
A creature of fashionable temperament,
She conceals her effort, so it doesn't show.

For the sake of love the dance proceeds,
Without imperfection or constraint of time.
The joy of this dance no one concedes,
But no one denies that it is sublime.

An uncreated rhythm controls the flow,
As selfhood gives all due respect to love.
For Love Himself has built this chateau,
The need for this event and all the above.

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Albert Price

Remembering Four Centuries Of Africans In America

Fields where the bondman's toil
No more shall trench the soil,
Seem now to bask in a serener day;
The meadow-birds sing sweeter, and the airs
Of heaven with more caressing softness play,
Welcoming man to liberty like theirs.
A glory clothes the land from sea to sea,
For the great land and all its coasts are free.
From "The Death of Slavery" - Poem by William Cullen Bryant

On this August day unclouded and drenched by sun,
Millions gaze back down history's road of red dirt
For a testimony in memory strong enough to assert
The four-century path of great wrong they had to run.
All men are created equal…that famous creed…
Spoke by the founders in bigotry and greed
To buy them a selfish liberty and us a silent grave,
To make narrow-minds reign and tolerance die,
And to raise their banner over the head of the slave,
Adding their mark of racism to God's clear blue sky.
In our heart our souls await the Lord's avenging day
And for the winds of heaven to waft and play.

Thank God for legs able to march four hundred years
And for arms strong enough to make the enemy flee.
We now plead by the Psalms of David to be free,
With words so grave as to not be eluded by ears.
No longer bewildered by the curse of Cain,
Undaunted we march with God's justice to gain.
Our steps have caused the infringed land to quake,
As we roll on dreaming of our liberty to seize
A treasure that generations assayed to take,
Knowing deeply that nothing less will appease.
This four-century trek has mitigated our dread,
Preparing us to raise our banner over their head.

Though our wisdom can enable us to vilify injustice,
We must depend on God to defeat its monstrous sins-

For it is by His wisdom that the arc of justice bends,
And continue to show our faith for Him to trust us.
Four centuries we have called on God to break the chain
And return to us our strength and passion once again.
The day has come for us to stand and face the sunrise,
With a new spirit and a shout of joy for the new day.
We must now escape this virtual yoke of lies
And standfast in the liberty for which Christ did pay.
A hymn of thanks we sing for a long-awaited deliverance
And for the glorious liberty of the children of Providence.

Albert Price

This God-Given Home

Awakening from a restful night,
I thank God for my humble home,
For His keeping watch as I slept,
And for His morning show of charm.

Enjoying my breakfast with delight,
I feel God's presence in a brimming cup.
And before I grasp His amazing provision,
All my morning meal has been eaten up.

With joy I sit in safety and comfort
While I mull over visions in my head.
I think of words to express my pleasure
For having a window above my bed.

Clouds overhead sailing thru sunbeams
Are like ships on a sea of blue sky.
Such placid scenes have a calming effect,
When a rare day of strife is nigh.

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Everyday I receive God's daily bread
And wash the dishes happily indeed.
I know my heartaches are rinsed away
And replaced by what I badly need.

God blesses me with gifts every moment.
And every night I sincerely pray.
Though I can never repay His charity,
I thank Him for gifts He sends each day.

Albert Price

Motivation For Graduates

God's mercy and love raised you to this tier,
Amid the party of graduates assembled here.
So think not of self more highly than you ought,
For it is the Lord's grace that kept you unfraught.

Try not to conform to the actions of this world,
But let your minds be renewed by this conferral.
Wisely put The Lord's perfect will to the test,
And hold fast to what your heart knows is best.

Honor one another above self and guard your faith;
Love what you deem sincere and leave evil to scathe.
Share with each other in need and keep hopes high,
Be humanly hospitable and let your service edify.

Seek not to do evil to repay a slight,
For integrity is the practice of being right.
Let peace be your goal when dealing with others;
We please the Lord by being sisters and brothers.

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Haiku For Easter

Jesus crucified,
Gained victory on the cross-
Our risen Savior!

Albert Price

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Reward

We inhabit human flesh,
Anchored in sturdy bone,
Pressing the sweetest grapes
All the pretty day long.

Then return we drained
To find sanctuary for rest
And dream of flowing honey,
We drank from nature's breast.

Albert Price

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Wisdom

What is it that we call wisdom?
And where is it that it is found?
It is no place in the land of the living,
Nor can it be bought by the pound.
It cannot be valued with bars of gold
Nor exchanged for a weight of jewels.
For rubies and pearls, it can't be sold;
But its fame is mentioned in finer schools.

Our God understands the way thereof,
For He knows the end of the earth
And sees beneath the heaven above,
Can weigh rain and wind for its worth.
It is watched and declared by God,
By the way of the thunder's lightning.
Thus, wisdom is the fear of the Lord,
So, to man all His ways are frightening.

By it God puts His hand to a mountain,
Overturns it to reveal its precious things,
Makes waters flow as in a fountain,
Cuts thru rocks for rivers and springs.
By Him hidden treasure comes to light,
That no fierce animal has ever seen.
It is the wisdom given by God's might:
A path to God known only by human being.

Albert Price

Remembering Dad

His hair was black, crisp and wavy,
Above a face well-featured by grace.
A man who knew how to earn a living,
He could look the entire world in the face.

Dad's advice I will never forget:
To try always to do your best,
And to thank God everyday,
Because He'll take care of the rest.

To church, he went every Sunday
To hear the pastor's learned voice.
The singing of the church choir
Allowed his weary heart to rejoice.

He told me to know to use my mind,
Since knowledge is much to be sought;
And there is no end to learning,
Or end to what needs to be taught.

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Dad had hands that fixed anything,
With a bit of cement or a nail.
And whatever he had put together,
You could be sure it wouldn't fail

If only I had listened to him more,
While he was here with me alive.
If I had paid attention to all he had to say,
Surely now I would know how to survive.

Albert Price

Axis Mundi

In the midst of our cosmic garden manse,
A machine awakens from eons of nights
And inhabits a lush and glorious expanse.
Sitting like a double ring circus of delights,
It offers two marvelous worlds for mankind,
Each centered on an arbor in rotation.
Both trying to become a haven divine
They use both art and consolation.

One realm earth in all its grace and order-
And heaven in all its glory the other domain-
The two gyrate about a magical arbor-
The whole machine plays a celestial refrain.
The tune acclaims all living things
Though they are creatures great or small.
A perpetual engine reverently sings
The praises for God the Creator of them all.

Albert Price

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My Hope Is A Sturdy And Trustworthy Anchor

When the rising tides of the storms of life assail,
My hope abides fastened secure to the Rock.
When the chilly waters cause my strength to fail,
My heavy anchor and God's eternal love interlock.

When the blasts of fear come near my soul,
And the tempest my confidence can defy;
My anchor in the daring straits securely hold,
And firmly embraced in God's loving arms am I.

My anchor keeps me safely moored in the wind,
Strongly tied to the Rock that commands the calm.
It keeps my vessel's hull secure and me within,
And never drifts into the waves of a dangerous storm.

And when the floods of death make cables strain,
The hand of God holds tight against the wave.
So my faith in my Savior can fully intact remain,
And my hopes I retain secure and my anchor I rave.

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No One Is Unimportant

When we are in the lab seeking for facts,
We need a lot of folks covering our backs.
Our senses are so very limited by time
And the vastness of our realm sublime.
So we must depend on every instrument;
Whatever tools our minds can implement.

The greatest of labs is our vast world,
Giving a supernal view with its gentle twirl.
Here everyone we meet has a story to tell
And a long registry of data and facts as well.
Each is a perfect God-created precision tool
To view the world from mountain to molecule.

Every person can be considered well aware
Of some event that happened here or there.
We should seek them as guides to know and need
And for help in making our minds a library to read.
They are like devices to make complexities plain,
Microscopes, telescopes to view our blest domain.

Albert Price

A Canvas Of Snow

There is something unsettling about a winter storm,
Though it plasters and sizes a landscape for splendor-
Much like a huge canvas is prepped for art form
And blasted by the wind for a mysterious wonder.
The white surface is now prepared for art's sake,
And my versifying pen is freshly inked to render.

So now I assay to outline life in a frozen clime;
Where row houses assume the same structural pose,
Mounted and capped by a buffer of snow,
From which a plume of dragon-like smoke arose.
All is lit from below by candle-like lamps,
Standing like long torches in ranks and rows.

Lights from afar seem like stars at first glance,
Accenting whatever noble color portrays.
And yards of shrubbery lay under their blankets,
Dreaming hopefully of coming flowery days
And hours of melodious songs from a feathered chorus,
Nested and rested in leaves of glossy, green glaze.

Albert Price

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Metro Carpet Ride

When you wonder why I soar beyond the sky,
Feel free to inquire and a secret will be told.
It’s a mystery to me but I’ll give it a try,
And unfold for you a story that’s ages old.
Two score years ago did a magic carpet emerge,
And Metro was the name its weaver chose.
So now I go anyplace that my heart has the urge,
Even up high as the sun to see how the world arose.

I can circle the moon eating icy clouds with a spoon;
Stars I can hold like glowing diamonds in my fingers.
But still the sky begins to darken way too soon,
When the day is done and the night looms and lingers.
Nevertheless there’s fun in the light of the moon,
As my flying carpet goes circling above Katmandu.
I’m loving every twinkling of this charming boon,
As I dream of new wonders and worlds to woo.

Albert Price

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Human Life Arranged By The Apostle Peter

The rhythm of our existence in the world
Is formulated in words by a noble source;
And in his second epistle it is unfurled
And it is demonstrated in literary force.
The Apostle Peter rescues us from strife,
And he bears us over death's dark fate.
He gives us his luxuriant theater of life,
Composed in stage acts totaling eight.

Small children are completely helpless,
In what is considered life's first stage.
We are totally loss in the wilderness,
Without power of faith in a parental sage.
And before reason can grasp the sublime,
Goodness must be shown us by parents.
For the higher purpose to emerge in time,
Instilled in us must be obedience.

Understanding life's necessities
Is considered knowledge in some minds.
And it gives the young adolescent abilities
To employ commonsense to day to day finds.
The fourth stage in order is temperance,
And it opposes gratification with all haste.
We can again be lost in our ignorance,
If we can't keep temptation in its place.

Patience is an award for conquest
By maturity over social wrong.
And it comes in youth as a skill test,
Making one's self-identity strong.
A stage where one faces severe strife
Teaches the sacrifice for noble cause,
the selection of his meaning of life,
And godly respect for the Lord's laws.

Young adults at all times need friends
And should always avoid selfishness.
This means a persona that repeatedly wins

And wisely continues to promote kindness.
The final stage on Peter the apostle’s list
Is love for the wellbeing of humankind.
A choice if applied might lead to bliss
And if declined might leave you blind.

Albert Price

Hope Of The Magi

On a dark, mysterious and cloudless night,
A shooting star traces its way from the east.
God's shining divine messenger glows bright—
Directing the Wise Men's excursion for peace.

Knowing even God's folly can only satisfy,
The Magi choose not to ignore this holy clue.
They set out trailing this light in the sky
With promises of the Prince of Peace in view.

With no gifts fit to endow the sacred family of God,
They bear two symbols of man's generosity and gold.
Guided by the divine grace above on they trod
With sublime visions of God's realm to behold.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Ode To Mrs. Obama

Our first image of a gorgeous black Aphrodite
To inhabit the halls of power with charm,
Mrs. Obama moves over the sacred fields deftly
Reclaiming the realm with femininine form.
Sensuously challenging those who dare deny
Her right to bare her bronze sun-kissed skin
As the queen in a staid pallid white world,
She assumes her role with no hint of giving in.

A worthy image of beauty to accompany a giant of a man,
Mrs. Obama came riding eastward her sword at her side.
She planned for an agenda about change most would scorn,
As a product of northern honing oil and heartland pride.
And she feared not the hard and awful destiny ahead
For a beautiful black woman in a loveless town;
As she brought her fashion for elegance and flair,
Allowing a gawking world to see her face was brown.

As a Capricorn, Mrs. O keeps her keen focus on success,
Never surrendering to impatience, doubt or hesitation.
Her aim is narrow and exact, skillfully chosen
And moored on a carefully thought out foundation.
So doing she has inspired black women to reach higher
And see themselves as lovely creatures of great worth,
Endowed by God to motivate, teach, feed and entertain,
With her nurturing, an emerging color diverse earth.

Albert Price

High Places

That wonderful morning I felt so well,
I chose to turn aside for an early stroll.
Lead by my Creator to a flowery dell,
I glided over fields so lovely to behold.

As I went along a path by a stream,
The water's sweet refrain was heard.
This deserted valley- or so it seemed-
Was inhabited only with butterfly and bird.

On I walked in a calm and serene daze,
Through this delightful valley of flowers,
Shrouded in a moist mist of eerie haze,
Amid the high places so like heavenly towers.

Following the path up into the hills,
I heard the stream seem to utter a call.
The songbirds began their morning trills,
Singing a lovely message intended for all.

PoemHunter.com

Now beginning the steeper part of my climb,
The rocks got larger in number and size.
The path underfoot grew more sublime;
As this realm of beauty consoled the eyes.

Then there seated on the rocks- like a vision-
Were two women with only veils on their faces.
They told me in their greeting their divine mission-
Assure my beaming attainment amid the high places.

Albert Price

It's Mid-Summer Again

It's mid-summer again with its mild and moist morning,
Soon whisked away by the mid-day sizzling breeze.
The gorgeous wildflower drinks of the sun's offering,
While butterflies sip of the lily blossom's wine on the lees.

Mid-summer is a time when love beads of rain cool the air;
The gentle beat of its falling seem a song of beneficence.
Then using the rainbow with his incomparable epic flair,
The Great Poet punctuates this grand verse with elegance.

As the birds are resting from their morning serenade,
They now allow the cricket its course at center stage.
The songbirds are cooling their throats in the shade,
Letting the hot sun with its prickling heat fiercely rage.

As the summer sun begins to appear as sweet red lips,
Like a dessert of refreshing sugared berries before me.
The evening breeze cools and my brow no longer drips,
As my eyes grow heavy and I dream of the new day to be.

PoemHunter.com

Albert Price

Why Cannot I Crack The Whip

The nation’s dream is built in our hearts,
Though its components our factories make.
Its majesty greater than the sum of its parts
Sounds the call at which our hope will awake.

Lift the iron gate bearing our sacred name,
For wagons are heaping in wares and trade.
The loud flick of the whip cracks its claim;
Cause it is time that brave tracks be laid.

Tomorrow is no one’s who’s ever been seen,
Not even the ones called the most brave.
But the best of minds must soon convene;
Their backs from the sharp whip to save.

We know our Creator has made us strong,
Our industry can’t stumble for its fame.
Our boundless spirit drives the throng,
And rebuilding our cities should be the aim.

PoemHunter.com

Boundless strength our Master’s blessing,
For our corners are bolstered by His stone.
Held together by the Lord’s caressing,
Our building is the most solid throne.

So now with the sound of galloping horses,
The crack of the whip moves a hundred
Toward eastern markets seeking sources
For eager wishes and wants oft wondered.

Albert Price

Let The Bad Girl Win Now And Then

She seems a little wild once in a while,
But men are nice just once or twice.
Then forgiving is the best part of love,
And it’s flavored by bad girl’s spice.
With her innovative turns and trills,
She’s the center of most social life.
And her cold denials and rejections
Can cut your aspirations like a knife.

Her growl is more vicious than her sting,
And it transforms to a whisper after twilight.
But bad girls are a lot more fun for some,
And she owns them before it comes to light.
Even if it’s not your heart she reaches for,
She finds joy in a touch time and again.
And oft her notions will outstrip yours;
So let the bad girl win one now and then.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Oases In My Mind

When rivers flow thru lifeless spots,
‘Tis the time for which my heart longs,
Like parents finding their lost tots-
Soothing as sunrise to the forlorn,
The calm halt to an infant ‘s tears,
The fall of the flood after a storm.
As friendless as desert appear,
God’s grace gives it a certain charm.

Desert rivers steady flowing,
Gushing from oases in my mind,
Watering seeds nature is sowing,
Making our future right on time;
Venues for animals to dine,
Which have been impaired by the clime.
God’s grace gives lush comfort to all;
Here gazelle gingerly recline.

The cool refreshing water flows,
Notwithstanding the desert heat.
Locals at the bank wash clothes,
As gentle waves go back and forth.
The river babbles her sweet song,
As her love rolls slowly along,
Kissing every shore on the way,
Toward the sea forever goes.

Albert Price

Chasing Troubles Away

My wondering mind imprisoned for a long dark spell
Soothes my restless heart until dawn comes into view.
Then my sleep filled eyes behold horizon's red glowing shell
And the rising crimson clouds turn the sky into a rosy hue.

This marvelous welcome sign of the new day's advent
Announces the coming of the King and his shining pageantry;
As He boards his chariot to traverse the sky in His daily ascent,
By which He travels the golden paved road to triumphant victory.

Oh what pleasure it is to observe the magnificent display
Of the damp greenery and flowing landscape of shades,
The amenities provided by a loving Creator for His new day,
And the gallery of life playing its daily game of charades.

None can long deny the beauty of what is going to be,
'Cause of the heavenly blessing playing the decisive role,
Outperforms all tribes of the earth and entertains you and me
And in the glorious name of Jesus takes away our old sinful soul.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Majestic Nights

Oh, to have the wisdom of Solomon over woman,
So to incorporate all the celestial stars in my realm;
As did Solomon in all the realm of his kingdom,
Place all feminine beauty of the cosmos under him.

But Solomon knew as I must too where her desires flow,
And lead their way as the river leads water to the sea.
He knew how to never allow a woman's heart to stray,
And ever retain the enticements of her rhythm and melody.

So at night as I look into a pretty woman's loving eyes,
I ask Solomon to lead me up into her inner quarters,
To look into her face on the deepest ocean of her soul,
And see the greatest light of all hovering on the waters.

May my sweet words reach deep in her private chamber,
To caress her soul and make fantasy become reality;
So that our hearts may entwine like her long dark braids,
And seeing daybreak in each other's arms may be our destiny.

Now woman shall be open to my song of sensual love,
So that my loving verse may tame woman's burning primal strife;
And the pattern of our separate entities may eternally merge,
To be caressed forever by the tender words of a new song of life.

Albert Price

Christmas Eve

Snow flakes seem to do a majestic dance in the air;
Or so it appears at the opening of the chapel door.
Gingerly walking down the front marble stair,
I head into the darkness with holiday joy in store.

Warmed by the spirit of celebrating the Holy Birth,
I ride the bus homeward through the pristine snow.
The street scene is one of colorful lights and mirth,
With a bitter gust of wind pushing one and all to and fro.

It feels as if it's the same over the entire universe;
Nothing but serenity and delight up and down the street,
As I run to my door before the weather gets worse.
Oh the joy of being home at Christmas in my cozy retreat.

Off I go to slumber comfortably in the warmth of my bed.
With dreams of cherubs and angels caroling in a sleigh
And visions of my girl Celesta dancing stately in my head,
I am entertained by thoughts of the joy of the coming day.

PoemHunter.com

Albert Price

The Delight Of Crossword Puzzles

Since 1913 the crosswords have beguiled our minds,
Moreover, giving our word power a needed boost.
So our lexicon goes thru nimbleness of all kinds,
Searching dearly to come up with words of little use.

Of course every solver has his own personal style,
So as to enjoy the commonly encountered sense of awe.
Completing the corners first may award you a smile,
As the central clues are allowed time to fully thaw.

It's said these games have stimulated us for a hundred years,
Guiding us along from social studies and current events,
To virtually trekking the north and south hemispheres,
And keeping our minds dancing over segments of suspense.

May these games continue to stoke the flames of human wit,
While employing a hint of humor to coax us to deeper study.
Enjoying the endless border crossings with no need for permit,
We cross the world's deserts and swamps never getting muddy.

PoemHunter.com

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

PoemHunter.com

Ode To The Poinsettia

Across the lowly equator they have flown,
The days of sweltering heat and butterflies.
And the poinsettia shows all it green display,
Without the brightness of its yellow eyes.
Looking forward to the Holy Night,
When in blazing bracts it is born anew.
Celebrating the Holy Advent of our Savior,
With its hypnotizing ruby red debut.
The gift of sight to the spiritually blind,
Who have spent a season in a green spell,
With hearts awaiting the honored return,
Of the joyful sound of the silver bell.
The summer has been hot and dreary,
With little love for the heart to desire.
But come November of every autumn,
Our spirit yearns for the Yule Fire.
As the flaming bracts don their glowing style,
The babe's eyes shine with nascent light.
With such beauty to nurture its first vision,
It makes the joy bells ring right through the night.

Albert Price

The Light By Which She Read

The light by which she read my letter
First began to flicker ray by ray.
But soon the light glowed intensely,
Such that the darkness dropped away.
The obscured pages were suddenly clear,
And every line showed openly what I meant.
As she read on the darkness broke apart,
And a graphic image formed in her mind.
The light seemed to move from page to page,
Like a humming bird dwelling on the sublime.
And as my words made her heart beat heavily,
The rhythm of her pulse continued on steadily.
Henceforth my sentiments took on their own flight,
Thus the light by which she read lasted all night.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Death's Severed Head

Death now goes about without it's head,
Lurking around in the shadow depraved.
But now unable to aim it's sharp sting
And to claim it's infamous victory at the grave.
All it does now is invade our innocent youth
And tries to afflict them with lust and hate.
It burdens them with hopelessness and despair
And ruins minds while holding wide the devil's gate.
It met the people trekking through the Sinai,
Seeking the glorious life of the Promised Land.
It turned back their minds to the fleshpots of Egypt
And took the gold they had brought from their hand.
No more let death be the darkener of your heart,
Nor bend your image and steal your youth.
'Cause death and it's head was made to part,
And now eternally drips its blood in truth.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

The Gazelle

Among Solomon's first love commands in the book of his Song of Songs,

He adjures the young maidens by the gazelle, and how charm makes them strong.

For the gazelle is a gorgeous creature with beauty and unequalled grace.

She moves with elan and fleetness of foot, darting here and there leaving no trace.

Her sensuous body, caressed by the gentle breeze, trots about almost unseen,

Making the wildflower to blush and the envious grasses to turn a vivid green.

Eyes sparkling, she darts lightly about the meadow with all of her senses alert.

Seeming to be rolling and gliding, she can disappear and reappear in a spurt.

In the beauty of the length of savannah, she has no noticeable match.

Prancing from one thicket to the next, she stays too smart to catch.

Knowing well her environs, she blends with the hues of the scene.

By dieting lightly and steadily moving, she keeps her figure lovely and lean.

The photogenic bounty of every cameraman's trained eye,

Her graceful hurdles and jumps can literally touch the sky.

The beauty of her eyes are a legend, their sharpness is a must.

Such a marvel of lightness and grace, there are few that she can trust.

Throughout two of the largest continents, she has reigned as a goddess;

Yet being a figure of poise and glamor, she remains demure and modest.

Albert Price

The Hand (A Mechanical Genius)

To God I am thankful for many gifts;
But none more than a creative mind,
And the hands which are the finest tool,
With abilities to create that I easily can find.

As a child I first learned to cherish
My God-given opposable thumb,
Knowing how versatile a device
It is for whacking a fortuitous homerun.

And stubby fingers were early to meet,
And with artistic freedom employ,
All the many vividly colored crayons
To make graphic forms and scenes to enjoy.

And off running into the world of nature,
My hands kept quite busy in work and play.
Without them I found that I couldn't climb
Nor protect myself in the occasional fray.

PoemHunter.com

My hands loved to tighten and repair my bike,
Seeming to be a mechanic of special training,
Taught by a higher intelligence unknown
For handling every task without complaining.

With maturity the hand becomes more adept,
A magical marvel for all creation to behold.
And in God's world of many forms to grasp,
It becomes an unique gift worth more than gold.

Then you find there's nothing your hands can't do,
‘Cause God has made them in His special way,
With the same loving care you make toys for a child,
Who might find nothing any better for hours of play.

We need to show God that we feel very blessed,
That He was the architect of this precious treasure;
So that we may join with Him in majestic fashion,
Giving the world with fervent impact endless pleasure.

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

PoemHunter.com

The Day Called Pentecost

The apostles of the Lord were still in much distress,
And fearing their heritage was lost to shame.
Hearing the trumpet of Zion they understood it not;
Seeing the spoken tongue they thought it a flame.

But this great sound made them all come there in awe;
And all were surprised to understand the words being said,
For they were there from many lands knowing one another not,
And were all full of wonder at the feelings that they had.

Then began the chief apostle to preach the Book of Joel as text,
Speaking loudly of the last days and the anointing of all flesh.
He explains that these are but signs on earth and heavenly wonders,
Before the blood and the pillars of smoke begin to thresh.

The apostle then begins to teach the knowledge of God,
And how only through prayer do we have a chance to be saved.
He goes on to remind us of the Man who gave His life on the cross,
And received it back from God to show us the eternal road is paved.

PoemHunter.com

Albert Price

Looking Myself In The Eye

My life must be steadied by real meaning,
'Cause I hate that feeling of leaning.
My true self I wish not to belie,
So I can always look myself in the eye.
When I douse the lamp for the night,
I desire to know that I have done right,
Realizing that it is a lot to expect,
I still enjoy the hope for every man's respect.

In the daily contest for success and fame,
I want no more than being proud of my name.
Some may show the world a deceitful façade,
They spend their days with acts to defraud.
I wish nothing to hide from others to see,
And most of all not hide my true self from me.
Irregardless may my conscience always be clear,
So glaring at myself will ever be reason to cheer.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

The Bamboo Pyramid

That treasury of memories most precious,
With these few words I seek to praise.
It is our school yearbooks of the past,
The repository of events from happier days.

I thank GOD for time to compose this tale
And for youth of spirit to view these scenes.
Cause this adventure began so long ago,
When we started the trek as kings and queens.

The voyage took me far beyond this shore,
Where clocks no longer tick and time marches not,
And the almond-eyed girl strums her instrument
Until sweet dreams overtake me asleep on my cot.

I follow her as my vision assumes a landscape,
Across green pastures and meandering streams.
'Til a pyramid of bamboo comes into view,
A quite curious structure of bamboo beams.
There at the entrance I climb the marble steps,
And carry this precious book into the darkness.
Being guided by the inner aura of mystique,
I gave the volume rest in the drawer of a chest.

As I bowed to request GOD's grace and blessing,
The fire in my soul yearned for a divine quencher.
The whole world seemed beautiful as I left,
Knowing that tomorrow starts a new adventure.

Albert Price

Brook Of The Sahara

Through the Sahara a babbling brook flows, ☐
With its announcing sound heard firsthand.
Its inquiring voice the receptive ear knows,
Whether in the days past since God created man,
Has ever such a flourishing sight arose?
This is the renewing of the face of the land,
By which the spirit of man lifts and grows.

Our God has created this by His divine trade,
A master expertise only He can possess.
No other substance existed until this God made,
A creation out of His substance and uniqueness.
This flowing brook can no longer be delayed,
Moving from the east of heaven to the west,
It feeds tree growth giving soothing shade.

Under the trees the smith blows on red hot coals.
He forms an instrument and cools it for human doer,
And heavenward the immediate puff of steam rolls.
And on from man the brook moves for the frontier,
Perfecting in its way the life God so nobly molds.
Continuing on inquiring of every receptive ear,
Has ever been seen this sight man now beholds?

May righteousness dropp down from the sky,
To renew God's divine creation He designed
From His holy throne in heaven on high.
Let this flourishing marvelous sight be refined,
As this babbling brook goes rushing by.
Continuing to inquire of every perceptive mind,
Has ever such a flourishing sight appealed an eye.

Albert Price

The Perfume Of Early Spring

The wonders of this new year,
I'm just now beginning to sense.
The chilly halcyon days now gone
Took away the weeks of suspense.
The early morning dew fallen fresh
Begets the scent of wet vernal leaves.
In flower beds new blossoms form,
With nectar nose bearly now perceives.

Park timber emits a lingering fragrance
Of scented pines and evergreen,
With other trees yet missing foliage
Giving a woodsy scent for nose to glean.
The grasses damp with spring rain
Emit their pleasing smell for miles.
Blending the air with kindred aromas,
The gift of spring in its vernal styles.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Susy

Her company I always splendidly enjoy,
For her natural beauty is something sublime,
And her manner is forever excitingly coy,
Enticing lustful emotion as if it's no crime.
Her warm, glowing, and captivating eyes
Briefly distract me from her startling bod.
Her upper parts' ability to inherently arise
Could only be crafted by an artful God.
And below her comely bust and shoulders,
He blessed her with a perfectly tapered waist.
The lady's cheeks are like a pair of boulders,
Continually and sensually rolling into place.
Her buxomness she flaunts for my pleasure,
So she is forever a vision of my esteem.
Images of her marvelous nakedness I treasure,
And she will reign as the milkmaid of my dream.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

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

I Dream Of Andromeda

Aethiopia is a land of exquisite beauty,
Inhabited by a princess worthy of its charms.
And the king her father thought it his duty
To boast of her glamor in spite of envious alarms.
So the lovely Andromeda sitting on the shore,
Her long hair waving seaward in the salty breeze,
Has been chained to rock by vengeance heretofore.
But the brave Perseus arrives and her he frees,
After slaying the sea monster with a vicious gore.

Now Andromeda is the goddess of all my dreams,
Who reigns supreme in the celestial sphere.
Her beauty is yet unique in the heavenly schemes,
And can cause clouds and tempest to disappear.
If I for a moment neglect to confess her glamour,
Savage beast would roar her praise from lust.
The most ardent lover she forces to stammer,
Her charms makes their tongues unable to adjust,
For it is that womanly way she has with men to enamour.

The forests, streams and all of nature are her gift,
Since every creature with a heart she delights.
O God make me her Perseus and please be swift,
For she is my only dream on starry nights.
My brand is honed sharp to slay the dragon,
And the keys to her chains lay buried in my sack.
We will fly away on a Pegasus drawn wagon,
And sail the celestial ocean in a star guided yacht.
To toast life eternal, may I lift this star-studded flagon?

Albert Price

From The Void To Overjoyed

In the beginning the Lord created a great deep,
So deep that no eye saw anything but obscurity.
This deep we now by name call the heavens,
Accompanied by the creation of great vacancy
A formless void that is uninterrupted by shapes.
It is the undefinable foundation for that yet to form,
A place we now think of as the planet earth,
Which passed the tests of the primeval, perfect storm.

Now with this creation comes the beginning of time,
And for measurement a transparent hourglass,
With an exact amount of sand enclosed within,
Which has until this moment been at an impasse.
Not a grain has been able to pass the constriction,
Until the Creator has commanded it to go.
As the primal beauty comes into existence,
Change enacts sand to fall in the chamber below.

With the passage of time within the hourglass
The Lord's creation enlarges and expands;
It becomes the abode for another creation
The harvest of the Lord's desires becomes Man.
To Man the hourglass is a no longer fashionable,
And it may even seem to be ruling his day.
So he looks to the Lord for a savior
For someone who-win or lose-will want to play.

The solution from the LORD is Woman,
A helpmate fashioned of Man's own bone.
His dream has become his reward,
And She seems even better than homegrown.
Her figure is the perfect hourglass,
And her countenance is a bonny display.
Plainly It seems Man never saw the lady coming,
Since his plain morning bird became his bird of prey.

Albert Price

Death Poem

My life on earth was very good,
So don't grieve for me with tears.
Just remember the love we once had,
And bury sorrow without pain and fears.
Miss me a little-but not too long,
Hold no rites in a gloom-filled room.
The sun has set for me by God's plan,
And now I travel the long road home.
This sublime journey we all must take,
And each of us must take it alone.

Jesus has provided a place for me,
And with Him I will walk in peace.
Though my time with you was short,
Now there's only love that'll never cease.
On the road to sweet eternal rest,
A path my God has laid for me,
To perfect peace given only by the Best,
My soul goes on to taste and see.
My heart prays that I ace the test,
So as to claim the crown of the free.

Now if my parting has left a void,
Then fill it in with remembered pleasures.
But do not stand at my grave and weep,
For I go to a land of endless treasures.
Think of me now as the vernal rain,
See me in the stars that no one measures.
My soul flutters in the sun on ripened grain,
And whispers God's praise in the wind.
I've gone where love and joy is forever new,
And where the gentlest lights never end.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

The Nobility Of Women Of Merit

Even precious jewels cannot approach their value,
For the women of merit are priced beyond them.
Their beauty is found in the works of love they do,
And in their smile facing the future that is never dim.
Most arise at dawn when it is still like the night
And wrap round them bands of strength like corsets.
Going out like the cargo ships before daylight,
They conduct their business for handsome profits.

Their beauty is matched by their hearts filled with virtue,
For there is rich wisdom and mercy on her tongue.
Their clothing soft fair linen of purple and blue,
And open are their hands to needy they live among.
Men give them praise and children give them honor,
Since her public reputation is all to her credit.
Eschewing evil for the good at every corner,
They ply their gifts toward works of merit.

Oh to be her partner in labor and pleasure,
For her fire will not go out for the night.
Her company for sure has profit in full measure,
And lifts high the muse of good cheer’s delight.
Faith is her deserved and hard-earned reward,
For her strength and self-respect passes the test.
About her worth there is candid accord,
Among women her title is the very best.

Albert Price

The Dream Come True

Through our Creator’s divine patience and design,
We received motivation at the start of our making.
And by this deed in our hearts He did enshrine
A beating desire for the new day’s breaking.

Then descending on the shoulder of the Son He loves,
He depicts Him as the true meaning of all life.
And the Creator returns to glory on high as a dove,
As the meaning showing miracles of the Son become rife.
.
Soon the Son has to return to the Father of creation,
Leaving with us motivation, meaning and love.
The gift He sends is the force of our imagination,
The Holy Spirit of the Creator who lives forever above.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

The Threshold Of Graduation

The arrival of spring greeted again and again,
Each day at the awakening of twilight,
With the songbird’s sweet refrain,
Much to the morning glory’s delight.
But their unmindfulness of this date
Is not shared by the assemblage of students,
Who at this threshold proudly wait
To see the matter formed of their prudence.

About this matter now we ponder-
Marvelously formed in equal steps,
Such that candidates stand and wonder
How to hold it within their precepts.
Then with thoughts of the Most Sublime,
They see skinless, boneless sheep
And know this matter depends not on time,
And begin to fathom that providence is deep.

So through the threshold they step in line,
Equally spaced to receive that common reward.
That matter assembled by the class mind,
To which they now march in cadence toward.
Fully aware that they enter the edifice
Made by the creator of the universe.
They are deemed holy by academic sacrifice
And set free to practice arts diverse.

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

PoemHunter.com

The Seven Divisions Of Womanhood

To Shakespeare I give all due respect,
But the world must be a huge theater I suspect.
Woman’s the major player if not the star,
For she influences all with love from afar.
The main acts of her drama as one envisions,
Occur for my audience in seven divisions.

First the helpless infant in her nurse’s arm,
Fresh from God’s hands smiling and warm.
Yet guiltless and untouched by worldly strife,
She is but a stranger to sin in this dawn of life.
In her pink crib she looks cute and pure,
With a smile on her lips so modestly demure.

Next as a tender young girl of school age,
With pigtails and grace she enters the stage.
An innocent young girl loving dolls and toys,
She has no taste for bruises, math or boys.
Her voice is like music whenever she speaks,
Explaining with emotion the desire she seeks.

In the sweet summer age she becomes a blossom,
And weathers the waves in the role of stardom.
Now she’s a young lady with a pure, creative mind,
Nursing dreams of a life moral and refined.
When put into the orbit of heart-consuming men,
Overcoming dying hope, her world she has to win.

As a wife she makes her home a true nirvana,
Winning from the man she loves her merited honor.
She is in hard times his source of consolation,
And in times of pleasure his joy and elation.
As a lover and a mate she continues to perform,
Keeping house and home through every storm.

Now for the most blessed age of female life,
She assumes the role of mother as well as wife.
Like God's miracle, the first is released with a hurl,
Then with tears and a scream from womb to world.

Before long baby laughs aloud and pleads for caress,
And mother love with playful smile grants the request.

Next the vestiges of youth appear a distant dream,
And spring's lovely buds now attest to her final esteem,
As she enters her mournful stage of the widow's woe,
Her glance upon her children falls as her eyes overflow.
She has lost all her young heart once fondly enjoyed,
And in the business of change of life she's fully employed.

With the final division, youth is now a faded flower,
And she can bask in the coolness of the evening hour.
As she enjoys the reflection of her progeny having fun,
She is reminded that maternal pleasures are not yet done.
She continues to impart knowledge necessary to sustain,
As she guides their hopes to reach for the heavenly domain.

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

PoemHunter.com

God's Moon Pie

If God would take the moon

And make it into a great pie,

The sweet aroma of spice

And green apple would fill the sky.

He’d begin with the careful peeling,

Making the globe shining apple-white.

Then He’d find fixins’ to get it just right.

He would count the servings needed

For the whole world to be satisfied,

And choose just the right flavoring

To set all differences of taste aside,

But with all due respect to the bakers’ pride.

To provide for all the world’s problems,

God gives his secret spiritual answers.

So to the seasoning of the apples,

He adds His nine flavor enhancers.

With perfection, God takes no chances.

There is a pinch of peace, joy, and love,

For that aroma that rises above.

Then there is the patience, gentleness and grace,

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So that humankind need not eat in haste.

He wants all to sense the goodness in the taste.

Next faith, modesty and moderation He adds,

And then more love he sprinkles in scads.

Here below our appetites we whet,

Our stomach’s pits to be satisfied.

Thankful for every morsel we get,

Until convinced our Lord is glorified.

Soon one could hardly see a crumb.

But we have no need at all to fear,

For at the end of daylight’s trusty gleam,

The moon again is a shining sphere.

Albert Price

Corn-Fields Of Endor

Standing on a hill of Jezreel,
Watching growing corn in the field,
Listens she does to the birds' song
And to the trilling crickets' chirp.
The sun now pass the most far hills
Means the days' work is over and done.
Soon the night guard will shut city gates
And all eyes will yield to the dark.
By music of the spirit of silence,
The visions of rest are made to dance.

Then in the middle of the darkest night,
She arises from slumber and the bed,
And leaves the sweet relaxing visions
She had waltzing through her head.
Laying aside all her night garments,
Off she runs to her nightly chore.
Running around the corn they planted,
Makes her sacred circle 'bout the field.
Magic footsteps giving blessing
By her dance and dark undressing.

Soon passed the summer season
And away went her warmest sigh.
Corn in green and golden garments,
Stood in ripened splendor gleaming.
With its emerald sheaths bursting,
Send its gold rays into the sky.
To the harvest come young maidens,
To strip the ears of their garments,
Laughing under the spreading trees,
They sing the blessings of Jezreel.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

What Is Elijah Doing Here?

Here Elijah is reclining on his bed,

Waiting for the Divine to pass,

Enjoying the wind rushing by his head,

Stirring the the meadow’s tall grass.

As the ground quietly but suddenly moves,

And a shudder takes control of his heart,

He wonders what this episode proves,

As his expectations go off the chart.

The panorama of Naboth’s vineyard

Gives him a certain tremor still.

PoemHunter.com

But with the great charity of GOD,

He drinks Ahab’s wine to the fill.

The vines bending with ripe blue grapes

Appear as a blaze across the land.

The eternal refining fire no one escapes,

Until his faith has an edge none can make bland.

He hears a whisper echo in the cave,

Inquiring for a reason he abides here.

The voice now sounding clearly more grave,

Asks of him, What doeth thou here, Elijah?

And then again, What doeth thou here, Elijah?

Albert Price

Park Samaritan

Resting in the park one day,
I saw a cuddly little mutt.
He looked like he came a long way
And was suffering for an empty gut.

I offered him a moist hambone,
Which he very politely took.
And soon he was gone to find
Comfort in some suitable nook.

Off he went down a trail
To find a soft spot for his meal.
The wag of his lively tail
Was more than a thanks could reveal.

In a spell he gingerly returned—
To show me his spirits were higher.
And with a friend his gift had earned,
A beautiful silky-furred admirer.

PoemHunter.com

Albert Price

Great Women - Young And Old

The lights of Bethlehem still burn,
For Ruth’s mother-in-law to return.

Since her unfettered faith, so strong,
Convinced Ruth, with her, to come along.

Facing bravely the consequences of God’s plan,
Ruth, with Naomi, went to the Promised Land.

To live on in Bethlehem was their decision,
Both seeking to receive God’s provision.

God doesn’t stop being God in adversity
Is what Naomi taught Ruth to believe.

So there in Bethlehem, Ruth sought for a man
To help her with the consequences of God’s plan.

And Boaz of Bethlehem, Naomi’s rich kinsman,
Found Ruth to be both charming and winsome.

So he shared with Ruth the bounty of his field,
When he learned her faith, though foreign, was real.

Thus they became one with the grace of God’s will
And with a prophecy of God their duty to fulfill.

Ruth’s faith in Naomi’s God found reinforcement
While lovelorn Naomi was freed of her resentment.

God’s will it was to give Ruth and Boaz a boy,
And for Naomi to restore her spiritual joy.

Albert Price

Grandma's Quilt

God blessed me with a grandma of many talents,

And one of them always left me thoroughly amazed.

It was the way she collected square scraps of cloth

To make quilts that seemed worthy of praise.

Each with its own colors and textures,

Of rare beauty in pattern and design,

She formed them with love

Into a tapestry of aesthetics sublime.

These squares of fabric became a work of art

In my grandma’s talented and trained hands.

PoemHunter.com

These treasures have become a fond remembrance,

Over the years since my grandma left for elysian lands.

It intrigues me how these patchworks of varying textures

Became such sources of hospitable warmth and amenity.

They stir my sentimental thoughts about many distinct folk

That I recall from my youth who became my extended family.

They kept me feeling comfortable and warm with attentive care,

Much like the quilts my grandma made with many a fabric square.

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.

PoemHunter.com

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

Dés Nus

L'horizon orange a tout juste commencé à briller,
Et Dés met sur son manteau, ses seuls vetements,
Et commence à s'écarter pour son maison tout près.
Son but tous les soirs n'est connue que par le créateur.

Parce qu'elle a des taches de rousseur partout,
Dés, je l'appelle, et rien plus. Tous les soirs, ses traces viennent à mon escalier.
Elle est dans non plus qu'un manteau, debout à ma porte.

Elle pose et se moque sa nudite,
Comme si c'etait sa proper invention.
Et Nous passons la nuit dans un bonheur tranquille,
Étant donné que c'est le cas, elle obtient mes félicitations.

Sa belle silhouette brille comme la Lune.
Et dans l'affichage de l'érotisme de le crépuscule,
Comme le déjà-vu d'une chanson de familier,
Embellit mes soirées de cette façon.

PoemHunter.com

Le lever du jour toujours semble trop proche,
Pour lui signifies a separation, mes ches Dés.
Donc je remercie le Créateur qu'elle est présente,
Assaisonnement la nuit avec du sucre et des épices.

Albert Price

To Dieters

Spread before me is a copious treat,

All begging me to try it,

But I know that if I do,

I will be forgetting my diet.

I desire to enjoy the dance

With the lovely maidens of old,

And delight the valley of vision

With the removal of all burdens to behold.

Like a bear surveying a campsite,

In her piggish penchant for sweets.

PoemHunter.com

I fell for the earnest felicity

In the maidens whirling to the melodious beats.

And each irresistible and delicious aroma,

Meandering from the cottage eaves,

Could make a rhyme take wing

And flutter in the evening breeze.

Albert Price

The Eye Of A Needle

God, tell me the mystery of your will.

For as far as I can see is your majesty.

The desert is as small as the eye of a needle.

And it is, in this paradise, a travesty.

The flowing springs are sparkling clear and cool,

And they water the green foliage and flowers.

From hill to hill, beauty is on display,

And, in every direction, proof of your growing powers.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Rosh Hashanah (In Tanka Form)

Adam and my Eve

What shall you realize first

Coffee, tea, or you

Sip it deliberately

And know not emptiness.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Rebuilding Megiddo

Wearing her zippered jumpsuit of lime
My queen loves to survey the valley's field.
She dreams of finding a perfect place and time
She can make her dream city something real.

Megiddo was an ancient and famous city
Where starting at Solomon's gate then entering in,
Delight, pleasance and joy showed no pity,
And t'was no comfort not to be found within.

This proud city of great power and zeal-
The glory of some rare ancient engineer-
Has seen dust fly from many a chariot wheel,
When victorious kings came to holiday here.

Perhaps ancient Israel's most splendid city,
It soon captured every kingdoms' eye.
A diadem of the Jezreel Valley so pretty,
It invoked the kiss of the Assyrian sky.

PoemHunter.com

Surrounded by its high double-thick stone walls,
Megiddo’s palaces did lavishly and amply abide,
Containing their ornamentally furnished halls,
With towers, storehouses, and courtyards alongside.

And then there are temples—believed to be three,
With vestibules for believers to enter in.
Then of course the altar for only the holy to see,
Where doctrines are given a positive spin.

Where’er perfect foundation might lay,
My queen shall find a delightful field.
And there to be in full domain and array,
The promise of Eden most empyreal.

Albert Price

Quest For The Unknown

Dear God and Creator of the known world,
Allow me to understand the essence of your truth.
Be it by messenger or angelic herald,
I desire your instruction forsooth.
Your craftsmanship is glorified with much data.
By what theory may they be compressed,
So that my comprehension can be greater,
And my appreciation of your glory blessed?
Your stars are objects of beauty so great,
And their mystery transcends every theorem,
That man studies their nature every night,
In hope that you will expose your holy axiom.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Pour Toujours Paradis

Sur un jour beau sous un ciel d'azur avec l'or,
J'ai réalisé une vue qui était très plaisante de voir.
Un jardin luxuriant arrosé par des ruisseaux doux,
Sur un colline bleuets et sur l'autre un arc en ciel des rêves.
Ici il y a des aliments pour être satisfaisant et les plaisirs pour l'œil,
Assez pour toutes les créatures de Dieu de terrain, eau et ciel.

La nymphe de jardin, vivant dans le manoir de mon esprit,
Fournit à mon super-ego les dévotions douces angéliques.
Ici nos coeurs sont comme la lumière comme les congés de pomme,
Parce que chaque souhait et le désir est couronné avec succès.
Alouettes et bluebirds sérénade nous tous les jours
Et ils volent loin en laissant des souvenirs doux.

Le révérend ici est un femme qui surpasse l'or,
Elle aime danser par le jardin avec le dessert et la cuillère.
La prédicateur est une humain sensationnel et a une vision pur.
Elle voit le mot transcrit dans le ciel et inhérent à la rosée.
Les oiseaux de paradis ici portent des robes rougeoyants de plumes,
Harmonisent avec une brise qui a commencé autrefois un milliard d'années.

Albert Price

Pluto's Treasure

Golden objects are most outstanding,

But without loving, they are missing flavor.

But let’s not forget stunning silver,

That the maid often loves to savor.

And brilliant copper, with its rosy sheen,

That every craftsman should well know.

But cold iron, as Kipling likes to say,

From all of these, takes the show.

Not mentioned yet, but not to be overlooked,

Is platinum, our bright and lustrous pal.

Thought to be impure for thousands of years,

But now more valuable than them all.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Ode To Weight-Watchers

We are weight-watchers
And we are the tasters of dreams,
Escaping irresistible sweets
With mere disdain, it seems,
Contemplating mounds of vanilla,
On which caramel sauces tease.
Any two of us can fancy a tasty thriller,
If the other tacitly agrees.

What wonderful triple cracklin' goodness
Comprise the greatness of our appetites.
What a fabulous story of quaintness,
Fashioned by our culinary delights.
For each aroma drifting from the cottage eaves,
A rhyme could flutter in the evening breeze.

On a day when the air is cold and dense,
When the streets are snowed upon,
Would anyone see the macaroon stuck in the fence
Through which my calorie-hungry structure may run.
No matter what manner of delicacy
Or however many of them I see,
The double vanilla wafers, like wheels,
Allow me to get away free.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Nimble And Quick

It’s the first Olympics on the moon,

And the crowd is all in helmets and suits.

Out walks the champion at the crack of noon,

And kicks the moon-dust from his boots.

The pole-vault is the upcoming event,

But no high bar is seen in the sky.

Aloft in a rocket module the champion went,

To his homebound spacecraft flying high.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Microgravity

Weightlessness—the secret mystery of lust,
The realm of immense pleasures and minor fear,
Where little pitchers practically “bust, ”
And big ears will hardly ever fail to hear,
Where intimidating mountains of ice cream
Lift domes of caramel into the sky,
And weightless rivers flow far as the extreme,
Making berries grow sweet as mince meat pie
Bred from the most fleshy and juicy kind,
With waters as blue as the midday sky.
Comfort is perfected by Our Creator’s mind
And our composure is bolstered by equanimity,
For only here can be found microgravity.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Let My Record Show

Although I might deal with deceit,
And did some individual wrong.
Just let my record show,
I can still sing my song.

My advice wasn’t always innoxious,
When I was required to be bright.
But let my record show,
I told all what was basically right.

At times I may have told a woman
That her beauty left no doubt.
Still let my record show,
I only tried to ask her out.

Occasionally I may have reaped,
Where someone else had seeded.
However let my record show,
I took no more than what was needed.

PoemHunter.com

It may be through lack of care,
I caused someone terror or pain.
But let my record show,
Never did I, ‘cause in it is no gain.

Albert Price

Horizon Of Ingenuity

God’s new day awaits at the horizon’s gate.
The star of freedom rests amid the dawn.
It has been no less than a 400 year wait,
For a sign this age is about to be born.

No nation can expect to exist forever,
If all of its people are not totally free.
Chaining another’s neck is not clever;
For God’s liberty you will no longer see.

From the slave cabin to the prison cell,
God’s people’s journey has been.
Satan taught the bondman well—
Why America couldn’t possibly win.

Now the bodies of the oppressed demand rights,
And their oppressed souls are looking for peace.
The ballot boxes can offer many delights,
In this present age of political caprice.

The people have decided they want a change,
Since the contemporary world offers a marvelous deal.
And now that we know what God can arrange,
We will not settle for anything not real.

Albert Price

Garden Of Faith

Death disrobes the body of our fancy garments,

And clothes us with more common fashion:

A mere loincloth of sky blue silk,

So that we may feel the warm passion,

Of resurrection’s gorgeous spring

And the spiritual blessings it will bring.

So sleep on calmly with Jesus,

Beneath your coverlet of blue skies,

And know that the summer garden of ease

Will be there when you arise,

Like a lovely blossom given birth

From a shriveled seed in the earth.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Forever Paradise

Resting on a beautiful day under a sky blazed with gold,
I realized a vision so lovely to behold.
A lush garden watered by gently running streams,
On one side blueberry hills and the other the rainbow of dreams.
Here there is food to satisfy and thrills for the eye,
Enough for all God's creatures of land, water, and sky.

The garden nymph, residing in the mansion of my mind,
Supplies my super-conscience with sweet devotions divine.
Here our hearts are light as the leaf on an apple tree,
'Cause every wish and desire is crowned with victory.
Larks and bluebirds visit daily to serenade us from on high
And leave us sweet memories when they launch into the sky.

The reverend here is a woman who outmatches the moon,
She likes dancing through the garden with dessert and spoon.
The preacher is one sensational human and has a vision true.
She sees the Word transcribed in the air and inherent in the dew.
The birds of paradise now in place, wearing feathered robes aglow,
Harmonize with a melodious breeze that began a billion years ago.

Albert Price

Dispensation Of The Divine

Underneath a gorgeous forenoon sky,
In a lush and cool garden of delight,
The green pheasant lifts his exploring eye,
Calling his all wise sage beyond his sight.
His melodious song praises the divine One,
Whose luminance descends in a beam,
Touching within the shrine bright as the sun,
Turning every thing gold as in a dream.
The Lord rests now upon His noble throne,
Calling all to climb up the stairs of stone.

There my reverie of Jesus commenced-
The glory of His office deified,
His knowledge of man’s history there dispensed,
His science of the present thither described.
Wisdom of the future was His display,
Myself humbled to receive His cachet.

Five years of learning was spent at this shrine-
Proving command of as many disciplines-
Crossing the bridge from human to Divine,
His acute knowledge of miracles begins.
Then writing for His testimonial,
Also history that brightens the wise,
With focus on the rites ceremonial,
And how theocracy does authorize.
Divine authority added to His reign,
With the King’s seal He departs the domain.

Albert Price

Convergence

We met—my love and I—at a cozy bus depot.
Throbbing with desire, she strolled into my arms.
Once our hearts knew immense delight, we both know.
She is my bonne vivante of fanciest charms.

A gentle kiss we shared for sweet remembering.
With the golden future of nostalgia warming our merriment,
The fervor of the heavens her voice began to sing,
With her song she undresses the sky like undraping firmament.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Celesta

A picture of loveliness is she,
In a gown revealing all her humility.
Gingerly she steps and whirls,
With that mirthful blush of little girls.

Brilliant and starry are her eyes,
Her lips are crimson as the sunrise.
Gracefully she moves to a musical beat,
And melodious lyrics her voice utters so sweet.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

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

PoemHunter.com

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.

PoemHunter.com

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

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

Dieu A Fait La Femme

Geometry shows us God’s great fondness for lines
In the gazelles, birds and butterflies as well.
Everywhere we search in the midst of His designs,
Even in the sea we find many an animal in his shell.

Not stopping His ingenious design with mere creatures,
Or objects He fondly blesses with roundness,
That appear most often among celestial features,
He drew woman’s figure most curvy and boundless.

The womanly figures are of an exquisite selection,
Running the perfect outline from legs to hair,
Expressing haunting beauty with divine perfection,
And designed to please the heart willing to dare.

With circular lines it seems that He began
Depicting the face and hair with round design.
He moves then to the bust with a span,
And with symmetry amazes with the circular line.

PoemHunter.com

Now on to the waist with its hyperbolic form,
He shapes with alluring symbolic notion.
Now cycling to legs God departs the norm,
And now straight lines obtain His promotion.

All of these sacred shapes and borders,
God draws from the world’s great sweep.
He conveys them from land’s four corners,
Cross mountains high and valleys deep.

God is the master of geometric arts;
He is the architect of spherical dreams.
And He fashions woman’s celestial parts
From the lines on landscape’s four extremes.

Now all of this is just to make very clear
My prayer that you be my spherical dream,
With starlight in your flowing hair,
Your glory will fuel my modest esteem.

Albert Price

The Perfect Murder

In his private parlor the king of Moab rests,
Having just retired from his more spacious quarters,
Where King Eglon had received the Israelite guests,
Bearing tribute, not a gift, but by the king’s orders.

Israel’s cries to God, about their being bereft,
Brought about the sending of a rescuer from the Lord.
Ehud, a man ambidexterous and lethal with his left,
Wore on his right thigh a cubit-length sword.

Ehud is sent by God to ease Israel’s suffering,
And is quickly added with those bearing the treasure.
He conceals his double-edged sword with a covering
And, pretending to have an errand, asks the King’s pleasure.

Eglon, a king who rules with an iron rod,
Believes Ehud’s pretense of a secret task-
A special message he says is from God—
And sees Ehud in his parlor as he asks.

PoemHunter.com

Eglon the king rises from his lounging,
As Ehud announces what his visit is about.
With sword in hand, Ehud is suddenly bounding
And stabbing the king until his entrails fall out.

Ehud dashes out on the porch, locking doors in back.
He dashes by idols and monuments of stone and iron,
And flees toward Mount Ephraim, following the track,
Where timely he lifts and blows the trumpet of Zion.

Albert Price

Reality For Equality

This morning was same as any other in the past,
However this day our ladies felt need for a task.
The morning sun had just began to gleam
In the very fertile land of girlhood dreams.
Out they step together like twins of a gazelle,
Like rose of sharons around a stone-walled well.

A fundamental right they hope everyone enjoys,
The one that had been for only men and boys.
The ladies with dignity remove their top,
Letting their breasts out and about to flop.
Gorgeous nymphs reveal their soft projections
Among grandmother gourds of human confection.

With less care than bones blowing bubbles,
They dismiss any concern for puritan troubles.
Their lactiferous glands looking very real,
Sweetness alive there to see and fun to feel.
Some full and some small but all full of bounce,
Beauty invisible now pleasure by the ounce.

Their dreams are of two legacies to flaunt,
And they aspire to the equality they want.
The weight of soft breasts affords pleasure,
‘Cause large or small we love any measure.
Into the sunset tantalizing bodies flow ahead,
Reciting two parting words yet to be said.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Pentecost

Our inner parts have begun to yearn,
For the blowing of the trumpet's sound.
The plantings, for which we did mourn,
Will soon give bounty from the ground.

Filled to the full with Jerusalem's flock,
The temple energizes with exaltation.
Satisfied with honey out of the rock,
Judea enjoys the finest wheat to satisfaction.

Paul's stay at Ephesus had been at length,
So a trip to Jerusalem he did make up.
He had to "Sing aloud unto God our strength,
Make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob."*

So Paul set sail back across the sea,
For, at the City of David, his heart must be.

* ref: Ps.81: 1

PoemHunter.com

Albert Price

God Wields The Sun

Astronomers maintain that we came from the sun;
Cast out from a whirling cloud of flammable gas;
Bearing on until all the solar system was spun;
Forming bodies as the whirling became a rushing mass.
Yet after billions of years our source is yet unknown,
According to these researchers even at this day.
To them we took flight like a white hot stone
And soared and circled in a beautiful display.

But believers know by Moses the first great plan;
How heaven and earth came in the beginning,
When there was no light until God’s command,
And no high energy vapors turning and spinning.
John said that light was the life of men;
A true light that came shining into the darkness.
A shining the darkness was unable to comprehend,
Because its understanding lacked needful fitness.

Moving below the vernal earth bathed in the light-
This light which had not yet established a source-
Whose effect meant the cause would soon be in sight,
When God would enthrone the sun without remorse.
He gave it dominion over the sky of the day;
Thus the sun became our great light bearer,
Whose golden gift brightens the day travelers’ way,
And often leads man’s quest for wisdom into error.

Albert Price

Aura Of Autumn

Breath-taking beauty,

Above brown and gold leaves fly,

Pumpkins’ glowing eyes.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

When Nature Resounds

God has graced Nature with beauty and utmost esteem.

A crown has rested upon her head all her life long.

In my youth, a flower bud made my eyes gleam;

Its radiant loveliness being praised by the birds' song.

The vision of ripening fruit made my mouth lust,

Nestled graciously on a branch above the fences.

The melodic whisper of a gentle morning gust

Sounds like a symphony to music starved senses.

The golden warmth of an early morning sun

Brings to mind visions of still unseen dreams

Of our hibernal daystar that lasts 'til victory is won

And nature has harnessed her most fearful extremes.

God prepare me, I pray, for when nature resounds,

And she possesses the glory which is fully deserved.

The earth will be filled with birds' melodious sounds,

When a feast of sweet songs my ears are served.

And let a shapely damsel in a floral patterned dress

Allow me a moment to relax my infinite necessities.

May the ripest sweetest fruit withstand my test,

And all the rest avail their succulent identities.

PoemHunter.com

Let my vision behold nature as she abounds

When her colorful blossoms give off radiant beams.

Might I be blessed by the Divine when Nature resounds

And reality becomes a field of never before seen dreams.

Albert Price

Then God Proclaimed

I’ll design a woman, a woman of style,

And fashion her for strength all the while.

Dubious things, she will put aside,

But stumble, she must not, over her pride.

She will be a leader, motivated by love,

And guided by pearls furnished from above.

I’ll give her a kiss sweeter than wine

And a soul with character that’s genuine.

She shall be capable of doing all my will;

And, my law of the spirit, she will fulfill.

I’ll make her a lady, and she will pass muster,

For lunch, she’ll bring her lover the Eshcol cluster.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Moonbeams Ballade

Each night you boldly face the jury,
Perched high upon your heavenly throne.
Eloquently repeating your wondrous story
Of never-ending love in flesh and bone.
Giving listening earth a heart of its own
And a yearning for joys still unseen,
Pleasures remaining yet unknown.
Forever may your light glow serene.

Your presence makes no one sorry.
The somber owl has no reason to groan.
His musings from the limestone quarry
Only make his sublime design known.
By your majesty darkness is overthrown.
The romantic cricket sings to his queen
Whose beauty he desires to be shown.
Forever may your light glow serene.

PoemHunter.com

Your soothing glow calms the night's fury,
Giving every figure an aesthetic tone.
On my windowsill the gleam of your glory
And in my room your royalty overflown.
Every apple of discord you have shone,
By the waxing of your noble sheen.
The shadow of gloom and grief has gone.
Forever may your light glow serene.

High above our arch have you flown,
As you ushered in the Master's routine.
There you reign enthroned on high alone.
Forever may your light glow serene.

Albert Price

Engine Of The Soul

Build me an engine -lady of my dream,
Let it be powered by eternal steam.
May patience be your tool of design,
Planning completeness with a cunning mind.
To drive the pistons of a soul's production,
We need fire with extreme combustion.
This fire from the fervor of powerful prayer
Will create the steam with warmth to spare.
The engine comes to life with a blast and a toot,
And begins to harvest the spiritual fruit.
Run on my soul, with speed aplenty;
For the harvest is rich and the prayers are many.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Concupiscent Cycle

Nymphs, of course, take all the money,

And it turns into plutonium like its funny.

The plutonium fuels the nuclear power,

And vapor explodes from the tower.

The steam engine starts to spin,

With the alternator hooked in.

The current flows like the ocean,

Putting the machinery into motion.

The machine gets to oscillating the lamp,

And nymphs go marching down the ramp.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

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.

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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

Rachab Of Jericho

Deliberately inching its way toward break of day,
The morning sun begins to emblazon the barley field.
Relaxing and watching the orb find its way,
The lady of the house waits for night to yield.
Like every morning, she is seated there,
Enjoying the dew scented breeze on her veranda.
Feeling its coolness on her scalp while combing her hair,
And the warmth of the rising sun becoming grander.
Her mind wanders back to the city of her birth,
Just over the rise, beyond the barley field's treasure,
Lies the city with the most famous name on earth,
Where, in her youth, she was a lady of pleasure.

To Rachab went all of Jericho's possession,
By decree of God, for which Achan was stoned.
For this soldier could not control his obsession,
Though aware the city's riches were God's own.
With God's grace, Rachab's wisdom grew,
And she made the city's outskirts her spread.
Her land into a field of grain did accrue,
A breadbasket from which hordes were fed.
Her hires were the finest laborers in the land
And were busy harvesting barley all spring.
She paid the very best wage to every man,
Cause her crop was the best early rains could bring.

The fields and glades, that gave her pasture form,
Seemed sensuous in every contour and rise.
At daybreak, contrasting tones were the norm,
Painted artfully by the brightening skies.
Mounds appeared convexly round breasts,
Lovingly sculpted over a span of human girth,
Whose beauty was able to put the heart to a test,
As the machinery of memory rotates the earth.
Babbling brooks flowed from shady nooks,
Giving refreshment to denizens of land and sky,
Producing a scene of green worthy of picture books,
That not one skilled artist would dare deny.

Gingerly she rose the doorway torch to quench,
Watching the shrinking darkness become shadows.
Rachab calmly returns to her veranda bench,
To observe butterflies dance above the meadows.
In her dreams, she envisions a more golden age,
When royalty would be attributed to her seed.
A zephyr flows over her mind turning the page,
But she still aspires the prospect of the throne to accede.
What a lovely story to behold just beginning to dawn,
Rising out yonder, just beyond the horizon of time.
How we yearn to see that age return, now long forgone,
So our hearts may once again be joyous and sublime.
(Reference: Joshua 6: 25)

Albert Price

Hummocks Of Nirvana

Lush hillocks to titillate your feet,
Shadows of trees admiring your curves,
Waterfalls under which all speech is sweet,
Sooth away the encroaching nerves.

Served at twilight is the sublime desserts
With its mounds of ambrosia topped with crumbs.
And the luscious glimpse of grass skirts
With the distant throbbing of the great drums.

Platters piled with fruit never ending
Sweeter than the loftiest sentimental whim
Disappearing into the shadows ever bending
With the doubling harmony of a glorious hymn.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Dream Madam

Ever indebted I am to her beauty,
An eternal gratuity to her furtive grace.
She who spun this globe so astutely,
From saccharine thoughts beyond time and space.
Her love a visitorless treasure;
Her thoughts an endless stream of bliss.
Onward orbits her twining measure,
Inebriating ripeness upon her lips.
A billion pleasingly sweet princesses
In one glance of her gorgeous loveliness,
Beyond all pleasure a word addresses
Or borrows vocabulary to express.
My humble gratefulness could swim any sea,
A ravishing beauty she may ever be.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Cathedral Essence

Before the promised coming of the Messiah,
Men sought shelter in caves near the sacred sea.
Rites of purification they practiced there,
Seeking for a new light to set them free.☐

We prepare a shrine worthy of Him,
For He is the communion of our dreams.
His are the Holy Elements we seek,
About which all earthly loveliness streams.

Every daybreak, the sun holds his devotions.
The horizon his altar for God's praise.
And for its blessed holy sacrament,
It distributes its brilliant erubescent rays.

Robins and buntings in feathery robes
With rapture ring their silver bells
To let every worthy believer know
That God upon His throne now dwells.

The mighty limbs of towering trees
Reach to embrace like the outstretched arm.
The divine cathedral brightly waits
Extending perfect greetings, so warm.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

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

PoemHunter.com

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

PoemHunter.com

The Garden Temple Of Paradise

Everything is beautiful at this time of day,

Following a quickening morning shower.

And the huge orange pearl that is the sun

Is just beginning to shepherd its endless power.

The spirit of divine blessings carries me,

In a vision, to the center of this sacred lush glade.

There lays a stone walkway crossing a footbridge

In a course toward stairs of rock on a rising grade.

Then immediately before me, a shrine-like temple,

With finely carved work exhibited on every side,

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It appears to be the craft of the Eternal Builder himself,

To whom the fairest beauties of nature have replied.

It bestows its stately head of glittering spires to the sky,

Resting upon its noble structure of stone buttress and turrets.

The remaining stairs, I bound, and through the gilded doors,

Into the cedar and marble interior, a work of matchless merits.

The artifacts are carved to satisfy the eyes of God,

And, for amenity, a cruciform lamp high in the ceiling of the shrine.

Comprising the interior are two large and lavish units,

The nave consecrated to the body and the apse to the mind.

The golden glow of the lamp exalted the light in my eyes,

So I turned toward the door and gingerly stepped down the aisle.

With head bowed, I walked through the gilded doors,

Feeling the tender glow of the light on my back all the while.

Albert Price

Lovers' Stroll

Along the riverbank, I happily strolled forth,
Learning for all the world, what a flash of joy is worth.
I walked with one I loved, in the years long gone by,
Absorbing a breeze as sweet as the wind in the western sky.

Along the riverbank, casually I strolled,
As the sky above unfurled a cloudy scroll.
Bending gingerly below the lowest bough,
I went leaning to and fro through vine and flower.

Along the riverbank, I strolled with one dear,
As the western breeze conveyed the crest of joy near.
Each step now pass bud and sweet blossom
Brought back memories wild-eyed and awesome.

Along the riverbank, by rock and bud and tree,
I walked with one very dear to me.
And on we walked following the Creator’s plan,
Giving nature and life our praises hand in hand.

PoemHunter.com

Albert Price

Humbling Habitat

The gray exhaust of twelve warm hearths
Chased the clouds into the afternoon sky.
There stood the stalwart mansion
At peace with its surroundings
And steadfast with its environs.
Beckoning an affectionate greeting
Just beyond the bridge, it appears
To give light the sublime levity
Of being a nuance of darkness.
Its façade is as prestigious and lucent
As a librarian’s bustline in her noblest estate.
Its walls of luminous windows
Sit still in a kinetic majesty of colors,
Like the yew tree in its bounty of crimson berries.

This refuge from the current disharmonies
Radiates from its midst an unheard music
And a conviviality suggesting a vicarious ecstacy.
Here, perhaps, is that first step in darkness
Of the empire prophesized to come,
Bringing its measureless song
Of the queen of the northern lights,
Whose monarch calms the most vociferous tempest
And warms the most bitter winter chill.
Here, under the clouds of mortal brevity,
Contained are the exotic reactions
To long suppers and golden evenings
From the replenishing of early traditions,
Beyond youth’s humblest dreams.

The twelve hearths fully aglow,
Fueled with only kindling atoms,
Tell of a future only they can know
And every human mind fathoms.
Within these high stone walls,
Lit by radiant lamps’ glare,
Every place an eye-beam falls,
There is the glory of confident flair.

Albert Price

Desire So Deep

We are but isles in the sea of storms,

Thrown out asea to deal with our qualms.

And how my soul wishes to see, once more,

Those lush hills rising on your shore.

Your lacy trees laden with nature's bliss,

Fruit as sweet as a maiden's kiss.

But our realms are cleaved by stormy gales

And waves beyond the dream of sails.

Yet your lighthouse glows in the dawn,

And there is life eternal in your heart's song.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

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

Eternal Eden

Under a splendid sky of orange and grey,
Awakened a dawn as lovely as the foremost day,
And there beneath the rainbow and blueberry hills,
More beautiful than a proud peacock's quills,
A place called Eden with endless delights,
A lush garden by day with Arcadian nights.

The Creator is the only sovereign in this land,
On every hill and valley, you can see God's hand.
He's loved and praised with every creature's breath,
For by His grace, we know not the sting of death.
There are many flower blooms to brighten all life.
The birds melodious songs soothe away strife.

There's food for the stomach and thrills for the eye,
For all God's creatures of land, water, and sky.
We have leaves for the butterfly and nectar for the bee,
And berries for the springbok and still plenty fruit for me.
The hippo has plenty green grass with grasshoppers for the snake,
And as many fat rabbits as the hungry lion can take.

We've got figs aloft left for the giraffe,
And honey for the bear that compels her to laugh.
The games we play in Eden keep our fervor rare,
Like shooting baskets with cabbage and tossing parsnips in the air,
Rolling lettuce into the cellar and turnips into the pot,
Squeezing tomatoes to make them sweet whether folly or not.

Don't worry about the reverend, she outmatches the moon,
And dances in the garden with dessert and a spoon.
She's chest-high in the berries and dressed only with a beam.
I sure hope God wants her to allow me a little ice cream.
'Cause she's a sensation for human vision, she has a vision too,
The preacher sees the Word in the air and inherent in the dew.

In my deepest inmost part, I feel life's power surge.
God's omnipresence warms and bids my moods to merge.
I love to watch the sun ascend to its cloudy throne,
And I listen to the sparrows sing in a respectful tone.

The birds of heaven now in place, wearing feathered robes aglow,
Harmonize with a melodious breeze that began to blow a billion years ago.

Grapes ripen and grow sweeter from vine to carafe
And await the pleasure of immortal lips that pucker and laugh.
Here our hearts are light as a leaf on an apple tree,
'Cause every wish and desire and dream is crowned with victory.
In this region called Eden, life's eternal green spring,
Rivers flow gently in majesty and God's praises sparrows sing.

Along beside the trees good for food and pleasant to the sight,
There is ground to be tilled and, for man, to dress and keep right.
We will eat and drink the reward of our labors to our hearts' content,
As long as we obey the God of this eternal surface and firmament.
Animals feast on the land while flowers dazzle in the light of day.
A meal fresh from the soil is a message that we are blessed in every way.

Robins and bluebirds visit daily and serenade us from on high
And leave us sweet memories when they fly away into the sky.
Watching the breezes waltz with the trees bring visions of romance.
The voyages of the hummingbirds put our blissful minds in a trance.
With the sun sending its beam from heaven, flowers extend above.
Through this interlude of beauty, God teaches us to think of love.

In this vast garden watered by rivers and running streams,
The nectar from its succulence fuels our sweet dreams.
To honor two prominent nymphs who reside in my conscience
And that fertilize my ego with their unselfish munificence,
I made two manors in the garden, by the grace from the Maker,
Naming one for Moms Mabley and the other for Josephine Baker.

In Mabley Manor there's carrots, squash, cucumbers, and more,
A plenty sweet corn, yams, beans, and peppers galore.
Now Miss Baker's Manor has beets, turnips, and tomatoes sweet,
And cabbage, onions, melons, and plenty more to eat.
Why this colossal pair, the whispering breeze may say?
Because of the many lives they enriched along the way.

This now is my eternal refuge and strong habitation,
Where I go daily to the Lord and ask for His consultation.
Let my mouth speak Thy praise and Thy honor each day,
And may Thy lavish wholeness in us wield sway.

The lips that seek my hurt are filled by the sweetness of the garden.
And from the rivers unto the ends of this realm, no heart can harden.

Albert Price

My Nimble Moon

So lovely you grace the height of glory,
Repeating nightly to the listening earth the wondrous story.
I read in your looks a knowing judge of love,
A knowledge acquired by eyes peering long from above.
Then, with pretty flight, you perch the throne
And listen to the musings of the owl in his somber tone.
His song to you makes the crickets sing,
And a harp plays as God tunes the strings.
Gleam forever, moon of my fancy dreams,
For never are the droplets of sunlight as sweet as they seem.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com

Mobility Of The Sun

My Lord, you are the Poet,
Who notes me with thy strong hands.
I can only aspire to know it
And extend thy word to all known lands.

You have set in me for the sun
A tabernacle for his regal throne,
From which he arises for his daily run
Throughout heaven's every zone.

Each morn I await his excellent ascent.
Onward with his golden lamp of God,
He begins at one end of the firmament
And runs on with the light of Aaron's rod.

Albert Price

PoemHunter.com