

Poetry Series

laura lopez

- poems -

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laura lopez (Chicago)

Laura Azucena Avelar de Lopez, born March 26,1976. Born to Martha Christina Acosta de Avelar and Hector Manuel Lozano Avelar. I have 2 brothers, Hector Rene Avelar and MiguelAngel Avelar. I was born and raised on the southside of Chicago, where I currently reside with my parents. I was married for 3 years and have been divorced for 4 years. I have 3 dogs, Lola, Lili and Nena. I'm a pharmacy technician and work at a mail order pharmacy. I've been writing poems since I was 15 years old and I love to express myself through them.

I think it could be..

I think it could be,
I'm not sure,
but it feels like it.
beating heart...check
breathlessness...check
butterflies in my stomach...check
I think it's here,
that feeling that's been absent for so long.
I thought I'd recognize it when it came,
but I didn't.
I tried to avoid it,
tried to fight it,
tried to run from it,
but I failed miserably.
I think I feel it,
that longing,
that happiness that I've missed.
I think it could be,
I think it's here,
that love that I feel for you

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It doesn't matter

It doesn't matter what you say,
the promises you made to me were all lies
and mean nothing to me.
It doesn't matter what you do,
it's much too late to show you care.
It doesn't matter if you buy me things,
you can't buy my love and affection.
It doesn't matter if you crawl on your
hands and knees begging for my forgiveness,
there are no words that can help you.
It doesn't matter at all,
because I'm done being a fool

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LAUGHING AT FATE

EVERYDAY SEEMS SO MONOTONOUS.
GET UP,
GO TO WORK,
COME HOME,
THINK OF YOU,
NOTHING EVER CHANGES.
I LOOK OUT MY WINDOW AND
THE SKY IS DARK AND CLOUDY,
MATCHING MY MOOD EXACTLY.
I LAUGH AT MYSELF,
SHAKING MY HEAD,
FINDING THE HUMOR
OF MY YET AGAIN BROKEN-HEART.
I LAUGH AT FATE,
I LAUGH AT EVERYTHING
THAT YOU LEFT BEHIND,
THEN THE TEARS FALL,
AN OCEAN OF SORROW
THAT DROWNS ME.
THROWING,
YELLING,
CRYING,
FITS OF RAGE AND HYSTERIA ARISE.
MY FISTS BALLED UP READY
TO STRIKE,
NOT AT YOU,
BUT AT MYSELF
FOR WHAT I'VE BECOME.

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Love is a curse

Love is a curse not a blessing!
It's an unending source of destruction,
a time bomb ready to explode
and destroy you inside.
It's the cause of all unhappiness,
craziness and insanity.
It's a merry-go-round
that makes you go around and around
until your dizzy and vomit!
No love is not a blessing at all,
it's just a curse!

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MAYBE...

Maybe I'm better of alone,
maybe that way my heart won't be broken.
I should lock up my heart and throw away the key,
maybe that way I won't get hurt.
I'm so tired,
so exhausted,
so frustrated,
by the same results everytime.
I ought to build a wall to block out anymore heartache,
maybe that way I won't suffer the same fate as always.
I feel condemned to misery,
I'm handcuffed to it,
it keeps me it's prisoner.
I'm like a magnet for pain,
it follows me everywhere I go.
Maybe I need to be alone,
that way,
who knows,
maybe....maybe..I'll be happy.

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Neverending Melancholy

I need to be set free from you love,
you need to help me get over what
I thought was there.
I am suffocating on my own pain
and sadness,
screaming out in anger
for you to placate my fears of loneliness.
There is no where else to go
but wait in silence for my
neverending melancholy
to finally end
and for the happiness
I deserve to reappear.

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OH! TO BE YOUNG!

OH, TO BE YOUNG AND IN LOVE,
FULL OF HOPES AND DREAMS
OF THE FUTURE YOU THINK HE
WILL BRING.
OH, TO BE YOUNG AND FOOLISH,
FLOATING ON A CLOUD OF LOVE,
WAITING FOR YOUR HAPPILY EVER AFTER.
OH, TO BE YOUNG AND NAIVE,
INSIDE A LOVE BUBBLE,
HAPPY AND CAREFREE.
OH, TO BE YOUNG AND INNOCENT
TO EXPERIENCE YOUR 1ST KISS.
OH TO BE YOUNG AND NOT KNOW OR CARE
WHAT HEARTACHE TRUELY FEELS LIKE.
OH TO BE YOUNG AND BLINDED
BY THE THINGS THAT HE'S PROMISED YOU.
OH TO BE YOUNG! ! !

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The games we play

Where are we going?
What are we doing?
Everythings muddled and doesn't make any sense.
This has go to end.
We need to be clear with each other.
First you say one thing,
then I say another.
So which is it?
Either we do or we don't.
No more playing games!
You say that you need me
yet you push me away.
I say that I want time yet I'm so scared
to commit.
I feel like I'm driving down the wrong side of the street
waiting for a head on collision!
Were like a drug for each other,
feeding off each other's misery.
What happened to my fairy tale romance!
Where is my Prince Charming!
Oh! forgot, this is reality.

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The Sadness

My sadness swallows me up and devours me.
I walk alone with only my shadow to keep me company.
Finding it difficult to breathe,
I hold my breath til the pain subsides.
Everything disapperars,
no more heart,
no more love,
nor more you.
I am sentenced to eternal damnation and left
to wallow in the misery of my own company without you

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