

Poetry Series

max lozano
- poems -

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I was born with no father by my side. And mostly i'm just alone with only my mom.

Death

Some people are scared of it, just by that one word.
Many people have seen it, felt it, and even lived it on their past lives. But there's one question I want to know. How will I die?

Will my death be so bad that it would make my entire family cry?
Or will it be more than a little death where no one misses me at all?

It's nothing I am scared about at all. But some times when I sleep in a dream at can't get out, it seems that it's just pulling me more into what I don't fear.

But in other times. I see myself in just a little grave, was no one even knows that I died at all, and where the people just walk right on top.

Some want to know what it feels like; to see the death god greet you with his presents. But I know one person that has gone in it and came out.

Me.

max lozano

If Only I Were.

If only I were the life that I once had.
Many times ago when I was alone.
If only I were just the one didn't do bad.
Maybe I was left along time ago.

If only I were the one to run away.
To hide the shame that I had to keep out.
If only I were the one that could stay.
Then when I do, I would shout it all out.

If only I were that could live a life.
Where I could live alone in the dark.
If only I were the one that didn't end it with the knife.
And try to make it better with just one spark.

If only I were the one to die.
To remember the past that I once knew.
If only I were the one to try.
And yet I'm the only one that ever had few.

If only I were the one to run away
And make all my hate just go away.

If only I were.

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