

city of angels

A poem

by **Lori R. Lopez**

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Halfway to the city of angels
I may have lost my mind
I think it fell out the window of the car
When we hit a bump on the freeway
There were many such bumps in the road
It could have been any one of them
Now it's lying beside the freeway
Coated in grit and gunk
A forlorn-looking lump
Of gray and pink matter
If you see it, please brush it off
The best you can . . . I will be waiting
In Los Angeles, mindlessly wandering
Around — visiting the homes of
Fallen stars who toppled from the sky
Much the same as when I lost my brain
I will staple flyers to telephone poles
And other random assorted objects
In hopes my Abby Normal
Will one day be returned
In the meantime, you can find me
Wading through La Brea Tar Pits
In search of fossilized shoes
Or tossing the pennies for my thoughts
Into fountains and wishing wells
That have more sense
Than my current condition
It is such trying circumstances as these
Which truly test our reflexes, our balance
Better than the inkblot flashcards
Overused by headshrinks
My answers are usually monsters
And aliens, for some reason
Perhaps now I will see angels
Having lost my mind along the way
To Hollywood Boulevard
Where you can walk on stars
Many of them famous, others inexplicable

Even with a brain it would be difficult
To decipher their presence
When there are some legends
Shining luminaries of the highest order
Ignored by Tinsel Town's honor system
Neither starred nor cemented
Probably not awarded an Oscar
Or even nominated due to a dramatic
Oversight, but that is how it goes
With authors too
Unpublished by publishers
Unread by readers
Unnominated by the most common denominators
If you're reading this, you must be an angel
I've been to your city
More times than you could believe
I can't remember why I was going there again
Memory went out the window as well
Yet I hold fast to the firm conviction
That I am someone
Although not someone with a star
Not yet anyway
But I'll keep looking for mine
In the night sky
In the letters that spell HOLLYWOOD
Upon a lofty City Of Angels hill
Where frayed sentinels stand guard
To keep out the riffraff
Or welcome the dreamers
Perhaps not being famous
Is all in my mind
Wherever that may be.

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