

# city of angels

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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 headshrinkers  
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Unpublished by publishers  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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