

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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Martha Rivera()

I'M Just Another Girl

I'm just another girl
Who longs for a gentle kiss,
I'm just another girl
Who has hopes and dreams,
I'm just another girl
Who longs for a simple show of affection,
I'm just another girl
Who longs for her loves sweet touch,
I'm just another girl
Who wants to be held in loves warm embrace,
I'm just another girl
Who wants you to notice her,
I'm just another girl
Who wants to hear sweet nothing whispered in her ear,
I'm just another girl
Who wants to be loved by you again
I'm just another girl
Who never gives up

Martha Rivera

Mr. Right

Mr. Right does such a person exist?
Or is it a simple figment of our imagination?
Mr. Right what ever girl longs for every since they were young.
Pretty little dreams of white weddings and church bells,
A girl dressed in white in the arms of the man she loves.
I had a dream like that once,
It was quickly shattered when I had my first brush with love.
But just like little girls, I kept dreaming.
Dreams filled with hope
Dreams filled with joy
Dreams that maybe one day I'll be able to have what millions wish for.
All I want is love, that's my dream, my wish.

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Prince Charming

She hides behind fake smiles and well rehearsed lines.
Her life is a big movie nothing is ever real,
Except the loneliness that's real.
She sees the happy couples as they pass her
And she can't help but wonder when her turn will come.
She hears the endless words of love they say to each other
And it sickens her.
She knows she will never hear words like that again in her life,
And if she does it will be short lived.
Heartbreak after Heartbreak that's all she's had
And she's finally realized that "Prince Charming" will never come.
After all who ever thought their was a Prince Charming
Was obviously insane.

Martha Rivera

The Logic Behind Dreams

Dreams are easily shattered.

Easily thrown out.

Why do we dream?

Is it to give meaning to our life, or maybe it's to make us wallow in misery.

Misery for dreams are rarely accomplished.

Dreams are endless tunnels of darkness, of which we rarely see a light.

Is it a trick from god?

Are we his little ant farm?

Truth is were quick to put blame on our lord.

Did dreams not come from god?

Did hope not come from God?

Then why is it that our dreams shatter our souls.

Surely if god made them would they not be indestructible?

Why is it god, that dreams break us?

I question the logic behind dreams simply because I have no dreams at all.

Martha Rivera

There Was A Boy

There was a boy
He was just like me
He was a writer and smart
All the things I valued.
His heart was made of gold
In short words: He was perfect.
He would be mine until the end we always said.
Plans for the future were quickly made,
But the future would never come.
The boy was evil
He was cunning.
He was not the boy with the golden heart.
His heart had grown cold.
His laughter had died down.
He held me in his grasp and turned me into ashes,
But throughout this all
The girl still loved the boy
For in her eyes he was still
Perfect.

Martha Rivera