

A pair of worn, light-colored ballet slippers with ribbons, resting on a wooden surface. The slippers are positioned diagonally, with one in the foreground and one slightly behind it. The ribbons are draped over the sides. The background is dark and out of focus.

*She was a
Girl First*

Lisa Lopez

A black and white photograph of a pair of worn ballet slippers. The slippers are positioned on a wooden floor, with one slipper in the foreground and another slightly behind it. The slippers show signs of use, with some scuffing and wear on the toe and heel areas. The ribbons are tied around the ankles. The background is dark and out of focus.

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Girl First*

Lisa Lopez

She Was a Girl First

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About the Writer

Born Elizabeth, better known as Lisa, she is a native of Florida with a strong Hispanic background. The youngest of five, was not an easy position to be in. Having been raised by full-time working parents, without her sister, and just her brothers, she didn't always have a girl to play with or talk to thus, writing became a release. Lisa began writing at an early age and, in an effort to encode her thoughts, she wrote in her own "secret" style; poems. With time, writing became her truest and most intimate form of expression, to the point that she filled many journals with her prayers. In short, writing is a way to share the pages of her heart with others.

Dedicated to the women in my life.

Thank you for your pearls of wisdom, because while they are a product of your womanhood and the experiences which that entails, before being a woman each of you was a girl first. A girl made of sugar and spice and everything nice, a dance-in-the-rain, carefree beauty. Each representing innocence, the need to feel protected, cared for and loved. Perhaps growing into women has diminished these because now it is you who cares for, protects and loves. However, remember that they still remain because in the end...
you were a girl first.

"Then morning came, and though it was raining, she was just happy to have survived the dark night."

A Girl's Anthem

Sugar and spice and everything nice
though sometimes tough and cold as ice.
I do have feelings, I'm not a device.
Not for sale, my love has no price.
All in or all out, no samples no slice.

This is my anthem, yes I'm a girl.
Tough as a diamond precious as a pearl,
who blushes at compliments and enjoys a good twirl,
who loves to be as free as her crazy curls.
Whose favorite dessert is ice cream swirl.

Handle with care, don't make me cry.
Defend me if needed, don't turn a blind eye.
Be honest and kind with your every reply.
Hold me tighter, when it's time to say goodbye.
Remember, a kiss on the forehead will always make me
sigh.

Yup, I'm a girl in case you weren't sure.
Yes, I have moments when I'm insecure.
I've survived a broken heart with no quick fix or cure,
and yet still seek a love that's patient and pure,
that despite the ups and downs will always endure.

Being a girl is not an easy thing.
We're full of emotions and crazy mood swings.
We live in fairy tales in search of our king,
and though we may yell, then laugh, then cry, then sing,
I wouldn't give up being a girl, nope not for anything!

A Mother's Pain

A mother's pain.
Contractions, hurt, pushing and pain,
as new life emerged.
Exchanged glances, their lives converged.
More than a child, a king who came to reign
A mother's pain

Love made her forget the suffering she went through.
For him she cared
and her son she prepared
for he was born to be great, this she knew.
A mother's pain

As he grew God's plan began to unfold.
His time won't be long.
He'd be accused for doing wrong.
For this he'd die as was foretold.
A mother's pain

Whipped, beaten, battered and bruised.
She watched him in pain,
knowing it wasn't in vain.
She remained strong while he was abused
A mother's pain

Up on a cross, her son and savior.
She stayed until the end
unable to protect or defend.
Appalled by everyone's behavior.
A mother's pain

The sins of the world he would bear.
Paid the ultimate price.
His sacrifice was suffice.
She watched him in despair.

For no one knew
A mother's pain.

A Mother's Pearls

In your sunset, as night prepared to cloud your eyes,
you passed your pearls before your demise:

“Live, love and forgive your enemy. Spread hope, speak
truth and share eternity.”

With one last look up to the skies
you took a breath and closed your eyes.

Mother's Day Words

I would like to have a moment of your time,
to say a few words in this short rhyme.

I'm very grateful for the things you do
and thank the Lord for people like you.

May you receive blessings from God above.

May He fill your home with joy and love,
and with this I'd like to say;

I hope you have a Happy Mother's Day.

*"There are angels who walk amongst us, but
having never realized it, we call them 'mom'."*

Blind Beauty

The sun kissed her skin.
The breeze caressed her face.

She breathed in the sweet scent of the flowers
while being serenaded by nearby chickadees.

The scenery was majestic,
and though she couldn't see...

she was not blind to the beauty that surrounded her.

Cupid's Dart

He played her like a guitar.
Tugging at the strings of her heart.

Each note filled with a bittersweetness.

Rather than Cupid's arrow,
she was pierced by his dart.

Dance in the Rain

Not everyday promises to be sunshine filled.
Not every moment promises to be an exciting thrill.

So for the days when rain decides to fall,
just dance in the rain and have fun above all.

Not everything will be perfect or the way you'd like.
Not everyone will pat your back after your third strike.

So for the days when it rains and pours heavily,
sing and dance in the rain and do it gracefully.

Not every effort made will lead to success.
Not every situation will be a fairytale; perfect and seamless.

So for the days when you feel like ol' Cinderella
just dance in the rain and forget the umbrella.

Fall and Get Up

She fell for him and then simply fell.

Dreaming of being set up for a life together, but reality
kicked in and the truth upset her.

Desperately she searched for an emotional outlet, to
let out bottled emotions, pain and regret.

In search of a loving heart beat but only received a
heart beating instead.

She gathered herself, it was long overdue, time for a do
over, turn the page and start anew.

Fight for The Heart

There was a beauty about her sadness.
There was logic to her madness.
There was a flicker within her darkness.
There was warmth though she was heartless.

She was fragile and at the same time strong like glass.
Set firmly in her ways unwilling to give in so she
cracked.
Life was cruel and one might even say crass.
Her plans were sabotaged and her heart hijacked.

Like a phoenix, she rose from the ashes.
Fighting for her heart amidst war cries and sword
clashes.
Hiding her pain behind dark sun glasses.
Ridding herself of tears with the bat of eyelashes.

There was something sweet about her bitterness.
There was value to what she considered worthless.
There was a drive despite her unwillingness.
There was a plan behind what she considered
pointless.
There was healing in her brokenness.
There was strength in her weakness.

And as dusk turned to night and night to dawn,
she gathered herself and decided to move on.

*"As soon as he left, the rain stopped. It was
then when she understood that it was time to
let go. His season had passed, now it was time to
enjoy the flowers."*

I Met A Girl

I once met a girl.
But more than a girl she was a woman.
But more than a woman she was a lion.
Oh she was fierce, she was defiant.

She was free.
But more than free she was wild.
But more than wild she was untamed.
The beauty of it all, she was unashamed.

Then the girl met a boy.
But more than a boy he was a man.
But more than a man he was gentle.
Some say their meeting was fate, not coincidental.

He got near.
But more than near he got close.
But more than close he embraced.
His embrace tamed her, his arms where her favorite
place.

When I returned to see the lion wild and free,
I encountered a girl who let love remind her of who
she was really meant to be.

Imperfect

Imperfection is my reflection.
I get nearer to the image in the mirror
and as I pause to stare at my flaws,
I remember a thought that I'd forgot.
What may appear to be mere
imperfection with no purpose or direction,
is a creation made with dedication.
Formed with love by Him above
though He's divine, He took His time
for each detail and after that He exhaled.
And life He blew for He knew
That it was divine inspiration which He used in my
formation.
He made me unique and though many critique
and are quick to judge, I don't hold a grudge
for they can't see the beauty in me.
I look once more and my flaws I ignore,
for I was created, and separated.
I have purpose, I'm not worthless.
I'm not perfect but I'm worth it.
I'm not a disaster, for I was designed by God, The
Master.

Past the Surface

Her eyes reveal the most profound parts of her heart
wherein lies the true treasure, but most can't get past
the surface.

Just Smile

Give me a moment, won't you my dear?
There is something I have been meaning for you to hear.
Come a little closer, come get near.
I don't bite, there is no need to fear.
I know you are meticulous about the way you appear,
and believe me you are beautiful (I'm being sincere).
But there is nothing more beautiful than when you
dress in cheer,
and throw on your amazing smile that goes from ear to ear.

She is a Gift

She is
wisdom wrapped in favor with a crown of grace.

She is
perfectly proportioned in mind, heart, and soul.

She is
hope, healing, and happiness when she is present.

She is a gift.

King-less Queen

A king-less queen
who built her castle all her own,
with the same material as her heart of stone.

Her fortress of solitude.
She locked herself away.
Her dying heart began to decay.

She made it impossible to get in.
She set up traps and built walls.
Placed trip wires to make visitors fall.

In the castle were rooms filled with pain
and bottles filled with tears;
things she'd collected through the years.

She kept her heart hidden away,
she did not want it too close.
If she could, of her heart she would dispose.

The castle was covered in ice.
No matter the season, it was always cold,
but it wasn't always like that, or so I'm told.

She was once warm and kind.
A gentle princess loved by all,
but was changed by failures, deception and falls.

She'd been so hurt she shunned everyone out
and convinced herself not to feel.
Thinking it was the only way to heal.

A king-less queen
who built her castle all her own
and only she could save herself from the castle that
kept her alone.

Love & Loss

Her face was caressed by a leaf blown off a tree,
it reminded her of his gentle touch.

A soft summer breeze encircled her and then let her
free,
it reminded her of his warm embrace.

In silence she remained as she listened to the buzz of a
nearby bee,
it reminded her of his determination.

Children laughing in the distance, she could hear them
full of joy and glee,
it reminded her of his kind heart.

The wailing of a police siren close enough to hear but
too far to see,
it reminded her of his protection.

Her love she had lost too soon, most would agree.
It was so sudden, no one could've possibly foreseen.

As she walked and remembered her lost love in details
great and small,
she was reminded that it's better to have loved and lost
than to have never loved at all.

My Gift to Myself

I decided to give myself something, so I gave myself respect.

The power to love thyself wholeheartedly the power to accept,
because I thought that life was great for everyone except
Me.

I realized I was out of this world when I gave myself some space,
from those things that hurt causing me to fade, making me efface.
Slowly disappearing, gone without a trace.

I decided to give myself something, so I gave myself love.

The kind I expected from my so called soul mate, the kind I had always dreamed of.
This entire time I was the formula, both the problem and the solution thereof.

Funny how in order to feel whole all I needed was a little peace,
because people and partners pretend to care but they just use, then return you like you're on lease,
and to be honest that's fine because one way or another *yo soy feliz*.

I decided to give myself something, so I gave myself time.

To heal, to myself, to get it together like organized crime.

To make happily ever after more than just a phrase one hears at bedtime.

While I was at it, I gave myself hope.

And oh how I hung on to that like prison soap (on a rope, that is).

It's a slow and steady process, like walking a tightrope.

I decided to get myself something, so I got myself together.

Picked up the pieces of my porcelain heart because I know I deserve better.

Picked up a pencil as well and wrote myself this love letter.

Made of Steel

Dark nights have come when dawn seemed so far.
Not a light, not a glimmer, no hope in the dark.
Though nightmares may seem to be all too real,
I fear not for I am made of steel.

Many have tried to push and to break.
To see me crumble and watch my heart ache.
And though they may think that I'm too hurt to heal,
I fear not for I am made of steel.

Their words are like piercing arrows
that haunt the mind like ghostly shadows.
But they will not find my Achilles' heal,
I fear not, for I am made of steel.

My self-esteem is tested and tried.
Perhaps they'd be happy if I broke down and cried.
And maybe I've hurt but tears I'll conceal,
For I am indeed made of steel

Bridges they burn but I will stand tall.
I refuse to let them see me fall.
Only God can make me kneel,
but no one else, for I am made of steel

I'm only trying to live in peace.
I would like the war and hate to cease.
I wish we were done with this whole ordeal.
I'm tired not afraid, for I am made of steel.

So wave the white flag and let's all surrender.
And please try to always remember
that if you attack again, it's no big deal,
because I fear not, for I am made of steel.

Neighbors in Life

We didn't grow up together, but that doesn't matter.
We weren't playmates or girlfriends, well, maybe the latter.

We weren't much for the gossip, secrets and chatter,
but life made us neighbors.

Parallel lives that intertwine now and then,
strategically placed and timed like Big Ben.
I find you here and I'm there time and time again.

Yes, life made us neighbors.

We grew up together, perhaps not in a literal way,
but in times of tears and tattered hearts, a stormy
night or a bad day.

We grew up together, learning life lessons, making
lemons into lemonade, as they say.

Life made us neighbors.

Despite all the storms life put us through,
and no matter in which direction the gusts of winds
blew,
one thing is certain, together we grew.

Neighbors in life.

She

She is
gentle, kind, sweet
intellectual, wise, discrete
organized and neat.

She is a
lawyer, nurse, doctor
teacher, chef, author
mother, sister, daughter.

She loves
chocolate, movies, sports
flowers of all sorts
telling jokes, and building forts.

She's
strong, independent, brave
bearer of life, as birth she gave
outspoken but well behaved.

She
didn't chose to be this way,
but got lucky anyway.
It all began on the day

She
Came into this world.
The doctor said "It's a girl".
Now life has formed a precious pearl.

She's a woman.

A Girl After God's Own Heart

She was a light in the dark.
A girl after God's own heart.
In her eyes there was always a spark.
A girl after God's own heart.
She painted gray days with her smile.
A girl after God's own heart.
She was one of a kind, with her own sense of style.
A girl after God's own heart.
She spread joy and love to those around.
A girl after God's own heart.
She shared the hope and peace that in God she had
found.
A girl after God's own heart.

She Knew

When he gave her his attention,
she knew he liked her.

When he gave her his affection,
she knew he cared.

But when he gave her his time,
she knew he loved her.

She Looked Back

She looked back.
She looked to her past
to see the hand life had cast.
To review the time that had passed
she couldn't believe it flew so fast.

She looked back,

at the times she was outcast,
criticized and harassed
never thinking she would surpass
or her storms outlast.

She looked back,

remembering when she tripped and stumbled,
feeling broken, torn, betrayed and humbled.
She watched her heart break and crumble.
"This can't get worse" she softly mumbled.

She looked back,

and it played before her like a movie premier,
her life story and all its years.
She relived each moment as it would appear
recalling every smile, re-crying every tear.

She looked back,

then looked to her heart and saw the scar souvenirs,
from the times she was wounded by someone else's
spears.

She smiled knowing that she had persevered
rays of light began to emerge and slowly reappear.

She looked back,

only to realize there was no use anymore.
Not that the past should be ignored,
but that the future should be explored.
So she spread her wings and prepared to soar,

and she looked back...no more.

A Girl in Love

She liked who she was with him,
and that's when she fell in love.

Best Friend

He was her best friend,
that's how she knew it was right.

Seeker

She roams solemnly about.
Seeking something she can't live without.
The search seems to be endless
with no one to help she finds herself friendless.

She seeks high and low
and doesn't know where else to go.
She's knocked on doors,
searched all the stores,

but does not seem to find.
It must be unique, one of a kind.
The more she seeks the more her desire
is fueled like wood to a burning fire.

There is an emptiness she wants to fill.
A sadness she wants to kill.
She seeks a solution
but has been deceived by an illusion.

She's lost hope, faith, and trust.
Her silver linings turn to rust.
This thing she seeks is pure like gold.
It's hard to find but I've been told,

that those fortunate to have found,
experience something so profound.
It can't expressed with words alone,
actions change all on their own.

She becomes tired and wants to quit.
Maybe not everyone is supposed to find it.
She does not stop but rather slows down.
Because perhaps she may find it in the next town.

And so her quest continues but she doesn't realize,
that what she seeks is in front of her eyes.
It is within her, not below or above.
What she's been searching for is called LOVE.

Sister Friends

We weren't born into the same family.
Yet along the way our paths crossed.
Sure, we argue and at times disagree,
but you're there to lend an ear or wipe a tear in times
of need or loss.
Blood may not be the bond we share,
but love ties our friendship, this is true.
People like you are especially rare.
I couldn't be more fortunate that God gave me you.

When I Needed You

When an opportunity was needed.
When I felt defeated.
When tears were depleted,
you opened your door.

When conversations got deep.
When life's pains made me weep.
When you'd give advice for me to keep,
you opened your heart.

When I needed someone who cared.
When I felt uncertain and scared.
When my broken heart needed to be repaired,
you opened your arms.

These treasures I hold dear.
Locked in my heart I keep them near.
Part of our friendship, priceless souvenirs.
To lessons learned I will adhere.
And though I may not appear
to be emotional, for lack of tears,
my words are true and deeply sincere.
Thank you for investing in me throughout the years.

The Little Girl Within

She is quiet, she is shy.
She is curious, always asking "why".

She is an explorer, she is inquisitive,
seeking hidden treasures for as long as she lives.

She is usually quite brave,
a bit mischievous, she can misbehave.

But her innocence and heart are so pure.
Her sweet smile is the ultimate cure.

The cure for anger, for it is apparent,
no one can stay mad at her not sibling nor parent.

But she faces extinction, the loss has already begun
fading into the horizon as does the setting sun.

In many, she has already faded away.
She is far, distant, and doesn't come to play.

The hardships of life have driven her out.
She retreats into hiding pushed away by fear and
doubt.

The sun no longer shines the clouds fill with rain.
She becomes smaller as our hearts fill with pain.

Our insecurities push her into the dark,
and slowly she loses her glowing spark.

We become superficial and no longer appreciate
all the little things that to her were so great.

Yet as the night reaches its darkest there is one thing
in the distance there is a light that is still shining,

for she has something that won't let her die.
Hope is the key that keeps her alive.

And when she is saved by her father, the king,
joy and peace with her she will bring.

She is not just an ordinary girl.
She is a princess, a precious pearl.

She is a hero, more than a friend, more than kin,
she is...the little girl within.

Unspoken Conversation

You should've told me.

Why didn't you come to me?

Did you think I'd disagree?

Wouldn't let you be?

Be disappointed? Maybe, probably,
but I wouldn't have shamed thee.

You should've come to me.

If my door was closed, you should've knocked.

We could've talked.

Maybe even taken a walk
several times around the block.

Nothing you said would've caused me shock.

You should've come to me.

I understand love and pain.

I understand image issues, weight loss and gain.

I understand mistakes, feeling ashamed.

I understand feeling tied down and constrained.

I understand temptation and the challenge to abstain.

You should've come to me.

I was once your age.
I've walked down that path, performed on that stage.
I remember feeling like I was locked in a cage.
I recall the burst of emotions; love and rage.
Life has taught me many lessons, I could've given you
a page.

You should've come to me.

But now we have this unspoken conversation.
The lack of vent resulted in built up frustrations.
Now we've drifted apart to separate locations.
Our hearts torn, in need of renovation.
And though I'm moving forward without any
hesitation,
I leave you with this open invitation;

You can still come to me.

The Sun and Her Love

The sun and the moon fell in love.

The moon was the sweetest thing the sun could think of.

But the day he tried to make her fit in,
that was the day their end would begin.

The moon was always surrounded by glittering stars,
and he wanted the sun closer because she was always so far.

But she could not fit in with the night.

She was a different kind of star and it just wasn't right.
She burned hotter than the other stars, sometimes too intense,

but the moon wanted her closer because he thought it made sense.

When he saw she couldn't be part of the night sky,
his love for her began to die.

He became so involved with the stars around
that he didn't notice the sun beginning to breakdown.

So she decided that the moon she'd avoid.

Before her sadness left her completely destroyed.

So when he rose in the east she'd set in west,
and vice versa because being away was for the best.

There were no stars with the sun, for the most part she was alone,

and she spent her life avoiding the moon because she never fit in to his zone.

*"Her stare was so deep, she peered into his
heart and made it her home."*

The Pearl

She was happy. Life was a breeze.
Always at ease, the day was hers to seize.
But she never imagined how time would seem to
freeze,
the day she opened up to what she thought was just a
tease.

She was young. She was bold.
But she had already been told by the wise and the old,
to beware because not all that glittered was gold.
But to this advice she did not hold.

She was hurt. Oh the pain!
She tried and she strained but her efforts were in vain.
She could not dislodge it, this was driving her insane,
so she decided that with her it must remain.

She was determined. She wanted to heal.
Her nacre soothed her but it was a long ordeal yet
after a few years, relief she began to feel.
From her pain she would learn a great deal.
A precious pearl of wisdom she would soon reveal.

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