Poetry Series

Yana Thompson

- poems -

Publication Date:

March 2008

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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Yana Thompson (07/16/1987)

Yana Thompson is an avid reader of poetry. She loves to read comments about her poems from other readers and she also loves to write stories. If anyone is intrested in writing to her personally she can be reached at this E-mail adress. milneranna@yahoo.com
Thanks for reading and Yana hopes that you enjoy.

Works:

None

At the carnival

As I hear the beating of the drums
my hips begin to twitch.

My heart thumps in tune to the beating,
the beating of the never ending drums.

As I close my eyes,
I begin to sway from side to side.

Still swaying to the beat I fling out my arms,
everything that is in me is burning to dance.

I give in to these bohemic urges,
and my body begins a sensual dance that I dont know.

My skirt billows and furls in a myrad of color,
as my feet move faster and my jumps are higher.

I am in exctasy,
this is who I am and this is who I was born to be.

All of the sudden the music stops,
I open my eyes to look around and I wish that I could be swallowed up by the ground.

People are looking at me with astonishment in their gaze,
and I come to from that mysteriouse haze.

I walk away with my head held high,
and smile sweetly at the passer bye.

I think of my dance,
going over it with a critical eye.

Then I smile to myself,
there is no reason to be ashamed or feel like I have to hide.

My skin glistening,
the sweat of my dance is like a badge of pride.

I look at the bright colors around me,
and I goad myself into just maybe one... or two more carnival rides.

Yana Thompson

For My Mother

Mother,
I loved you once,
not too long ago.

The very thought of you now,
brings bile up in my throught.

I see the way you look at me,
waiting for me to cower under your stare.

I am no longer under your spell,
having awakened from my zombie-like state
I no longer bow to your image.

It was by your hand that I was cast out and ridiculed,

I who have been humiliated by you before all of man,

Through all of that I triumphed like no other,
I am no longer under your command.

You have wooed me,
with pretenses of love and acceptence.

Like a fool,
I fell for your honeyed words.

Caught up in your tangeled web,
I struggeled with all that was in me to survive.

I did,
Beloved mother.

I found to posess a strength,
that I never knew I had.

As vile a creature as you are,
I still love you.

You gave me one gift,
my dearest mother.

You let me live,
and in doing so I have created a life.

She will never know my pain,
and in that she will never know you.

That is one of the many gifts I will give her,
where you have given me only one.

Don't weep,

It's disgusting and quite unbecomming of you.

You see,
I have won not only the battle,
I am winning the war.

Yana Thompson

Forgotten

Listen.
  Listen.

Can you hear?

 A girl,
 A little girl.

Deep within the wellspring of my heart,
A little girl sobbs with fear.

Listen.
Listen.

Can't you hear?

A woman.
A woman.

Deep within my soul,
a woman screams out her terror.

Alone.
Alone.

Don't you know?

The little girl in her fear,
the woman in her terror are one and the same.

They are me crying out into the lonely night,
 for I have forgotten who I am and all of my memories.

I am cold and alone without the silver glimmer of rememberance,
no, not even a whisper passes thourough my mind.

  Not even my name.

Yana Thompson

Love Like Never Before

I've seen the good and the bad,
things that made me laugh and things that made me sad.

I've been hurt by those I loved and loved by those I've hurt,
Of all the thing that I've seen and ddone this was the worst.

She grew within me fluttering with life,
and as I felt her move I laughed and cried.

I knew I could'nt have her right from the start,
so I prepared myself for the day we would soon part.

I bore her into this world shaking with pain,
because when I first held her I fell in love again.

I had nothing to give her tough I wished to so much,
I had nothing to show her except for my love.

So I gave her to those could give her what I could not,
and I kissed her goodbye the tears on my face burnning hot.

I did'nt look back as I walked out the door,
then sumbled with pain as deep in my chest my heart tore.

I don't regret that day and I rejoyce to my core,
the day I gave her away was the day I sowed her a love I nerver
showed anyone ever before.

Yana Thompson

Mighty

How beautiful and how strong,
women young and old filled with love.

Yes we've hurt and yes we've cried,
But women we're strong, brave, and alive.

Laugh and shout,
Scream and cry.

We're mighty women just look at how we roar,
we struggle and survive all the way down to our core.

So laugh mighty women just know and be sure,
that as long as we live we'll live this way forever more.

Yana Thompson