

Poetry Series

Victoria Thompson
- poems -

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I was an unexpected child.. to a more unforgiving life of mostly violence. But It was good because I had my sense of humor to save me from my downfalls. And as for writing I mostly like to do it when I'm alone, or when I have a stroke of creativity. And I'm aware this is a real waste of a biography but I have had not much of a life. I love playing guitar.. and writing poetry.. it's relaxing

A Question.

The twisted hopefulness splitters into a thin crease, captivating it's luminosity which has fallen from the dark night, dusted by tiny specks of wonder. At this point one may come to wonder if and only if it could be to finally realize the something that has always been available. Just as such as this new sparkle of hope with such subtle pro fain abstinence can easily be forgotten. When it doesn't go over well, you might have second thoughts of it's wonder. I for one am able to say, that I have been in these conflicting times. The sweetest blue shadowed broken surrender will play like a repeat. New for you and the time that I've been so are moments here in desperate calling when I have tried to sleep. Just come and learn what I have been fighting for. When you realize where it came from. Saying those oh, so spiteful hello's and regretting it's cold unfriendly welcome to your suspense. For thousands of times they've told you, that your dying for it. When your face sees the morning after when the clouds have begun there slow submerge into the blurred distance. Lighten up the picture and finally closed your eyes.

Victoria Thompson

Changing Fate.

When you can't move,
if you could, what would you do?

Loosing all time of happiness,
crossing paths with fate...

Did you ask for this?

When you climb up into your head,
will you learn to forgive?

To free yourself from the past
To choosing to walk on eggshells

Sticking to your abnormal ways
would supposedly ruin you

Your trapped in a tight crack
In it, it's pressure builds
capturing all your dreams.

Victoria Thompson

Cracking Up..

I switch on my life
Everyday is practically the same
I tare it off for moments which should last forever

Looking through my lenses I imagine,
other peoples thoughts.
Do they know? Do they have any Idea?

I pour all I know into pinning down a personality.
I linger on a puzzling face.

Do these people all need such attention?
Do they need to be so known, so loved?

The desperation for acceptance screams to be caged.
There heart races as though I know something.

Secrets, are what makes.
If we decide to keep them.
Our bodies all tell something different,
but all revealing some similarities.

If people did not have eyes,
would all become equal.
We'd have a higher sense of imagination.

Victoria Thompson

It's To See.

Just fine, it's ok stop
For what? You think it can stop
well it can't. Dim down the lights try, try to see
what do you see?
A faded image a grasp of life
falling now I do forget.

holding you inside
if it's just a memory of
all the good things

Loosing fast a giving life.
Paralyzed my loosing's

It's not the way but the intentions
Just a few just a little.. a little more
heavy steps lead to a dream
heavy breathes consider a theme
all the little pieces falling now
falling, falling, falling now

why does the face of the great go
my steps are empty
full of regret and disgust.

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My Living Example.

All those words have lost their significance
Nettled and captured by grim reappearances.

It's my time to become, to be used
Split up, chasing a idea.

Reasurring, myself that it's alright.
Will I ever be taught 'normal'?

A quiet tremor of a million fingers.
In the background, comfortable and asleep.

Until the fire burns I will never let it go.
Still I'm loosing all concept of time.

Playing hide and seek with a friend.
I hold myself back only to be mistrusted.

What an Oblivious story I'm writing in my head.
My admiration dwindles into dust.

Focusing on reality strikes a mark.
I'd rather be something else

Come, just stop it loose it's inhibitions
Reverse and turn into your own identity.

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Suicide Lullaby

I feel my days are beginning to number
The edges of my fingers fall into a depression
Alone and Isolated I feel my once promising future fade.
Mother, if only you could of helped me,
but nobody can.

I have engulfed myself with too much loss of control
and am longing for a tremble of spirit
Bright eyed like a grubby mole.
Scratching, teetering for my pull
I'm blinded by the truth of my own self-destruction.

It feels so long ago that a could continue and just move on
i wait for that peaceful silence I could create when I was naive
Waiting for that subtle sensation of a prick to reconnect with life
The cloud of tempestuous frustration penetrates my sorrow.
Something has died in me and I'm not sure I can get it back.
So for the time being I sleep with my suicide lullaby

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Sustain Total Solitude..

Awake, please to the silence of things
It's soft surrender of depression
It's tight and menacing grip of things.
I only have the time given to me,
but I try to give in.
And as the time moves on and alone
I follow it into the delusion of things.
My words begin to thicken with strain
as my conscience begins to fade.
You'd think I was already dead
like so many other poor self loathing souls.
Why do I believe so many faults.
How come the stains constrict there fading...
Those ghostly shadows circle,
Circle gradually sustaining total solitude.

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