

Poetry Series

**Yana Thompson**  
**- poems -**

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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 interested in writing to her personally she can be reached at this E-mail address. milneranna@

Thanks for reading and Yana hopes that you enjoy.

# A Young Mother's Heartbreak

Hush now,  
don't fuss now.

Your cryin' is breaking my heart.

Sleep now,  
dream now.

Your mommy's tearin' out her heart.

I loved you this mornin'  
and I love you even more tonight,  
as I struggle in this fight.

I fight for you my love and I fight for me.

I fight for what should be mine,  
the way that I had hoped that you would be.

Selfish and foolish is me.

I know you deserve the best,  
to be happy and never distressed.

Oh, selfish and foolish me.

I loved you this mornin',  
and as I lay your head in her arms.

I think about how lonely and empty my heart and arms will be.

Oh, how hard it is to be a mommy to no one but me.

Yana Thompson

# 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 bohemian urges,  
and my body begins a sensual dance that I don't know.

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

I am in ecstasy,  
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 mysterious haze.

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

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

# Excerpt From A Demon's Journal

I am the warior Prince Fear!  
I and my solders have conquered and held this vessel for many a year.  
Vengence is my brother and Lust is my sister we and our subjects have been  
very comfortable here.  
Joy is gone and evil abounds.  
I am genius in the evil that I do.  
No one's as good as me and I know this to be true.  
My vessel has tried to take back her freedom.  
Weak creature that she is.  
In order to regain control all I have to say is this.  
You are alone and unloved. Insignifigant.  
A nothing.  
You'll never be free  
You dare to come against me?  
I laugh with disdane.  
Pitiful creature!  
You are the scum beneath my shoe.  
Though I wear your face as a mask I need no ruse to fool one as dumb as you!  
How dare you think you can do better!  
Do you think that you can knock me from my throne?  
Will you come with back up or are you brave enough to come alone?  
I dare you to try.  
Before you take your next breath I'll have you slit your throught and die.  
I look at the world around me filled with disgust and disdain.  
All the while the good within is slowly being drained.  
Evil as I am something within struggles to survive.  
A flickering flame as small as my thumb and just as dumb tries to burn bright.  
It whispers measures of comfort to my captive and she grows stronger by the  
day.  
As fearsome as I am she makes me afraid.  
She alone can defeat me and my army.  
I sought to conquer an easy vessel and as she begins to gather her weapens and  
her courage I grow enraged.  
My sibilings frantically encourage me to issue a command to desert this vessel,  
but I will not back down!  
She is mine!  
She has a friend.  
A fellow warroir who fights by her side.  
One who's ways are of the creator and who walks in the light.

She 's starting to listen to this General and with every passing day I lose a little more control.

What will my master say when I lose this foothold?

I cannot think like that, yet I still shake in fear.

Will she win today, this month, by next year?

Several Prince's have already gone and there's not many left.

Suicide has fled having been torn apart by our hosts love for the General.

I am sending for recruits, but i don't believe they'll get here in time.

This is possibly my last entry.

If I don't survive it will be because the vessel has joined with the holies.

The possibillity is becomming more and more aparent.

God have mercy on us all!

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 thought.

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

I am no longer under your spell,  
and as for your love I really don't care

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 wooed me,  
with pretenses of love and acceptance.

Like a fool,  
I fell for your honeyed words.

Caught up in your tangled web,  
I struggled with all that was in me to survive.

I did,  
Beloved mother.

I found to possess 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 unbecoming 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 sobs 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 remembrance,

no, not even a whisper passes thorough my mind.

Not even my name.

Yana Thompson

# I Got The Victory

In the darkest night and all alone,  
I have walked the paths of loneliness.

In the depths of my mind I have fought then submitted,  
and believed every word of my tormentors.

Without joy or peace I have walked on this earth for many a year,  
with only the company of my tormentors to witness my pain and tears.

Since the time that I could speak I have let my will be known,  
If only I knew back then that I did not walk my path alone.

I did not know that to have peace and joy,  
Pride and Rebellion would have to go.

Oh people of the nations give Glory to God!

How much less would I have suffered,  
if I only knew then what I now know.

From the act of Rebellion I lost my home,  
and for the sake of Pride it stayed that way.

All the honor and the praise belongs to you Oh king!

Thanks be to the Lord of all creation,  
the desire to overcome lay hidden within.

Like a secret treasure it stayed hidden,  
fed with the bread of life and watered with the same.

Until the the desire to be free broke the strong holds of my masters,  
and I became the willing bond servant of my creator and Lord Messiah.

Now praise be to the king,  
I'm free and I bathe in peace and live in the mercy of my savior!

Hallelujah!

I got the Victory!

For ever and ever,  
Amen.

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 done 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 keep 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 though 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 burning hot.

I did'nt look back as I walked out the door,  
then I stumbled 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 never  
showed anyone 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

# Through A Gypsy's Eyes

When you see a gypsy,  
you see all of the sparkle and flair.

Your eyes grow wide in wonder,  
as you watch them dance with their long curly hair.

You see the belly dancer,  
the fortune teller,  
the tightrope walker that seems to float on the air.

When the carnival is over you go home without a care,  
thinking of the wonderful time that you had at the fair.

You weren't really there.

You saw what your eyes wanted to see,  
and that's just the way that it's supposed to be.

You're not supposed to see the fortune teller as a mother,  
or that maybe the reason that she's telling fortunes is for college money for her  
eldest brother.

The tight rope walker may be having trouble with her best friend,  
and so the rope slackenes just a bit at the end.

The belly dancer sighs after her last dance,  
rubbing her sore feet and praying that God will give her dying grandfather one  
last chance.

You'll never see these things nor will they let you,  
for the purposoe of getting your money is to make sure that you never know what  
they do.

No,  
You'll never see what I've seen.

With these blind and tired,  
old gypsy eyes of mine still see.



Yana Thompson