

Poetry Series

**Yana Djin**  
**- poems -**

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## Yana Djin(09/21/1969)

Yana Djin (born 1969, in Tbilisi, Georgia) is an American poet.

She lived in Moscow. In 1980, she emigrated to the United States where she studied philosophy and journalism. Yana Djin writes poetry in English. Her first book of poetry 'Bits And Pieces of Conversations' was published in the US in 1994. Her poems in Russian translation were first published in 1997 in the 'Literaturnaya Gazeta' under the heading 'The New Literary Star' followed by the publications in the literary magazines 'Druzhba Narodov' and 'Novy Mir'. In 2000, Yana Djin's book of poetry (in English and Russian) 'Inevitable' was published in Moscow to critical acclaim. In 2003 her third book of poetry 'Realm of Doubts' was published by the OGI publishing house. She wrote a biweekly social-political column 'Letters from America' for the English language Moscow News.

# Abrahaam's Haiku

One wakes up, says: should it be the pancakes  
or eggs with ham?

The other's choice is:

Isaac or the lamb.

Yana Djin

# Addiction Haiku

I sobered up, i faced my misery.

Leonard Cohen

To Ilo, my cousin

They tell me you're not well.  
That I should call.  
And what do i say?  
...things you already know.  
Is it going to get better?  
No. Yes. May be...  
Does it matter?  
Accumulating loss  
is vulgar like  
scraping for gain.  
So live...  
for no reason..  
just because.  
and when the demons  
roam free  
life will be there  
all out and ready -  
like a branch of  
a blue vein  
on the extended arm.  
Brother, don't beat a dead horse.  
It's already been done.  
Let it all go.  
But first - your mind.  
And there you will find  
what we could never see -  
the escape -  
in everyone and none.

Yana Djin

# American Haiku

One said to another: I've travelled the world  
looking to find a perfect face  
with no flaws, no sign of pain.  
The other replied: you've travelled in vain.

Yana Djin

## Bits Haiku

i woke up thought  
of the dead.  
closed my eyes  
there was no dread

took a breath  
felt the blood  
roaming in me  
like a reckless bard

light came in  
a slender ray  
touched my forehead  
then it strayed

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# Changeling Love Hailu

When the sun set  
And the seagulls flew,  
I was thinking of you.  
When the sun rose -  
I wasn't.

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# Empire Haiku

The Empire crumbled.  
And the rich man became  
a beast who eats grass.  
No sound or flesh  
can console the panick-sick  
pharaoh  
whose 17th nightmare mumbles:  
Consider the lilies,  
Behold the sparrow.

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# Eternity Haiku

Eternity  
is no bliss.  
It is a nightmare  
where alone,  
unknown,  
you stand  
before the One  
who knows it all  
knows you whole.  
Do not let the soothsayers  
comfort you in vain  
with tunnells of light,  
immortal gain  
of transcendent hue.  
Eternity  
where you  
finally reach the point of  
You.

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## Faith Haiku

Very often logic is the movement in the wrong direction.

Nodar Djin

The trees that lose their leaves  
stand naked, as if hurt  
Do not feel sorry for them  
Too much sorrow is often  
a sign of a bad mind or worse:  
the lack of faith in the absurd.

Yana Djin

## Hope Haiku

let's go to bed  
quiet  
still  
you lick my tears  
i'll get a fill  
of yours  
no fears  
tonight  
light  
from  
the streetlamp  
outlines your body  
can't see your eyes  
glue yourself to me  
hear  
them melt away - the lies

Yana Djin

# Kiss

In that empty, dark room  
the universe narrowed  
to the nape of your neck  
where I buried my face.  
And the past disappeared  
for a fleeting instant  
and left no trace.

Yana Djin

## Love Haiku

Words. They don't impress me.  
They are empty,  
though not necessarily light.  
You didn't use words.  
You cut into me with a deed  
and against this i have no sword  
with which to fight.  
Besides, why would i  
cut the silent cord  
devoid of the lie?

I've always wanted the real.  
So here it is.  
shut up. sit back. And feel.

Yana Djin

## New Start Haiku

when illusions burst  
you freeze. stand still.  
all you remember is how to loose.  
and the feel of the noose  
doesn't evoke a chill.

nonexistence beckons  
its colors - transparent, none.  
like an elusive Beckett  
after Godot was gone.

Yana Djin

## Pathetic Haiku

i have become out of tune  
grown cold to this shore  
desires are strewn  
like coins of a crack-whore

the sky isn't blue  
it isn't more or less  
i won't remember you  
in my death

Yana Djin

# Piety

cold  
infused with fear,  
laws, rules  
poisoning the fresh minds  
with obedience  
and innocent souls with trembling.  
piety.  
what a pity  
that it was you that  
took over the world  
instead of love and  
made everyone your bait.  
you disciplinary belt of hate.

Yana Djin

## Pious Haiku

One said: I waited for God.  
Filling myself with  
repentance, hurt.  
The other replied:  
Break yourself empty.  
You will find Him  
playing in the dirt.

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## Psuedo Haiku

one asked: what would you do  
if you had to do it again?  
the other answered:  
i wouldn't.

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## Reality Haiku

A bomb exploded in the cattle market  
killing 10 men.  
Their limbs strewn randomly  
on the bloody pavement  
made the last attempt of the flesh  
to join the spirit in the impossible leap.  
Noone counted the sheep

Yana Djin

# Swallow

Swallow

The hard knot of indifference

Swallow.

Wallow

in the imaginary dirt of exclusive pride

Wallow

in the quagmire of dreams

Hollow

turned out this ridiculous ride

Hollow

and unexpected in its destination

Follow

the arrow that points nowhere

Follow

until you reach the final break

and raise your eyes in awe

as the

Swallow

circles the air

above the lake.

Yana Djin

# True Love Haiku

One said to Jesus:

'I admire you, rabbi.'

Jesus replied:

Fool. You are shallow.

'What shall I do then? '

the fool asked.

Don't admire. Follow.

Yana Djin

# War

The woman sucking on a stone  
imagined that it was a Persian nougat ball.  
And she sucked on it with  
the oblivion of a child left alone.  
There - nothing was mild.  
Each blade was a prick.  
Each glance - a cut.  
That's if you still had a gut  
with which to feel or fear.  
The metal gods overhead  
shattered the ground  
each time you took the luxury to sit.  
And nothing fit  
the preconceived order.

Each day was new.  
Granted by no one.  
And you learned to chisel your words  
to suit the terrain:  
Dry  
Edgy  
Bordered.  
Like a woman that has  
never been loved or desired.

I remember the fire.  
I remember the fear.  
And the child's cry.  
I remember screaming:  
My eye.  
You lie.

But it didn't.  
It really didn't.  
It all really happened.  
And so much more.  
It did.

And who can uncover the lid

on that and stare into the nightmare once again?

At the:

Woman sucking on the stone

like onto her last breath.

And the children...

the crazed, hungry children

beating the dead donkey

to its second Death.

Yana Djin

# Way Haiku

Words barely  
brush the surface.  
Deeds get to the core.  
Be silent.  
It's always:  
Either/Or

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