

INTROLIT 2016 – UHAMKA
Students' Anthology Of English Poetry

Poetry
ANTHOLOGY

Editor:
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FOREWORD

In the name of Allah, the beneficent, the merciful. I fully appreciate this literature book from UHAMKA students as a part of the English literature class taught by Ms. Heni Novita Sari. It is absolutely worthwhile to enrich the students' knowledge of literary contexts productively and to stimulate their interrelated abilities.

Hopefully, this book can continuously motivate the students to learn, to create, and to produce their creativity.

The Rector of UHAMKA,




Prof. Dr. Suyatno, M. Pd.



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HOW TO MAKE THE POEMS

To make some poems, there are many elements that we should know. *First*, the most important element of any poem is not its structure, rhyme, meter, line or language. It's the *idea*. This idea can be closely related to the life experience. By drawing this one, the poems are created spontaneously. For instance, the interrelated list looks like this:

1. Left home at sixteen.
2. Studied to become a musician.
3. Live and worked in Salzburg, Austria.
4. Married at nineteen.
5. Divorced at twenty-five, no children.

From the above list, we need to compose, to think of about specific incidents related to each event, and to try to assess what we have learned from each encounter.

Second, by *reading*, we can enhance the ideas. Related to this, we can come across new ideas for poems by reading:



1. The encyclopedia

Page through the books, scanning entries about people or subjects that stimulate your imagination or passion. Make a list of entries that might evolve into poems.

2. Quotation references

Page through a compilation like Bartlett's Familiar Quotations and make a list of quotes that excite or anger you. You can use them as epigraphs (brief citations placed immediately above or below the title of your poem). Then you can write poems expressing your views or imagining other scenarios.

3. Biographies

Collect anecdotes about famous or important persons. Make a list of incidents upon which you can base poems, reconstructing the scene to express certain truths.

4. Published collections of letters

Study them to get a first-hand glimpse of how famous and important people related to others. Make another list containing passages that you can use as epigraphs or upon which you can base poems.


5. Published diaries, journals, and autobiographies

Study them to get a glimpse of how famous and important people related to themselves or how ordinary people, living in extraordinary times, saw history as it happened. Base ideas on passages or quote them as epigraphs and reconstruct the events from your point of view, of course.

Third, it deals with *keeping track of ideas*. There's no one best way to record ideas. Typically poets keep diaries, journals, notebooks or idea files. Strictly defined, a diary is a daily chronicles of incidents and thoughts. A Journal is less rigid, allowing you to make entries only when you think you have something important to relate, remember or observe. A notebook is less formal than a journal, usually a spiral pad in which you sporadically jot down ideas for poems or important elements of craft. An idea file is a folder containing loose paper outlining ideas for future poems. Of course, a dairy, journal, notebook or file can be easily created on a computer.

Surely, for the third point here, we need to:

1. Write a paragraph about an idea for a poem.
2. Sketch out key elements of that poem.
3. Think about the poem.
4. Hold back the urge to write.


- 
5. Discuss the poem with friends and family members.
 6. Compose the poem.

To support the above information, we can use Gioia's method to record the unexpected visits of the muse, they are:

1. Keep the imagination open.
2. Set the mood for writing.
3. Catalogue ideas for poems.

Fourth, think of the line. Poetry is the highest and most complex form of human speech. It includes terms as difficult to pronounce as medical ones: amphibrach, dactyl, onomatopoeia- to name a few. Suffice it to say that encyclopedia of poetry often number one thousand pages or more, chock full of words like these, with examples and definitions. And yet poetry has one characteristic on which all its other elements must rely: the line. Eliminate *rhyme*, and you still have *free verse*. Eliminate *simile*, and you still have symbol. Eliminate *line*, and you have *prose*.

The line is the jugular vein of poetry. Moreover, if we truly master the line, something magical will occur within you: You will discover that poetry is as close to music as it is to writing.



Fifth, after the line, the most basic unit of poetry is the *stanza*. It's powerful tool. So powerful, in fact, that even its absence in a poem is an element of craft, a deliberate move by the artist in the creation of a work. Among other things, a stanza:

- Pivots the poem like a chapter in a book.
- Mimics the mind in remembering events.
- Mimics nature in depicting events.
- Helps set the mood and the pace of a poem.
- Creates a pattern to guide the poet.
- Empowers the patterns of formal verse.
- Pleases the senses with new shapes.

Here are the following detailed stanzas.

1. Formal stanzas

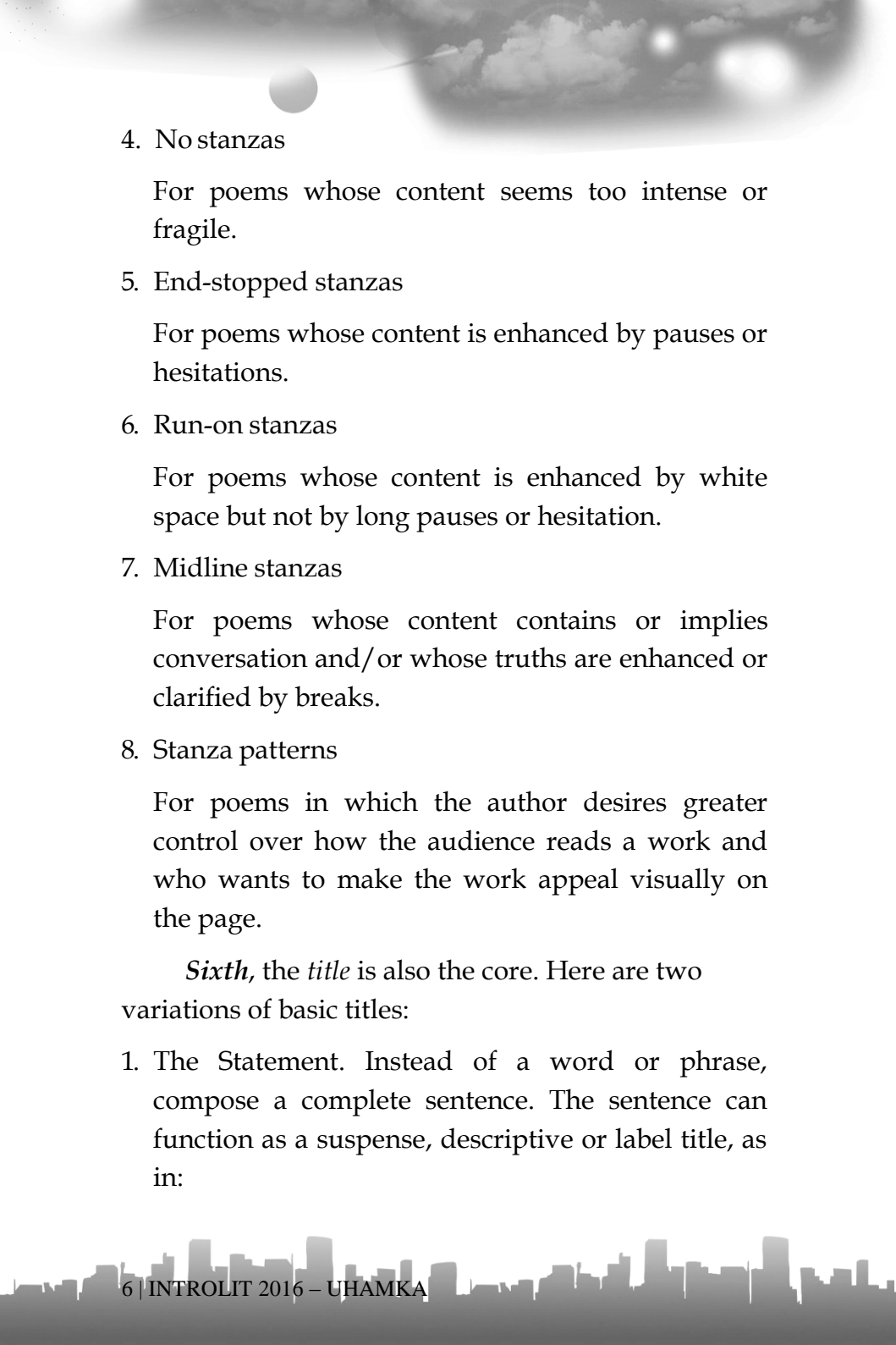
For poems using the same number of lines in each stanza, to give a structured appearance.

2. Freestyle stanzas

For poems in which content calls for stanzas at irregular intervals.

3. Many stanzas

For poems using long sentences; conveying many facts, ideas or images; or utilizing scene or time shifts.



4. No stanzas

For poems whose content seems too intense or fragile.

5. End-stopped stanzas

For poems whose content is enhanced by pauses or hesitations.

6. Run-on stanzas

For poems whose content is enhanced by white space but not by long pauses or hesitation.

7. Midline stanzas

For poems whose content contains or implies conversation and/or whose truths are enhanced or clarified by breaks.

8. Stanza patterns

For poems in which the author desires greater control over how the audience reads a work and who wants to make the work appeal visually on the page.

Sixth, the *title* is also the core. Here are two variations of basic titles:

1. The Statement. Instead of a word or phrase, compose a complete sentence. The sentence can function as a suspense, descriptive or label title, as in:

- “When I Feel Your Soul, I Reach for You With These Arms” (suspense)
- “Caution: This Poem Is Armed and Dangerous” (descriptive)
- “Jump!” (label)

2. The Question. Again, cast our title as a complete sentence in question form, as in:

- “Who in the Green Hate Would Have Known?” (suspense)
- “In Whom Now Shall I Place My Trust?” (descriptive)
- “Huh?” (label)


Here’s a short list of titles that look gimmicky or outdated and turn off readers:

Bleeding Titles. These are ones that contain a word or phrase in the title that connects linguistically to the first line of the poem, as in the made-up poem “Sleepwalkers” connecting to the line: “Already were bedded.”

Option: If we like such titles, try to compose them so the first line can stand alone:

FOR ALL I KNEW

Sleepwalkers already were bedded. . . .



Generic Titles. These are ones that call attention to form, rather than content, as in “Sonnet or “Pantoum.”

Option: If we want to call attention to the form of our poem in the title, add a phrase as in, “Pantoum for My Side of the Family.”

Untitled. Poems that use “Untitled” violate a basic pact with readers who look to the title to anticipate the contents of a poem. Use of “Untitled” became vogue after poems by famous people – I’m talking ladies and lords of royal courts – were found untitled and published posthumously. If we use “Untitled” for our poems, readers might wonder why you passed up an opportunity to grace your poem with a real title.

Option: None.

First-Line Titles. These types employ the same phrases, statements or questions as titles and as first lines. This too has to do with tradition. Some poems were taken from longer works, as in Shakespeare’s “Soliloquy” from *Hamlet* or William Blake’s “And Did Those Feet” from *Milton*. Other poems bore numbers instead of titles, as in Shakespeare’s “Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer’s Day” or Dickinson’s “Because I Could Not Stop for Death.” Eventually, poets began mimicking the practice in an attempt to




sound as immortal as Shakespeare, Blake, and Dickinson.

Option: If **we** still feel that we should repeat the title, do so only if it is:

- So odd that repetition may enhance content. (See poem by Henry David Thoreau in the mini anthology).

I AM A PARCEL OF VAIN STRIVINGS TIED

I am a parcel of vain strivings tied
By a chance bond together,
Dangling this way and that, their links
Were made so loose and wide,
Methinks,
For milder weather.
A bunch of violets without their roots,
And sorrel intermixed,
Encircled by a wisp of straw
Once coiled about their shoots,
The law
By which I' m fixed.



A nosegay which Time clutched from out
Those fair Elysian fields,
With weeds and broken stems, in haste,
Doth make the rabble rout
That waste
The day he yields.
And here I bloom for a short hour unseen,
Drinking my juices up,
With no root in the land
To keep my branches green,
But stand
In a bare cup.

- Henry David Thoreau


- An element of voice expanded upon in the first line. (See poem by John Clare in the mini anthology).



I AM

I am – yet what I am, none cares or know;
My friends forsake me like a memory lost:
I am the self-consumer of my woes – They
 rise and vanish in oblivion” s host
Like shadows in love-frenzied stifled throes
And yet I am, and live – like vapours tost
 Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
 Into the living sea of waking dreams,
Where there is neither sense of life or joys,
But the vast shipwreck of my life” s esteems;
 Even the dearest that I love the best,
Are strange – nay, rather, stranger than the rest.
I long for scenes where man hath never trod
A place where woman never smiled or wept
 There to abide with my Creator, God,
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
 Untroubling and untroubled where I lie
The grass below – above, the vaulted sky.

– John Clare




Last-Line Titles. These poems use the same phrase, statement or question as the title and the last line of the poem. If we repeat the title as the ending of our poem, we're missing yet another opportunity to enhance the clarity or meaning of our work. For instance, once I wrote poem originally titled "The Boy Who Made the Wicked Witch Cry," for the actress Margareth Hamilton, whom I met in the late fifties at a flower shop. The poem ended naturally with the same line as the title, so I changed the original title to "After Oz."

Option: If our poem would be harmed by changing the title or the last line, keep the work as is. (The longer the work, the better our chances of getting away with a last-line title).

Seventh, when we speak of *meter* in poetry, usually we mean two things:

- A regular rhythm - a sound that we can tap our feet to - like music.
- An accentual-syllabic rhythm - a sound that takes into account the number of accents (or hard stresses) along with the number of syllables in each line.

Prosody or the study of meter, is more complex. But these are the basics that poets need to compose




formal verse, to smooth lines of free and formal verse, or to enhance meaning with meter.

If we have never scanned (analyze a poem to determine its meter) before, follow this method:

1. Read the lines of a poem aloud a number of times until we can feel or sense a rhythm.
2. Mark the unaccented (ˇ) and accented (˘) stresses of each word in the poem.
3. Identify the sound(s) employed most often in the poem.
4. Mark off each sound with the symbol (|) to designate feet per line. (Consult the section below to identify the various types).
5. Combine the name of the sound with the name that represents the number of feet per line . . . and we will have determined the meter.

Here are the following types of sounds:

- **Iamb** ((pronounced *ī-am*): One word or two monosyllabic words with a light/hard stress as in “tǒdáy” or “ǎ dáy.” (This sound is conversational, a workhorse of the English language).
- **Trochee** (*trŌ-kē*): One word or two monosyllabic words with a hard/light stress as in “tímiňg” or “tíme mě.” (This sound adds emphasis, typically varying the iambic beat at the start of a line, or



after a comma or other punctuation mark within a line. When used repeatedly in a line, it has an incantation tone).

- Anapest (*an'-a-pest*): one word or combination of words yielding two light stresses followed by a hard stress as in “villánelle” or “in a form.” (The anapest has a tripping sound and usually quickens the pace of a poem).
- Dactyl (*dak' -til*): One word or a combination of words yielding one hard stress followed by two light stresses as in “cálěndăr” or “p riör tő.”: (The dactyl varies the anapest in the same manner that the trochee varies the iamb. When used repeatedly in a line, the dactyl has a more grotesque incantation effect).

For another component of relating to meter is about variant. One person may hear or pronounce a word differently from another person, as in “hărăss” or “hărăss” or “hărăss.”

To adjust for pronunciation, poets employ two basic variants:

Pyrrhic (*pir' -ik*) : Two light syllables usually (but not always) occurring at the end of a line : “ I wě hěar I tĥe sounđs I őf I vÓi- I cěsěch- I őiňg” with the final *oing* as the pyrrhic. (Note: when a pyrrhic ends a

line, as above, the poet *must* count it as a complete foot or disregard it, depending on the desired meter.)

Spondee (*spon' -dě*): two hard syllables usually (but not always) follow the pyrrhic:

"I tĥe sōunds I ōf vŌi- I cēs sĭgh- I ĩng fŏr- I évér I
"with the *ever* as the spondee. (Note: When a spondee follows a pyrrhic and ends a line, as above, the poet must count the pyrrhic and the spondee as two feet.)

Other Variants: Lees common alternate sounds are the *amphimacer* (*am-fim' -e-ser*) - hard/light/hard stress, as in the word *várĭánt*) - and *amphibrach* (*am' -fe-brak*) - light/hard/light stress, as in the word *ĕnjámbmént*. Although the practice is discouraged, some poets claim the last hard stress of an amphimacer or the last light one of an amphibrach is *hypermetric* (beyond the measure) or *truncated* (below the measure), as needed, at the end of a line. Hypermetric syllable(s) are not counted but truncated ones are. Here are some examples:

- Hppermetric:


I tĥis fŌur I bĕat líne I ĕxclúdes I várĭ I ~~ants~~

I tĥis fŏur I bĕat líne I ĕxclúdes I ĕnjámb- I ~~ment~~

- Truncated

I tĥis fĭve I bĕat líne I ĩnclúdes I várĭ- I ánts I

I tĥis fĭve I bĕat líne I ĩnclúdes I ĕnjámb- I mĕnt I



Types of Meter

To determine the meter for your poem, do a scansion (according to the methods explained at the beginning of “Meter Primer”). In other words, read each line of your poem and mark each iamb, trochee, anapest, dactyl, pyrrhic or spondee. Count them and then designate the feet per line. Combine the predominant sound with the feet per line, and you will have identified the meter.

To practice, scan this excerpt of an Emerson poem:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

Below are excerpts from two poems – the first by Emily Bronte and the second by Anne Bronte. I'll scan each work and then make some observations about meter and meaning:


TO IMAGINATION

I Whēn wéa- I řy wíth I tĥē lÓng I dăy" s cáre, I
I Aňd éarth- I lŷ chánge I fróm páin I tŏ páin, I
I Aňd lÓst I aňd réa- I dŷ tÓ I dĕspáir, I
I Tĥy kínd I vŏice cálls I mé báck I ágáin: I
I ō, mŷ I tŕue fríend! I ĭ ám I ňot lÓne, I
I Whíle thÓu I caňst spéak I wíth súch I ä tÓne! I
I Sŏ hÓpe- I lĕss ís I tĥē wÓrld I wíthoút; I
I Tĥē wÓrld I wíthín I ĭ doúb- I lŷ príze; I
I Tĥē wŏrld, I whĕre guíle, I aňd háte, I aňd doúbt, I
I Aňd cÓld I sŷspíc- I iŏn név- I ěr ríse; I

I Whĕre thou, I aňd I, I aňd Líb- I ěrtŷ, I
I Hăve ún- I đispút- I ěđ sÓv- I erĕignťŷ. I
(*Meter: iambic tetrameter*)

The last, rhyme is capable of accomplishing much more. Not only can it help shape a work, it also can:

- Enhance the sound of a poem.
- Combine with meter to add melody to a beat.

- 
- Augment the meaning of a poem.
 - Set the mood for the content.

To illustrate the power of rhyme, here is a sentence in prose, free verse, meter, meter and slant rhyme (approximate-sounding but un-rhyming last syllables), meter and rhyme, and meter and double rhyme (two or more ending syllables that rhyme):

(Prose)

Since the dawn of time, people tap fingers and toes to music. It

seems we are pentadactylic for a reason.

(Free Verse)


We are pentadactylic. We tap toes and fingers for a reason.

(Meter)

Mortals mark time on their fingers and toes,
Humming the mantras of Adam and Eve.

(Slant Rhyme and Meter)

We are pentadactylic, as everyone knows,
Marking off¹ meter according to laws.



(Rhyme and Meter)

We are pentadactylic, as everyone knows,
Marking off meter with fingers and toes.

(Double Rhyme and Meter)

Adam and Eve were made pentadactylic.
Only a snake would find *that* idyllic.

CONFUSED

(By: Heni Novita Sari)



How I Feel right now????






SUPER WOMAN

(By: Heni Novita Sari)

Full
Under pressure
Heavy activities
Multi function
Multiple map
Insufficient rest
Update knowledge

Punctuality
Responsibility
Disipline
Fast movement

NEED to refresh
to relax
to keep healthy
to strenghen
to struggle
to stop for a moment



Be tough
Be wise
Be productive
Be focused
As strong as energy capacity

Honestly
Regularly
Wholly
Hopefully



IT AIN'T ONE SIDE

(By: Heni Novita Sari)

You can see it clearly, but it probably seems
unattainable
Please, don't blame me if I look
different It's not your fault indeed
But something can't utterly be reached from
yours It's not your blurred vision
But please, don't judge something from your
mouth Obviously, you don't really understand me

I should not tell you what it is
One day you do realize me
Then you can't blame me
I fully forgive you



UNTRUE AFFECTION

(By: Heni Novita Sari)

Left with your smile year by year
I cried into grey but no tears
Went through days of whispers

As a little daughter, I did nothing
You did it as a mom
You chose it intentionally

More, I lost your trust
To dare the darkness, though within we bleed
No one knew your true fact



HAIKU ABOUT TIME

(By: Heni Novita Sari)

The class is out fast
Time is fully up
No chance, no hope for the next



BLACK

(Heni Novita Sari)

Black

Definitely looks graceful and fit indeed

Lighting up the aura

Showing the beauty

Seemingly looks neutral with another

This spontaneously stimulates the people's attraction

Black

It also refers to the dark night

Part of nature in the earth

The time for the total rest to wait tomorrow morning
activity

Some people burn the midnight oil

Are there additionally some darkseekers behind dark
night?

Black

Containing both secret shadows and magical power

Having the mysterious meaning

Maybe unkind chance within deep intention

Secret behind unbelievable manner

Take best care with this warning symbol



Black

It's identically gray feelings
This reflects on the diverse problems
Emotion negatively appears into dark rage
The uncontrol attitudes sometimes smoulder due to
unseen verbal expressions
Like or dislike, this positively needs to open up
whatever problems totally emerge on you

Black

Blacken yourself or wanna be blackened...????
It surely relies on your plan
The attitude produces the deed
The deed produces the cause

Black

It's only colour
But this can be bias, ambiguity, blurred
interpretation, caution, and aestheticism depending
on what you absolutely believe in
Just control yourself and see it in a clear way
Then let Allah decide what you obviously have done



FRIENDSHIP

(By: CPG)

Friends will come and go,
but you never go.

Many years we make the friendship.
Yeah, I sometimes know that we argue,
but we never break.

Because we love each other.
And I believe our friendship will never end.



FATHER

(By: Selvi Dyah Atika)

Father...

I want you to know
You are my everything
You are the best father

When I feel happy, you are here

When I feel sad, you are here

I feel happy, because...

I have a father like you



DADDY'S LITTLE GIRL

(By: Siti Maghfira)

The first love of my life

The one who taught me how to ride my bike

The one who told me I could do anything

The one who loved to tell me stories before going bed

He" s my everything, he" s my world..

He's my strength, the reason I try

He" s my weakness. Without him, I" m

nothing He brings the joy to my life

He also brings me into laughable, happy, and safe feelings

He gives me the courage to live

I love my daddy very much..

He" s my hero, my best friend, my shining star



MOVEMENT

(By: Bayu Fajarsidik)

Look at the door

Look at the window

Like our heart

It is always opened and closed

It is a symbol of life

There is silence, move on and on

Be better to walk slowly

Each movement

Surely, it produces the alteration



WHEN?

(By: Della)

When do you come again?
Wake me up when the sun arrives
Remember about the beautiful things
 When do you come again?
 Take me away
 Together with you into the beautiful places
When do you come again?
To meet me
I don't know without you
 When do you come again?
 To stand here
 Walk in the same way with me



MONEY

(By: Nurul Ulya)

You are just a paper

But you can change the world to be better or
probably weak

You are just a tool transaction in the world

But you can buy the world that the man wants

The man fully needs you

The man really wants you

The man totally idolizes you

The man surely loves you

Without feeling tired, the man works hard to get you

Without feeling shamed, the man begs to get you

You can buy the happiness

But you can emerge the misery

You can buy the life

But you can emerge the death



MY MOM

(By: Nurul Ulya)

You are just one

But for me, you are more than one

You are just mom

But for me, you are like a set of my family and my friends

You never know about feeling tired to keep me

You never know about feeling tired to educate me

You never know about feeling tired to always help me

You never know about feeling tired to hear my complain

You are the great person in the world

You are a very patient person in my life

You are a very perfect person in my heart

For me, you are my life

For me, you are my hero

For me, you are my leader

For me, you are my everything in my life

I love you

I love you

I love you , my mom





THE REAL FRIEND

(By: Nurul Ulya)

Giving the support

Giving the suggestion

Helping for all of conditions

Always together for all of conditions

Sharing smile together

Expressing sad expression together

Crying together

Laughing together

Solidarity

Loyalty , and

love



THE BEAUTY OF INDONESIA

(By: Eryan Adhi Nugroho)

When I open my eyes
The birds are so melodious
The vast ocean stretches with the blue water
Which stretches the fertile soil

Your blue ocean
Your white sands are completed
With the towering high mountains and green forests
So beautiful and colourful

Indonesian country looks charming and beautiful
The world totally flatters for the beauty of Indonesia
That's my homeland
We should always take care



ME, YOU AND LOVE

(By: Elly Saidah)

There is no accidental life, it is not an accidental thing that
we are born and seen to one another.

Because there is no accidental love, I believe that our
running loves bring us into the story.

The stories that we write with the happy pen.

I believe love always has the way to be one

Thank you love.



WORD IS PRAYER

(By: Ittaka Maulany)

Silent, No word, None I can Say, My word is
word is prayer
My choice, To be Better, To be positive because



“LONGING”

(By: Devtika Ola Asmia)

Father, where are you?
Here I miss you, Dad
Feel the warmth of your hug
I want to meet you
I will miss your advice

I miss your love
You are always present in my dream
A dream that is so real for me
I really want you to come back

I hope you to come here
To accompany me everyday
To see me as a mature daughter

Up to now, I have grown up without you by my side
Without you, who supports my days?



“A LONELY NIGHT”

(By: Devtika Ola Asmia)

Tonight ...

The moonlight has made my lonely night...

I increasingly feel that I do not have anyone amid the
whispering winds

I have just got a lot of pain

No one never understands the wounds in this heart

That is always my lonely night ...

Like a woman doesn't have a
power

I even cannot understand

Why no one can understand

To whom I'm going to share my stories

Tears always fall useless

Crying because sometimes I feel lonely

Thinking about a problem that is never end



“LOVE IS NOT EVERYTHING”

(By: Devtika Ola Asmia)

Do you regret all?
Do not weep all
And don" t be
mad
Love is not everything

Even though you have a sincere love
Even though you have a loyalty
Don" t waste your time just because of
him It is not the end for everything

Because of you...
You don" t deserve for
him It" s always bad for
that
and you don" t have to feel happy with that

Believe me...
Someday
You will find someone with his sincere love
To be able to make the voice of your heart
Because you are a remarkable woman



LOVE

(By: Fitri Pebriani)

Are you real?

Or it is only my hallucination.

If you are absolutely real,

let me feel it.

But, if it is only my hallucination,

hopefully, it is just a dream.

Love. . .

I'm looking for a long time.

And I'm waiting for a long

time. With a lot of hopes.

With a lot of dreams.

Hopefully, one day you can fill my heart.

Who will give me affection.

And who will make my life colorful.



THOUSAND OF REASONS

(By: Syuhaela)

Sunrise in the morning

O Allah.....

Thanks, I can feel the warmth of sun

The rain falls down all day

O Allah.....

Thanks, I can feel the wet rain

The stars decorate the sky at night

O Allah.....

Thanks, I can see the beautiful night

O Allah.....

I live because of you

I live for you

And I finally return back to you

O Allah.....

Thanks for giving beautiful life



MY RAINBOW

(By: Syuhaela)

I am a wood

You are fire

Burn wood into ash

Until he comes to extinguish the fire burned

And it will be my rainbow



I'M NOT A CANVAS

(By: Syuhaela)

Y o u g i v e m e t h e c o l o r s w h a t y o u w a n t

S o m e t i m e s y o u g i v e m e

B l u e

B l a c k

W h I t e

R e d

Y e l l o w

N e v e r g i v e m e t h e c o l o r s w h a t I w a n t

R e m e m b e r I ' m n o t a c a n v a s !



MY PROTECTOR WINGS

(By : Shinta Dewi Astika)

You are like an angel in my life

You give everything to me

Time, sweat, love and affection

You never feel tired of encouraging me

You never complain with me this selfishness

You ignore your fatigue with a smile on
your face

You give the best for me

For my life ...

You are my protector wings ...

Mother...



FRIENDSHIP

(By: Devinta Putri)

Friendship?

Yeah friendship is always there for us

Everytime ...

Everywhere ...

They always listen our stories

They always make us laugh

They always remember us for something

I hope they will be our friendship

Forever...



MOM IS MY HERO

(By: Yeni Purnamasari)

Dear mom, you are my first and endless love.
I have been loving you since my first breath.
You are my best friend that God gives to me.
You have been there to always bright my life with
your warmest love.

I'm sorry for every word that hurts you.
I'm sorry for my bad attitude that I have
done. I'm sorry I can't be a daughter that you
want.

But trust me.

I will try my best.

Thank you for guiding me in the right direction.

I wish to take care of you.

I love you every single day no matter what happen.

Thank you for always holding the family together.

Full of meaning for you.

From your little daughter to you, mom.



THE COLORFUL LIFE

(By: Miela Dwi Arlita)

A wonderful journey in life...
Both sadness and happiness come,
tears fall down spontaneously,
a sweet smile in your face

It is life...
sometimes cries,
sometimes laughs,
life with sincerity,
to find happiness

LOVE IS BLIND

(By: Nanda Lidco)

Everyone thinks! it is not going to be easy.

Everyone Pushes me! to stay away from her...

Everyone always tells me! it is going to be useless...

I close my ear, eyes, and mind. I deserve to get all of these because...

loving her is my decision

loving her is my pain

loving her is my imagination



there's no duress

there's no pressure

there's no hypnosis.

And

I love her more than they ever know.

(By: Nanda Lidco)

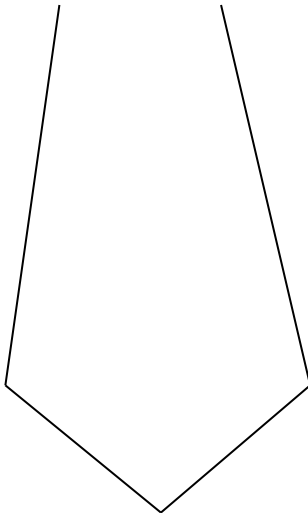


JUSTICE

(By: Nanda Lidco)

Justice

if you don't prove it
I will convey orally
If you close this mouth
I will write with a pen
If you cut this hand
I will save it in memory
If this head you shoot
I will (take) prayer for the sake of the truth





MY DREAM

(By: Hanindya)

I have a dream...

I always want you to be my side every time.

I always want you to hug me every morning.

I always want you to open your hand to help me.

For the various conditions.

I just need a little love for you.

Dad...

I really need your shoulder to share my problems

But, that" s just in my dream.



FACE IT

(By: Afif Rizky G.P.)

No matter what" s going on
No matter how big your problem is
No matter how difficult it is
No matter if it" s so
 complicated Turn on
 your spirit
Never give up of your problem
Every storm just passes over
Believe yourself and face it



DON'T LEAVE ME!

(By: Siti Maghfira)

Don" t leave me!

I want to say that word

But I can" t do it, not
again.

I really get tired of losing people

I" m so tired of begging people to love me, to stay
here with me

Is it my fault?

Why do they keep running away?!

I just don" t want to be alone..

I can" t handle this feeling anymore

I want you to be here with me together..

I miss you.. so much

But you don" t even say anything when I say „I miss
you“



MOM

(By: Selvi Dyah Atika)

Mom...

Mom is a gift from God

Mom is special person for me

Mom...

I want you to know

You are the best thing that I have

Mom...

You are my inspiration

I love you forever



MY LITTLE BOY

(By: Mia Sumiati)

I remember you
When you come to the world
You touch me softly
You open your eyes
I see your gaze
It is very beautiful and
It has full of dreams

For the first time I met with you
I felt very happy and thankful
In fact, you are the best gift from God
I promise to both always keep and protect you
forever
I will do everything for you
I will teach you about life

I will give you love, laugh and anything
I love you....
You are my spirit and
You" re my everything for
me

Oh.... God
I am thankful
You make a different life to me
You change everything in my life
You give happiness in my life
And you have given the greatest gift in my life.



CHILD

(By: Umiroh)

Three children

Sleep in the pavement areas

Look so tired, dirty, and thin

The morning...

I look and feel so sad

Where are their parents?

Talking about responsibility, hearing, looking at them

Help them, hold them, and don't keep silent!

Save our children for our future.



BEST FRIEND

(By: Dhiah Sa'idah)

Friend . . .

I feel happy when I am beside you.

I feel lucky because I have you.

Your smile is my happiness.

When I feel sad, you always make me laugh

Friend . . .

Thanks a lot for everything.

Thank you so much for your understanding.

The unforgettable moments are given to me

I love you . . .

More than you know.



THANKS TO MY TEACHERS

(By: Dhiah Sa'idah)

My teacher . . .

Thank you for your time.

Thank you, because you always give us motivation.

Thank you, you always teach me to appreciate the
time.

I will never forget your kindness.

I will never forget your services.

For me you are my second parent in school

And you take a special part in my heart.



BELOVED FAMILY

(By: Dhiah Sa'idah)

In my life, my family is everything. . .
Family can't be replaced.
Family is special in every way
They are like the gift from God for me.
Your love is seemingly the flowing stream
But I hope you know that I truly love them.



HOPE

(By: Meka Mauziyyah)

Like sunshine
A star on my eyes
the lightness on the grave
the wave on the quiet beach

Your smile breaks my mind
Your voice distracts my path
Oh Love... Time flies away
But you were not here
To give me those warm arms
Let me wait for you until your whole life ends



COME AND GO

(By: Meka Mauziyyah)

Past

Love

Time

Care

Emotion

Pour into one feeling

Then makes me want to spend my life with you
Can not imagine to pass the whole day without you

And now it happens

You throw the thousand memories
You bring back all the emptiness



THE NIGHT

(By: Astrid)

I feel safe if the night comes
I feel better if the night comes
It comes to refresh us from the heat of sun
It comes to give us the true comfort
If there" s no night
everyday How can it be?
We never feel good
We never see both moon and stars

Eventhough the dark seems scary
Eventhough the dark seems spooky
But, it makes everyone feels comfortable
It makes everyone sleeps well

Allah fully loves us
He creates the night to protect the earth to be colder
To safe everybody who sleeps
Thanks God..



HOME

(By: Pratiwi Brita Hutami)

Home is my world
Home is my heaven
Home is my castle
Home is my everything
Whenever I go everywhere
Home... It's always the best place for me

Home... always keeps our moments
Home... always keeps our happiness
Home... always keeps our family
Home... always keeps our unforgettable moments
Because, home is the silent witness

Home reflects our personalities
Home also reflects our attitudes
Home gives us a lot of memories

Home gives us a lot of good things
Because home is my everything...



DAD

(By: Gita Dwi Yulianti)

You look at me wistfully
Your rough hands hold my hand tightly
Your thin lips always pray for me
Your lonely smile always shows me
The strongest man

Someone who can give the great jokes
Someone who tries hard to make me laugh and smile
Someone who covers his tiredness

Dad...
I want to hold your hands
I want to stare at your eyes
I want to share a lot of stories with you
I want to tell you that...
I Love You. I Love You Dad.



A MAN TO HIS WOMAN

(By: Oktavia Utari Purwanto)

There is story in your eyes
I can see the hurt behind your smile
For every time I recognize
You always turn your face
And keep silence

Just follow your best
Who fully takes care of you
When you feel stuck to walk further
Tell me again

Do you deserve your fee?
Please, don" t abandon
me Or you can" t be
saved
I walk beside you
Wherever you are
Whatever it takes
No matter how far
That I always walk beside you



I WILL BE HERE

(By: Oktavia Utari Purwanto)


Whenever you're
sad Or feeling
blue Just call on
me
I'll be here for you

Whenever you're
happy Or sad
Just call on me
You feel glad that you have

Cause I'm gonna be
there With open arms
I'm going to be
there To bear your
arms

I may be young
Or tiny like a bug
but when you're
sad I swear to God,
I give the biggest hug.

So when you're lonely



Or just plain blue,
Just think of me,
Or this poem
And I" ll come to you



DREAM

(By: Annastria K)

Dream

What does it mean ?
People keep chasing it
Everyday, everytime

They sacrifice everything to reach it
They spend a lot of time
Working, studying
To reach their dreams

I just can" t understand
Why everyone obsesses about it ?
Is it the goal of life ?
Does it guarantee us to be happy ?

Day by day
I start to understand
The meaning of dreams
How important they are

And now
I promise myself
To reach my beautiful dream
Until it comes true





BLUE

(By: Annastria K.)

I am staring at the sky
From the window
It is so blue
But it's still beautiful

Then I remembered
The day you went away
You left me
With no reasons

The sky was so blue that day
I saw you walked away from me
I couldn't hide my feeling
My feeling was so blue

Now
Whenever I see the blue sky
I remember you
And my feelings become blue



LITTLE CHILD

(By: Shandy Pitaloka)

Sadness came directly.
I looked at the sky.
God... What did I do?
The perfectness was almost mine.
But why could I forget you?

Now
The sun burns...
Tears stream down his face.
It is not a piece of cake.
He sells tissues for his life.
Keeps his life...
to be alive...

I see him,
and I ask myself.
How...
If he is your brother?
Have you...
Can you...
think how hard
I stay in this evil world.



MY MOM

(By: Indifatul Mawajjah M)

I love you so much
I need you so much
You are so perfect in my eyes
Nothing can replace your love in my eyes

You are the one who cares me
You are the one who knows me best
You are the light that helps me to see
You hear my cry and you hear my problems

Thanks for your love
Thanks for your time
Thank you for everything
You are always my everything



RED CHERRY

(By: Luluil Maknun)

I remembered the red cherry on top
On my fifth birthday cake
And you were still there
Absolutely there

Then you started to disappear
As the birthday cake ain't
here And so you were
No more birthday cake
With the red cherries
Not for both my eight and ten

And I started to dislike
That little red cherry
As I didn't remember your shadow
anymore And that red cherry
Gone
Gone
Forgotten



YOU

(By: Rika Hardianti Tenri)

You go with hopefulness
You don't care about the rigors of the world
You give your time to share a lot of your experiences
You don't let anyone hurt me
You always give happiness
You give anything for me
You never let me alone
You are always behind me
You are my hero
You are the light of my life
You are everything for me
You are my daddy...



VEIL

(By: Siti Aliyah)

You are a symbol of moslem
You can be controller
You are dynamometer
From the bad behaviour
From the emotion
From the patience

You also cover me
To be different from another
To be more beautiful
To be more comfortable

You keep me
You save me
You save my father too
Because you are an obligation
Obligation for the moslem

Yeah, that is right
You are my veil



EVERLASTING TO YOU

(By: Ari Kurniawati)

When the rain falls down,
You come and bring the light
Give me peaceful life,
Like the hazel morning.
Give me warm,
Like the sunshine in the morning.
You color my days,
Like an angel.
In my eyes,
You are the one
And...
I will always love you



GIVE BACK OUR EARTH

(By: Siti Mawaddah)

The earth looked sad,
It gave us flood ...
The earth seemed angry,
It burned the forests ...
The earth destroyed,
It gave us the global warming ...

It happened, because...
The human action ain't
responsible with the nature ...

Where is our earth?
The earth is green, beautiful and clean ...
Where is it?

We want to have our earth ...
Give back our earth, please ...



HURT

(By: Mita Choirunnisa)

In the night of summer
The sky is so gray
I feel something inside
Something that I don't understand

I try to make it clear
As clear as dew
But, it stays frozen and cold
So I let this feeling grows in my mind

One day I find myself bleeding
Tears over my eyes
Scratch over my arms
Hurt over my heart

And one day I know the answer
These tears, scratch, and hurt
Are caused
By loving you



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Heni Novita Sari is a writer and lecturer at UHAMKA. She is interested in writing, teaching, and the arts. Her previous books, *Melepas Belunggu Jomblo* (Inti Medina Press, PT Tiga Serangkai Pustaka Mandiri, 2010) and *Sungguh Pertolongan Allah Begitu Dekat* (Kaysa Media Press, 2010). She was a drama performer and a drama scenario writer for both the title of *Balada Orang Gila* (2007) and *Crazy Ain't Utterly Crazy* (2008). Additionally, she also participated in the film scenario (BSP Pamulang, 2000), the community of poetry (Pengusaha Kampus Writerpreneur, 2016). Related to the poetry, she was a favorite contributor of the poetry in the framework of the poetry competition (Stepa Pustaka, 2016). You can contact Heni at henisalman.17@gmail.com and heninovita_sari@yahoo.com.