

Poetry Series

**kite remedy**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2008

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## kite remedy(30 - 04 - 1989)

A student in a literature department of a city in Indonesia..

A lover of beauty, rhyme, words, and thought..

A struggling soul in a wave of changes and the revolving earth...

A flying aimless kite searching for an answer..

A broken winged being with a mind and a imagination..

!!!!!! Lilith!!!!!!

If love is a sinful arch,  
thou art the goddess of lust,  
envoy of Asmodeus,  
my sanity which you oust

I'm a sinner thou guide  
kneel before thee I be  
enslaved by your dark light  
red moon November I see

If your love is my sin  
this heart I carve out for thou  
be it my offerings  
my body, fluid for you

God may forbid this love,  
the Second Hell awaits me,  
mistaken it for lust,  
or I'm mistakenly for thee..

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# !!! A Fairy Tale: An Encounter!!!

As a leave dropped on his forehead  
his vision was simply led  
by a carriage on a dusty road  
carried a splendor hidden by a coat

Though it was not at all clear,  
he was able to catch a glimpse  
of a beauty concealed  
and hidden and sealed..

He rose from his rest  
heartbeat resounded of his chest  
he deemed it was his fate  
an encounter he has waited

As his mind and eyes clouded and crowded  
by magnificence he's never known  
the carriage was then averted  
faded and dispersed at the line of horizon...

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# !!! A Story Of A Friend!!!

'I found a love  
while I was sitting  
on a bench of a park  
daydreaming  
she was there  
her eyes were not to me  
but enjoying a Danish bread  
so delightfully  
I wished  
she would look at me  
and smiled  
so I could reply  
but not,  
and she left shortly  
oh, God  
with her Danish  
an afternoon  
yes, it was an afternoon  
when I found a love  
but soon after it arrived  
in my heart  
it wasn't for long enough...'

P.S.: for my friend, i'm sorry if you mind i post your story as a poem.  
nevertheless, i just want you to know if it was your destiny, you'll find her  
somehow..

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# !!! An Orange Painting! ! !

An orange photograph  
painted on the sky  
a canvas far and high  
my thought then flies  
as wind it blows  
to a day many years ago  
I was a boy, a child  
dreams were big and wild  
it was a usual evening  
I lied on the grass daydreaming  
I saw the sky was empty  
no twilight I perceived  
Then I raised my hand  
to the sky my fingers went  
I drew a line on the sky  
so lengthy and so high  
I depicted conscientiously  
the twilight I'd like to see  
As my point finger moved  
an orange color bloomed  
An orange twilight was formed,  
an empty sky was gone.  
Long from that day I age already  
older today I might have been  
It's been nine years passed  
I don't even recall where it was  
Years have passed from that day,  
many things change too,  
If many have changed,  
I might have changed too.  
But when today I see the twilight,  
a familiar thought flashes bright  
and a question appears to me,  
so warmly and so vividly  
'Is the orange color in the sky today,  
is the same twilight I've drawn that day? '

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# !!! Heart Is An Egg!!!

heart is an egg  
waiting to hatch  
saved in a nest  
cared at best

it is kept warm  
and kept from harm  
so it won't break  
or even leak

time by time  
month by month  
it doesn't fly  
for it just one

but, it will be found  
by another egg  
two become one  
love will then spread

heart is an egg  
love is a bird  
heart will hatch  
be as lovely as bird

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# !!! I'M Conversing With 'The Time' (01-01-2009 00.10 A.M.) !!!

night sky I stare at  
'ends, now it ends'  
i murmur and be still  
be silent and tranquil  
'oh time, you'll soon pass by'  
'could you stop a while? '  
'let me tell you a story'  
'one that you never hear'

(I have a friend so kind  
one that I'll never find  
one that others may befriend  
one that there for me till its end

we shared our smile  
had our laughter for some while  
had our face toward the sky  
had our days and our nights

we shared our tears,  
what we hate and fear  
what we cry for is  
what we lose and miss

we shared our dreams,  
hopes we brought to real  
hopes we love the most  
hopes we're not to lose

we shared mistakes  
hopes we've lost and faked  
hopes we've failed to achieve  
hopes we've gone to believe

we shared the truth  
as honest as we could  
as painful as it would



as sweet, then it should

we shared our lies  
to make up what we lack  
to cover the weakness up  
from reality, we've tried to hide

we shared our days  
our choice, our ways  
under the sun, we've played  
run along a long bay

we shared our nights  
and rested side by side  
and slept with the dim light,  
but dreamed with no fright

we shared our memories  
and wrote them on a list  
so that when we miss  
we have a way to reminisce

we shared our world  
and we grew more tired and old  
and we experienced what we were told  
and we folded it in our memory books)

'time, oh time..'  
'how's the story of mine? '  
'is it worth hearing? '  
'or is it uninteresting? '  
'if it were great,  
would you mind to repeat  
your journey  
just for me? '  
'not for long, maybe ten minutes'  
'there's someone I'd like to meet'  
'a person I told you about'  
'a person I told you out loud'  
'in my story, there he is'  
'in my memory, there he is'  
'but in reality, there he was'

'in reality, he is a past'  
'so let me meet him'  
'just to greet'  
'and thank and sorry  
directly...'

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# !!! Love-Lovely-Beloved!!!

do you know why I love you,  
doing the actions I not ever do,  
felling beats of so genuine, so new,  
turning into red, green, so is blue,  
painting my heart as vivid hues  
smiling, crying at no clue  
your safety, me wants to ensure  
your delight, me wants to assure  
you are as beautiful as pure  
me love to you is true  
so smile please on me, will you?  
keep close to I am too..

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# ! ! ! Our Holiday Memories! ! !

Holding hands,  
beach's white sands,  
an evening walk,  
an overnight talk,  
our ball game,  
a sunset's the same,  
your brilliant eyes,  
up the swallow flies,  
you smile to me,  
we're so happy,  
you are, aren't you?  
but, it'll end soon  
an evening walk again  
more time we spend  
more than we can  
more than we rent  
we can stay near  
today and here  
sunset again  
and soon it'll end  
no, not the same  
today no ball game  
we sit, stay quiet  
hold hands with night  
talking with stars  
we're happy, we are  
don't want to part  
no, not goodbye  
so before this ends  
make a poem  
word the memories  
note to make them live  
so the holiday ends  
so can't see you then  
won't miss any  
here can always see  
in this poem, this paper  
memories live forever..

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# !!! The Love Today!!!

The love today,  
is it what we try to find?  
Does the world force us to fight?  
Does it feel right  
to make others cry?

The love today,  
is it what we whisper in our prayer?  
When we're so tired and in a heavy rain,  
having injured and in a great pain,  
is it where we try to run away?

The love today,  
is it the meaning our lips want to scream?  
is it the meaning our hearts want to keep from grief?  
When others plead for others' mercy,  
can we just stay still and let them be?

The love today,  
swaying slowly by a breezing wind,  
displayed sadly on a TV screen,  
the puddle by a cracked street,  
is reflecting the love held by a sleeping kid.

The love today,  
have taught me a simple meaning,  
when in our heart, sorrow is clinging,  
when we're exhausted, we may just sing,  
'there's no more love than what we believe in...'

P.S.: Dedicated to EVERYONE who is involved or cares about Middle East Tragedy.

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# !!! With These Two Fingers Of Mine!!!

With my point and middle fingers  
I cut off the thread  
of cynical hatred and  
of thwarted revenge  
To solve the conflict far off in the east  
bring the tormented some peace  
many would cheer  
losing what they fear  
their dreams  
that is my dream  
it may not come true  
I do know too  
but may I imagine?  
a childly imagination  
that with two of my fingers  
I could cut off those threads  
Naive it seems  
but may I dream?

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# !! Lord, Tell Me If I Would Die In Any Minute Now!!!

He's alone  
singing a song  
so sad  
he's cursing like mad  
he can't stand it  
he can't wait  
for any answer  
for any reply  
ignorant world  
negligent world  
'curse you,  
screw you! ! '  
he screams  
he grins  
'I'm on my own,  
on my own! ! '  
'I don't need no answer,  
I'm fine myself! ! '  
he smiles  
he laughs  
he falls  
fate befalls  
so wrong on him  
that now he rests so peace  
so serene  
as if time freezes  
keeps him in his smile  
in his smile

kite remedy



# ! ! That Day, When No One's There, I Stand At That Street! !

That day,  
when no one's there,  
I stand at that street.  
Engulfed by the morning breeze,  
and wondering,  
wondering,  
'why am I here  
when you're not even near? '  
People passing me by,  
or it's me passing them by?  
Concern it's nothing.  
Up there the cloudless sky's watching,  
it does with no sound,  
but I surely know.  
It's just the same probably,  
empty, lonely.  
This street while quite windy,  
so few people just here.  
Now maybe just two.  
Three if there were you.  
Those two now leave,  
holding hands and pecking cheeks.  
I downgrade my face,  
no one's hand is there,  
no one's hand I hold in my palm,  
a little cold, not warm.  
That day,  
when there's no one there,  
I stand at that street  
and know what loneliness means..

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# ! ! Untitled! !

i see you sleep  
on my once empty couch,  
you seem so peace,  
closed are your swollen eyes

i might have gone  
one step or two from you  
i always want  
to watch the stars with you

deneb, altair,  
your wavering eyes tonight  
this fragile air,  
it envelops you so tight

my only soul,  
which touches your bare cheek,  
i know i'm cold,  
no longer what you need

The Milky Way,  
flows right out from your eyes,  
and there i am,  
i can't say all my lines

a quiet room,  
it witnesses our tears,  
and our smiles too,  
all things we hold so dear

you sleep so warm,  
i wonder what's your dream  
it's almost time,  
it's almost time to leave

sorry if i  
can't give you all you want  
one thing tonight  
i know i just have 'love'

one good goodbye,  
i'll be there in your dream  
i'll go so far,  
yet i'll be always here

the stars, my couch,  
will help to ease your tears,  
once you wake up,  
you'll know that i was here

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# ! ! Were I In Heaven, We'D Be Able To Dance Together! !

I plunk at a beach,  
silence herein,  
I am, bit by bit,  
shredded by winds

I pause all alone,  
nowhere to go,  
as if I were lost,  
in a crossroad

Fall on my knees,  
and it is you I see  
dancing gracefully  
in a place I can't be

Flash before me,  
our memories,  
I close my eyes  
and it's I perceive,

But, piece by piece,  
those memories,  
fading away,  
leaving me at a bay

Silence hurts me,  
tears me apiece  
but inside my heart,  
there goes a story

won't ever last,  
though my body  
is torn apiece  
by winds before me....

'All of our trance,  
won't ever end

Until we can dance,  
together again'

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# ! ! When A Lover Dies! !

Hello, Honey  
how have you been?  
I know I can't be near,  
would you just forgive me?  
I know I've gone,  
for a time quite long.  
It's something we can't defy,  
something out of our mind.  
How's our children?  
I hope they are fine.  
I hope they go to school,  
score their mark 10 full.  
Sara'd be 10 this month,  
she must have been prettier now.  
Andy'd be in elementary,  
I really couldn't wait to see.  
Have you stopped crying lately?  
It's breaking my heart to see,  
how you cry  
and sob every night  
while supressing your tears with all your might  
should you read this  
you'd know I'll always love you  
a letter I just finished  
with all my love for you  
sooner you'd understand  
what God has planned  
I know you still try to deny  
later you'd see  
that when a lover dies,  
his love doesn't die with him  
and should you read this letter I'd be glad, I'd be better  
to let you know I love you still  
and I'll always will..

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# ! Moon!

I only fly to carve a scar,  
to mark your name on moon's surface,  
this pain herein my heart so marred,  
comes from a love I can't retrace

oh fleeting thought, your face within,  
casts me in awe of foul dismay,  
a lost puzzle in burgundy,  
false reality in portray

the distant moon which seems to cry  
in our precious 'valse de la lune',  
when only for you so stain I,  
the tender countenance of the moon

as these heavy wings soar sn high,  
shape the moon face into yours  
as sharp as blades that these wings are,  
tainting the sky with my remorse

your only face I save in mind,  
yet hold me in cold and decay,  
you leave your trace along with stars,  
behind the ecliptical play

from then on I begin to hate,  
the way the moon shines more than you,  
from then on I dream to impale,  
the light the moon cast upon you

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# A Betrayed Tree

Dance,  
these boughs and branches  
sway,  
revelry at the midday,  
sun,  
hates me and hides behind  
the rain  
love I have, I grow is in vain  
but my leaves,  
my bark are still strong enough to live  
so me dance,  
a heartbreak to fight against  
dance,  
my bending boughs and branches,  
dance,  
on my own roots, I can still stand..

kite remedy



# A Childish Dream

the sweetly falling morning light,  
pierces through the windowpane,  
isn't it just the same light that fell upon us when we walked along the pavement,  
does it retract to me,  
from where you are?  
when we danced our feet out of the school's gate,  
would we expect we could've gone this far?  
so, let me paint,  
the mirage of who we used to be,  
out into the open world  
would it remember us,  
the Time,  
as it passed us?  
this cherry feeling remains as it was,  
a childhood memory that I cherished  
takes me back in time  
when winds took us to float,  
the birds that sang us songs,  
what would it take to reset to it all?  
i wish i have you here as company,  
and share me your miracles  
and then,  
let me repeat our gentle childish days,  
with this pen,  
and paper plane

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# A Fairy Tale: Daydream

roses,  
of red colors,  
a full moon,  
oh, blooms  
embraces,  
a maiden's traces  
me, journey  
so long it be  
oh, night  
show your might  
envelope me  
with a lonely glee  
or leave me  
let this world kill me  
oh, night  
sheath me a light  
to lit the way  
my princess awaits  
oh, night  
I beg you...

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# A Fairy Tale: Prologue

He dragged his feet behind her,  
from a heaven where they were  
since everything did fail,  
in this erroneous fairy tale..

The book started with a scene,  
when the princess did her sin.  
An exile was a punishment  
and then there went the predicament..

Next page filled with a view  
of a land where birds flew  
and danced between the flowers,  
as a ball on kingdom's floor..

Sat a man by a cedar tree,  
tired did he seems to be  
and sang a song as his remedy  
and ended it heartily in no glee..

Little did he knows of his love,  
of where it is and was before.  
And of what he thought he knew,  
he heard of a bird ridiculed..

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# A Fairy Tale: The Mythical

he started to drag  
his feet, his luck  
in the carriage was a princess  
he was no more, no less

he tried to look  
for a clue or two  
of beauty he never knew  
to answer question 'who? '

he followed the lead  
of the carriage's wheels  
he set his feet  
to direction east.

he passed a rock  
ran through a bog  
he perceived a field  
a hill seemed like a shield

as he hustled  
he saw a castle  
and a shrill bawl  
was heard by his ears

it was a giant ogre  
chained was his neck  
his roar dwindled  
he pleaded for held

he approached to see  
what the ogre sought to be  
the ogre greeted him  
so buoyantly

'would you mind to look  
for the key of my hook? '  
said the ogre to him  
so polite did he seem

'where was the key  
I would seek for thee? ', said he.  
'was somewhere in the castle..'  
The ogre answered.

he thought a while  
he thought of time  
if he took too long  
his princess might gone

'apologize me, my dear Ogre,  
but, my steps must be hastened  
I trust I was short in time',  
with his best, he tried to lie.

'If it were true, my fellow traveler  
It 's your journey I cannot hinder'  
The ogre said in poignant tone,  
in his eyes flashed a light so lone.

'So this is me depart and my farewell,  
another traveler would come to help..'  
thereafter he turned his back  
and started to step his weary legs.

'Me farewell, my friend traveler.  
I grateful for the time you shared.'  
The ogre said, 'It was long times,  
since i conversed with the mankind..'

Ignorantly, he walked and paced  
forgetting the ogre's face.  
Little did he know that his decision  
would result the death and the implication...

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# A Faustian Bargain

Life, in itself, is a Faustian Bargain.

We, like Adam, trade Innocence for Information.

We, like Cyrano, trade Harmony for Progress.

We trade Essence of Existence for Concrete Form, got tired of the latter, and then trade it back.

We look attentively at the moment Sin prevails over Purity.

We laugh over it.

We trade our prototypical happiness over the uncertain contingency of pain.

We always end up at intersections and choose the least safe path.

We'll continually wait for the flourish of the poison trees, and wait for the fruits to fall on our laps.

A Faustian Bargain, a necessary loss, our lives are.

A sequence of prototypes that is chosen to define who we are.

A pact with the devil, the horrendous wonder, unraveling miracles only to those who bear witness to its immaculate definition.

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# A Letter In The Last Day Of '2008'

first word is 'hello'  
that it writes me  
the following are so mellow  
so sad, so heartily  
at first it greets me warm  
but hardly I smile  
then it writes 'thank you'  
and I say mine too  
it tells of our beginning  
I start recollecting  
memory, oh memory  
gathers around me  
tears and laughter  
we've shared together  
from one, two, three, four, five,  
until three hundred sixty five  
a lot of thing we've divided  
between ourselves and loved it  
as I reach to the middle  
I begin to sniffle  
I hold myself not to sob  
sadness in me run amuck  
this letter so clear  
tells of what I hate to hear  
it tells that it will leave  
at this time tonight, it will  
it speaks of what I fear  
my eyes in tears  
it says we won't ever meet  
and it says 'sorry'  
its time is coming  
truth I'm denying  
days we're together  
I thought it'd be forever  
no, no, no it's not  
not a storyline or a plot  
five minutes to midnight  
I finish reading it  
tears break free from me,

knowing we won't ever meet  
we're friends for long  
our memory are so profound  
our memory are worth the time  
that 'memory' I won't ever find  
but I'll lock in my heart always  
until I die someday  
twelve fifty eight  
I beg the 'time' to wait  
let me feel its presence  
that fades and weakens  
at the exact midnight  
my body lose its might  
I start to falter  
and again read the letter  
I lost a fellow  
now a little hollow  
tears then follow  
to my cold pillow  
the last word is 'good bye'  
good bye too, my friend  
and that memory I'll never find  
again...

P.S.: in my opinion, new year not only is the time to be jubilant, but also sad to be left by a friend that has accompanied us in a whole year, 'the 2008' itself..

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# An Empty Frame

I sit before a frame  
It's empty and it's not the same  
Picture there is none  
Better if there's one  
Of memory I just have  
past we all have left

I sit before a nightstand  
With this lonely thing in my hand  
I hope that you all can see  
or are you the same as me?  
Likewise this empty frame so empty  
that best resembles you,  
and me..

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# An Evening Walk

An evening walk,  
just after both of us talked.  
I walked her home afterward,  
through a breezy boulevard.  
I saw her cold and I was alerted,  
from my shoulders to hers, I nudged my jacket.  
At her boarding house I left her be,  
and I tiptoed across the street.  
I turned my back to catch her greeting  
she sent me in her hand waving.  
I passed a building and so a field,  
a content feeling suddenly built.  
I tripped along the way alone,  
it had been half a distance home.  
I rose my head to look at the cloud,  
at the beautiful canvas I wanted to applaud  
and an evening walk I took in delight,  
whilst the day rested in twilight..

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# Autumn

In my eyes,  
the scenery that I saw was painted in the color of autumn,  
were you looking at the same view?  
My heart was tainted by grief,  
your serene soul,  
there I saw,  
was playing along the fluttering angel's dance,  
I always thought it was the end,  
there was the sky,  
and birds  
it was not blue,  
and the birds did not sing,  
but you seemed smiling,  
so, I replied  
My love who outlived tomorrow,  
stay the way you are  
within this autumn-dyed scenery,  
dance among the ever-withering red leaves,  
in my eyes  
you  
who are reflected in my eyes

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## Azalie (Part 1)

'Before that smile stained with tears fall one-by-one...'

My heart aching when I see you got hurt,  
Why don't You notice You're not the one got hurt when You got hurt?  
I don't want to see your crying face because I don't want to get hurt,  
but we're as frail as glass...

As always,  
that smile,  
Why don't you notice how precious it's for me?  
Before you knew I was watching you,  
I wish I could just disappear from here...

Your tears today,  
falling like the rain.  
I wish I could just stop it with my cold hands.  
Just to touch you,  
Just to touch your cheek.  
Is it enough to erase all your tears?

'Since that smile is now stained with tears falling one-by-one...'

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## Azalie (Part 2)

Let me be beside you, Dear,  
through the night and day.  
To be here,  
to place my wings above your head  
since the rain is simply heavy,  
and the sunshine is sometimes too much.  
I'll protect your leaves, Dear,  
from the howling rain, or the raging sun, or such..

'Here is my place to stay',  
no more word to think of to be said.  
Even sometimes, here is so bitterly  
and second by second, to age and older I be.  
Yet still, here beside you, there is warmth,  
and I worry no more of time..

For all things trivial I've given you,  
you've been giving me much more heavenly thing.  
A place I prove my heart to,  
where, a while, I rest my wings.  
With you, nothing is more valuable,  
and this heart desires to reside here is unfathomable..

Let me stay here, Dear,  
I want to enjoy this delight.  
Even maybe someday, Dear,  
both of us will wilt, wither, and die.  
Your petals won't stay forever, Dear,  
and so do my feathers.  
Existence will surely disappear,  
from human eyes' glance.  
'So hereby, ', said I, 'let us stay and love, my flower.'  
'therefore, there's a part of us lives forever..'

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# Be Loved

Be loved,  
and let his gentle hands hold yours,  
forget how nights and days are lost,  
and drowned between his face and dreams,  
that blow with every summer winds

be loved,  
and watch these words embrace you warm,  
as though his prayers and calming arms,  
for every childish moments and selfish minds,  
his words are tender as 'cloudless clime'

be loved,  
and let the twilight sky float above you,  
his presence requires not too many clues,  
the stars, the winds, and the moody clouds,  
are everywhere, but his whereabouts

and love,  
he knows your heart will always receive,  
for all his caring there's no limit,  
and when you're loved, you'll also love,  
cause he's the gift that falls from God,  
to you..

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# Beyond The Oceans

i know,  
that my heart isn't the bright one,  
and my love isn't the blind one,  
just to break down,  
the gaps between us

i know,  
that i cannot walk the ocean,  
that the gap between us widens  
as the night ends,  
has the sun risen?

even when the sunlight scalds me,  
or i'm sinking in the sea,  
this pulsation within me  
won't ever cease

every second now i will count,  
this day till the end of time,  
i will wait until i die  
or oceans dry

kite remedy

# Birds

In this world broken world,  
Where the safest place for birds to fly is within their own cages,  
And beyond the sky we see only a shade of grey,  
I stand on a hill,  
Looking at the distance,  
Where the lilac fields sprout, bloom and wither

In this damaged world,  
Where we can simply say, 'We're hurt',  
And feelings like sadness and grieves are by far so inexpressible,  
In the distant horizon,  
The polluted sky has no clouds, but blacks,  
Even with daylight,  
It still feels like night.

In this shattered world,  
Where we lie beneath the starless sky,  
And before we sleep,  
You innocently ask,  
'we can't separate dreams from nightmares, can we? '  
There, between open eyes and closed eyes,  
The blackness that we see remains.

In this defiled world,  
Where we stare awkwardly upward to the sky,  
As if hoping for the same happiness,  
Those caged birds,  
Chirping for the unlocked doors,  
and that's when we start to defy the fear,  
as long as our hands are joined,  
we can always aim forward,  
walk past the lilac fields, past the blackened horizon, past the polluted sky,  
hoping for one thing,  
'there might be a silver lining somewhere if we keep going forward'

And in this despair-ridden world,  
We'll become the sky,  
So that those birds can fly within us and their wings graze us by,  
We'll float at the distance,



Stare below,  
Enjoy the lilac view as we pass it by,  
We can search for hope,  
We can build a home,  
For the world to live and of tomorrow to dream

And in this miraculous world,  
Where our souls are free,  
Everyone below us,  
They now spread their wings,  
The trace of ether in the air that we left behind,  
Transform them as we are.

In our brilliant sky,  
There's no black to see,  
It's everyone's sky,  
Where there's a world we build,  
And someday,  
The trace of our souls will be a new place for life,  
A world with no cage,  
A sky where birds can fly..

kite remedy

# Blind Love

I walked the path,  
in which I'd lost my sight.  
Between yesterday and today,  
flowers weren't blooming much alike.  
If only the Moon saw me  
and how much I'd lost to strive and be,  
would it intensify its light or would it pity me?

Up above, the beautiful stars,  
thousands, but were wholly out of my sight.  
For me, days was dark as night,  
for always, as if it were a birth-mark.  
'Light' was only a word,  
just a meaning everyone uttered.  
I would never understand,  
of it and of what is the beauty, to the world, it sends..

I wandered alone, contemplating,  
in the verge of reality,  
as well as dream.  
Has it been you  
whose scent brought me a hope or two?  
So far I drifted away,  
so many dream I felt unchained.  
Out of my eyelids and eyes,  
you awakened me to stride..

I knew I was blind and restrained,  
by hatred and by light so, I thought I was betrayed.  
Nevertheless then,  
as I met you, I knew where would my heart land.  
Even though I couldn't see it,  
you were always there to be,  
and to guide,  
this forever blinded eyes to comprehend 'Light..'

kite remedy

# Broken Youth

We're the broken youth.  
No matter what choice we choose, it is not any good.  
The reason we're here we can never reckon,  
What if we say, 'we were blown by the storm? '

We're standing side aside looking to the sky,  
waiting for the clouds if it ceases and fades.  
But as the first droplets falling to our eyes,  
where we'd be sheltered if the rain was great?

When the rain is turning, just into the storm,  
we're still running, blinded by the wind.  
Shall we keep the pace looking for a shield?  
Or may we stop our feet and rest in our defeat?

But, we're the broken youth,  
even if the storm shatters us for good,  
we will run forward,  
that's the way we should...

And since we're the broken youth,  
we'll be hurt no more.  
Since we are us,  
we won't be any broken anymore..

kite remedy

# Cocoon

I'm lying on the floor in this sweet slippery body,  
My shell is all, but lovely and tainted with the touch of your hands,  
And my lips is still wet from the touch of your lips,  
Hope you don't get the glimpse of the state I'm currently in,  
I don't think it's miserable,  
I'm just afraid you do  
I tend to be positive,  
Even with all the lies I notice you feed me with,  
Still I believe that sometimes later,  
You'll get here and fetch me,  
Cracking my cocoon open and free me  
Stupidly I still wish you'd care for me  
My heart is not broken, though 'leaving' you is disheartening  
Nevertheless, it takes time to recover  
I'm weak  
I can barely move my limbs  
My legs,  
My hands  
They're not as obedient as before  
And in this cocoon,  
Clammy from our combined body fluids,  
My body becomes restless and petrified  
This time, though I don't want to admit it,  
The touch of your memories stimulates me abruptly,  
And I move feebly,  
Flick and flip,  
Squirm and scratch,  
Surely, imagining you might be out there caressing my back  
It is as though your fingers are really out there  
As though staring out of a window and hoping it is your face that smiles to me  
And so inside,  
My secondhand heart is waiting for the moment to bloom again  
From outside,  
The surface of my shell is labeled by your name,  
No one will ever pick me up again,  
I let you have me as possession,  
I let you treat me as a your hearty property  
Our sweet relationship is bizarre,  
But we never complain over one another's presence

I crawl on my knees,  
And you kiss and tenderly hug me from above,  
Placing me on your chests,  
Shall I remember it, now?  
I don't know if I can get out of this skin now you're gone  
If a butterfly could return into a cocoon,  
That would be perfect to depict me now  
I wonder to where my tattered wings are blown by the winds,  
I wonder when I will grow a new pair of wings and fly again  
These lonely days seem to prolong  
Every time I read the name I put on my skin  
Then, I'll freeze and I know I'll be the one, who feel it cold,  
Without you, it's always a mundane sleep for me  
I hope,  
Little by little,  
This feeling, Oh, I hope, begins to peel up from its place  
And, oh, a brilliantly flying butterfly again  
Until then,  
I'll rest my head and just lie here,  
Hoping that every now and then I'll eventually forget the name I used to love  
And as always, I begin to dream what it is like to be flying again  
So someday,  
Someday the scars in my back will grow up a pair of wings where they are torn  
off before  
Someday, oh someday, someone will remove your name and put her on my skin  
Someday, I'll let myself forget who you used to be to me and let my secondhand  
heart belongs to someone else,  
And someday, I'll be more than only watching the sky from inside this shell,  
So, someday, my cocoon will break open,  
Oh, someday,  
Someday, these boring days will, sooner or later, come to an end  
And, I'll be beautiful again..

kite remedy

# Cybil

I sit here, sad and lonely,  
speaking to the sea.  
As it's kindly listening to me,  
in this little house that's empty.

Am I lost to be here?  
To be in a little house before the sea.  
As quiet as it might be,  
beautified by tranquility.

Swallow flies above me,  
Sunset is in front of me,  
But you're not here beside of me,  
this little house remains still incomplete.

In this little house,  
I wish you come home,  
I've been tired and lonesome.  
I've stared at the sea for so long and long.

I sit here again, quiet and lonely.  
I've been thinking thoughtfully.  
From this little house, I see and see,  
far off the sea, there's you,  
and me..

kite remedy

# Diary Of A Young Bird (1)

a feeling to trust,  
fly to whatever skies lie forward.  
young, helpless, blunt,  
that's how my wings flap..

dreams, some are broken,  
some are too beautiful,  
so I left them behind.  
unspoken,  
'I need no rules.'  
'I need to fly...', screamed I.

having hurt by the blowing wind,  
having discarded the unsuitable dream,  
the overcrowded sky I drift away in..

I know I might haven't accomplished anything yet,  
no matter how I hurry.  
However,  
I still want to fly so bad,  
that it resonates out of me..

kite remedy

## Diary Of A Young Bird (2)

I fold my wings,  
perch on the nearest bough I can reach,  
land a cynical smile to anywhere I stare.  
It's painful to fly and to know I've gone nowhere.  
Any word won't heal the wound inside of me.  
Even though it would, the scar will stay deep inside of me.

I raise a question to the sky,  
hoping the God will listen.  
'Why do I be here? '  
'Why do I stay still here? '  
No answer comes as I see,  
as if he knows the answer and asks it back to me.  
I ask the question again and again,  
I have something worthy,  
therefore, I must understand..

Truly,  
hopeless and helpless as me,  
the sky is so blue today,  
and will always stay that way.  
Suddenly I cry,  
in my heart I still want to soar across the sky..

Having seen no reason of why I'm supposed to be here,  
I decide to hold the thing I so much endear.  
Having heard nothing to answer my question,  
I decide to flap my wings once again.  
I have a thing worthy that is my life, my 'present',  
so I fly and worry no more of where I land,  
tomorrow..

kite remedy



# Diary Of Another Young Bird

'is it a mistake if i choose not to fly? '  
'am I not be me if i refuse to flap my wings? '  
'is it wrong if i might be afraid? '  
'is it wrong if i just hide under your leaves on your branch? '  
'would you mind if i land my feet here after i was drifting away? '  
'is it wrong if i don't want to fly,  
again? '  
'is it wrong if i think my wings are just too tired? '  
'i don't want to face the sky! ! '  
i screamed.  
'is a bird always meant to fly? '  
'is it why i have these wings,  
though i don't want to reach the sky? '  
'the old oak tree,  
would you mind if i stay here? '  
'would you care enough to protect me under the shady leaves of yours? '  
'if i choose to fold my wings,  
will others whose wings don't do so understand why? '  
'if i choose to perch on one of your branches,  
will others who just look down on me from above understand why? '  
'if i choose to avoid the sky,  
will others whose wings are flapping understand why? '  
'will you understand either, my old oak tree? '  
'here, i don't want to leave! '  
'is it also wrong,  
if i be what i want to be,  
instead of what i meant to be? '

kite remedy

# Droplet Of Memory

When the rain fell  
a memory flashed so well  
before my eyes I saw  
a curvy line bowed  
and shone so clear  
a vision I so endear  
a droplet fell on my head  
a once-happened story it said;

'back then two years ago,  
I was sixteen or so.  
I was there at my school  
and the rain fell so peaceful.  
Had I walked out in the rain,  
I would have drenched so bad.  
So I waited behind the windowpane,  
inside the class, on a chair,  
looked at how it fell  
ticking, waving like a swell  
on an ocean so broad  
an impression it brought  
so graceful and the grace it sent  
by the fortune for me it meant  
I'd surely remember this day,  
during my life, along my way.....'

Something dropped on my nose tip,  
the daydream somehow skipped  
I regained my mind and gazed  
at the sky and so much in a daze  
a rainbow formed so fine  
I stopped my feet and smiled  
and when I thought of what fell on me  
it was just another droplet, another memory..

kite remedy

# Forever

The wind of times is blowing me too strong,  
I can't walking alone.  
And after You're gone,  
even now, I still believe You're beside me.

I still believe You embrace me when I sleep in the cold frozen night,  
still believe You hold my hand when I walk lonely under the light,  
I try to believe..

I try to believe that You sit beside me when I need to take a rest,  
as if You were always there when I need you more than anyone else,  
just to heal my pain..

It'll take so long to heal the pain the times made as You're left forever,  
I know You're gone for good with all my smile and laughter.  
But today, I see you beside me,  
and you whisper,  
'I will be always beside you for the rest of your life and after'..

I know I never understand why the times takes you away from me,  
but as long as I believe,  
You'll be always there beside me....

kite remedy

# Fragile Wings Symphony

Everyone say that it would be better if I don't know anything,  
everyone say that I would be happy.  
But even if I'm happy,  
I'm not satisfied with that.

Tonight I could do nothing, but staring at the moon.  
Loneliness would be the blanket covering me later or soon.  
Although I don't know whether I have a dream or not,  
I decide to keep on living, that's all...

But,  
your speed resembles mine,  
and I can never catch up with you.  
And I become afraid of the vast high sky unreached by any wings..

Would you mind if I keep on running behind you?  
Because I believe,  
one day,  
this journey will surely end...

kite remedy

# Frog Prince Of 21th Century (Part 1)

The memory I've taken with when I started to walk,  
I promised I never did gone to break your heart.  
Listen to the birds' singing, moon's gone to shards.  
I knew the rest of the folktales, and now i will talk.

'Frog is hiding to find a place to sleep  
from danger of world after he's cursed by witch.  
An ugly frog appeared when he was looking into the pond.  
Moonlight reflection appeared beside him likes it's never gone.'

'He looked above to talk to the moon,  
but moon was hiding behind the cloud as her room.  
Desperately, he walked his alley under the moon's shadow.  
Quietly, moon was staring at him from her hideaway unknown.'

'Doubtful and lonely, he wondered 'bout the moon,  
'I'm no more a prince, no more sprayed with fume'  
'Is it why the moon hated me after i was fallen? '  
'I'm no more than a frog without a crown to bring'. '

kite remedy

# Goodbye

Please say goodbye,  
do exist no more as a lie,  
or a dream  
that forever remains a dream.  
Don't you linger any longer within my breath,  
I saved a memory of you in a box which will never sheath.  
'It's not that I'm not sad',  
I said.  
Death as your companion,  
has sent you a beautiful invitation.  
A bungalow was prepared in Heaven's Vale,  
It is so cruel of me to make you fail  
to achieve what you deserved,  
a beautiful place you were preserved.  
I have tried to bear you leaving,  
with the prayers me sing.  
It's your time, this twilight's gift,  
so please,  
after mine,  
say your goodbye..

kite remedy

# Here

For what reason you left moon behind  
from what's the moon left behind for you,  
why can't you see that i was here?  
I'm always here..

From the regret unforgivable.  
For the heart that untouchable.  
If I promise will always here, am I merely waiting forever?

From the point where I can't see you,  
from a quiet place where I call you,  
If you do never notice me,  
will you ever come back right here  
with me...?

From the moonlight, I sing for you.  
From the darkness, I dream about you.  
How come you never notice me?  
Why can't you see that I am here?

kite remedy

# I Have The Sky As My Time Machine

i have the sky as my time machine,  
to bring me home i cannot see,  
to bring me there where i can play,  
to play with friends,  
to play with grace..

i have the sky as my time machine,  
to give me a place to see  
and to save my memories.  
to give me space none will exceed,  
a gift from God named privacy..

i have the sky as my time machine,  
so when i'm alone i know where to be.  
to feel solitude, in the sweet eternity,  
to stay amid the beautiful serenity.

kite remedy



# I Want To Sleep

I want to sleep,  
as deep as I could.  
As deep as possible where the sadness won't reach to me.

I want to sleep,  
as peaceful as it'd be.  
As peaceful as possible where everyone won't able to touch me.

I want to sleep,  
as long as I might.  
As long as possible that when I'm awoken there'll be no sadness left for me.

I want to sleep,  
at least that long.  
I want to sleep more than forever,  
I want to sleep more than I could sleep..

kite remedy

## I\me\myself

Do you know me deeper than you with your eyes?  
More than the voices you hear from my lips,  
More than the shape seen in front of you,  
More than what the reality provides me to you,

More than the laughter we used to share,  
More than the faces we glare and stare,  
More than the question we've asked each other,  
More than the answer we've exchanged after.....

kite remedy

# In A Garden

There was a garden,  
inside of me,  
decorated by flowers,  
and green drapery.  
It was not static or tranquil or so quietly,  
now that from my chest I heard  
and listened to the beat of its silent revelry..

One day I could feel,  
when one of the flowers grew ill.  
When it came the time,  
it withered and dried.  
So hard my efforts were to keep it alive.  
Yet no sign I saw that it would survive..

The pain was tremendous  
when I saw it died.  
I wished I could consider  
that it was a lie.  
Lost hope was too enormous  
to be casted aside  
from a desperate heart  
and a desperate mind..

There was a garden  
deep inside of me.  
There lived many flowers  
and they bloomed fervently.  
One day, one flower  
died and to Neverland, it left me.  
However those which were left  
kept on telling me me,  
'must you not falter,  
from a single tragedy.  
Hope exists forever,  
though you cannot see.'  
And as I fortified myself  
with its vivid memory.  
The flower which has dithered,

illuminated in front of me..

kite remedy

# In A Nest

One day when I flew  
for skies so new,  
I left my home with no clue..

So world was way tough,  
out of my thought.  
I did think that I have lost..

I strayed by the wind  
to an unknown place,  
and rested my wings for a while..

The song of a child  
beneath this tree,  
was lulling me to my sleep..

And then,  
could I understand,  
why there's a place that is called 'home'.  
So when you think that you're none,  
you would surely  
have a place  
to be...

So please Tomorrow,  
don't walk so slow.  
I've been waiting for you to come..

I knew I had left,  
on a branch, in a nest,  
a bit of my,  
my happiness..

kite remedy

# In Memoriam Of Our Togetherness

Along the corridor,  
I walk to reach for that door.  
I glance inside through the window,  
to the room where we're from..

There are tables, chairs, where we carved our names,  
blackboard, shoe prints, writings on the walls.  
There are hundreds of memories I seek to recall,  
in this very room they remain the same..

It's been a while,  
one summer, one fall,  
when all my memories began to call.  
And when I'm here at where we were from,  
the only things missing is just us all..

kite remedy

# In The Making Of 'Memory'

dear friends,  
how's your life?  
it's been a while since I heard you laughed,  
I, sometimes, dream of us so clearly,  
in this making of 'memory'

our past days surely are beautiful,  
the things keep our memory books so full.  
the things we left unchanged are so many,  
in this making of 'memory'

dear friends,  
where have you been?  
our day, our time,  
do you still have that memory?  
we live our lives now, differently.  
we are, but for the making of another 'memory'

kite remedy

# It Is White

if it is love

paint it white

gift from above

shimmering with light

ring the bell

echoes of marriage

walk so well

the bridal carriage

kite remedy



# Life

When i see, leaves fall by,  
in this life, could i try,  
but to tell you?

Inasmuch i would prove,  
that this life is as good,  
as we'd want to

If we could dream, one night,  
that all things would be fine,  
we'd know all lies

for each tears, we had shed,  
and how long, we had wept,  
what we've gone through

If i take you by the hand,  
where could we go, to be true,  
to break this through?

If i tell you, life's not bad,  
would i lie to myself?  
And i to you?

Could you tell me i'm fine?  
Not alone this whole time?  
"I'm here with you.."

kite remedy

# Lilith

If love is a sinful arch,  
thou art the goddess of lust,  
envoy of Asmodeus,  
my sanity which you oust

I'm a sinner thou guide  
kneel before thee I be  
enslaved by your dark light  
red moon November I see

If your love is my sin  
this heart I carve out for thou  
be it my offerings  
my body, fluid for you

God may forbid this love,  
the Second Hell awaits me,  
mistaken it for lust,  
or I'm mistakenly for thee..

kite remedy

# Love Is

love's no one's fault.  
for love's why you've been born.  
and for in the day you think love's gone,  
it will just reborn in another forms..

to love is not a fool,  
to love someone so full.  
there's trust, there's hope, there's passion,  
but must you wait in patience..

love's no one's fault,  
to shout your love out loud.  
and when it comes you think love's a sin,  
it only differs in how it is seen..

kite remedy

# Love Is A Language

Love is a language  
shouted so hard  
or whispered softly  
by a lover's heart

It fills up the ears  
of those who hear  
its tender resonance  
on its gentle countenance

It occupies the mind  
and blinds the logic  
It's exquisite and divine  
and blossoms like magic

It is uttered by God  
and to human, it's taught  
as a means to communicate  
to convey and to facilitate

And love is an erudition  
a literature of passion  
and tenderness and honesty;  
every righteous quality

As love is a language  
it echoes and never fade  
blossom and never wither  
proclaim and not to dither

And love is a language  
it is a force that creates  
and rewards and empowers  
a bequeathing to a lover

Since love is a language, my Love  
this poem may never be enough  
but if I tell you 'I love You' now,  
its implication won't ever last...

P.S.: For my girlfriend, for one year God gives us this togetherness..

kite remedy

# Morning Love

My Love,  
we're faraway, but tied from afar.  
Distance is momentary,  
sparkling a moment it be.  
And when the night is over,  
morning comes over,  
I'll be be there knocking on your window,  
along with the sunshine's flow.

kite remedy

# Morning Message From Love

woke up in a tired body  
after an endless night it did precede  
exhausted by all homework and books  
all the subjects, all the materials I took  
nothing was left, but me  
laying and so much in weary  
i tried to sit on bedside hardly  
though it could be done effortlessly  
dark was this room indeed  
here there was none but me  
alone, but there were two friends  
the cellphone and the nightstand  
still half conscious i sighed  
a deep breath inhaled i  
from the window a flicker of light  
and was inhaled by my eyes  
the cellphone alarmed noisily  
that a message was sent to me  
i opened the inbox and see  
what this day would bring to me  
i looked and smiled at the screen  
the message was displayed in  
i stood opening the window  
letting the sunshine flowed  
a new day came to see me  
why wouldn't i greet it warmly?  
sun was there, love was there  
with all they had to share  
with me..

kite remedy

# No Man's Dream

Here I am,  
not anyone, but I am.  
Stand still at a quiet rooftop,  
wait for the wind to stop.  
Harken! !  
the dawn comes, the sky darkens.  
My time is short,  
as short as a daffodil beside a fort.  
I speak for no long,  
it's not that I sing a song.  
I look downward to the world,  
to a map so full and broad.  
I stretch my hands, wide and hard,  
hoping it will move me upward.  
I, sometimes, dream to fly,  
so high and I cultivate the sky.  
So many dreams are tangled there,  
so many that the God wants to share.  
I lead myself a fine figure,  
so that others will also configure  
such of a rhyme I try to sing  
to be a hope where they also cling.  
I rest a while here from a true mission,  
given by my heart and my passion,  
to form such a fine society,  
ruled by the thing called beauty.  
I know I might still be a boy,  
but in my heart there's no box of toys.  
I save myself a heart of truth,  
and plant it as deep as I could.  
I look forward to change my fate,  
I look backward at what I've made.  
To teach my people from the essence,  
is to lead a world of the innocents.

kite remedy



# Nosferatu's Love

Let me dance in my shady cloak,  
drenched in this lovely darkness,  
lit by the candle-lights and the torches,  
go beyond what human called stillness.  
Don't you expose me to the Sun,  
nor you try to change my mind.  
I'd better live in the shadow,  
with my fangs and claws.  
Sun has always been painful.  
I might have been a fool,  
I might have been so wrong,  
listened to a maiden's songs.  
Stab me with your rosary,  
hurt and purify me.  
Nail my hands to the wall,  
when my hunger and thirst call.  
Chain my neck as tightly  
as my fangs won't reach,  
when my hunger's so bad,  
I want your blood like mad.  
I'm sorry that I love you,  
I'm sorry that I do.  
I'm one that's unforgiven,  
my sin won't be taken.  
I'm waiting for punishment,  
for what inside of me.  
For good, my soul's been damned.  
Down to my bone, I'm cursed.  
My love to you is so pure.  
You could have been my cure,  
you might have been my saviour,  
I'll be merely your lover.  
I might have been a vampire,  
you'll always be my angel.  
May the darkness be one,  
with the twilight's shine.  
And let the love be mastered,  
by us, whose live is in tatters..

kite remedy

# Our Grandma

Our Grandma is the nicest one,  
The happiest person we'd ever found.  
When I was a child I rested on her lap,  
Sleeping,  
dreaming,  
laughing,  
Under her smile..

Our Grandma lived long ago,  
'Before your Dad', My Mom said so.  
I was a child as I remembered,  
She used to hug me close to her.  
A few years I lived inside her arms,  
a beautiful place, a beautiful times..

Our Grandma still, the loveliest one.  
Although she's gone, this very time.  
I know she's always there for us,  
never too far, she's just above.  
Whenever we stare up to the sky,  
we'll always see her very smile..

kite remedy

# Our Only Story Book

I lay myself,  
beside shiny lake.  
I try to put some smiles to my cloudy day.

I miss your quiet face,  
I miss your calming daze.  
I miss your simple life as you live your day.

The sky and all the cloud.  
Just be there as you should.  
And so when I need, you'd be there for me.

It's not painful,  
When I remember the coincidence of our days.  
Like a story book,  
The sky and the clouds always read it just for me..

kite remedy

# Paradise

Paradise can be anywhere.

It can be in a land where a droplet of water falls,  
quenching the thirst of a dying flower.

A fine spring that's enough for all.

Paradise can be anywhere,

Where there's a tree growing below the raging sun,  
shading a life before its radiance.

As a Saviour, it stands like shield  
in this apparently barren field.

Paradise can be anywhere.

Where there's a flower blooming so fine,  
painting a life in the deserted land.

And for the simplest, smallest mind,  
a flower's blooming might be the Paradise sign.

kite remedy

# Puny Is A Kite

as a single little kite flies,  
so peace and lonely is how i desire a life.  
yet there's a question so tentative awaits to be answered,  
'where's the sky so beautiful so long i've treasured? '  
i've been longing a place where i only perceive  
the clouds a kite wants to perceive  
and where I only hear  
birds' chirping as a kite wants to hear.  
so small is a dream,  
so puny it is.  
yet beautiful as it is,  
like as brilliant as a dream could be.  
and a single kite does fly  
and fly  
to a heaven above this earth  
beyond forests and deserts..

kite remedy

## Quiet At Much

things are much more quiet as one sees,  
now that she is just not here.  
these walls are quiet,  
this room is quiet,  
now that all are so quiet,  
heart does become quiet.

now that she's not around,  
one has understood and found,  
that happiness does decrease its intensity and amount,  
heart does turn its volume down,  
and things turn much more quiet for someone,  
without her just now.

kite remedy

# Said My Mind

Don't wait,  
the road is opened.  
Don't be afraid,  
love is awakened.  
Don't forget,  
she waits for you there.  
Don't hesitate,  
when she's there to stare.  
Don't regret,  
one love is lost, somewhere is another.  
Don't hate,  
you might have lost one, it doesn't matter.  
Don't stand still,  
love is needed to be found.  
Don't get thrilled,  
love is deep and so profound.  
'Don't wait! ',  
said my mind to me  
'She's your fate'.  
Then I start to run for her,  
wherever she will be..

kite remedy



## Selfish Moon (Part 1)

Even if I shine in the midnight where no light can reach you,  
You still dream of sky.  
Several pains I experienced is nothing more than my devotions for you,  
which never worthy enough as it's from me...

Even if I grasp my light to the place where You're sleeping tonight,  
You still dream of sky.  
As if I weren't a thing,  
supposed to be one with you...

But I want you as bad as my heart's breaking now,  
I want you as much as my love could kill if I amn't with you,  
I want you as cruel as I want my light to cover you and take you away from this  
world..

kite remedy

# Solitude Fighting: You And I

I stood there at that street,  
not facing you.  
I raised my sight to meet,  
that skies blue.  
I knew we tried to be,  
what we want to.  
I stood here just to reach,  
(vaporized dew..)

You stood there at that street,  
with wounded gaze.  
You knew that there was me,  
behind your face.  
You found it hard to breathe,  
in this cruel place.  
You could call out to me,  
three feet away..

This world had such a cruel way,  
to put us before what we want to gain..

In this vast and endless earth,  
no one would notice us hurt  
(since everyone was living in different way) .  
And here we were trying to search,  
(if possible) , a little bit of comfort..

Among a thousand faces,  
there were us crossing our ways,  
knew nothing of 'where would we end our dreams today? '  
You and I, but not we,  
fading away..

kite remedy

# Stranger

Today I saw a stranger,  
whose smile was so familiar.  
And I called,  
but I didn't seem to hear an answer..

Seemed to be an acquaintance,  
so his name what I tried to remember.  
And he waited and waited for an utter..

He stayed there in silence,  
and our heart beat in resonance,  
so close yet so far and far and farther..

Today I saw a stranger,  
smiled from inside of a mirror.  
And he smiled and smiled,  
but I didn't remember..

kite remedy

# Sunday Night Rain

Sunday Night Rain..

|||||

|||||

What memories are still remain?

|||||

|||||

From my eyes I see

|||||

|||||

what you want to prompt me.

|||||

|||||

The crevices of the past,

|||||

|||||

those of which will never last.

|||||

|||||

|||||

|||||

kite remedy

# Talk To Me

I know you still angry with how I've behaved,  
I feel guilty about you and how I left you by yourself.  
I understand if you hung your phone up when I called you,  
I won't be surprised If my message never be replied too..

I'll listen all your words, I'll listen to them patiently.  
I'll be here as long as you want, I just want you to be happy.  
Let's talk longer than usual, let's walk to the square of city.  
If I promise I'll be nice, can you wear your smile for me?

Did I look so bad for you, or even worse than I think myself?  
Have I lost you already, no more for me you'd left?  
I do know I did the wrong too often,  
But how if we talk and let our heart be more soften?

So,  
Let's talk longer than usual, at least on the phone if you hate to see me.  
I do apologize for my mistakes, would you like to forgive me?  
I'm just a usual boy,  
If I say I'll never repeat my lies, then it's a lie already.  
But if you ask me to be honest, I do know I'd try to be...

kite remedy

# The Open Space

And I dream'd,  
we fall away together,  
from an approximately a thousand miles from earth,  
and by the moment we reach the ground,  
we'll die,  
I try to catch your hands,  
but it seems as though we drift away,  
and from the horizon I see the sun,  
it rises and we're falling down,  
we are lost in this open space,  
and in a moment or so,  
we'll hit the ground,  
so hard,  
we vaporize into molecular particles,  
I struggle,  
I strive,  
I pursue your hand in a searing sunrise's light,  
so bright I'm blind,  
a hypnogogic dream,  
within my sleep,  
it's as if I end up dying,  
whatsoever,  
either I die now or later,  
I'm counting down,  
our hands keep on overlapping,  
it's beautiful,  
we are the mirage in the sky,  
and if I lose my sight of you,  
it's no different from hitting the ground already,  
so I race with the gravity,  
so I pierce through the wind,  
I'll catch you up,  
I'll hold you firm,  
and we'll fall and crush,  
our embrace's unshaken,  
in this neverending descent,  
or when my sleep awaken.

kite remedy

# The Piano Teacher

Evangeline,  
where have you been?  
If only you could hear of my voice,  
would you mind changing what have been your choice?

Look at me,  
I've been dreaming

wondering  
If only you see what I have been,  
would you understand what is 'I'M LOSING YOU! ! ! ! ' mean?

With this old piano,  
I will play a symphony or two  
about a love unseen and unheard so.  
If you happen to hear, Evangeline, the melody you've taught me,  
you wouldn't mind to, at least, remember me, would you?

I was just a man,  
I might have been a fool too.  
I know I've missed my chance,  
To show my heart to you,  
to prove my heart is pure and true  
as a melody resounding in your ears,  
telling you, somewhere, there's a man who endear

You,  
Didn't you know?  
If it was love you've been looking for,  
you didn't have to walk through my door.  
If only you knew I had what you've been looking for,  
would you mind stopping from wandering even further,  
even more..

Sometimes, Dear.  
Love was closer, even than any.  
Love was way closer than the air you breathe.  
Even much closer than the word 'near',  
or when you play this piano, My Dear, it's even closer than the melody.



Yet still, in front of our eyes,  
it was always hard to see..

Here, My Dear.

For always, I'm here.

Thousands miles beyond,  
yet I could see you so clear.

Closer than the symphony I sleep among,  
I could feel you near.

Your lover has always been here to wait, Evangeline  
to show you what does love mean.

So, would you answer his question  
and turn back to your past for a moment?

Evangeline, oh Evangeline.

where have you been?

If only you could hear your melody,

You'd know where you would and should be..

kite remedy

# The Pond Of Time (A Frogs' Song And Me)

I stop by in front of a pond,  
listening to the humble frogs' songs.  
The melody tells of a tales,  
as I listen, the whole story unveiled.

There's a story of a boy and his dream,  
frivolous, helpless, and all that he seems.  
There's a story of a boy and his shoes,  
the path and the destination he is to choose.  
There's a story of a boy and his book,  
poems, stories, and all things you can look.  
There's a story of a boy and his hope,  
for the Time's willing, for a while it stops.  
There's a story of a boy and a pond,  
tears, smiles, and hopes he lives on.  
There's a story of a frogs' symphony,  
flowing is a memory of the melody and me..

So I am here for the song that they sing,  
in this old pond there's a hope that I cling.  
I shall care of nothing more else,  
nothing, but myself and this once, childhood place..

kite remedy

# The Wind Today

I walk alone  
among the abundance of bodies surrounding mine,  
while the night's illuminating the city's shines..

The night's breeze's blowing  
and whispering words into my yearning heart.  
Piece by piece,  
memories are gathering,  
forming a picture of my past..

Picture of when I was a child,  
when I was held so tight.  
And one by one,  
pieces of a childhood picture are again,  
blurred by the crowd..

The wind today,  
which will blow to nowhere I can reach,  
I entrust my heart to your path.  
Bring it to a field so green,  
or a room so peace  
where there's a pictures so dear..

And maybe someday,  
if you were to dropp it to a place my yearning could be quenched,  
I'll be satisfied.  
Let me live somewhere, my heart is able to live..

kite remedy

# The Young And The Passionate

We live in no place we desire,  
there's no figure deserves to be admired.  
Us, whose hearts are dyed with fire,  
from this world, want to retire.

We want to change the world we hate,  
with a new one that we have made.  
We fortify it with our dream and passion.  
We protect it with love and with conviction..

But at the end we think we lose  
our precious dream we love the most.  
'Dream' we're trying to build  
seems too naive and starts to wilt..

Now that we want to change the world so bad,  
when we fail we be so sad.  
Knowing our dream is far too hard,  
instead of changing the world, let us first change our hearts.  
We're holding hands, forming a shield  
from what insult this world may wield.  
We hold our dream more steadily and stiff.  
We may not win from what we're up against,  
but at least the dream we believe in will live  
until the very end,  
my friends..

kite remedy

# 'Us' Whose Hearts Are Breaking

I saw you was cold and quiet,  
as a morning snow falling on a faucet.  
I spaced out a while  
about you, about me,  
but not about us..

You didn't have to say a word,  
and make yourself hurt.  
I knew it was painful myself  
to leave and yes,  
to be left.

Assume that I understood,  
and you might go where you would.  
'Us' was so pleasant to be dreamed of,  
I wish you heard what I thought of.

My heart beat, moving me back and forth  
wondering if I should tell you,  
'our meeting, indeed, was short,  
we might haven't seen the clue.'

If you really had to leave,  
and be lonely,  
both of us had to live,  
separately.  
And now, we were cold and sad,  
like a snow melted,  
even before touching the faucet..

kite remedy

# When In A Still Place We Are

(for my friends in literature department...)

why is that this place so quiet and chill,  
like a movie with no thrill,  
like a love with no feel,  
like a movement with no will,  
like a life has been killed  
like a hundred of hills  
yet all is so still  
like a glass with no fill  
like a heartbeat with no zeal  
we cannot stay still  
even though we may, never we will  
we can rise and build  
space and time, we're able to steal  
no worry, no guilt  
revolution and change we can deal with  
we can spit, shout, and spill  
what we have in mind, what we always feel  
we have wits, we have skills  
we will fly and exceed  
what all think and believe  
to a next phase we'll proceed  
and dream and think and live! ! !

(let us live and create, Guys)

kite remedy

# When She Needs Me

when she needs me  
she won't talk any  
she just holds my arm  
so hard, yet so warm  
she lands her head,  
her face so red  
on one of my shoulder  
and moves herself closer  
still and in silent  
I run my finger  
through her hair to her cheek  
an unvoiced answer I seek  
she stays still  
closer to me I feel  
no word she says  
a question i give away  
'what's in your mind, Honey? '  
and to her face I see  
she replies with no words  
no utter I do search  
from her lips just a smile  
at that very short time  
then I know and see  
she thinks of nothing, but me  
I, then, hold her body  
close to mine fondly  
to make sure she notices  
that I know she needs me..

kite remedy

# When We Argue

When I spoke of what I thought,  
and she argued she was not,  
and my proof was just not right,  
and we fell into a fight.  
We spit out all the words,  
and had our feeling hurt.  
I was trying to calm her down  
but she said that I just clowned.  
And anger rose so high  
that I could not answer why  
I had my palm on her cheek  
and her tears rolled down and weak.  
She started to cry out loud,  
and then she began to shout  
in this war I didn't win.  
Hey, it wasn't what I mean.  
And the point was when you're mad,  
don't you make your girlfriend sad.  
Some small mistakes or a mock  
would possibly wreak havoc  
on a young relationship  
and make it sink so deep.  
When the night dyed the sky  
and her tears began to dry,  
at last I could calm her down  
and our lost love now was found.  
When we went home through the street,  
we had tuned our hearts so neat.  
We walked slowly hand in hand,  
as the word 'lover' presents.  
And the argument we did sing  
during the fight we'd been in,  
it was nothing  
and just nothing..

kite remedy



# You Are Sad

'I am sad',  
is what your tears tell me.  
if it's so bad,  
you could just lean on me.  
is today so dead?  
it could possibly be.  
you are deep in regret,  
you can just look at me..

'it's okay',  
what my smile says.  
if today is so bad,  
there's always another day.  
if love is to celebrate,  
we don't need to rush,  
for it's always there,  
deep inside of us..

P.S.: this poem for my postponed anniversary with my girl, my love..

kite remedy

# You Come To My Sleep Just To Greet Me Warm

You come to my sleep just to greet me warm,  
you left me unawake and you touch my palm.  
The gloomy moon is shining down to me.  
The midnight dream which is almost fantasy.

I'm looking for you when I wake myself.  
You were nothing than a fantasy I have.  
You're a treasure,  
A missing puzzle piece.  
The puzzle which incomplete perfectly.

The gloomy night is running out of time,  
The 'today's dawn' is showing off its shine.  
You came to my sleep just to greet me warm.  
you left me unawake,  
and you said 'Good Bye'....

kite remedy

# You Know, The Way I Love You Is Not Written In Any Book

you know,  
it's not written in any book,  
it isn't taught in any school.  
no one teaches me, but merely myself,  
of how i should kiss and love you.

indeed,  
it's complicated, yet sometimes, unclear,  
for it's mine,  
and mine alone to think.  
but,  
since it's you and your heart I shall do,  
that makes it so special,  
it's really do..

for the way I love you is mine alone as truth,  
it's plain to see from both of our eyes.  
and it's not anywhere written,  
it's not anywhere at all.  
but the way i love you is here in my heart,  
my all..

kite remedy