

Poetry Series

Eva Clara Harahap
- poems -

Publication Date:
2012

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

Eva Clara Harahap(29 September)

IT Engineer who love to write almost about anything! I love Poetry and I am having fun writing it as well as ready a poem in my spare time!

A Pair Of Friendship

How many part of me should I share?
For you to finally be dare...
To make me a solely pair...
Like a dining table and a chair...

Oh dear friend, I wish you could ever know....
We let all the hatred grow....
Amongst the beauty of all green meadow....
We could still listen to the sound of a crow....

We build the castle over and over again....
But the big wave of doubts restrain...
Everything we had, like a stormy night in a heavy rain....
It finally turned everything in vain....

We see from a different window....
We aim the love with a different arrow....
How would you understand me, for we have a different marrow? ...
Oh dear friend, the friendship we had, is a ship of sorrow....

Now, sail away to the land of your imagination....
I will stay here, to wait for you to have a notion....
For our ship could not sail to two different oceans....
Nor could it have two different directions....

Still, in my weary nights, when the sky is clear....
I played all the memory of us, like a lonely deer....
I begin to wonder, how many part of you had you share?
To make me feel that we are truly born as a pair....

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Beautiful Goodnight

It's hard to say goodbye...

When I am holding out my hands...

Holding out my hands for all the things you cherish...

That opened my heart, fill with the tears that never dry...

For you are the apple rose of my eyes....

Goodnight, Goodnight....

My sweet love your beautiful goodnight....

The stars up above will shine so bright...

And I will always be by your side....

Oh sweet angels of mine....

You are the only ones in my mind....

Be gone to sail through the night...

I'll stay awake beside you, my lovely knights...

Do not fear of all nightmares....

As I am here to be aware....

Of all your fears and tears....

My sweet love be depart in pairs...

The winds will guards any bad sight...

As I am taking you into a deep lullaby....

Your soft breath ups and down like a slowly goodbye....

As i gently embrace it from your side....

As you fall into your deep dreams....

I wish upon a bright star above....

All that I ever dreams...

Is to dance through life with you by my side...

Your silence and stillness reminds me....

Your beautiful goodnight is here....

Oh sweet angels of mine, my love will always be there...

For you, to always have beautiful life, for days and nights.....

When I am still staying next to you, I wish you beautiful goodnights....

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With So Much Love and Respect,

Eva Clara Harahap

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Bulan Dalam Tenang

Galeri itu panjang tak berliku...

Aku terpaku pada sudut satu ruang....

Galeri ini penuh rahasia seperti dalamnya jurang....

Gulita, hanya lukisan itu membawa terang...

Tercampak kembali dalam lukisan itu....

Untaian simphony itu menari ringkai membelenggu...

Aku risau dalam waktuku yang terbang....

Mengayam mimpi dengan alang-alang....

Aku lihat dia disana, sibuk melukis bulan biru...

Bulan itu diterpa awan tanpa noda....

Bulan meninggi diantara semak belukar belantara....

Dia duduk bagai pertapa, melukis tanpa ringkuh...

Aku mendekat, tercekam, 'jangan kau lukis bulan itu'...

Dia memandangkanku tanpa selera, diam, tercekam...

'Sudah berapa banyak orang melukis bulan?' kataku pasrah...

'Setiap bulan yang kulukis berbeda' dia menjawab lemah...

Tak lama beberapa pengunjung mendekat....

Dia tetap melukis bulan biru tanpa noda....

Aku tak pernah tahu apa itu bakat...

Atau tak lebih dari hanya sebuah tekad...

Kususuri malam dengan mataku....

Galeri kembali penuh dengan pengunjung bisu....

Dia tetap melukis terpaku pada bulan biru....

Ah, mimpi sudah lama pergi dari hidupku....

Aku tak mau berteman dengan mimpi....

Semua itu hanya membuat sakit hati...

Dunia ini tak lebih dari garis tegas tanpa bunyi....

Hingar bingar mimpi itu tak lebih dari simphony halusinasi....

Kulirik pelukis itu dengan takjub merona...

Sudah tiga lukisan bulan biru tergeletak didepannya...

Di sudut bibirnya seulas senyum bertahta...

Seolah-olah bulan biru itu bercerita padanya....

Kutelusuri kembali malam dengan desahku....

Pelukis itu semakin mengganguku...

Kenapa dia begitu percaya dengan karyanya....

Oh aku bagai putri buruk rupa, berharap dia mendapat bala....

'Kau membuang waktu' kataku tak sabar...

'Tak akan ada orang yang mau membeli lukisan bulan kedinginan' sungutku...

Dia memandanguku lemah, selemah genggamannya....

'Makanya jangan bermimpi' sergahku dalam hati...

Tak lama, dentang kaki mendekat bagai lonceng istana bunga...

Aku tahu, keajaiban yang ditunggunya telah tiba....

Secepat itu, tiga lukisan berpindah empunya....

Aku terbakar bagai musang tersiram bara....

'Kau menang, ada yang membeli lukisanmu' kataku lemah...

'Waktumu tidak sia-sia melukis bulan biru itu' desahku lunglai....

Dia menatapku terpana 'aku tidak melukis untuk mereka' katanya...

'Aku melukis karena bulan biru adalah mimpiku, angan-anganku'...

Dia berkata tanpa ragu 'Untuk sebuah mimpi, tidak ada yang percuma'...

Ingatlah kataku, ketika waktu seolah-olah tak berpintu..

Atau waktu kau merasa terkurung dalam sebuah ilusi semu...

Aku termangu dalam rindu akan mimpiku...

Mungkinkah mimpi kembali menjadi sahabatku? ...

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Creativity

Creativity....

Does it have a thorn within?
As it pierce only one free soul...
It comes with twins faces....
The beginners have it....
The experts ignore it....

Creativity...

Never stays in a common place..
Only belongs to a unique self...
Who dare enough to call it within...
And suffer the soul, tearing the body...
But it brings peace to the mind....

Creativity.....

Is a never ending walk into the depth of the forest doubt...
Every sheep will only laugh, for them it is just another forest...
Little did the sheep know, inside the horrifying forest...
Lay beautiful scenery....

Creativity....

Is destruction to the ordinary world...
Never satisfied the common sheep..
Lay in the valley of fear...
Is the mountain of bravery to think the opposite...

Creativity...

Will always hidden in a depth of the sea..
Sea of a wild thought, sea of mystery...
Is not a safe place for the sheep to cross....
No sheep can reveal it....
If they still follow the shepherd guide....

Creativity...

Is to doubt any empirical law...
Question the formula, even two times two is equal four...
As from a very idiotic question, born an extraordinary discovery...

Creativity....

Will only be the guest of your inner self...
As it comes and go at it will...
It never knocks the door of your conscious mind...
It is an open place for everyone to visit....
For as long as, they travel into their self...

Be Creative...
It is the only way to discover yourself...
A path to wonder, a secure place...
As no other sheep could follow....
As it is the only traces you left in this universe...
All stars might die, but your light will shine!

Eva Clara Harahap

Dirgahayu Indonesia - My Country, My Heart, My Life

Every time you had a birthday....

Something inside me wanted to say...

Oh Indonesia 'Happy Birthday! Long live the Country! '

Cant you see? we are all here, loving you all the way! ...

So many times, you disrespect our love....

This country still have gigantic economic issues....

So many bad leaders, nasty politics...

Corruptions are like the air we breathe....

It is a tough fight to make everything works....

How come you grow in us trust and hope? ...

Amongst all the misfortune that we have? ...

Amongst all the bitterness in our life?

Do you care for our tears?

Or you grow us into a nation of fear?

Everyday we scream ourselves outloud....

People go on a strike for being heard....

Everybody needs the change so badly...

But the time is not so friendly, as it walks so slowly....

Sometimes, upon wishing on a star, I wonder....

What made a country, a country? Is it the name? ...

Is it the comfort living people have?

Is it the people who leads? ...

Tell me, what made a country, a country?

Then, what is a nation? Is it the people? ...

Is it the ridiculous policy? A non-sense rules?

Is it the 'dream catcher on paper' government?

Or the insecurity we had everytime we travel abroad? ...

Tell me, what is a nation? a printed passport with your nationality? ...

For me, I am Indonesian, that's all I am....

We have a very long list of things to do for generations...

But It will take a long time to do major changes....

Because we are all human beings NOT human doings....

By saying this, I am aware Good and Bad sit side by side....

A country is not a name, it is a feeling inside me...

An explosive feeling, Everytime I sing Indonesia Raya song....

Everytime we won a gold medal over Badminton game....

Everytime we score a goal from a kick of foreign football player...

Everytime I laugh over how we trick life to do us good things....

For the nation, I am aware we cannot rely the changes on other people....

We must only rely upon our own selves to make the change....

A nation is the Great person inside all of us that is waiting for us to discover...

A spirit of 'working together' that no other nation have, but us....

A tremendeous energy to smile to a total stranger...

Even when we had so many bad things on our plate....

Indonesia, with all the humanity differences, makes me so proud...

The adequate balance of living, working and praying...

Makes me more human that I ever thought I could be...

Indonesia teach me to see the world through my heart, not my mind....

And thats bring me closer to my truth beings, to live and to embraces...

Everything life could give me, either Good or Bad...

Happy Birthday again Indonesia! Long Live the Country!

May our smiles proves how strong we are as a nation...!

Our laugh shows, we enjoy everything life could offer here...!

Our prayers declares, we always pray for the betterment of you...

Our courage shows, Freedom is the flexibility to follow our own heart...!

And May Indonesia always live in each heart of us, forever! ...

Regardless where we are in this universe...

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Eva Clara Harahap

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Eva Clara Harahap

Disappointment

Before I came out of my mother womb...
I wish someone could tell me what the real world is...
Angel with angry eyes is not angel...
Demons with gentle voices is still demons...
At first glance, Ugly faces with golden heart is still ugly faces...

I trust the words from a deaf man...
He told me, the world is silent...
As silent as the kind nature...
No one gives order to the nature...
It has its own precise law...
That good sit side by side with bad...
Always good wins over bad...
I did not know, He never heard the devil voice...
Otherwise, he will tell me differently...

I see things from a blind man...
He told me, the world is black...
Never grey, nor white, or red...
I don't believe him, I said...
The world is mountains, oceans, and uncountable stars..
The infinite stars reflected my dreams, I said proudly...
He told me wisely, dream is a spring for him..
He could only wish to see it....

I believe the wise man words ...
He told me, the wonders of this world are beyond description...
What are you doing living in a dark and black prison? ...
Come out of the womb with me, conquer the world....
The womb world is all the embryo knows...
Amazing tales waits in every end of the rainbow...
He persuaded me impressively.....

One day you will be glad, You were born in this world...
You'll mark every stone you passed...
You'll say "finding the truth about yourself is not impossible"...
You'll laugh as much as you cry...
You dance as much as you can..

Every sadness and sickness is nothing but a bad dream...
It gives colors to life...
Nightmare is nothing but flowers in the rain...
It helps to clear out some dust of life...
It makes the flower reach its full blossom...

Then I believe him...
I came out to this world...
Then he disappeared, I left alone...
I still meet angel with angry eyes...
Demons with gentle voices...
Ugly faces is still ugly faces...
I failed to find the golden heart....

The wise man never told me...
None of those are a bad dream...
It is my real world, the world he persuaded me to enter...
Now I believe the blind man words...
The wonderful world is like a spring for me...
I could only wish to see it....

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Divorce

If you miss the plane I am on...
Then you'll know that I am gone...
The house was getting smaller from my seat window...
For the trouble is now down below....

Everything we had is just a display...
I can no longer hideaway....
It hurts like a bite of a dark stingray...
I blame everything on yesterday....

The house was now disappearing...
Over there, happiness is the widow of the spring...
Over the years, I let the boat rocking...
For every small discomforting...

The dark clouds are now in my reach....
I wish I could have them bleach....
Years ago when times do not bite....
Or dictate everything we hate....

Not a skirt on my bag....
Not a penny on my hands...
Oh, please don't let me go back...
With shoes full of sharp sands.....

Everything shines more from a distance....
I will be on my feet again in an instance....
From time to time, I still need your guidance....
In my silent acceptance....

We'll be better as a perfect stranger....
Every worry will not turn into anger....
Every disappointment will be a foreigner....
And we'll stop searching for an answer....

If you miss the plane I am on...
Then you'll know that I am gone....
As I am letting you go on....
To the world that I could no longer call my own...

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Fear

Perhaps fear is an ocean doubt...
When we want so much from life....
Perhaps fear is a storm....
When we want to sail our own ship....

It consists of four letters only.....
But it controls our life....
It defines our life.....
Could life be embraced?
By the measure of fear, we can control?

What is fear? Tell me....
Is it a feeling of being inadequate?
Or the feeling of we are powerful beyond measure?
Is it a proof of, we are not who we think we are?
Is it a final frontier of being a truthful human being?

What is fear for you?
Is it the absence of courage? ...
Then, what is courage for you?
Is it the absence of fear?
Define me the difference....
Or shall I disparage you with your indifference?

Have you notice?
The other side of fear is freedom? ...
Or shall I invited fear to your life? ...
So you know how to use your courage? ...
So you can feel your own freedom?

Never define a future.....
By the measure of fear you had....
Don't be afraid of the future...
As you have seen yesterday....
And you live today.....

Confront fear not only with courage....
But also with a constant faith....
That you are the child of the universe...

You have the same right as the star and the moon....
If the star can light the darkness
You can also change your universe.....

Fear not to the unseen....
Fear not to the unspoken....
Fear not to the unnoticed....
Fear not to the unpredictable....

As life could only be measured....
By the courage heart...
To embrace the fear.....
And to own your freedom....

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Forgive Me - A Small Prayer Under A Dim Light Of Alcyone

Under the dim light of Alcyone, I sent all my prayers...
For it is the star that ward off all Evil...
And bring about wisdom, to every corner of desperation...
Forgive me to call you here, Alcyone...
For I have no other to ask, I thought of it as necessity...
My apologies, if everyone think otherwise...
All they have is just ignorance after all....
For it is the easier thing to do...

Please don't be angry...
I took all happiness as my due...
I know memories will soon be fade...
As life will never wait for any regret...
No regret is all I wanted to have...
For inviting those necessities to my life...

Please don't be afraid...
I am not here to ask for something...
That never belongs to me in the first place...
My apology for the time for the entire world...
That I overlook each second...

Please don't judge me...
I am not here to ask for judgment...
That I forgot the grand love of my mother could give me...
Long time ago, when I lived in a small creek...
Full of beautiful swans that were swaying around me...
But neither could I join them....
For they never truly want me...

Forgive me, open wounds for pricking my finger into it...
I apologize for trying to heal it...
As it never the wounds that matter to anybody...
It is the healing that's important...
That I could never be part of...
For being so disappointed why it is there in the first place...

Pardon me, oh rounded hope...
For I am laughing at it from time to time....
Thinking of life as exact as mathematic...
Pardon me, Oh dry desert....
For I don't rush home, to bring you a spoonful of water...

Pardon me, oh flooded land...
For I don't build a great ship to take everyone I love...
Sail away to the land, where the absence of sadness...
Brings more things to life and make everything real...

Pardon me, oh deep bushes...
For I never try to understand what's underneath it...
For it is painful to understand...
Every invisible pain that brings invincible wounds...

Pardon me, Oh the love birds in the cage...
Your stare always fixed on the same point in space...
Forgive me, for ignoring the true essence of love...
It can even grow in an empty space....
Forgive me, for underestimating it, in the first place...

Don't take offence, Oh my mighty soul...
I have only got you now and then...
For I don't dare to hear anything you say...
For every real truth in front of me...

I apology for the felled tree...
As it only decorate my four dining table legs...
I apology for every great question, I abandoned....
As I was too lazy to look for the small answers...
As it will not make me look great....

My apologies to everything that...
I can't be everywhere at once....
My apologies to everyone that....
I can't be each woman and each man....
I know I won't be justified as long as I live,
since I myself stand in my own way....

I apology for the last time....
To ask Alcyone to help ward off the Evil...

But even with then, no one would understand....
All the kindness I have been trying to do...
Since I lived in a small creek long time ago...
For it is harder to accept love and kindness...
Than to bear all the crime of the world...

Forgive me for trying to believe everything otherwise...
Now, I am letting go things as anyone would do...
And may Alcyone help me one more time...

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Get Well Soon

If I'd see you somewhere in time...
I'd roll the months in Ball...
Put them in seperate drawers...
For fear the numbers fuse...

As you were there lying...
Between the cold and white room...
Sudden loneliness strike me....
As when you havent entered my life...

I bring you something...
The nurses said it will be good for you...
Still I can not escape the pain...
Of seeing you there....

Wish I could be More...
Wish I could do More...
Wish I could give All...
Wish I could wish for More...

Nothing I could do will ease your pain...
I come today while you were sleeping...
Arranging a box of gift on the table beside your bed...
With a hope when you wake up...

You will know How much I care about you...
I am not good with words...
I search for a card that said everything I want to say...
But still the feeling inside me...
Is away much more than this card could ever say...

Get Well Soon...
That's All I want from You...

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Happy Anniversary

As the New Year Bell Ring...
The New Day Comes...
The New Time Arrives...
The New Flowers Blossom...

Everything New is Coming...
The Nature will never forget its duty...
You told me about Change to something New...
As the New Year Bell ring a different Number...

Some may remain the same...
As I don't know how to change them...
Though you've tried to show me some clues..
To make life more exciting you've told me once...

I will love you the same as we first met...
Fix the same Breakfast of your favorite...
My excitement over your story will not change...
I will still laugh remembering our old jokes...

I will still wake up by your side...
Waiting for you to wake up...
Thanking us for the life we had...

Of Course change is Great...
For those will make us more alive...
Seize the day, that's what you told me...
I listen to it with all my Heart...

But dear, something important in life...
Will always be the same and remain the same...
As with those, life reach a comfort happy ending...

Our love is like the love of the Sun to the Earth...
It is like the promise of the Moon to light the night...
It is like a thousand hidden joy in our normal day..
Dont you think it is the most important?

I dont need to see a different you...

As i will always love the same you...
Having you by my side everyday...
It feels like everyday is a brand new day...
Loving you every second, every minute, every hour...
Will brings more New Thing to our life...

Happy Anniversary 2009 for my loving Husband...

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Happy Brithday My Friend.....

Happy Birthday My Friend...
May You reach the end of the rainbow...
May The corona of the sun light your thought...
May The bright spectrum of the star...
Guide the road you traveled...

One year is not long...
With a blink of an eye...
You will catch another number...
Jumping into other faces of life...
A bad face or a Beautiful face...
Is not in our hands to choose...

I wish you will always have a beautiful life...
Surrounding with things you love and loved you...
I wish for everything you wish for...
Will Happen for a good reason in your life...

The most thing I wish for you...
I hope you will find yourself...
And be peaceful for who you are...
Because You Deserve to be Happy...
Every second in your life...

Happy Birthday My Dear Friend...
I know You are Very Special...
Because You make everyday feels like a Birthday...

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Heal...

I'm so tired of being here...
Being tortured by all my childish fears...
If you'll have to leave....
I wish that you would just leave...

Your presence still lingers in my dream...
And it won't leave me alone...
My dreams are nothing but constant darkness...
Luring me from my own reality...

These wounds won't seem to heal....
This pain is just too real...
No one seemed able to seal...
All my deepest despair to find anything that heals....

There's just too much memories that time cannot erase...
When you cried I'd wipe away all of your tears...
When you're afraid I'd fight away all of your fears
and I hold your hand through all of these years...
Does it ever mean anything at all?

But you still have to hide yourself away...
You used to captivate me by your resonating light...
Now I'm bound by the life you'll left behind...
The mirror of your mind is in my memory...

I wish I have the chamber of strength....
Closing all doors every time the crying sound....
Knocking at the door of my own conscious wound...
Then all could no longer be a strange...

All the sanity in me...
Seemed to rise like a flower in the morning...
Singing out loud a liturgy of my own cry...
I wish the pain is not that real....
I wish the wounds can heal....
And I wish I know the difference....

I Adore You

I saw you walked in the middle of business fountain....

I know you are a success and gorgeous gentleman...

I could not take my eyes off of you...

Your fine body line make me wonder where I am....

.....

Suddenly, you are the dream in my head...

Every second of my existence evolve around you....

I feel the dancing beat inside my heart...

Just by seeing you hold a coffee mug at your hands...

.....

Your eyes fix on your morning newspaper....

I tried to make a lot of sound near you....

Oh Honey, what is there so important? ...

Can you see? I wear my best suit today? ...

.....

Oh baby, I starve myself to death....

Just to have one smile from you....

I dried all excitements from my life...

Just for one look from your eyes....

.....

I put my life in dangers stake....

Only for a single sweet mistake....

That I'll make you mine for whatever it takes...

Even if anyone will say I am a freak....

.....

Last night when you're dancing in front of me....

I felt all my blood draining out of my body....

You are much closer than my veins...

And I feel you straight through all my senses...

.....

Oh Boy, you are simply a prince sent from above....

Your move drive anything inside me crazy...

With your fancy car, i am suddenly down on my knee...

I love the borjuis smell from your body....

.....

Your cold expression surrender all that I am....

I am nobody inside an empty shell....

I never felt this way about anybody...

And Oh Boy, your parfume drives all my mood...

.....

I lost for words for every grin in your face....

You know how to play with my heart....

Oh Boy, dont tear me apart...

I'll give all that I am to be by your side....

.....

Now, I am waiting for my life to turn around...

You will know someday, my love is bigger than life....

It is not just a fairytale feeling anymore...

It is so real, as you are always closer to my veins....

.....

With the cold sense from your absence....

I will always adore you from a distance....

My love is nothing but a constant persistence...

That I will keep close to all my senses...

....

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With So Much Love and Respect,

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I Am No Different....

I wish I am no different..
Than a real family to you...
Someone you can rely on..
A shoulder you can cry on...

I wish I am no different...
Than a best friend to you...
Someone you can ask for anything...
Someone you can talk about everything..

During this difficult time...
You dont include me...
You keep everything for yourself...
I am crying, knowing you close the door...

I open every pages of our friendship...
You are the one for me...
You are the friend i have been waiting for..
You are the morning of my life...

Seeing how discreet you are now...
I begin to wonder...
Do you ever trust on our friendship?
Do you ever put your faith on me?

I cry in my sleep..
I miss you even more...
Have you ever miss someone until the day turn into night?
Have you ever had a constant worry until all light fade away?
Have you ever imagine how i fight to not cry every night?

If you do...
Let me be in your painfull journey..
Include me in all your tears and worry..
Dont ask me to be no different than anybody else...

I wish you know...
Since the first time I met you...
I wish I am no different...

Than every special person in your family...
Someone who holds your hands...
Tell you endlessly I love You So Much...

I wish you will know that someday...
I am willing to do anything for you..
Anything at all...

I wish I am no different...
Than a real family to you...
Everything then will be simpler...

Eva Clara Harahap

I Am Waiting For That Day...

The Wheel is finally turning..
Sadly it brought no fortune...
it keeps on spinning...
No where, no destination, just turning around...

Some will keep on listening...
Some will keep on hoping...
Some will keep on believing...
That a beautiful life is finally turning...

Oh such pity for those souls...
Who can not trust their own...
They are broken long time ago...
I wish i was there to help...
But life wanted me to be somewhere else...

I keep on lying to myself...
I keep on winning on things...
That does not seemed to matter that much...
I am the agony inside the dying head..
No one knows something hurt my soul...

I am not suppose to be here...
All stories are playing in my mind...
Everyone is still laughing, enjoying all scenes...
I still cry alone at night...

It does not seem to matter...
What i fear most in my whole existence..
Dont you judge of my life....
Dont you judge of my composition...
This is a justice that have no mercy on me...

I am not bothered everyday...
When my life goes like a river flows..
Many times it hit a big rock...
It just a big rock, no more no less...
Not a sign against all odds...

Will there be a day? ...
When i can live with myself? ...
When I dont have to lie everyday? ...
When finally my soul hurts no more? ...
When my spirit finds its own home...

When the wheel is finally brought the fortune...
I shed tears of no return...
For all the wasted time...
For all the wasted chance...

I wish i knew then...
Everything about existence...
Life will then be so meaningfull...
I will be singing under the full moon...
Looking at life as if i am the lover...
The rest of it will watch me in silence...

I am waiting for that day...
When every day is a holy day...
I am waiting for that moment....
When every moment is a sacred moment...
For my life is in my hands...

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Eva Clara Harahap

I Dream Of A New World...

I dream of a new world..
Where we dont need any doctors
Since Our spirit is the tools of our own health..
Our mind is the best medicine of all...
Our heart is the best remedy from all sickness..
Our knowledge could tell any mischief..
Our faith could clear all doubts..

I dream of a new world...
Where we dont need any Orator...
Since our inner heart leads to truth
Since our conscious tell us the road to take..
Since we are able to know..
The most important thing is not being in a good or bad state...
But being in a right state...

I dream of a new world...
Where we dont need any lawyers
Since the whole universe is the highest court..
Where the pure soul is the juror..
And the spirit of truth is the attorney...
The heart is the Supreme Judge..
And the Nature law is the highest Justice

I dream of a new world..
Where we dont need school to learn..
As the whole universe is the University of life..
The nature law is the true lecture
How to plant the seed of all kindness is our only lesson..
Then, learning will not be lessen everyday..
And everybody shall graduate from this University..
By only giving, giving and giving...
Then, The flower of happiness will be blossom in every corner of the world...

I dream of a new world...
Where diving into human soul is possible...
Faith appears with its long feather to fix the broken soul...
As broken soul is the only rotten root of all destruction..

I dream of a new world..
Where all tears will be a morning dew..
Then, every morning it will be raining hard on earth..
As we make so many eyes cry everyday...
And so many heart cry in their sleep...
Then, all hands will not be enough..
To shed every tears from the eyes...
Then we realized it is our tears that become flood...
And destroy many houses...

I dream of a new world...
Where i dont dream about this..
All I see is beautiful girls laughing
Naked legs are running wildly on the river banks...
With all the dancing lilys and the smiling daffodils...

I will not stop dreaming of this new world...
As when i do stop dreaming...
Faith will show its anger..
And belief will runaway with flying horses...

And I am asking you to dream with me..
So we can all living in harmony..
Under the shade of a coolibah tree..
We will then understood the song, singing by the nightingale..
We feel the heat of the Sun..
We embrace the cold from the Wind...
We enjoy the beauty of the spring..
And we let go every darkness of all clouds..

Then, the world will be a better place to live...

Eva Clara Harahap

I Found My Trouble

Have you seen? ...
I found my trouble...
Life is not easy to believe...
I have been lost, I walk so far...
But life is a river flow....
It washes over me...

Did you see? ...
My eyes are empty...
I just need to believe...
How much life will take over me....

I forgotten how it feels....
Laughing like children...
Rolling like thunder....
Smiling to dead flowers...
As I am alive....

I have been kind and hide...
Amongst the brights of the past...
I have been torn apart...
But life is a rain with a charming storm...
It drowns me...

I asked you...
And please dont answer...
As you will not dare to believe...
We are in a different life....

Leads your own life....
Dont empty mine..
I just need to believe....
Life will not washes over me...
Time will not set upon me....
The sun, Oh the mighty sun...
Will shine over mine.....
The moon, Oh the calm moon...
Will reside on my bed...

You and others...
Can only watch...
You and others...
Can only wish things will be different...

As I walked on my trouble...
Feel with pride and glory...
As i took the road less taken...
And that's make everything different....

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Eva Clara Harahap

I Keep On Dying Again....

I keep on dying again...
Heads' spinning like carrouseles..
Hands' aching from the coldness...
Hearts' beating from all the worry...
Souls' hurting from all the agony...

I keep on dying again...
They asked me to stop...
As a grave yard will be my reward...
For all the wasted years backward...
That I spend to care for dying worms...

The darkness, the coldness...
The sadness, the tears...
The unwanted advice, the unforgiven message...
That i care to deliver..
Up to the highest mountains...
Down to the lowest valley...
They seemed to laugh at me...
For them, I am the weed amongst their roses...

Still, it does not convince me...
Still, it is not enlighten me...
Still, I choose to be dying again...
Inside my head, all alone with all the mysery...
Thats life keeps as a mystery...

I keep on dying again...
For cursing the darkness...
In the life of people I love...
And in the life of total stranger..

Tell me, How can I choose to look the other way...
For I can not dull my eyes anyway....
They said, Heaven is still so far away...
So keep your worry away....

I keep on dying again and again...
Because I love to care...

Becasue I love to love...
Most of all, because I love to live...

Though for some of them...
I am nothing but a dying worm...
Who shed my tears for all the sad stories..
That the eyes of my heart refuse to ignore.....
No matter how hard i try not to care....

Eva Clara Harahap

I Know Why You Talked About Freedom

Your beautiful mind strike me....
As the sun comes to the dawn...
Your inner bravery amaze me..
Like the song of freedom...
Singing by a free bird....

You are the man of courage...
Put fire under your wings...
Playing gently with all sovereignty...
Talking softly with all men's head..
Bringing wisdom to the midst of my tongue...
As it quietly silence for the rest of the night...
I wish I had half of what you had...

I asked you vigorously...
What the used of all knowledge you had? ...
You charm me, 'till all the star inside me kneel before you..
Lay broken dreams under your feet...
I am now so poor in front of you...

Poor of all knowledge...
Suffer for the wisdom of the universe...
Struggling to match my tongue and my mind..
Dying to have everything you had...

My world means nothing to you..
As it only full of dull wisdom..
As it doesnt catch the essence of living...
As it doesnt speak of all liberty you had...

You look at my face with a silence of gold..
Wondering why I am still living...
After all the secret of life spread before me...
I am waiting I said, for the moon rise on my will...

Then, You said goodbye tenderly...
You talk about freedom so softly...
As it feels like a persuasive breeze blow in my ears...
I was silent for a moment...

Is there any different kind of freedom?

I know now....

You wanted to be free from me....

Not because of me or because of you...

But I am the bird inside a cage...

Who sing out loud about the song of Freedom...

I know Why you talk about Freedom...

Because you wanted me to understand..

Freedom come from a single self..

Freedom is the inner voice...

Freedom does not need to be sung out loud...

As it keeps on roaring even if someone tried to turn it down...

I am still the bird inside the cage...

Singing about freedom so out loud...

You tell me the reason why I keep on singing about freedom...

It is because my inner voice dead long time ago..

In a wood, where the ugly pick them up...

And put them in a jar with beautiful roses...

You still laugh at me...

I am still smiling with a glee...

Wishing to have half of what you had...

You can't have what I had, you told me silently...

You said that while waving goodbye at me..

Keep on wishing for things to be different you said...

As in your eyes, I am still the bird inside a cage..

Who sing so loud about the song of Freedom...

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~ Remembering Jogja and the man who walks in the moon of Knowledge and
Rise in the Wisdom of the Sun, Living as if there is no tommorow ~

Eva Clara Harahap

I Will Wait...

I taste a coffee never brewed
I swallow all bitterness alone
My tears are like morning dews
Slowly they cherish my weary night
For you i weep, silently in my own despair..

I let my tears dry...
By the rhythm of moonlight sonata
I throw my pain at the calm evening sea..
These days feel so cold..
It frozen my heart..
It is crawling inside a broken soul..

I want to let go everything..
Crying out loud for each stories..
That we had rendered for so many years..
Regretting the past, when i invited tears..
Every time we've met...

I am burn in the paradise of a misty dream..
I dont want to let you go that way..
Letting you go, is like letting all my dream go..
You asked me to wait...
Wait for the time to be friendly..

Do you know how hard it is to wait? ..
It is hard enough to wait under the light...
You asked me to wait in the dark of a deep tunnel..
I wish you know how it feels...

Do you ever know, What you mean to me?
You are the candle that light the fireplace inside me..
You come to me like the dawn to the night..
Sparks amongst the stars, burned all my dreams..
Then you left me all alone...
Asking me to have faith, assuring me of your love..

I dont doubt anything...
I know everything will be fine...

We will laugh under the shade of a blooming jasmine...
Chatting lively over the cat on a roof...
Running wildly against all winds...
Admiring your hair amongst the field where barleys' grow..

Missing you is like breathing to me...
Loving you is like living for me...
Holding you is all I want...
Being next to you is what i dream each night...

But I will wait, as you asked me...
Until all stars are burned away...
For the love we used to share..
For the laugh we used to have..

I will wait, though it is so dark..
I will wait, though i have many fears...
I will wait, to redeem all the mistakes of the past..
I will wait, to love you more for one more time..

I will wait, for everything you asked me to..
Though i cry every night in my sleep...
I wish you know, how hard it is to wait...
In the dark of deep tunnel, alone with all the misery...

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Eva Clara Harahap

I Wish Her Luck....

I Wish Her Luck...

The Day when the light rendered your dream
Such a beautiful line like a spring dance...
Of a rose entwined together ...

Oh what could be done...
When the faith choose the route...
Flying eagle of our thought...
Embraced the wave of pains...
In the deep of ocean doubt...

The birds sing...
Of the tune from my heart...
Of promising life in your horizon...
Farewell waving to certain life...

Your life will be under the shade
Of white blooming jasmine
With the roses entwined together on a river bank covered
with flowers laughing in the morning..

I shall be there one day...
To celebrate the life of our own...
When rose petal welcome our day...
Under the bright smile of the sun

Shall you welcome the new world...
Color the new day, As it were Gently floating...
on it's charming risings on the river's current...
On the shining waves one hand reaches...
Reaches for the bank...
Where the spring sleeps and the warm summer rising...

The summer of your life...
When your new world begin...
I watch them with a doe pride...
Of a new growing hope...

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(Eva was celebrating the moment with her best friend, when her best friends' first book launched in Jakarta, Indonesia on early March'09)

Eva Clara Harahap

I Wish I Knew

I wish I knew....

It is love that you've been trying to show...

I will never turn my sight of you...

I'll make friend even with of all your demons...

If the world is perfect...

All the risk, I will strongly take...

No such thing as a mistake...

And all i want now is having you back....

Just you, nothing else....

I have learnt to live half a life....

Sleeping with onlyyour shadow as my dream...

It is like living with an open scar...

Many times I cannot stand you...

You broke my heart for so many times...

You destroy all my beliefs in love....

You make me lost the love I love the most....

I have been trying to leave you...

Shut the door forever....

Turn off the phone all the time....

But something keep on holding me back...

It is the sight of you, waiting for me....

To understand a different kind of love....

To accept the love that could never come true....

To live with the love that can never be mine....

I wish I knew.....

I would never said those thing to you....

I wish I knew...

I would never slam the door in front of you....

Your intention is to break my heart....

You really meant everything you did to me....

You literally let me die in loving you....

I never understand why you did that....

You broke my heart to let love to come in.....

You left a crack in my heart to let me understand....

It is when my heart is open to love....

I am healed and I am loved....

Right now, you've gone from my world...

I am running again with different scars....

It is like screaming with my lips closed...

I wish you knew, how much I regret it....

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With So Much Love And Respect,

Eva Clara Harahap

PS. For someone that heals me....Thank You!

.

Eva Clara Harahap

I Wish You Could Feel....

I wish you could feel...
I bring myself as I am to heal...
I wish you can see...
Doubt can be as wide as the sea....

I invite your heart to feel...
But why you always rely on authority...
I wish you could listen...
The sweetest breath of the forests...
The crying sound of the river Jordan...
And the hills roll for the frighten shepherd..

I bring you a cup of thoughts...
With herbs and dew...
That I gather myself that instant...
But why you just taste the bitterness of the herbs...
Without first enjoying the fragrance...
And the soft touch of the dew at your lips...

I talked to you with an open heart...
But all you do is to repeat...
Twisted everything up to your beat...
So you can free yourself from the heat...

I wish you could feel...
I will look after you...
Like my close hands..
Guard the lines of my palms..
For this is Love, Not lust...

I wish you could feel...
For all the love that I feel...
Like the affair of the clouds up in the hill...
With all the trees and its charming will...

My dear friend at heart...
I am not here to ask you to change...
Just try to feel with your heart..
That all is here for you to love..

And all is here to love you...
Just when you are ready to feel...

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Eva Clara Harahap

If I Win One Day....

If I win one day...
I will be dancing to the wind...
Smiling the whole day...
Shaking hands endlessly with the crowd...

Victory will not deny me....
The crown will be mine to keep...
Until all bees will watch over me...
And nightmares will fall into their sleep..

I am the winner today....
Not because i know what will be there tommorow...
Just because i dont have a sorrow...
To regret anything on the morrow...

I will always be the winner....
Just because i know to make things better...
No loser can do it...
For a winner never quit...

I know i am the winner...
For winning takes talent...
But to repeat takes character...
All the losers will then be silent...

If one day i dont win...
I will do it over and over again...
Until all stars bored of me...
For praying loudly under their name..

I will never, ever, and ever give up...
To those big shout mouths...
Who knows nothing of Victory...
As if they are Queen of Victoria...
Who dressed up in pariah...

And If i dont win one day...
I will still be dancing to the wind...
Smiling the whole day...

Shaking hands endlessly with the crowd...

As winning is the same as losing...

Only a winner recognise this...

It takes one courage to feel the blessing....

In the event of winning or losing...

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Eva Clara Harahap

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Jauh

Rasa itu hinggap keseluruh sendi sanubariku...
Bahkan semua jemariku mengeluh pilu...
Mataku pun enggan berpaling kecuali melukis raut wajahmu...
Pada bintang langit yang merona dalam sendu...

Hatiku pun sudah diam membatu...
Dia juga sudah bosan menggerutu...
Pada waktu yang tak pernah mau tahu...
Tetap bergerak dalam jalur kaku...

Aku merindukanmu dalam setiap desah nafasku...
Aku ingin menggapaimu setiap waktu...
Merasakan setiap sel dalam tubuhku menyambut hadirmu...
Terpesona dengan semua yang ada padamu...

Walau kau katakan jarak itu tak masalah...
Aku mengukur jarak itu dengan segenap rasa rindu...
Sedekat apapun, kalau kau tak disampingku...
Aku akan tetap merasa kita begitu jauh...

Sadari itu, aku mencintaimu tanpa ragu-ragu...
Aku hanya ingin kembali merasakan sentuh jemarimu...
Bersatu dengan setiap ulas jemariku....
Mungkinkah itu, jika jarak rasa itu begitu jauh?

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With So Much Love and Respect,

Eva Clara Harahap

.

Eva Clara Harahap

Jendela Jiwa

Mungkin jendela jiwa itu ada....
Tersembunyi di dalam lekuk relung hati...
Mungkin perpaduan jiwa itu tak pernah terasa....
Dia bersembunyi dalam lakon-lakon sunyi...

Pendar cahaya wajahmu itu begitu menyilaukan....
Menerpa runtuh semua jejak-jejak kewarasan....
Sulit aku berkata tanpa rasa dan makna...
Karena kau menghadirkan sesuatu yang tak pernah ada....

Kau adalah keindahan yang sempurna....
Keikhlasan dalam balutan luka....
Memandangmu selalu membuatku terpana...
Dalam setiap helai mahligai kata....

Andai kau biarkan aku meraihmu tanpa dusta....
Merangkai rinai kata dalam anggun derai tawa....
Andai kau letakkan semua sungkan dalam vas bunga....
Mungkin kita tak kan pernah lagi bertikai kata....

Menyayangimu seperti merekatkan gading yang pecah...
Pecahan itu tak bisa kutemukan dalam satu tampah....
Aku tak kan pernah bisa melakukannya tanpa salah....
Karena lukamu datang dari berbagai arah...

Mungkin akan kubiarkan langit menggelegar....
Agar runtuh semua sikap tegar...
Yang coba kau ciptakan dengan hingar bingar....
Walau kadang itu membuatku semakin terdampar....
Dalam kebingungan yang kerap terhampar....

Pupus semua setiap jerih harap....
Yang coba kusampirkan dalam setiap tatap....
Karena kau menutup semua dengan begitu rapat...
Yang membuatku tak berdaya dengan cepat....

Andai kau tahu, rasa sayang ini begitu nyata...
Kau tidak akan pernah menolak cinta...
Yang selalu kubuka untukmu di sudut jendela jiwa...

Agar aku dapat memandang jiwamu dari sana....

Mungkin lebih baik aku bersalin rupa.....

Agar kau tak pernah melihat lagi cacat di muka....

Karena aku hanya ingin selalu ada....

Ketika hidup memberimu luka.....

Eva Clara Harahap

Letting Go...

Will the seed hurts when it breaks into a flower?
Will the moon understand when the dawn breaks the night?
Will the summer leaf feel all the pain of falling in the fall?
Will the winter smile when the spring come?

I am renting my mind to the broken hope...
The golden moment crashed by the gate...
Takes away all my faith...
Destroy everything I believe in...

I am not what I am...
I still don't know what I might be...
But the tree laughs at me...
He said "Bend, when there is a strong wind"...
If you stand up strong, you'll break...
Like some of my ignorance branch...

Should I swim beside the golden tide?
Should I believe there's a break of this busy world?
Should I climb the highest mountain?
Should I walk out of my own history?

I am trying to give out the best of me, you know I am...
How can I bend, when it hurts to bend...
It against everything I believe in...
I wish the mystery of life is as easy as reading a smile...

Let everything go, the tree said...
Letting go is not giving up...
It is accepting that there are things that cannot be...
When you let go of what you are...
You become what you might be...

Like the fall letting go all its pain to welcome the summer...
The night will turn into the dawn...
The seed let themselves break into a beautiful flower...
It is all about letting go of what they are...

Under the shade of the tree, silently I pray...

Oh dear God, please let me change the thing I can change....
Please allow me to let go the things I cannot change....
And grant me all the peace and serenity to know the difference...

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Eva Clara Harahap

Lost In Time.....

There was a time..
Long time ago...
Where every Sunrise only bring a bright full day...
As it touch the softness of your skin...

But now when
The morning light shines in..
It only disturb me...
As the whole day fills with dark crying clouds..

I used to thank the Almighty when I awake..
For the life, the love, and the laugh..
That your winning smile is showering me..
With all its Golden Feather...

But now I pray for all the stars
To keep on shining your way..
For I can not be there...
As you have others to count the falling stars...
And it wil never be me..

May your daybreak fill with joyful time
Just listen to the songbirds...
I am in a far away land..
Holding my breath hopelessly..
Will there be any harmony we heard?
With such distance between us?

I wish the dawn will never come...
To awaken me when i lost in time..
As Your smile is all i have in my dream...
I wish the bugs will never husk..
As it may awaken me...
I wish the Owl watch you sleep..
Under the warmth of an angel blanket...

If only i could stay asleep...
At least I could pretend..
From your thousands of night..

You are thinking of me....
Night time is the one time i am happy...
As i can see you in my dreams..

I see we climb so high to the top...
Where i hold all your wings...
Against all storms heading our way..
And All i feel is you love me..
Though it lasted only in my dream...

I keep hoping that one day...
The Golden Feather awaken me..
Somehow you'll be lying by my side...
I will wonder if the dawn is really breaking..
You look at me and suddenly I am alive...
It may be just a dream but it feels real...

I just wish i stay asleep...
With all the Golden Feather around me...
Your winning smile watch me sleep...
I know I will meet you in my dream...
And the Sunrise will bring back the bright full day..
Where Songbirds welcome our morning..

I know right then...
I dont just love you in my dream...
It is there in every second of my day..
And it will be there forever...
Until I lost in time as in my dream...

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Eva Clara Harahap

Maktub

Aku melihat jauh ke dalam lubuk matamu...

Kutemukan sebilah pilu terbujur kaku....

Aku ingin menghapus semua itu...

Menyinarimu dengan beribu harapan baru....

Keheningan selalu datang menyisir pagi....

Menyelimuti hari dengan untaian sepi....

Keindahan hadirmu membuat matahari pergi menepi....

Tanpamu, seluruh dunia bergerak dalam sunyi....

Aku terdiam, tak bisa kerap memungkiri....

Warna jiwa kita telah menjadi satu.....

Walau seluruh alam ribut menggerutu....

Dalam hadirmu, aku kembali bersemi...

Lingkaran cinta ini akan kekal terbalut masa....

Benang-benang kasih ini seperti jalinan sutra...

Merekatkan bagian dirimu ke diriku....

Membuat kita tetap bertemu dari waktu ke waktu...

Tidakkah pernah kau menyelami dasar hati?

Aku sudah disana jauh sebelum dunia ada.....

Kenapa masih tak kau lihat jejak-jejakku ini....

Menapaki hidupmu sampai jagat raya tak lagi ada.....

Logika bisa hadir dalam berbagai rupa....

Tapi dia tidak akan sanggup menipu rasa....

Rasa yang hadir ketika kau ada.....

Adalah bukti cinta ini sudah lama ada diantara kita....

Maktub kita tak akan pernah tergoyahkan....

Walau kita berusaha menghindar....

Tetap semua ini akan kembali mengejar....

Sampai kita menerima, tak semua hadir dengan logika....

Jangan berlaku kejam kepadaku....

Aku hanya menjalankan suratan tanganku....

Aku pun ingin bebas lepas tanpa semua itu....

Tapi kerap bayangan sedihmu menggugahku....

Biarkan aku menjadi tangan penutunmu....

Karena aku pun ingin melihat reka senyummu....

Membuka jendela harapan baru disetiap pecahan hidupmu...

Agar ketika sampai masanya nanti, kau akan tahu....

Kini aku ingin selalu menyelami hatimu....

Aku ingin mencari sebagian diriku disana....

Agar ketika kau berkata tak percaya....

Aku telah menanam cinta berbalur asa...

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With So Much Love & Respect,

Eva Clara Harahap

.

Eva Clara Harahap

Menanti Mimpi Di Ujung Perigi

Dalam keremangan malam di bibir jurang....

Dia memutuskan pergi ke pulau seberang....

Memikul mimpi diantara bilah-bilah karang....

Aku hanya seorang wanita yang tak mampu berbilang....

Panen padi akan mulai bersemi dalam bilangan hari....

Tapi yang kunanti tak kunjung menepi...

Walau bersama hangat pagi, sudah kusiapkan secangkir kopi...

Dia masih saja menghilang tergerus mimpi...

Lepas tawa kanak-kanak itu begitu rupa...

Hanya itu yang mereka punya...

Karena hanya itu yang tersisa...

Membuatku enggan memanggil duka....

Kembali aku memanggil bulan separuh....

Diatas perigi bulan itu terasa begitu jauh...

Bulanpun tak mampu meredakan resah...

Mungkin dengan menunggu, nasib akan mengalah....

Ingin kupulangkan nasib ke rimba raya...

Agar tak ada yang punya...

Biarlah nasib ini dimakan lintah....

Supaya lekas hidupku berubah...

Tapi bulan itu tak pernah jauh dari perigi...

Mungkin sudah lama dia menumpulkan gigi....

Seperti aku yang kerap melipat nyali....

Menyimpannya jauh ke sudut lemari....

Tawa kanak-kanak itu sudah reda...

Haripun sudah beranjak senja....

Tak tahu kemana larinya masa....

Mungkin bersamaku merenung di pinggir jendela....

Ah Jendela, dia satu-satunya di hidupku yang terbuka...

Seperti harap yang menunggu si penakluk mimpi tiba...

Karena bagiku mimpi sudah bagai peti mati...

Lebih baik dikubur, daripada bikin jantung berhenti....

Panen tiba dengan sukacita....

Dia meminta aku kembali mengejar mimpi....

Aku berkata pelan 'Aku akan pergi, sendiri'...

'Ketika bulan tak lagi bersemayam di pinggir perigi'...

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PS. Upon the enjoyment of our painting collections.

Eva Clara Harahap

My Aleph

If we haven't met before in these lifes....
Why my soul feels glad when I met you?
If we haven't met somewhere in these lifes....
Why does my heart fit yours this way?

If we didn't have the past story together....
Then why does the beat of your heart return my call?
If previously you are not mine....
Then why I always feel we belong together.....

I never know why we've met again in this time....
The time never seem to pass.....
You are still the person I recognize....
You are still the person I share my life with....

At first, I do want to run away, because I can't take it.....
I don't understand all the secrets of life...
But If I am not made for you, then why does my soul tell me that I am?
Is there any way we could stay away from each other?

If you are not for me, then...
Why I can always see the track of your pain and tears...
If we haven't made for each other, then...
Why I can always find the trace of my past inside your eyes....

If I don't need you, then.....
Why I always dream of you as my companion in these lifes? ...
If I don't want you, then....
Why does my heart keeps on calling your name?

I surrender everything to the wisdom of the past.....
But I am praying you are the one I build my home with.....
I hope that you are the one I share my life with....
And I wish that you could be the one I die with....

Many times I miss you.....
My soul is so strong in reassembling yours....
It always takes my breath away....
I breathe you into my heart and soul....

Because I love you so.....
Whether it is wrong or right.....
I will proudly stand by your side....
Never let you go out of my sight.....

I hope I will love you all my lifes....
Through all the gates of time I will meet you again...
Until I found someone exactly like you....
My whole life is in your hands....

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PS. For the ALEPH of my life, I will pray that I will be able to recognize you again
in the next lifes ahead of us....Thank You for all that you are to me....

Eva Clara Harahap

My Friday Prayer

Morning delight awakened all my sense...

I know You are there....

In every inch of my veins, anywhere....

Thank You Allah for giving me another chance...

Every morning, I pray to find Your light...

I pray I will be alright, to walk Your solitaire path....

I will do it again because I believe on Your oath....

That You will always be on my side.....

I once come to your garden....

You are in every rose I see....

Would you come to my mind for once?

To help me understand your wisdom...

When shadows and doubts fiils my day....

I feel all the longing to pour all in You...

Oh Allah, guide me with all Your grace...

When I seemed to loose my way....

In my prayer Ya Allah, guide me to be the best of me....

Through all the good and bad times...

Direct me to find my own place in this world...

So, one day I can proudly stand in front of You...

In my prayer Ya Allah, Let me not argue with your plan...

Let me not question your time....

Let me love myself as much as You love me...

And Let me be the instruments of Your affection....

At last, in my prayer Ya Allah, All I ask of You...

Is to be my eyes, in time I cannot see...

Be my ears, in time I cannot hear....

And be my heart, in time I lost faith in you.....

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With So Much Love and Respect,

Eva Clara Harahap

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Eva Clara Harahap

No One Will Understand.....

No one will understand...
Your skin is crystal clear...
Mine is a teak wood...
But we both love purple diamonds..
Carved nicely in a ring on your finger..

No one will understand..
I am the water..
You are the Olive oil...
And why we can still mix...

No one will understand..
You are the day..
And i am the night...
And why we can still meet in the afternoon...

No one will understand...
I am not your family..
Neither do you...
And why i dont feel any different..

No one will understand..
Your pain is my pain..
Your tears are my tears...
Your wound is my wound...
And why they dont want to understand...

No one will understand...
Of how I wanted to be near you...
For even just a second..
Telling you loudly of how much you mean to me..
Still, they dont want to understand....

No one will understand..
You are only a friend of mine..
But i think of you as an angel sent from above..
And who does not love one great kind of angel...

No one will understand...

In front of their eyes...
You are just an ordinary person...
But not for me...
You are one of the greatest thing in this world..
As no one can give their heart the way you do..
Still, they dont want to understand..
For all the love I have for you...

I am in despair...
I alone love you...
I alone need you..
I alone wanted you..

Why love needs a confirmation from other?
Why love needs an approval from others?
Do we love based on normal norm?
Do we love just because it makes sense to love...

No one will understand...
Though i shout loudly...
Awaken all the stars above...
They're looking down at me with half open eyes...
They too dont understand..
Why i can love someone this much...

I scream loudly to the top of my head..
I seek the thirsty, not the water...
I seek the hunger, not the food...
I seek the wealth, not the treasure...
I seek the journey, not the destination...
I seek the friendship, not the friends
And i seek the love, not the pleasure...

No one will ever understand it..
As they all seek for the water..
They all seek for the food..
They all seek for the treasure..
They all seek for the destination
They all seek for the friends..
And They all only seek for the pleasure...

Even if i beg them to understand..

They will try to look the other way..
As loving someone this way...
Will not ever make anyone understand..

Here I alone stand..
In the desert of all despair...
Waiting for you at the end of the rainbow..
Where all the leaves and flowers bow...
And we travel this world in pair...
Then, we shall only hope for one day..
When they come to understand...
There is nothing wrong to love this way....

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Eva Clara Harahap

Only If There Is No If.....

Only if there is no if...
I will jump so high, up to the cliff..
I will stop wondering for every if...
And I will be living in such a relief...

Knowing any mirror will not have two faces...
Then it will not hunting me down to my ashes...
I will not worry where all the tears gone...
Anyone should believe that part...
If all the if has gone...
It will never tear anyone apart...

I never feel sorry for the if...
As it is only an innocent wish for a desperate leaf...
I know now why the tree ignore it...
And the branch celebrate it...
When the leaf of if never grow...
You will be welcome by a better tommorow...
Dismiss all the possible sorrow...

I would never wish to have any if...
Even if i can choose to have an if...
Like the laughing frog who keep on wishing...
For a non-stop raining heavily pouring...
And forget the beauty of the spring....

If there is a shadow...
Never wish for the sun...
If there is clouds...
Never wish for the bright sky...
As life is what it is...

No sun could give a false shade...
As there is a reason for everything...
If you wish for an if....
Ask the mirror to change its reflection...
For Life will never grant an error...

If you really want to...

Life will show its way...
Even without an if...
You can still fly way..

Only If there is no if...
You will seize the day...
Embrace everything that comes your way...
For all is there to help you anyway....
Just remember to never wish for an If...
As it only mislead you to find the way...
That could wave all your sorrow away...

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Eva Clara Harahap

Repacking

Suara budaya itu seakan diam....

Diantara riak rimbun hantaman zaman....

Oh, kemana mereka semua wahai Punakawan....

Mati tergilas, hening terbungkam...

Budaya itu seperti penari jalanan....

Mengemis iba untuk membuat semua orang terpana...

Menari tanpa ada yang terkesan...

Bertumbuh tanpa ada yang menerima....

Kemana larinya budaya?

Mungkin masuk kedalam televisi di pagi buta....

Mungkin menjadi nada asing tanpa makna....

Mungkin masuk ke hati tanpa rasa....

Kemana bersembunyi budaya?

Mungkin dalam tunduk malu-malu sebuah bangsa....

Ketika merubah semua tatanan rakyat jelata....

Yang tak mengerti pentingnya budaya...

Ah Punakawan, sebaiknya memang kau bersembunyi....

Dalam kotak mainan rel kereta api....

Yang pasti bukan buatan dalam negri...

Agar kau tidak dibuang ke pinggir kali....

Buat apa budaya, ketika semua hal harus bisa dijual....

Selera bisa diatur, semua bisa di penggal....

Budaya tak lebih dari selera pasar yang dijagal....

Budaya itu barang langka tanpa ada penjual...

Semua orang merasa perlu membenahi budaya....

Tapi semua orang hanya pasrah tanpa daya...

Walau dikatakan budaya itu pribadi suatu bangsa...

Tetap saja kita semua lebih rela dimangsa....

Oh Punawakawan tak ada lagi yang percaya ceritamu...

Itu cerita kuno yang hanya membuat bosan....

Memang lebih baik kalian masuk kedalam kotak kayu...

Aman, tetap diam membungkam dan membisu...

Walau sejarah bangsa ini lama-lama menjadi abu...

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With So Much Love and Respect,

Eva Clara Harahap

PS. Upon the enjoyment of Gatot Indrajati painting over 'Repacking' a culture that currently won UOB Art Competition 2011. This painting won over a 2000 painting submissions during the whole art competition. I love Gatot Indrjati and he is a very promising painter of Indonesia.

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Eva Clara Harahap

Still I Am Sad

Still I am sad...
The rain will never stop falling...
At the dark of the dawn...
As i give my tears to the dark...

Still I am sad...
For no more walk in the spring..
I ask the stars to shine upon..
Oh shining star, tell me Not his way..
Or i will follow...

The memory of us..
Lay a golden egg..
Of a dying goose...
With a hope of flying...
Still in the amidst of dream...

Still I am sad....
We go separate way...
Your hands are fade away...
As it long gone before mine..

Oh the mighty mind...
Help me to forget...
Shall you not be in my universe? ..
Forgetting someone is like turning On....
The light in the backyard the whole night...
It is the light that make me remember...

Can my tears not fall into the dust...
As the dust can not hide my misery...
Do you know my sadness is the sea..
Can you see the depth of the sea? ...
Oh the wind is laughing with all their might...
They know I am still waiting.....

After the years gone by...
Still I am sad...
Not of you were failing me...

But of the memory we had..
As i am still the dying goose...
With a hope of flying...

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Eva Clara Harahap

The Arrogant Youth....

As you drawn yourself into a mirror..
Where all is still last...
The Arrogant Youth....
Are coming from the full of mouth...

You are no different...
With beggar on the street...
Live only by the mercy of others...
The same as your reflection in the mirror...

You are a damn fool..
For treating everyone else's as a tool...
To satisfy your ego sentris...
When you think no one take a notice...

I am not a juror..
But I can see an error....
From a bright shining mirror...
For living in such a masquerade...
Under a champion's shade...

But Who Am I to tell?
As I am no William Tell...
Who can shoot an apple fell..
Without any important duel...

Oh i leave the arrogance youth behind...
As it never take me to grow beyond the hind...
It is just an unimportant weed...
That disturb my flowers seed to breed...

I wish you finds the peace...
For everything could be a great solace....
For as long as the mirror stay aside...
To mislead you with its wrong shade...

All shall leave the arrogance youth...
When everything seemed so truth...
All the world will then be wonderful...

As everyone will live to its full..

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Eva Clara Harahap

The Autumn Sing

Here's the autumn sing...
A symphony from its falling leaf...
Catching the wind from a future winter...
Rolling through a shy light...

Oh autumn shall not die in winter...
As a promise summer will surely come...
Ah autumn is a second spring...
Not all could see, all leaf is flower...

Autumn warn a terrible winter phase...
No one listen, No one will hear it...
As it is only the sound of silence...
Who can hold an indefinite sound...?

No one embrace the autumn...
As it is only a sad phase...
It gives nothing but an autumn chill...
Spring always comes with a better glory...

Oh autumn with its broken feather...
Could other season patch it up again?
No other season will devote their being...
Autumn suffers alone...

Autumns leaf keep on falling...
Spring comes cheerfully...
Summer comes strongly...
Winter always comes coldly...
But autumn changes its face every time...

No one knows the differences...
Just the secret of the nature...
Why can't it'd be a spring?
Why can't it'd be summer?
Why can't it'd be winter?

Ah autumn dance again between all the falling leaf...
It enjoys its sadness...

It embraces its pain....
As only from autumn all painter learn...
How to capture a true hidden beauty...

All speaks the same in every season....
But autumn remain different.....
For autumn is an alone singer...
Only a genuinely soul painter could witness its beauty....
That's all the autumn need...
A silence audience....
Who can make other being see....
A glance of its beauty...

Eva Clara Harahap

The Blues Box

I do not dream anymore...

I do not wish anymore....

I dont even have any history of myself anymore....

I am alone without any ambition...

The time is as ugly as the turtle walk near me....

I am like an orphan in a married institution...

I am here making everything right for you....

For your name is now my name....

Oh love, should I blame love for every mistake of my life?

I am left unknown, making everything work....

I dont feel like living my life anymore....

My life ceases while you are the flag of our boat....

I do not have anymore life....

While you are playing the band of your life....

I am sick, completely sick of all my parts....

It is meaningless for my own desires....

All barricades comes alive, breathing and living....

Everyday is a waiting day for me....

I keep turning the wheel of fortune for you...

But i cant ask the turtle time of my life to start running...

I can not see the mirror everyday....

As now my despair have a face...

I can not be myself even for just a second....

As now my own will have bills to pay...

I am hurt, I perfectly hurt my own heart....

No one can hear my deepest crying....

For the band plays the music out loud...

Playing the happy tone everyone wanted to hear....

Nobody knows, I pour my dreams on the street....

I am tired, I am exhausted, like a dead bird....

I have a fatigue, of pretending to be happy....

Raising your flag above my head, but i am a way down here...

You have deprived me of all my dreams...

You have emptied all the words of mine....

Though, I was talented, so talented...

Before I knew love can do this much to all my dreams....

This love is killing me....

And I no longer can stop the wheel from turning...

Things will keep on rolling like the time flying....

I keep making everything right for your liking....

With all the glimpse of glory from your name...

I'll die alone with my dreams beautifully laying next to me...

Though, you will always see me standing strongly....

As I let you playing the music of your life, perfectly! ...

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With So Much Love and Respect,

Eva Clara Harahap

The Clown

How come you don't see a rose is still a rose...
Even when there is no petal rouse...
Even when there is no more thorn...
How come you don't believe on a flying unicorn...

Your curtain of doubts sealed my only sight...
Of seeing the dawn turned into morning...
I can't treat you gently because you are still alive...
Breathe lively like the charming twilight...

Yes, the curtain is about to drawn every day...
But we still have a flying goat with a violin...
Don't take that hope away...
That was never my ambition to be such a villain...

Please fight this clown for life, the life we both own...
It is growing inside you but it hurts me so deeply...
Takes every essence of life I ever endure...
Broke every leaf of my patience...

I am frightened when you are fading away...
When the light of your eyes disappear in my mind...
When the living hope suddenly turned deaf...
Oh my dear, rest if you must...
But please don't you quit, even in the midst of all broken wish...

The Clown is just a test...
How we can laugh over this one day...
All sadness and sickness is nothing but a bad dream...
A dream that we will wake up one day...
It just a test, nothing but a test...

One fine day, one beautiful day...
You'll see even if a rose doesn't have any petal...
Even when all thorn had gone away...
It is still a rose...
For the fragrance that makes a rose, a rose...

Dedicated to Lady Maggie Smith – my favorite actress who suffered from Breast

Cancer.

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Eva Clara Harahap

The Final Word

Finally the final words are out...
You'll never understand what it is all about...
The leaf patience of mine had burnout...
For every little untruth you had been hideout....

I guess you never really know me....
I paid attention even to the smallest bee...
If they ever try to sting you...
For once, my world only evolves around you...

If you think I am blind....
Then I wouldn't see the thorn between the lines....
I guess I caught you every single time...
That you lied, to make me find another crime....

I am not going to fall apart anymore...
This game is season out of the time...
I still can leave you behind at anytime....
Though without you, it'll be so lonesome....

I don't want to cultivate anger...
Don't you know anger is one letter short to danger? ...
I'd rather keep the burning flame inside...
And smiling, to give you a happy ending on the outside....

But you are no longer part of my existence...
For I could no longer live with such pretence...
Don't give me anymore of your sweet defense....
It is nothing but a diplomatic sentence...

Now I am sending out the final word...
Full of patience to get rid of all misunderstood...
Someday, somewhere you'll understand about it....
Though I will not be a part of it...

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Eva Clara Harahap

The Last Sound Of Root

The nature heard the lost sound...
Fading away like a rose petal...
Screaming out loud...
Destruction to any being...

It is not a sound...
What is a sound, if no one hears it...
It is a picture of a forgotten root...
It holds a strong tree but it stays down below...

What a waste of strength...
Then, what is strength, if no one needs it...
As winds can blow without it...
And light can travel without it...

Any spark does not care of it...
Any light being knows how to light...
Neither with strength nor with sounds...
It is nothing compare to the bright being...

Ah roots roar again in anger...
It never realizes the nature law...
Root can only stay down below...
It is its place...
To be unheard, to be unnoticed...

The nature knows...
The sound of roots shall be lost...
As it is only a slave to the strongest...
Poor Alas Root! It dies unknown...

Once a root remains a root...
No one can change it...
As nature choose its favor...
To preserve what best to the bright being...

Roots will remain silence...
As with a sound, it is still nothing...
As with sound, it is meaningless...

Ah Root! It shall dismiss thee...

No one will hear it...

Who can hear a root, if the tree can sing louder? ...

Eva Clara Harahap

The Memory Of Us....

The sun get angry again...
The rain comes without His permission...
The clouds carry all the water from the sea...
The wind push it all to happen...

There I was, listening to every bit of the rain...
A symphony of a dying dropp of water...
Broke into pieces, even before it hit the ground...
At least it is free from the clouds...

I wish the friendship unlike the rain...
Broken into pieces before the end of time...
I wanted it to be so perfect, you'll see....
A friendship that never my own in the first place...
For the clouds block all the good fortune...
And the rain destroy all the good will...

There is a time when nothing could be forgiven...
There is a moment when everything is remembered...
There is a second when the lunar can no longer smile...
And the bright star pointed to a different way...

If you are on your own...
I wish you will have enough to hang on...
For the memory is the only place I linger on...
Everything else just cant go on....

When your day fill with sorrow...
I certainly wish you for a better tommorow...
When your day fill with laughter...
Then, i will wish for nothing better....

'Take comfort in your friend' will never belong to us again...
For the word 'friend' seal the truth...
Like the truth of rain were hidden by the clouds..
When it is busy carrying the sea water...

You are still part of me...
Though the memory of us will cuts so deep...

We did shared all the joy...
When the path of life is still crossing in the middle..

Though we walked apart in this life...
All the promises will be left unbroken...
We had a moment, though just a moment....
It last beyond any wild dream....

I will miss the tears...
I will miss the laughters...
I will miss everything that follow after...
Sometimes I wish I could still be with you...

But I can not promise that now...
The same reason as the sun can not always shine everyday...
As the rain also have its own time to color the world...
For everything in life there is always a season...

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Eva Clara Harahap

The New Life Of Us....

I wish courage is a sweet candy...
The sweet you will like...
The things I can buy everywhere...
Not the fear you have to confront..
Not the doubt you have within...

I am here begging you to look inside...
For there is a lot of courage there...
That you've tried to put aside...
Every time there is no flare...
That brings hope to your side...

I wish I could convince you...
There is life in every movement...
There is power in every change...
There is joy in every sadness....
And there is courage in every fear...

I wish I could tell you...
All courage starting from within..
To let go of certainties...
And begin to wander on the impossibility...
That brings courage to live...

I wish I could embrace your trembling heart...
With fire from an eternal courage...
It will make all your weary nights fade away...
The best way out is always through the line of this fire...

I wish I could hold your hands...
Put it gently in mine....
And whisper to you for one more time...
Hope is the language understood by the hurting heart...
Hope shines brighter than the brightest star during the darkest night...

To take a hand and hold on tight to your hope and courage...
It is the beginning of a healing...
Trust your heart is much stronger than any steel...
And may the healing power be the flowers of your garden...

And Hope be the corona of the sun...
That shine upon to welcome a new morning of your life...

My dear friend, be friend with your fear...
Let the fear guide you to find your own courage...
The time to start is now...
The place to start is here...
When life challenge you the most....

May hope cast its special light upon your path...
Bless everything you touch in every moment....
And courage stand beside you all the time...
With its sweet flavor like a candy in a store...

And I simply shed tears for one times more....
For our victory will be waiting at the front door...
New life will be waiting for us like a beautiful seashore....
And my dear friend, it'll be something about you I adore....

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Eva Clara Harahap

The Road Of Your Life...

We finally see the end of the rainbow...
When all the flowers bow...
There you are smiling with victory...
While We are still blinded by the common history...

Ah, Sir! Our heart goes out to you...
For the bright future under the shade of blooming jasmine...
The spring dance will come in no time...
The leaf will still be broken in the fall...

May The scent of your thought...
Will be the lunar of winter time...
And May the flower of Your kindness...
Will bring the summer near...

The scars will be painless over time...
The golden memory will soon fade away...
Nothing remains forever anyway...
But the traces of your wisdom...

For all this time...
We still talk about networking...
And you say all about connection...
We think of applications...
And you say all about integration...

We manage all the Data...
And you tell us about the Information...
We are all concern about Risk...
And you tell us the opportunity...
We proudly say Knowledge...
And you say all about Wisdom...

Those time when we argue...
Getting on feud without any clue..
Standing on a broken hope to be bold...
We may not see the invisible gold...

We finally understood...

Alas, Sir! Two roads diverged in the wood..
You always choose the one less traveled by...
And that's makes all the difference...

Now the time is finally arrive...
We've seen the road of your life...
The horizon line is now invisible...
The universe is like the line on your palm...
And the evening sea rise with its calm....

If Someday...
We'll meet you again across the universe...
We may not remember all the darkness...
We may not remember all the goodness...
For the memory has its own space...

But when we see two roads diverged in the wood...
You make us see the road less traveled by...
And we are no longer belong to the common history...
May it only brings all of us the eternal victory...

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Eva Clara Harahap

The Terminal Of Love

Just for a moment we stood there.....

In front of us is the terminal of our love....

I was walking towards you....

And you are running with all the desires in mine....

You stare at me with a worry look....

But you are ready to leave, as I am, too....

For a moment the time stops running....

To let us glance at each other eyes....

Just for a moment.....

Existed the story of our hearts.....

Just for a short existence...

You marked my heart so deeply....

I was drawn on your scent when you were near me.....

I saw you again with your confidence face....

I heard your beautiful chant from a distance....

Or was that the clouds of my happiness? ...

As I saw you for the last time....

I began to ask, was it really you? ...

Or was that a luminous sunbeam..

That lights the dark of my life?

When you came closer to me....

My mind began to wonder, was that really you?

Or was that the monsoon of my dreams? ...

That makes all my worry disappear? ...

I begin to ask deeply in my heart....

Was it really you? or did I found...

A beautiful new world of mine?

That makes live worth living? ...

I do everything to make the train going....

I expanded the railways of my affections, and so do you....

Finally the train of our dreams made a stop...

I let you went away and I went mine....

You glanced at me for one more time....

I was sitting by the window looking outside...

Was that you again? Or just a fragrant wind? ...

The wind that disobey me to dry my tears? ...

I screamed loudly in my heart, my eyes search you again.....

Was that you? Or why were the colors everywhere? ...

Was that you? Or were those just a shining pathways? ...

Was that you? Or why were those songs echoing in the sky? ...

I sat silently with the breeze on my shoulders...

Who are you? are you my destiny? ...

Do you live in my mind? Or there were magic in the air? ...

Who are you again? Are you the other half of me? ...

Nevertheless, though it is hard, I said goodbye strongly....

Not even a piece of my wind can go near you....

Not even a feather of my longing can fly around you...

My lips are sealed as tight as my heart....

The train of our dreams had reached its last terminal....

I gave the last look at the farewell platform....

I only see you as a shadow of my yesterday....

As we go to a different way....

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With So Much Love and Respect,

Eva Clara Harahap

PS. Trust between friends are like a root for every tree, once it is broken the tree will die - by EvaC

Eva Clara Harahap

The Truth Within...

You really see right through my soul....

You've seen all of me....

You know of all the times I've learned....

I find with you the truth within...

It takes sometimes, many times....

But now I can see it....

That your love is everywhere....

Through all my day....

I fall into sorrow and grief...

The other always try to take me away....

I know there's never a day without You...

It is the light in my heart....

I know before He takes me in....

Through the darkest of all....

He grow the great person inside me....

Be with Him, is the peacefull time of mine....

I fall everyday.....

You raise me everyday....

You make me find a way....

All the nights, All the moments....

You always light my way....

Fought with me when I was all alone....

I stumbled on my way, but You are there....

You always know me so well, always find me...

When I am in the moment of a real despair....

He gives me the dream....

When I pray I feel all of His affections....

Please hold my hands forever....

I am no one, but I am someone when He is near....

He is the truth within me....

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Much Love and Respect,

Eva Clara Harahap

Eva Clara Harahap

Trust

What is there lay in a deepest valley....
Is it a leaf?
Is it a dead wood? ...
It is trust lay there, with all its gloom...
Since when trust can sing a happy tune?

Trust just lost its instinct...
Here comes to destroy any hope...
Oh Trust, Fear Not...
As time is unfriendly...
As the dark appears suddenly...

What is there crawling?
A caterpillar with an absence trust....
Never know they will be a beautiful butterfly...
As they've only seen the present....
Nor they could wait for what the future may bring...
Alas! The caterpillar dies to be one...

Life in torment...
As you put trust aside...
Choose common sense...
Then, you shall be common...
Like the caterpillar inside the cocoon...
Nobody will remember it...
Once they saw a beautiful butterfly...

Life will move on....
Trust will hide its face inside all darkness...
Only strong hearts can reveal it....
Trust will appear with ugliness...
As from ugliness comes wisdom...
Then, wisdom will reach eternity....
At the end, All will leads to legends...

No legends will ever die....
As Legend is the only end of Trust...
Be friend with Trust...
You shall not regret...

Eva Clara Harahap

Who Am I?

Who Am I? ...
Am I a stone? ...
Only the still water flow over me...
Am I a little rose? ...
Only thorn miss me...

I want to be the Sun..
How can I shine? ...
He didnt tell me....
As it supposed to be...

I want to be the wind...
Crawling hurriedly among the trees...
She hide from me...
Fear of my question of being....

Rush, rush shriek the bee...
As he is quiet busy...
Bringing honey to life...
He too ignores me...

I sit with a peacock...
Beautiful by its nature...
She remain silence...
As she know not her destiny...

I left with nobody..
As I am nobody...
Then, i shall find me...
Not in a rose's thorn..
Not in a hurried wind...
Not in a shrieking bee..

I shall find me in me...
It suffers me...
It even put my soul cry...
But I am not like anybody...
Just me, and no other...

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Eva Clara Harahap

You Shall Not Come In The Fall.....

If you shall be reading this somewhere in time
You shall penetrate to my soul..
You shall dive into my heart...
You shall, you shall, you shall...
Mistaken me NOT with someone else....

I am different...
I am solitude complete...
I am not the messenger...
I am the MESSAGE...

Shall you belittle me...
Shall you not listen to me...
Shall you ignore me...
I will always be walking...
NOT in someone else's path...
But on my own path, my silken beaded road....

Did you see not?
You grave me with your wish..
Burry me in a fictional life...
Oh, my funeral day will arrive...
But, I see you are still convincing life...

Still, I cast away...
As I never listen to me...
Swallowing my own doubts in a lullaby..
Then, you came by and hook me in a ride...

Still, I talk to you...
With my eyes closed...
With a mute heart..
With a deaf soul....
And a dead spirit..

Oh You, If I shall not meet you...
Then, life will be full of white blooming jasmine...
Laughing daffodils will kiss my soul....
I shall laugh with them, dance with them...

I shall not craft my own grave...
With word from a mysterious soul....

But, memory are an echo in disguise..
It only needs a dark hollow room to reappear...
Reappear to torture me...
Haunting me, taunting me...
Destroy me, trapping me....

Shall I talk decent now?
As your voice is as soft as an angel voice..
Luring me from reality...
Escaping me from me...
I dare not say...
I am the soul mistakenly understood....

Oh dear me, my life is wasted...
Down on the knee of all majorities..
Oh life, oh life, take me now...
As I no longer can live...
As I no longer can breathe...

I left with nothing...
As I am nothing...
You, you laugh with the charming wind...
You, you dance with a handsome storm...

I am here, holding nothing but a rotten root...
Playing sadly with the crying valley...
Holding tears as the mountain dew...
As it roughly took me away...
A way into the dark of a foreign thunder...

I am in the dark now...
Life betrays my trust...
Hope destroys my wish...
Angels, oh they came to rest...
Once they saw me...

I talk again to you...
Asking for hope to return home...
Asking for kindness to appear...

But All you did, All you did...
Was taking me to the dark hollow room...
Where echo sit there...
Smiling with a glee....

As now I lay breathless..
You shall not come in the fall...
The fall of my time in the sun...
Still you come to enchant my nightmare...
Still you speak the truth of how my life should be...

You are..
Looking innocently at my disgrace...
Happy, you can lure me from my traits..
Smiling with victory to this witty fool...

You know where I will go....
As a punishment of neglecting my triumph...
To the other dark and empty place...
I can no longer asking for more time to be me...
I have wasted my life...
You go to other life, luring them, destroying them...

BUT, this time..
I will not give you a chance...
As now you are holding my message...
So does the other and the thousands others and the millions others...

Still, I lay here breathlessly...
But my message is immortal....
As I AM IMMORTAL...
In the spirit that echoes endlessly...
Through all tunnels of time...

A reminder to every soul..
To not waste time to be somebody else....
To not give up on you're destine life....
To live a life of your dream...
Or Regret will come with you in the fall....

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Eva Clara Harahap

You'll Remember Me..

You'll remember me when the breeze touch your face..
Upon a high morning with a smiling cloud..
I'll remember you under the sun in his jealous sky...
As we walk in the park of glory..

I laugh at the memory..
When the world seemed so small...
When the distance seemed so near...
When nothing can beat us...

You are the one who make everything possible..
You are the magic without a wand..
You are the light at the end of my dark tunnel..
You touch my life and others...
in a way that no one can..

I wish there is a field of gold..
Where i can watch you under the light of the sun..
Where i can ask the moon to shower you with his dim light..
Where i can persuade the nightingale to sing to your heart..

Have you had any idea, just seeing you is enough for me..
I never made promises lightly..
And there have been some that i've broken...
But i never promise to leave you alone...
Though, you asked me to leave you alone...

I will do that this time...
I will watch you from a distance...
I will ask the nagging bugs to be quiet..
I will drag the breeze to comfort you..
I will asked the jealous sun to shine your way...

I will do anything for your solitude complete...
I support every comfort your require...
I pray for you...
I sacrifice everything for you...

I am just lying here...

Crying deep in my sleep..
Sleeping in the bed of roses..
All the thorns will be my pillow...
All the angry stars will be my ceilings...
And all the demons color my dream...

I wish you know..
It is hard to love someone that much..
Someday you'll remember...
It is love that make me agree..
When you asked me to leave you alone...

Eva Clara Harahap