

Poetry Series

**meitha soekotjo**  
**- poems -**

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## meitha soekotjo(May 10,1973)

I am a poetry from God's love and my parents's love, so maybe that's why I am in here, with my poetry, even without any planning in doing so.

# A Theory

This is my theory, a theory about you for this moment.

That you are now becoming a Japanese, in this moment.

What I mean by "in this moment" is the time, since you found yourself almost die, yes that moment.

I guess, that was the moment when you opened your eyes after that turbulent moment.

Then voila, you became a Japanese, since that time until this moment.

It might be going on, until you realize it in a moment.

And talk to yourself, "Who am I?", and "Who is this Japanese man that use my name, my moment/s?"

And "Stop it!" plus "I need my American guy and my American way of thinking moments!"

Wait, "I might not that American, American guy, but I am sure I was more American than Japanese in moments!"

Wait, "I know I am not in America but in Japan, I am aware of my location, still I have no at all of Samurai moment!"

Wait, by the way, let me think straightly, that, I know you are American guy who having Japan as moments.

Wait, did I say clearly, if I might never love Japanese man but American man for spending moments?

I might be wrong, well who knows if someday I fall in love with a Samurai, it must be a moment.

Now, let's go back with this moment.

Not that moment when you started doing an idea to be a Japanese moment.

This moment for being just you, the one that I love and I wish for to love for more and longer moments.

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## A Theory - 2

I found in just couple minutes ago, my American guy is coming back.  
He just appeared and said, here I am, Love, I am back!  
He opened his arms for his American way of thinking, back.  
Guess, he has put the Samurai's sword which was never his, to its place back.

I had his appearance, the appearance of my American guy, in silent.  
No words could describe my feeling! I'd prefer to be silent.  
Quiet from words, but not from good feeling, I was in gracious silent.  
It was so gracious, made my heart cry out with joy, over joy of the silent.

He gave me a song, a song of how was his turbulent time.  
A song that sang how great was our Savior at that time.  
A song which is like a painting, with colors and drawing of that a bitter past time.  
A song which me and my American man enjoy now for a couple time.

He is back, stand and embrace those all he knew and he always knows.  
He is back, and love me as he used to be, as like he knows.  
Well honestly, now I like better the way he loves.  
What could be better than having man's love plus God's love at the same time..?  
Abundant loves!

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# Anyway

Like a infant,  
we are vulnerable  
we do need each other's care  
and  
we will suffer  
anyway

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# Beyond

What could be worse than being far away from your home town...?

What could be worse than being alone with a stranger in a new town...?

What could be worse than falling in love with someone far from your town...?

What could be worse than just falling in love again and again with someone out from your town..?

I'd rather be far away from my home town than hoping I was in somewhere else.

I'd rather be alone and just alone because I know I won't be that alone but always with Someone else.

I'd rather fall in love for love and not for the location reason or else.

I'd rather and I am in love again and again and...again with that one and not somebody else.

It was not me who arranged things to work out, it was not you.

It was not we who asked for things to be done, it was not me or you.

It was not anybody's order for any situation here in now, it was really not you.

It was always and nobody else but Him but You.

I wish things will work out, blessed by His will and done.

I wish all will be as an happy ending love story movie that hits in our town.

I wish I could accept things if it's not done.

Anyway, I believe no matter what, He won't let us down.

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# Calls

uhuuk...uhuukk...  
the morning just arrived  
it's 01.52 in Bandung.

uhhukk..uhuuk..  
some calls came to take  
from my cyber things  
uploaded some things  
reviewed them  
and launched in an hour

another calls came to fulfilled  
bed  
and tomorrow things

uhuuk..uhuuuk...  
it's 02.56 Bandung's time  
a little waved for two cute creatures  
found reality inside the blanket  
all in blur sight  
welcome to the blind zone  
silent

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## Easy Love (Villanelle)

I love how You love me, faithfully,  
even when things were too exhausted to be explained,  
You show Your love in lots of ways, unlimitedly.

I have been lost and been found again, miraculously,  
without having any shame that could be blamed,  
I love how You love me, faithfully.

I know that, You love not only me that deeply,  
even so, some jealousy still have been made  
You always show Your love in lots of ways, unlimitedly.

There're often things ruining Your day, badly,  
Not that bad enough to decrease the love that You've shared  
So no wonder if, I love how You love me, faithfully.

Nothing could doubt You to love in unconditionally,  
For the love that have been given in return to You, all were made by conditioned,

You show Your love in lots of ways. Unlimitedly.

No other but You are the most highest of everything in this world or Heavenly,  
Still the only One who would love us as all Your beloved,  
It's easy to say: "I love how You love me, faithfully".  
Because, You show Your love in lots of ways, so unlimitedly.

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# Eyes

At some point we could see things  
That we are not expecting to see

At some point we might see things  
That we are so wondering to see

Eyes could give any sight that will be  
But eyes could take some of sight  
As they please

When we are in the middle of something or nothing  
Eyes will tell us what to do  
Even just for a cry

See and see won't be a problem to the eyes  
It won't be a problem for the sight too  
Even there are no eyes  
There will be still "eyes"

When the day starts  
The sight was already seen  
Even before the day starts

In the un-open  
In the dark  
In the tide  
In the black out  
In the dirt

Words could be a cover  
Thou there's still the sight

See what you see  
Sometimes are too much  
Sometimes are too a view

Wondering what things in behind  
Wondering what things in the future

See and see  
What might be seen

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# First

It was getting darker  
It had breeze  
It felt soft  
But the Sunset brought it shine

Yes it was a beach in Rayong  
With grey sky  
With the seawind  
And the big Sunset ball on the center

It was not the first time  
It might be the third or fourth  
It was  
But with first smile...on my face

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# Flowers - For Their Glare (Villanelle)

They are uniquely there  
With their differences in flare  
All are giving love and asking care

I sometimes have no dare  
To pick them out from their pair  
They are just so uniquely there

Red or blue, all are beautifully bare  
Big or small, all are so lovely fair  
All are giving love and asking care

Someone would be so care  
If he brings them in a handy harmless snare  
And they are remain uniquely there

I remember, one day I was that dare  
By giving on her birthday that flare  
Guess all of us are giving love and asking care

For some of us could be so care  
And some of us could be so fair  
That might be why they are uniquely there  
And all of us are giving love and asking care.

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# Get In The Crowd

Once there was a moment for one girl to be curious about herself.  
The moment happened for one time in one moment of her life.  
After and before the moment ended, she needs to find herself ways to figure out herself.

Figuring out herself needs more than one moment.  
Figuring out herself needs more than one way.  
Figuring out herself needs more than one time to try.  
The long way of curiosity.  
The long way moment.  
The long way in trying.

Once there was a moment for one boy to be curious about himself.  
The moment happen for the whole his life.  
With or without come to his way from figuring out.  
Even so, he needs more than one moment, one way and one try to fulfill the curiosity.  
As the same as the girl.

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# Heart

Tell me what you see that makes you in tears  
Tell me what you feel that makes you happy  
Tell me what you sense that makes you arouse

Is that love..?  
Is that hate..?  
Is that hope..?

Tell me how to make you smile  
Tell me how to make you strong  
Tell me how to make you alive

I hope that's my smile  
I hope that's my faith  
I hope that's my life

Tell me to be stronger for you  
Tell me to be more alive for you  
Tell me to be happier for you  
....heart

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# Here

stand  
sit  
walk  
run  
jump  
around  
with or with out being seen

talk  
smile  
laugh  
cry  
shout  
around  
with or with out being heard

attracting  
un attracting  
interesting  
un interesting  
suffering  
amusing  
with or with out any feeling

now  
later  
ever  
never  
maybe  
all are so temporary

with or with out all that temporary  
i'm here when ever you see  
like i see you when ever i see

in all this temporary  
i won't be here for just be here  
since i don't want you be here for just be here

not in temporary  
but be here  
in my sight in your sight  
for real

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# How

Everyday there's..

.. a must for something to be happened.

.. a time to be passed.

.. a routine goes on and on.

.. a new foot step made.

.. a hand reaching out.

.. a thing to be thought.

and..

.. a moment..when i find, you.

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# In

sit still  
no any movement

feel it  
dream it  
not in sleep

see it  
touch it  
move in it  
with no any warning

deep  
and  
in  
so  
mine

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# It

When i was a little, i knew they were so beautiful..with colors and shapes that could not be replaced by anything.

No matter what i did, they were always there entertaining my time and day.

In their unseen moves, they became bigger or larger or older or no more exist.

Some of them stayed and still staying.

If there is a must for me to have some witness, the witness must be them.

I wonder if i really remember them by each.

I just remember the sense of how beautiful they are but doubtly could remember them.

Wish i was beautiful for them and still.

So they would remember me.

Love must be so big so there noone could measure it.

Life must be so big so there noone could measure it.

Colors and shape are always there as love and life for each other.

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# Kesetiaan..

Berat rasanya menghadapi perasaan yang merasa terkhiatati..  
Mungkin karena sebelumnya harapan akan kesetiaan begitu besar.

Laki-laki atau perempuan, sama saja...tidak akan ada yang mau dikhiatati oleh siapapun, terutama oleh pasangannya.

Kesetiaan sangat diharapkan dan pengkhianatan sangat ditolak.

Namun cerita tentang pelanggaran akan kesetiaan sangat sering terjadi.

Apa apa dengan kesetiaan?

Apakah begitu sulitnya menjaga kesetiaan?

Apakah kesetiaan tidak menjadi sesuatu yang patut dipertahankan?

Begitu banyak bumbu dalam cerita pelanggaran kesetiaan..

Bisa, karena pekerjaan..

karena kebosanan..

karena materi..uang..kekayaan..

karena rasa yang menggoda untuk melakukannya..

karena orang tua..juga bisa..

karena pasangan tidak subur..

karena pasangan tidak mengharapkan anak..

karena agama..

karena pihak ketiga yang lebih cantik atau lebih ganteng..

karena tidak tahan lagi dengan kekerasan yang didapat dari pasangan..

karena..

karena..

Semua 'karena' itu lah yang mampu memunculkan pelanggaran terhadap kesetiaan.

Membaca kata pelanggaran, mungkin terasa tidak pantas untuk 'karena tidak tahan lagi dengan kekerasan yang didapat dari pasangan..'

Namun, tetap menjadi pertanyaan..

Apa apa dengan kesetiaan?

Apakah begitu sulitnya menjaga kesetiaan?

Apakah kesetiaan tidak menjadi sesuatu yang patut dipertahankan?

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## Luv (Villanelle)

He loves me since he was 3 months old,  
those big rounded eyes just told me so,  
pumps my heart until now almost 10 years old.

How someone could forget a puppy on his 3 months old..?  
a cute attractive active figure for a puppy as people know,  
who loves me since he was 3 months old.

A Zorro is his name, and Luv as he's called,  
he accompanies me for the high and the low,  
pumps my heart until now almost 10 years old.

Sometimes I see him as someone who is old,  
like my grandpa or my pa, those old people who I know,  
he loves me since he was 3 months old.

And another time, I see him as my beloved Lord,  
not in appearance but from the love that he shows,  
pumps my heart until now almost 10 years old.

Still I treat him as my forever baby boy thou,  
How could I not treat him so..?  
He loves me since he was 3 months old.  
And still pumps my heart until now almost 10 years old.

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# Minds - What Words Can Say (Villanelle)

Could you see the beauty of yours, minds..?

I wish, you are aware enough of it or you just saying: "I could not",  
maybe, you are too beautiful to be explained by words.

Frankly, I couldn't stop thinking of how complex you are, as always,  
and I couldn't stop wondering of how incomparable each of you, just could not,  
could you see the beauty of yours, minds..?

You're amazed me with your kindness, sometimes,  
then, you're so terrible to another minds that have good spirited!  
Maybe, you are too beautiful to be explained by words.

Lots of damages have occurred because of you, minds!  
and some smiles have bloomed because of you also, lots of it!  
Could you really see the beauty of yours, minds..?

How could you choose a living as such some tyranny, with that ugly, smelly and  
full of dirt kicks? !  
while, another yours are choosing another beautiful and peaceful living and that's  
it;  
Maybe, you are too beautiful to be explained by words.

Hopefully, all those damages and suffering could be soon ended, gone, finished,  
and all are covered by the glorious and wonderful things, by all means of it!  
Still could you see the beauty of yours, minds..?  
Or maybe, you are too beautiful to be explained by words.

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# Miracles

It was not easy  
All suddenly so messy  
Nothing warned me to be easy  
All so suddenly unconditionally made me so uneasy

Uneasy to choose  
Because there were no option  
Felt so close to the destination  
But felt so keep out from it too

All were so unpredictable  
Until I met faces  
Faces with words of hope  
Faces with words of ways

And ways out  
Ways to it  
Came  
Over and over

So many coincidences  
So many unlinguistic verbs  
Guided me to the destination  
In unexplanation words

Brought me to it  
Put me in to it  
Made me stay long enough  
And tried to realize what has happened and how all could be happened

All I see just some lights  
All I feel just some soft touches  
Feel my eyes  
Feel my sense

Great, yes so great  
Even some are look so small  
They could fill me full  
And I am becoming melting everytime looking to the bigger one

Miracle

No, Miracles

You can not avoid it

Not even for one time

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# Move

My legs moved  
They didn't want to stop  
As my heart  
She was so eager to beat, so hard

I didn't know  
What to feel  
What to think  
Or to do

Just moved  
Moved  
And followed my heart  
Directed by my legs

They brought me  
Met people  
With looks and sense  
Which all became good pictures to my heart

She looked and sensed  
Adjust the feeling  
Adjust the winner  
Adjust the time

I had no choice  
Not at all  
Just followed  
And followed

Moved  
And moved  
Brought me to some places  
Left them some memories

Guess, I have no time to stop  
Not even now  
When I'm home  
When I'm arrived

Will I stop someday..?  
Will I let myself stop..?  
Or will my heart want to stop and stay..?  
And stop my legs from moving..?

I can't make a promise  
Even to myself  
Even everything is possible  
Even I know I can push myself – I won't

Wishing of some good hope  
Is what I can say now  
Not about moving or stop  
Just good hope of what will be

Move  
Or stop  
Only because of my heart and legs  
Telling so

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# My Special One

He sometimes reminds me of my father.  
I mean a father figure, since I have short memory of my father.  
Well, he is more like my grandfather.  
A figure of someone who I saw as a father.

Like, he looks around for finding me seriously.  
Intentionally.  
Curiously.  
Until he finds my look or again looking around, continuously

I would be worried for knowing how serious,  
Curious,  
with ingenious  
Or his effort will be continues.

So, I will run to him  
Stopping him  
Cuddling him  
And asking his apology by kissing him

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# Or

Who need a baby?  
When we can have a puppy

Instead of having a baby  
I would love to have more than 1 puppy

Why not puppy?  
Why must baby?

Ok, you have baby  
And I have puppy

Let see who could be happy  
You with the baby or me with the puppy

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# Silence

Today come after yesterday,  
the day that you were here,  
as today.

Yesterday finished before today,  
when you are here,  
as yesterday.

In silence we were..  
In silence we are..

Love can never be so silence.  
Love is too silence to be listened and too be loud to be spoke.  
As we were..  
As we are..  
...in the silence and in the loud of our love.

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# Song

With some words  
it would be created  
thou with the simple ones  
go along  
to the rhythm

With some moods  
it would be created  
thou with the sad one  
or the big shout  
and somehow still with the rhythm

could make you see someone else's world  
and being inspired  
and being flowed  
and being woken up

After all it just some beats of the heart

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# Stop It!

We have lost so many lost  
Yet, some of us don't get it  
How some of us have enough of it!  
Still, some of us plan for another lost  
Can you get it..?  
Can you just get it, that we have enough of it..? !  
Would you, some of us, please stop it...

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# Things

Things seem so a lot  
with many things in one  
every thing hand in hand  
so dependently  
make them look like one

across it there are another  
so dependently one  
with so many things inside  
another one look like one

there are more than two  
across one another  
each look like one

so, there are things in a lot  
from outside  
from inside  
there is no a view or a little

as you or me  
always is a lot  
of you and me

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# Trap

Can not live without  
Can not say no  
Can not let go  
Can not without

There are o force  
There are no knife touching the neck  
There are no situations against the consciousness

But there are

And welcoming  
And greeting  
And salutation  
As approval

From that time

There are always  
There are be with  
There are together

And  
Can not live without  
Can not say no  
Can not let go  
Can not without

You...technologies in all hands.

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## With In (Villanelle)

Once upon a time, love called me,  
he called me tenderly,  
as the breeze on the beach, amusing me.

I still remember how it blinded me,  
until one day, all were stop, frozenly,  
once upon a time, love called me.

It was not time that woke up me,  
but the Higher love who cured me wonderfully,  
as the breeze on the beach, amusing me.

Relaxing and fixing all of me,  
no blame, no shame, so lovely;  
Once upon a time, love called me.

Again in that tender way to me,  
with all the same look and feeling amazed differently,  
as the breeze on the beach, amusing me.

He was my old love having the Higher love with in him, to me;  
So now, the Higher love with in us, deeply.  
Once upon a time, love called me,  
and as the breeze on the beach, it is amusing me.

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# You

I said, "I don't know but I will"

Now, I realize  
I don't know how could I say that  
I don't know how it could come true  
I don't know how I let it happened

Was there any my effort on it..?  
How was it..?

Now, I realize  
How it was so arrogant  
How it was sound so strong  
How it was a good statement from a big liar

And how thankful I am now  
To you God  
Yes to you God  
Only you God

For took my hands in your hands  
For not let me fall by little stones  
For helped me out from big wall  
For having this experience in seeing, "Yes I will"

For turning out the arrogant statement to the real meaning that I wanted to be  
For giving the real strong meaning to the statement, that "Because of You, God, I will"  
For not making me one of a big liar  
For making me realize how great You are that could make me feel great too  
inside of You

So thankful I am  
Oh God  
So thankful  
Of You

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