

Poetry Series

George Sicillia
- poems -

Publication Date:
2008

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

George Sicillia(1978-present)

I have has dream to be a beacon glint in life,
but if could only allowed to be a sparkling beam in sombre glum..
I complacent!
()

3rd Of September

3rd of September

I wanna go home

Bring a bouquet of rose

Put on your gravestone

As a sign of love

3rd of September

Day when God sent you to this earth

Day when you are dying, then

God take you back to His embrace

Declare that you belong to Him

3rd of September

I thanking God for having you a while in my life

Whose teaches me what love is

Coz love never die

In a heart of our

3rd of September

I wanna go home

Bring a bouquet of rose

Put on your gravestone

As a sign of love

Jakarta, 3 September 2008

George Sicillia

A Frozen Heart

A tiny frozen heart
Comes to beat again
Since you were here

-

Jakarta, 080414

George Sicillia

About Him

He greets as beautiful as a morning dew
deliriously and mysterious
He is a brightest star in the night sky
always there but never comes into my hand

Jakarta,080410

George Sicillia

April Mop (Fool's April)

I wish all that happened to me today is April mop, but it isn't
It's even not half day yet in this first of April, but so much trouble i face
Spent few minutes to walk around and try to found something better
But all seems foolish in this fool's-day.

What could i expect now?
Would i said that everything alright with me now? am not a liar
For a while can't hear song of my soul, not even it's echoes.
Now i just try hard to get my joy, nobody allowed to steal it from me.

Lovely me... how would you divert this circumstance?
Ok, I'll not crying! no moan.. no anger.. no complain.. no bitter..
I'll continue my life and count my blesses
I think there are many things to thanking for

This is fool-day but also God's day
Am not alright but under His control
Maybe there still a lot of that i need to throw away from my life
I hold it too tight so far, that's why i just stupefied

-

(it's not a poem at all, just a scratch)

George Sicillia

Ash Wednesday

I put my finger on ashcan

From ash to ash

I made cross-sign on my forehead

Here is the surrender soul

Count nothing till You save it

Lord of my soul

I am Yours

Jakarta,080214

George Sicillia

Bakung Putih

Di penghujung suatu masa sedih

Bakung putih berbunga di sepanjang jalanku

Aku terpesona oleh indahnya

Untukkukah?

Di suatu masa yang lain

Kemarau panjang dan musim kering datang

Pohon merangas dan bunga menguncup

Aku sibuk dengan letihku

Dalam sepi 'ku ingin berlari

Pada rimba dan musik alam

Dalam kerasnya musim

Mengakar dalam, agar kelak tumbuh ke atas

Kini tetes hujan mulai menyapa

Kulihat bakung putih mulai berbunga

Teringat harapan yang dulu ada

Ia datang, pergi, tapi pasti datang lagi

Easter

Early dawn that morn when women in silence came to the tomb

And found the stone rolled away there

Stand two men in dazzling apparel and said Jesus not there to them

They remembered Jesus said He is risen in the third day

Enhancing with tremendous happiness they are going to tell that truth

Reign is the Lord and they would never be the same again

Jakarta,080306

George Sicillia

Fainthearted

Ups.. It's not about you! It's all about me, honey!

Coz I know my heart would be broken if I go there

Coz I can not stand on that side like I want

Melting the rock of me!

Do not look at me like that

You know Spiderman would not save you

And just like Sandman said,

"Not bad-man, just bad-luck"

Promise you teaching a new song of happiness

And say how much I love you thousand times

But forgive me to keep stay here

And saving all tears behind the smile

I'll be waiting like the sweetie

Till you grew up and be the one you want

Composing a march of triumph to me

And let me feel sorry for never be there

I am fainthearted even never told you about that

So let me be here at this side like Pharisee

Forgive me thousand times, sweetheart...

The loves I said not bring me there

With love to all little angels in my life.

Sorry cannot cross the threshold.

Jakarta,070608

George Sicillia

Give Me A Heart To Stand Out In Faith

Give me a heart to stand out in Faith

when twilight gloaming comes to darkest night

and purple shades condense in black

Give me a heart to stand out in Faith

When energies totally absorbed

and the end of the path still a mystery

Give me a heart to stand out in Faith

When flowers wilt in deciduous hope

and the storm keep rushes and smashes

Give me a heart to stand out in Faith

When all the glory remains bitterness

and dread drawn o so painful

Give me a heart to stand out in Faith

when the Heaven opens its door

and Your open arms lovely hold me close

Jakarta,080312

George Sicillia

I Do Have Love

I do have love
Sewed through prayers
Drew on my breath with hope
Seeding in silence

I do have love
Yet same love since beginning
Shall not be changed 'till the end
Keep safely in a room named heart

I do have love
Millions of stars on the dark night-sky
Sparkling into unboundedness space
In a silence just for you

-

Jakarta,080306

George Sicillia

If..

If I stay here
Not reach you yet
Not to set you a part

If I still stay here
Not run to keep you near
Just on my respect to you

Give you space you longing for
Give you trust you dreaming on
Give nothing for something
Not something for nothing

-

Jakarta,080311

George Sicillia

I'M On The Way When George Pass Away

I'm on the way when George pass away
Night is night and my tears roll down for unreason
You become untouchable and i can not feel you
But i'll be home for you

I'm on the way when George pass away
Night is night and you call out my name in the silent
Can not touch me, cannot see me
Then you coming home

I'm on the way when George pass away
We finally arrived at different homes
Without no opportunity to say good bye
For never need to say good bye indeed

I'm on the way when George pass away
Heart can not found any explanation
Life would never be the same
At that Home of eternity, George please be wait.

-

dedicated to Wolter George (1952-1999)
Jakarta,070718

George Sicillia

It's Alright (Heaven Aplaud)

It's alright to feel so lonely
Coz all good angels too busy today
There is a big party in heaven now
One of their best is coming home

It's alright to feel unfair
Coz all that fair is not on earth
There's big screen-wall entire this life
Once you know you will surprise

It's alright to cried eyes out
Coz all the pain need to throw away
There is a stupid way to hold it in
Only you could choose your way

It's alright to know these, dear
Coz your beloved just go nowhere
She is waiting in Heaven's fame
Our rendezvous after all done

It's alright to mourn a while
Coz sometimes night is so dark
When one spark takes out from you
For one angel comes home today

It's alright, my dear, it's alright
Our beloved would be right
Even more we could provide
She is smile in eternal life

There is a party in Heaven now
One of good angels is coming home
It's alright, my dear, it's alright

-

Jakarta,080326

Dedicated to Kwee-Hoon and her Mom

My Broken Wing

I dunno what brought us together

I dunno what brought us apart

But I'm grateful to know you

Even now i'm flying with my broken wing.

Still be the one i used to know

dont worry you never hurt me

look at me, i'm alright

i still can fly with my broken wing.

-

Jakarta,050913

George Sicillia

Not A Fairy Angel, My Dear..

10 years old boy asked me:

"Is fairy angel real?

If yes, I wish you would be my fairy angel

So I just call out your name anytime I need you

Even in the midst of sorrows, I can run to you

You will wave your magical stick

And I will see a beautiful garden full with candies and chocolates

Milky fountains and freshness air

No tears and no pains

When happiness would be the only thing allowed

Is it real? "

Then he looks into my eyes

Both of us know that I am not the fairy angel

And we are live not in the fairy land

-

Jakarta,070324

George Sicillia

Nowhere But Indonesia

Nowhere but Indonesia
Thousands island lies on equator
Sun shines brightly along the year
Welcoming smiles are free of charge

Nowhere but Indonesia
Thousands lie covered those islands
Son shy to says that He is right
Full of charge are those who lies

Nowhere but Indonesia
Hope and pain live in peace
For hope is shadow of the pain
And pain is a charge of the hope

Nowhere but Indonesia
Plant and animals live in harmony
For it was said beyond the ages
and should be paid without objection

Nowhere but Indonesia
Children built their little dream
Tear it off when they grew up
Comes denial when getting old

Nowhere but Indonesia
We smile when we smile
We smile when we not smile
We not smile when you smile

Nowhere but Indonesia
Am on my knee lift up a prayer
God bless my country is what I plea
Coz my country long time no smile

Nowhere but Indonesia
Thousands island lie on equator
Hope and pain live in peace
We smile when we not smile

-

Jakarta,080326

George Sicillia

On Menteng Park

Dark clouds hanging on the sky
Still I plea for a brighter life
Like lines of lilies
Dressing in twilight white
On Menteng Park today

-

Jakarta, 17 September 2008

George Sicillia

Open My Eyes O God

Open my eyes o God
Like two disciples on their way to Emaus
So that I recognize
He who have been walk with me
Is the Risen Jesus

Jakarta,080324

George Sicillia

Poverty

When we talk each other
As a subject and object
Not as a brother and sister
That is poverty

When there's an empty space between us
Could only be stepped in
by your permit and requirements
That is poverty

When there's a ToR you decided on man
By annoying the value of him
And fact that we are all equal
That is poverty

And the poverty is
My plea to God
in times you put me on debat
and neglect my wounded heart

Jakarta, 2008

George Sicillia

Song Of Me

When the morning comes
I open my window
Welcoming new day
Welcoming new blessings

Am on my knee
With a grateful heart
When He whispers to me
'Child, I love you so! '

This is song of love
This is song of mine
Love greets me every morning
Coz God love me so!

Till the end of this day
My song has no end
Thank you thank you thank you God
Coz You love me love me so!

-

Jakarta, 2 April 2008

George Sicillia

Song Of Silence (1)

We are talking too much
Wasting words in a time
Our extravaganza life
Trap us in vanity delight

We are too busy to listen
For world's offerings are too delicious
We believe for what it says,
'This is life to die for'

We are too proud of being lost
Count our errs as His fault
Too confident to blame Him
And open our mouth to Him

But this is a time to keep in quiet
This is a time to be silent

For He looks at you when you wave your palm
and said, 'Hosiana to the King of King! '
He looks at you when you shout to Him
and said, 'Crucified Him! '

Now...
Look at your bloody God
In His severity pray for you,
'Father, forgave them, for they not recognized yet
what they have done'
Look at His wounds and open arms
In a perfect pain, could you hear a song of silence..
'I love you... I did it for you...'

'Coz this is His time to talk
and this is our time to listen

-

Jakarta,080324

Sorry - Ode To Jotee

Sorry...

For loving the one you love

Sorry...

For hurting him to makes him yours again

Sorry...

Coz love should not be an option

Sorry...

For taking him back to me (again)

Sorry...

For loving the one you loved

-

Jakarta/2004

George Sicillia

Tired Blossom Lilies

Tired blossom lilies

Face on dust, face on sun, face on rain, face on storm

keep on smile 'till the end of the day

ascribe greatness of the Lord

Tired blossom lilies

steady on for its purpose to say there is hope

keep me smile 'till the end of the day

ascribe greatness of the Lord

-

Jakarta,080228

George Sicillia

White Lilies

There are white lilies blooming along my path

In the end of one blue season

Enchanted me with its beauty

Is it created for me?

Next in another croak

Comes a dry and fall season

Flower wither and leaves fall down

I bound up in sadness

In a silence wanna run away

To the jungle peace and nature's rhyme

In the rock of the season

Rooted depth to be coming up next

Now I begin felt the sprinkling rain

Then white lilies commence to bloom

Remember me on that old hope

Lilies came, lilies gone, but sure will come again

With Love To My Kids

Sometime you make me sad
but more often you make me happy
Sometime you make me cry
but more often you make me laugh
Sometime you make me boring
but more often you make me exciting
Sometime you make me fed up
but more often you cheers me up
Sometime i teach you how
but more often you teach me to
Sometime i give you my heart
but forever you gave me whole

-

Jakarta,080218

Dedicated to my students

George Sicillia

You Are My God!

Since I am nobody

You are my God

From the womb to the tomb

The journey of entire life

You are my God

My forever God

You found me laugh

You found me weep

You found me all the time

How could I run away from You?

How could I hide from You?

For You are my all

You are my God

You shape this heart of stones

Becoming a throne of You

This dirty manger

A palace to Thee

For You are my God

My forever God

Jakarta, August 3 2008

George Sicillia

You!

I wish you keep be you
but how could you be you
If you not you know
and you know not you

I wish i keep you you
but how could i keep you you
If you not you now
and you now not you

You know you now
You now you know
You know not now
You now not know

-

Jakarta,080327

George Sicillia