Poetry Series

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

- poems -

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My Little ANGEL

My angel slept so peacfully
I kept my eye on her natural beauty
Her curling crown touch my heart
A mixture's root of anchestors

She is black, but really charming
Adorable and nice looking
Her lips never stop joking and smiling
As well as way of thingking

Some other time I worrisome
A single mom rise her alone
Since her daddy far away from home
But love my angel

Thank Lord for your grace
You gave families in love with her
Never feel lonely but happy
Everything beauty in its time

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My Lover on the Hill Top

I polished my love one
I hold her tight in the two sides bar
Pedalled slowly over a high saddle
Settled in her long red body

Both legs tightened
Tempted to climb the hill top
Sweating all over the skin
While drinking from the tit of the bottle

Waving a red flag victory
Before lay down over the soft grass
The wet shirt take off
The birds whistling over the green leafes

Soft wind cooling down the sweating bare chest
Before turn down the hill
Check the shield
Avoiding blooding accident
Over the hot asphalt in the late morning sun

Holding, packing and pumping
Pedalled slowly on the way home
Stepped up red loving bike
Hold her tight safe and sound

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Silence in BOGOR

The sky was cloudless
A breeze whisper
through red roses in the garden
Salak mountain were misted by distance

There was quite
A deep blanket stillness
If I could paint
I'd paint this view
....and called it silence

Salak mountain,
Bogor, west Java,05.29.10

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The Gift of Good bye

Sailing far far away
The wild storms never stop sway
My tears dropp won't ever dry
But I kept on hold, honey
Fot the shake of our baby

You used to left home till dawn
Hang out with the wrong person
Come home swinging, rocking way
And pushed me up side down weary

Eventually,
In twilight darkening sky
I am so sorry to say good bye
Can not hold it any days
Better off, if I walk away
And let you go with your own way

situ, indo 05/29/10

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