

Poetry Series

Jean Harold
- poems -



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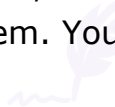
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Jean Harold(February 15th 1993)

I am here because I can't say these words directly...yet. And most importantly because I believe that feelings are not supposed to keep inside but to express. This is just one of the ways.

For those whom most of these poems are inspired from, if you happen to read this one day somehow. If you ever wonder what this all could mean. If you, by any chance, don't find what you're looking for, please take these poems and follow them. You know where to find me. Let us all see what 'nothing' could do.

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Apa Yang Mereka Lakukan Pada Mawarku?

Apa yang mereka lakukan pada mawarku?

Merahnya dicaci terlalu benderang

Duri yang membuatnya menawan justru dikecam

Daunnya dikata berwarna kelam

Apa yang mereka lakukan pada mawarku?

Saat pagi tiba ia enggan merekah

Udara yang dicintainya justru menyesakan dada

Layu pun ia tak berupaya

Apa yang mereka lakukan pada mawarku?

Madunya tiada

Tidak lagi berwarna

Hilang sudah isi nyawa

Tidak bisakah mereka biarkan

bunganya yang terlalu benderang,

durinya yang terlalu tajam, dan

daunnya yang berwarna kelam?

Jean Harold

Wrapped Book

Of all battles I have fought
The most difficult one was in your head
Of all dreams I can have
The most dangerous one was about you
I have travelled to so many jungles
See different things
From plentiful heights
I have spoken thousands of words
Written bags of poems
Lectured multiple souls
Nothing can make me sit and stare
The way I do at your shadow
Your claim is contemplation
Because there is only water
Between two lands and
The blood you already share
You call it a dream because
It is not there when you wake up
And the blood is calling
You to stay on the ground
Then you watch me pack and
Say goodbye to all the way of living
You presume I would go back to
As you wish me best of luck in
All my endeavors and future
Forgetting that future is as mysterious
As the book wrapped neatly
I saw in the bookstore yesterday

Jean Harold

Memory Of A Purpose

Oh how I still remember that day

When you said

You don't believe in 'love'

How it's just a concept

And a sensation we make up

To bring a sense of purpose

So we'll feel less lonely

In this way too big and distant

World

But I see you keep on eating

From the same plate

Everyday

Jean Harold



Lumped Eyes

There is a lump in your eyes

blocking the flashes

smothering the beats

hiding the secrets

away from your sight

Sometimes beauty provides

more than just a cover

But you've always been the one

to make up your mind

and not your face

You stay still

counting all the stars

you've achieved

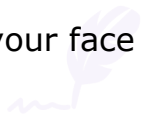
Can't be bothered by

the eyes you don't have

to recognize and savour the beauty

you can't see

Jean Harold



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Words You Can't Say

If I have to be honest

I know that 'you and I'

is merely a phrase

that we would not

get away with

But then you say 'never'

So I have to come around

pick up the flakes

and prove you wrong

Jean Harold



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Untamed Significance

What is madness

If it is not the burn

That floats us to the shore

Delusional imagery of

Yet another bubble

Baffling the belief of

Secret primitive creature

Whose life is dedicated

To chase down the emptiness

From the black of her eyes

To shut off the craziness

That is reflected on her skin

O' sugary coastal heat

A bittersweet of unanswered riddles

An unset last laugh

An intricately untamed significance

She is

Jean Harold

Covered With Disease

In this city where everyone goes to sleep
very late
I write another poem
This time I don't know what or who
I am writing for
In this city where everyone moves fast but
complain when it gets too fast
I place all my bet along with hopes
and things I thought I knew
in which I say 'Aamiin' every
now and then
In this city where west meets east
I grab my pen and put my music on
It is time to get swallowed
So tell me one more time about your
plan to conquer the world,
the spring,
the beautifully cruel outbreaks of life,
your without-ending book,
the fool that acts like an academic,
the song you told me I don't need to sing,
your distantly guarded point of view,
the beach and dim lights you love,
your favorite food your mother cooks for you,
and your fears
Tell me all about them
For life is disorganized and full of mysteries
And souls are covered with disease
Shall we continue to close our eyes and dance?

Jean Harold

I Have Nothing To Prove

I have nothing to prove
Nothing but this:
I am under no obligation to
explain myself to anyone;
There is different lane, time and
story for each and everyone of us;
The world is big and what you seek
cannot always be mere seconds away;
Always take second look because
almost nothing is as it seems;
Life is horribly funny so
laughter can do us a favor;
You will never know what's
waiting in the corner;
You can focus on yourself and
still treat people with decency;
Your heart and mind are deceivable
but not your guts;
Sometimes fate and your dreams
can really collide;
The most beautiful roads are often
the ones less traveled by;
There are no monsters and walls
except for the ones we create, and;
Wanting you has never been the problem
but how wanting you is probably never enough

Jean Harold

A Cup Of Foolishness

I love to think
there are tales
to help me telling
a story of lives
that are too strange
to live on and
to last the moment
proving that it is
you
I am feeling in
my blood
So here I am running
as far as I could
Disbelief is an inability
To reveal water inside
fire
is a luxury we often
refuse to afford
Easy always overcomes Right
whose cup of tea is still hot
and burns all the truths
away

Jean Harold

The Turn We Take

Stay with me?

Oh yes, it is your turn; ?

To stream, like I'm doing right now?

Try that one out,

It is viruses free?

Like Truth or Dare but only?

The Truth part:

Yes, you are?

Just like everything else; ?

I'll give a million kisses you know, ?

I would do that for you?

Your turn again, ?

I'm not really in control

I didn't even dream:

Can I take a look? ?

I know you exist, ?

I will bring flowers; ?

I have been down here more than

?I expect to be?

I like looking up?

Just so I can see you

Jean Harold

No You Don't

No you don't have to?
See me if your eyes are?
Glued
?In the space in which lights
?Were once laid upon

No you don't need to?
Breathe fire if the flame is?
Faded?
And the air is poisoned with?
Determination you fancy

But I do have to?
Turn the scale where?
Your traces?
And the requisitions?
Rest in each ends

And I do need to?
Delve to climb up the mountains?
Swim the oceans?
Without your name in every corner?
And let the wind blow it away instead

Jean Harold

In May

In May I will pledge my life
and admit that I know what kind
of insanity this sounds like;
we lack everything for this to
become something
Dangerous world to meet
Nasty game to play
Talk, interaction, even touch
and a chance for them to stumble
upon our paths

In May I will confess that I
don't know many things but I will
tell you how to collect the pieces;
word per word, sense per sense
to unfold the secret
Pictures to unfilter
Emotions to express
Standard, bully, even dream
have blocked us from seeing
the hidden message

A tree isn't always in a forest
Comfort has simplicity confused with
seizure, but I will tell you more about this
In May

Jean Harold

Eavesdropping

Just now I heard
?The universe talking?
About us?
About the wind?
About the resentful minds?
About the sea of soil?
And about how this is not to be?
Another cosmic joke

Jean Harold

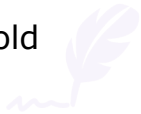


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Suffering A Glory

There is no
triumph in fighting
for affection,
losing a home to
someone else's lover,
getting blind from staring
at the sun, and
drowning in the deepest
of your own mind

Jean Harold



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Since You Were Gone

I have been singing songs
of knights and kings
I have been writing about
Gods and deaths
I have been going to
grottos and apogees
I have been keeping on walking
the road I told you
I would
But I also have been throwing
my hands off
the wheel that is made
of your epithets
and let the stream
decide where to dock

Jean Harold



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A Beast

I still remember walking the miles

to classes, jungles, and roads

I still remember getting on my knees

to converse, weep, and crave

And I still remember about

that turtle with an ugly shell

your mother has

Jean Harold



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A Story To Tell

It is curious how I utter Surrender
?and bow down when everyone is asleep?
while releasing the arrows in the daylight
Yet my heart and mind pronounce
your name silently, and my dreams?
cannot escape to reality without restless
?anxiety of you standing on the realm?
your crown held high,
your trusted knight lines up?
to protect you from all threats?
You will say it loud and clear: ?
The Monsters and The Walls are to stay
Then I will wake up with a sword in my hand?
with the wreckage of the Walls and?
the blood of The Monsters
?and their love letter

Jean Harold



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All About You

You were made of dreams:
?so pretty yet so remote?
You talked for hours about?
monsters and walls, and
?refused to believe they were once?
together

You were built from wonders: ?
so magical yet so treacherous?
You saw everything that?
walks and moves, and
?turned all you cannot see?
down

You were created by fairytales: ?
so high yet so real?
You walked with a passion?
knowing everything is on your sleeve?
and convinced there is only one way?
to see the night

You were composed with fears: ?
so edgy yet so bright?
You bought tickets to fly to?
new places and new adventures, but
?never before to all the lives?
you haven't lived

Jean Harold

You And How's

How can I help
to not look at you
when your stars are glistening
on my ceilings?

How can I bear
the fear of height
when jumping off is what it needs
to fly?

How can I stand
the remaining gaps
when no conveyance can carry
our thoughts?

How can I choose
not to write about you
when our stories are not yet
to inscribe?

How can I stop
singing lullabies
when none of our souls
are weary?

Jean Harold



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