

Poetry Series

Kang Jaka Tresnani
- poems -

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Kang Jaka Tresnani(07 July 1987)

I am a human being who has many dreams.
writing is my favorite,
and to write poetry, I honestly admit I Praise be to Allaah can not write poetry.
I just write what my heart wants to say,
mouth while I do not have the courage to say.

Dubious Longing (For My Ex-Beloved)

There is a thunderous longing
there is love burning
there is a passionate romance,

but there is hesitation to meet
with you..
or just simply said: 'I miss you'

oh ex-my beloved.

Kang Jaka Tresnani

Inilah Aku

Entah apa yang hendak ku tulis
dalam lembaran hidupku.
Aku hanya mencoba mengukir cerita
diatas kanvas semesta..
Berbalut selempang kata..
berhiaskan sanjung puja,
dan lumuran buih penuh cerca.

Bukan puja yang ingin ku terima,
tak jua puji yang hendak ku cari..
selayaknya insan lainnya..
aku pun tak ingin kau caci,
Aku pun pilu bila kau benci.

Aku adalah insan biasa,
tertatih aku mengejar asa,
meraih cita,
menggapai cinta.
Dengan selaksa do'a sang ibunda,
dengan sejuta harapan yang ada,
ku coba benahi retak-retak yang tersisa,
dari kepingan masa silam yang penuh durja.

Inilah aku...

Kang Jaka Tresnani

Rindu Yang Meragu

Ada rindu yang menggebu
ada cinta yang membara
ada asmara yang bergelora,

namun ada ragu untuk bertemu
denganmu..
atau hanya sekadar berkata: 'aku rindu'

oh mantan kekasihku.

Kang Jaka Tresnani

The Soul Wars In The Dusk

Dusk came back,
toward a soul - a bit - not quiet,
atmosphere of the landscape
when evening soon outdated;
looked dim.

There is a glimmer of beauty
presented by nature,
when the sun slowly sinks in,
moment and the day closed.
Leaving the night blanket
with blankets bleak,
stroking with the sheen of stars,
and lullabies the night birds,
decorated with moonlight,
is still too early to give light.

In a beam of light
presented tonight,
I look at the depth of my soul,
heart sounds moaning softly.
its melancholy lament..
slashing,
scratch,
and even slicing the heart
like a knife stabbed...
My soul cried out,
I thought to myself moan - sick.

In the meantime,
my lips as if not took pity
on the war the soul in the fading twilight.
Since he still gives a real smile,
and even he can still laugh
when the soul is suffering.

oh poor soul..
really tragic fate, dear..!
As the world is hit,

Was laughing delight your senses..
only ten
and even only six fingers
who tried to care,
by preaching again
your pain.
oh soul untold pain.

Kang Jaka Tresnani

This Is Me

Whether what I want to write
in the piece my life.
I'm just trying to carve out a story
on canvas of the universe..
Wrapped in a sling said..
flattered decorated adore,
covered in full froth and invective.

Not what I wanted to receive adore,
nevertheless did not want me looking for praise..
should other beings..
I did not want you to contempt,
I was heartsick when you hate.

I am a normal human being,
I trudged up the pursuit,
achieve goals,
reaching love.
With a thousands prayers of the mother;
with an abundance of hope that is,
I try to fix the cracks that remain,
from pieces of a sinful past.

This is me...

Kang Jaka Tresnani