

Poetry Series

PINONDANG SITUMEANG
- poems -

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PINONDANG SITUMEANG(1943)

Raised surrounding by 5 sisters, graduated in economic,
a Banker, like a sentimental instruments, a quiet.
Like to travel a lot.

@batanghari River Harbour My Heart

I hold manicured fingers,
Stepped down the river
Embraced firmly, jumped on board
If stumble, come down together

Over a roar current, I whispered
Turn her head, cheek met cheek
Closed her eyes not seeing my lips
I freed my hand off the wheel

Climb up the river bank, drove a Land rover
Speed up going home before the end of December
With a girl in a red dress
Made up my mind, harbored my heart

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

5 Stars Rocking

The soft wind whisper to my Hawaiian short
Holiday in Bali exotic heavenly spot
Pass a half nude over the shores
Everyone smile a lot but me, shock

A simple man rock over the white sand
Bending, throwing back and forth
Small creatures scatter by the waves
Bending, throwing things to the sea

Smiling while rock back and forth
Sweating to help small creature's life
Come down to find the happiness
In throwing star fishes back to the sea
Along with a million of small star fishes

No need going far away from home
Come down to Bali away from bore dome
Help someone in need just next door
Give a heart and hands to embrace

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

A Backdrop

Life's drama perform on stage
Reflection of vague life at stake
Careless viewers come and go
But not really close

The way of life orchestrated illusions
Illuminating set of silhouette lights
For a temporary stunned games
In front of dark backdrop

Behind the backdrop
The scent of family tune
A peaceful humming of simple songs
Be real to normal breath beat
A backdrop just for the game

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

A Big Day Without Mom

Cloudy quiet morning
Step up solemnly to the altar
Witness by God and loving families
Entering a bright new life
Blinking Christmas lamps

A vacant chair beside a sad father
Sob, tears overflow the handkerchief
Mother lying in hospital white sheet
Who longing this special wedding
Of only, eldest, grown beloved son

All chairs occupied in a ball room
Scarves Ulos covered both shoulders
by me alone
Symbol of love and united
Father can't hold the tears not to shed

Before the sunset, enter a new home
Welcome a new spouse alone
No mom's hug and kissing
Makes the eyes blur, wet cheeks

Father, family and new spouse
Gather for long prayers
Begging for mom relieve soon
To complete the happy atmosphere

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

A Bright Star In The High

Eagle fly over to heaven
On the way to Yogyakarta Sultanate
Next to Prambanan love's legend temple
Extend in the higher study

Eager in discussion class
Seated beside a brights's eyes girl
Behind a color jilbab Moslem scarf
A pair eyeball who steal my heart
Like sparkling star in the high

Father's cheek redden shocked
Met at floor style dinner Marlboro
The curtain drop close, no more play
The sky turn dark without a star

The class full of students, feel empty
Breaking news of star engagement
Sobbed shake my hand in the wedding
Seated to a stranger she never knew
From the stereo set, turn a song
Ing tawang ono lintang cah ayu.....*)

*) A bright star in the high

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

A Chosen Song

Leaving cheeky girl in Borneo jungle
Took a palm tree seed along to isolated island
Savu island, my empty soul to be heal
Facing brilliant sun set in the horizon

Misery told to a light black nice girl
With a bright eyes and sweet smile
Heart beat harder, face to face so close
Tempted lips full of jokes make my days

Play a guitar skilfully singing a song
Oo nawani tana ee, li ta b'ole ballo *)
I send the song to my parent home
But they preferred sing chosen song
Situmorang - Situmorang

My passion grows like a brighter sun
A red roses start to blossom
But soon whiter by old cultures
By chosen uncle girl, Situmorang

Her fingers still play the guitar
Drink lontar brem while sing duo
Her gaze never left my eyes, asking
Should I choose Savu or Batak song

*) My sister never leave me alone

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

A Half Of My Soul

Wonderful quite morning
Piano playing guide us slowly
Holding hand in a queen dress
Walking over red carpet to the altar
Witness by God and loving families

My baby's arm hand over
Along with heart and soul
To her loving groom
United by God never be parted

A long color scarf spread
And kissing the cheeks both of you
Blink back tears not to shed
When I sing 'Good bye my baby' *)

All chairs occupied in a ball room
Scarf, family symbol of love
Lots of prayers and blessing
Memory of loving families

Before sun set, step up to the car
You kiss me good bye, whisper
Good bye Daddy, I love you
A white Mercedes move slowly
Turn left into the dark
Take a half of my soul
I stand still nailed, losing

*) Song of Borhat ma Dainang

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

A Nuri From Karo Land

NURI BIRD FROM KARO LAND
MOVE FOR GOOD TO THE HECTIC CITY
STOP OVER BRANCH IN FRONT OF JAVA CHURCH
TAKE CARE OF LYING POWERLESS SICK
OVER RED DOTS WHITE SHEET

AT DAWN RACING ALONG THE CLOCK TICKLING
FROM A ROOM TO THE END
BATHING SLEEPING WEAK PATIENTS
CLEANSING WASTE BAD SMELL

RING BELL FROM ANXIETY ROOM
AFTER MIDNIGHT STILL IN INSOMNIA
BACK AND STOMACH ACHE
IN COLD ROOM LONG NIGHTS

NURI JOKING OUT OF HER CURVE LIPS
ENTERTAIN OF PRAYING HANDS
FORGETTING PAIN COME AND GO
HOPING FOR RECOVER SOON

BIRD SINGING TO SAY GOOD BYE
SEE YOU SOME TIME IN CAFE NEAR BY
WELCOME HELPLESS TO ENTER A VACANT ROOM
NURI RUSH TO SING THE SAME SONG

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PINONDANG SITUMEANG

A True Love

My heart beat harder when the wind blow faster

When you shake my hand introduced your name

Masculine's name will never forgotten

In our first eyes met by accident

We spend the evenings with laughter

We crafted the days to knew each other

Closed my heart to somebody else

After tender kissed and say you love me

You say good bye for advance study

Left me alone wonder, why you lie

My heart wounded to hear the bad news

But I dont belive, remember your words

When I try to forget, it hurt a lot

Someone offered a true love when I was in anger

Will going honeymoon to paradise, Bali island

To comfort and heal my broken heart

The pain of wounded by loving you

Lord, am I sinned to sing our love songs

Eager to meet him just to exchange the smile

After I had a precious and happy families

My fingers itched to dial, hear his laughter

But, realized maybe he was happy by now

Let me write my broken heart stroy

In a special pages in my Biography

Urge my heart to welcome her by his side

Since loving not always belonging

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

After Midnight

Midnight, my stomach rang.

Inside a refrigerator found just eggs, instant noodle, taufu
and mushrooms, that last month grew in my chest.

I would boil all in kitchen utensil,
but unfortunately tears shed out dry.

Moon falling down over a kitchen table,
said its boring alone hanging far in the sky,
but nothing more boring then counting,
wall clock tickling after midnight
Sleepy while enjoy jazz music that turn lazily

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

At That Time

At that time, she calm down, stop crying after heard my voice tone far away from home, across the ocean.

Our heart beating hard connected, link through the air, even we never see face to face.

At that time, she calm down, lips curve when her plane touch down my town, came far away across the ocean.

If she is crying, I embraced her tightly in my arm and chest, heard my heart beating slowly, she calm down instantly.

At that time, she got driver license, we laugh together in 17th birthday celebration with the love ones. We knew then she would drive us safe enjoy the family weekend.

At that time, she graduated and entered University far away out of town, she knew that we love and pray for her future to come.

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Black Beauty

As awesome of your name, Antonia
You are more beauty than rubies
As dark as you are,
as black as your curly hair
You are unique created
A girl who fear God

A truly beauty inside
You extend your hand to the needy
You speak wisdom, no curse
Yet faithfulness with patience

Smile, joke with you around
Just as the dark of your beauty
From the very beginning
Love you as no condition

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Blooming Rose Next Door

A chair beside me now vacant
Campus air con frozen my empty heart
Lonely among crowded
After jilbab's moslem girl gone away

My sad melody heard by a girl next door
Blossom rose most admired
Hold me tight from the back of the bicycle
Working homework till late at night
Her gaze warming my cold heart

Watering the blooming rose
Blowing a good smell scent
Youngsters come around the garden
I defend from fire and wild wind
Would the roses grow in a dry pottery

Dark cloud hanging over the sky
When she kiss me good bye
Whisper close, please write me soon
Would a rose blossom when I return

The study ended, a new life started
Going to the Capital holding a diploma
Train's wheel click slowly to the west
Her waves dissappear in the dark
Memory never forgotten

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Break In To Pieces

Dakota landing in a new frontier
Astonished to see a simple girl
Pony tail, no lipstick, no mascara
Walking hold her mom's arm

Her cheeks blush redden
When extend my hand
She seated close to mine
When drive them home

Weekend hang out till late
Rocking in an anniversaries
Scent pure aroma fill my lung
Sleep anxiety dreaming
Dance flying without a feet

A hummer hit her heart to pieces
When I whispered good bye
Tears shed flooding my shirt
Cupped her cheeks to stop the sobs
Poor girls, black list father

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Broken Glass

Could you tell anything about the dreaming?
Cash paid after the bargaining,
a declaration just the images of a falling down,
even wild grass do more adventurer
step over the border of the fear,
longing blinking of broken glass-

still eager to ask about pain of the wound? -
me fall backward just like an arrow created father space,
separation time will come
where the arrow aim the broken mirror of your shadow
that difficult to reunited,
but endless blue sky as wide as the freedom,
supposedly you allow my worrisome
to be blinking firefly that fly freely to the highest

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Broken Handkerchief

My red lipstick lips curved
My hands iron carefully
Folding a blue sky handkerchief
My special perfume aroma
Smelt in the inner of the sheet
I bought five months before he left

His mouth wiping after appetizer
Rub sweating in forehead and neck
Harbour a while in the nose, scent
Inhaling the only perfume he knew
No other smell, no red stain

Today, the autumn was over
The full moon he was passed away
Leaved me alone, abandon
Without leaving any message at all
Not, as used to be

My eyes glancing every corner of the rooms
Your face painting everywhere
Your joking gesture left anywhere
'Honey, can you see from above,
this handkerchief can't hold any longer
my flooding tears shed'

Longing of you, I see the full moon
Out of glass window of our room,
full of moment things
I rub your handkerchief gently, broken by know
I kept your body smelt, no more rinse
Kissing, hugging, kept wherever I go
Never let it go

I kept your handkerchief
In the corner of my broken heart
Just holding you so tight
I don't aware, my mascara hot wet
Yes, the handkerchief was broken

But my love for you never die

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Burdensome

Walking fast half run
Heavy burden over the shoulders,
with lips curve
For the sake of the love ones

Run faster aim a high ladder
The company over my mind and soul
Burdened more than physical
For the sake of the big families

Fly high over the blue sky
Seeking the best school,
in the corner of the world
Drying out a huge vault
For the sake of the future

Driving the blinking cars
Sit in a high ladder
Taste the best menus in the parties
Shooting a big smile all the times

Pedal bike in a slow motion in a narrow roads
Spend a lots of time for rest
After sweating and physical weaken
Dream of a full moon,
in the middle of big smiling of the love ones
Before enter a twilight zone, peacefully

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Cheek Redden

Sweat wet your cheek and forehead
After Salsa dancing
We run behind the wheel for cooling down
Covered by dark glass coating

I cut a small piece of donut
Feeding and touch your thin and pink colour
Make your cheek redden
And my hear beating harder
The first touch never forgotten

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Cross Road

Stop a while in the cross road
Before walking up hill
Life are full of choices
Except, step backward for the looser

One road surrounding by the wild flowers
Colourfull natural beauty
Might be watch by wild animals
At the edge of steep slope

Another road climbing up the hill
Walking through the broken wall
Might be the goldly solid stone
Watering from pure waterfall
To enjoy fullfill life

Praying for the wisdom
Precaution for preferring the road
Thingking through so many options
Take a wrong path
Might be a looser

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Daddy's Love

Car accident

Daddy cry out loud

Why his only boy

What's my sin Oh God

Daddy never gave up

Took him to every healers

Walk supported by helpers

Talk only humming

He was wearing jewelry

The sign of loving Daddy

To support his misery

Even recovery only mystery

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Desperated Soul

Blink back the tears not to shed
What the reason, why so sad
Heaven fullfil the requests
More than what most friends get

On the top of the ladder
Abundant life, fearless things
Pace the races unplanned well
Ultimately, breathless at the end

No insurance to be paid
Pension funds got underpaid
Medical costs were unbearable
Tears welled in the eyes
And sob on the throat

Fearing after cloudy sunset
Rocking upside down rolling the waves
Rowing bare hands to reach the shore
Sour, desperate soul

Jakarta, June 18,2010

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Do Not Crying

Mother trembles and sobs
HE burdened the cross,
through walk up Via Dolorosa
HIS back wounded full of bloods
Whats HIS doing wrongs

The clock ring twelve
A shout loud Eli Eli lama sabaktani
The sun covered behind the black cloud
Temple wall and curtain torn down
This Man is truly a prophet

He said 'Do not crying for me'
Crying for your own wrong doing
Forgiving each other
As Lord forgive you

Mother wipe the tears away
Remember what are verses written
To redeem human being sin,
...and mine

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Eagle

An eagle grow healthy
Fly high above the sky
over turbulence, heavy rain and lightning
Grab the food to feed his twitters
Strong muscles compete with other kind of birds.
Always among the best and the fastest.

Some the fellow birds cheated
Kick him down to the deep valley
before crawl back to his feet
Up, fly again facing new obstacles
before settled down on top of the tree
Facing down multicolor flowers below.

Before his wing's bone weakens
Nestled near the port beach
against the waves and thunder of the sea.
Until the day tsunami crash
destroy everything, nest and barn as well.

The old eagle struggled hard
fly against the weather
Its the time to stay calm in the nest
Hopefully the twitters would defend
from the bad weather
to feed and maintenance
to walking around the ground

He forget to stocked barn while strong
Too focused on feeding the twitters flying
to the highest and far away
From his nest settle.

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Early Retirement

A young sprinter spirit
Grab an opportunity to run own business
In a hot Port environment
Left a cozy cool room in colorful tie behind
To afford education far away,
for dream a dream

Tsunami come to break the dream
No more ships dare to sail
No more income to pay the bills

The life must go on
Pension pay we rely on
For the sake of descendants
No regret for advance retirement
in a lower pay check

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Faith

Working restlessly around the clock
Under the hot sun in the port
Leaving the tie and air con behind
To afford education to the top

Tsunami came without notice
Crash things down to flat
The blood tears shed
The dream never come true yet

Behind the stone a gold fish waiting
God send an angle to wipe my wailing
Win the case and got over paid
HE never leave you alone
As long as kept the faith

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Full Moon On The Top Of The Temple

Rock cave full of stalagtitis
Wet cheek fall down from the top
Step down to the sacred pool
To keep her young

Sun set over solid rock cave
Oath in the shadow of Ocean's queen
To strengthen the rings in the fingers
To keep it away from the voodoo

Full moon on the top of the temple
Touching Brahma's hands in the stupa
Once two souls united
No one able to separated

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

G - R - A - F - I - T - T - I

:!Suppose you wish to walk away, I would let you go, but remember one thing, never ever come back again, even in silhouette..”

Her being coming out under whitening leaves, falling down along with the mist of the past, the eyes of skinny profiles were longing for thousand years of the beautiful color flowers in spring time, even my heart just the broken dream, formed rigidly in a poem: “lets go....”

Insects fly very low over the antique buildings, butterfly flip her wing softly beautiful as sonata, but twilight swaying faster before tumble down to be a dark curtain, as fast as a bullet your body fly like a bullet,

my body structure just as a picture nailed on a dead wall scribed ash graffiti – now, you are a stranger, I know what to do without you.....empty and old with ancient wall, soon and suddenly, is anything to speak of but ‘good bye’ stonily night, I see nothing except your foot prints.

Jakarta, April 15,2011

Translate from Indonesian poem Graffiti by Dewi Linggasari, Agats, Asmat, Papua Island

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

GOAL

Twilight sky turn to black dark after Christmas
Pull a mountain bike along with a back pack
Over fade white line on the snake up and down hill road
To wherever it goes
Step on a muddy water
Wet

Two red light fly insects
blinking
Over a weak lights on a thin rain
Drop to the cheeks Sneak through helm holes
Wet

Red lamp over a tower
As high class citizen
But unprepared
Without road signs
except mobile phone lights
Weak

Speedy cars passing by
Pedal bike full speed Before enter the black tunnels
Hoping a light in the other side
Aim a goal dream

Frogs and insects symphony
Sing over high solo octave
Too high self esteem
To achieve a high goal
In a black night sky
In senior age

Tired full day bike in the cold rain
Worrisome would break down
But the morning sun bright shine
Enjoy taste noddle
Under breeze Silindung valley
Celebrate the goal

Sibolga, North Sumatra,271210

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Good Bye For Good

Thank you dad
For your sweating
From dawn till late
To afford our tuition fee
Far away from home

Thank you Mom
Our names on your prayers
Nurture spread the verses
Religious songs early in the
morning
To rely on

Thank you bro and sis
Of support when we are in troubles
Make our solid bond

The cold night starless
No more prayers
No more hymn songs
But smile in family potrait,
will remain

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Graduation

Six years have past
You finally done last
This is the beginning not the last
Keep walking fast
Till next graduation of class

My heart was filled with sweet Alleluya
Of thousand of red roses aroma
When you saw me your diploma
You didn't turn down the sacrifices of your mama
We proud of you Antonia

Stay strong never surrender
All thing happend with God power
Never stop say a prayer
Faith unto Him forever

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Green Green Grass Of Queensland

Wind rocking sway through cloudy sky
My eyeballs fixed on pure smile face
On Byron beach, mirror calm bay
Passed a tiny hole of Ausie law

Lay down over green green grass
Seat over horse's saddle, eying the cows
Anxiety heart turn to peacefully
In the middle of jokes of mixing couple

The job killed the memory of cheeky girls
In my hometown and Borneo island
But longing of Nun Hilla, Nun Baun
Timor homeland villages
Haunting, never fade away

Surrounded by multicolor garden flowers
Green green grass of ranches environment
And traditional Savu scraps in Whites resident
The copy of my beloved homeland

In the break time never stop learning
Writing arts class I am yearning
With beautiful students around
But my wounded soul kept sour
My heart insisted to going home

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Hide In Neighbourhood Countries

Join travelling north to Pattaya
Just to forget your mascara
But claps watching kabaret
Remind of your joy character

Walk alone to Chiang Mai
Away from crowded Asian visitors
Enjoy local beverage, your favourite
Remind of your thin red lips

Fly to peninsula country
Landing at Subang airport
Speakers turn Malay songs
My heart beat faster, your favourite

Working in rubber environment
Malay girl coworkers make me at home
But my parents urge not to stay long
Home town star asking to return soon

Sail over strait Celebes sea
Leaved at the corner of Makati
Enjoy drive colorful Jeepney
Who love the song of Mahal kita

Wear the Batik shirt our uniform
Not to forget your image
But we ought to wear Barong Tagalog
Don't worry Mahal kita song always on

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Holy Calling

An adzhan sound vibrating to the inner soul
Calling to bow down to worship Allah
Five time a day never delay
In a tiny mosque at peaceful pond site
Since childhood

Rock foundation build over the holy verses
Idol, tight rules and continues advices
Hold still from mislead religions
Still remain solid facing era changes

The life may turn upside down in a long journey
And enjoy cozy life style
If not manage carefully
Could fall down to the valley

Fortunately hear Ka'abah calling from Mekkah, Madinah and Arafah
Praise Allah for abundant blessing
Waiting the dream come true
Set saving aside for the calling

Hopefully next period would fly
Along soul mate far away
To fulfill pilgrimage across the bay
Allahu Akhbar we would coming soon

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

If The Time Come

If the time come,
Cheer up along the procession
to celebrate that I finished the race till the line
even without a trophy
I kept the faith

If the time come,
Kept my account open
And let me up date my status
That in heaven every one become a singer and musician
No more tears and pain gone

If the time come,
Burn out momento things about me
In case in a full moon remind you of me
Go down to the Library find my Biography
All stories about my love for you
Crafted in golden ink

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

J E A L O U S

Dream the happy summer
Meet a couple in the arrival gate
Come from homeland far away
Eager to help without return

Missed the parents,
when see us come
Seated side by side,
with a nice student girl
Make the spouse face redden

Wake up by long distance call
Barking in a very high tone
Why treat his girls roughly
Instead of say thanks in return

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

L I G H T N I N G

Watching lightning snake across the sky.
Raining pour over my head, but my eyes dry.
They guide me to the well, dry
Lay me down to the bottom, PRAY

Pray a lot to send me a savior
They isolated me in a desert, horror
Start planting a small tree and flowers
Nurture to maintain and shower
Before harvest multicolor flowers
and green fruitful trees.

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Long For Uncle

Embrace hold him tight
So long away separated
The only uncle in The World
Never met since open my eyes

Mom who leaved to heaven
When I was a toddler
With grandma in my side
Knew uncle from old photos

Miss mom when see uncle
Whose faces look the same
I know now he loves me
As I love him too

Duri, South Sumatra,011011

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Love Will Never Die

My mind was dull doubtful
My hands touching aimlessly,
but why Your hands hang crossed
My feet step down to the red lamps,
why did You step up Via Dolorosa

I am asking questions
My mind full of injustice orchestras,
why You crowned sharp thorns
My throat thirsty of power abuse,
why Your mouth drank poison

Asking again
My shoulders picked up loath things,
why Your back hurts wiping
My dress love Armani,
why your body undressed

My faith now conform
You carry my burden in red kermizi
till crossed at Calvary
To cleansing my sin back like the snow white
Since Your love for me will never die

Jakarta, March 22,2011

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Mahal Kita

North Celebes coconut and Makati's salt
Mixing in a hot sauce menus
Rocking over tongue and lips
Under candle light dinner in the patio

Before sun set in the slumber, rush
Thirsty to taste your cooking
Serving with curve lips, smile
From mouth fall down in to the heart

Months turn to years, our taste meet
My soul break, you going chemo to abroad
How cruel abandon you alone
Pure love never fade by a brain cancer

Monitor blinks up and down
Medical records cause me tremble
Families support and non stop prayers
And 'Mahal kita' make you strong *)

Speechless by the pain, eyes blink
Blink 'Mahal kita' is a sacred mantra
I wish to share the pain you endure
I cupped your cheeks, whisper
My lips closed, never say good bye
My dear, Mahal kita will last forever

*) Mahal kita, I love you in Tagalog, The Philippines

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Monalisa Smile

A broken bell ringing from up hill
Wedding a star girl and charming senior
Framed her lips in Monalisa smile
To honor guests in shock questioning

The senior lead the path away
Through tunnels and up down roads
Kept smile along the way while weeping
Out poured from the broken heart

Wedding forced by loving parents
Earthquake rocking almost two decades
Unable to melting down lava of love
Just wipe out cold water flooding

I am sorry can't return your true love
Except loving tree un sinned volunteers
Cold Priangan mountain killed me lonely
Wishing hug, holding me tight

Between a lots of friends approaching
Is any one able to switch my lips
From Monalisa smile to a smile of love

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Mourning Morning

Morning mourning long bell
From the church up the hill
Breeze till my bone cold
My tears dropp and sob

A wise man gone for good
Last night we were teasing aloud
I owe him for dinner out
He longing for fish foods

His commenst make my day
Not beyond the border
Green blink I am waiting for
Now the mourning morning

He wrote in multicolor topics
Sad, happy or religious
Love poem about his romance
Run away from cheating friend

A lots of common interesting
Poems of roses and moonlight
Love of my poems and writings
Call me a top writer

Love biking make him a masculine
Love sea and lonely villa
In silent we love write imagination
Age gap not a reason

Unconscious tears drop
A mourning morning without his joke
Miss him just click his blog
Good bye dear friend Mr Top

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

My Little Angel

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

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

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

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

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 bleeding 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

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

My Milestones

By design, God bless my parent
Afford to raise me behave
Let me go sail, far away alone
Even as the only boy among sisters

By incident, a next milestone set
In between volcano and Sultanate
Student of Gajahmada reputable collage
Accessible to the works world

By working hard, step a higher milestone
Seated in State Bank ladder chair
Able to save for family dreaming
Invest in property and run own company
And traveling around the globe

By the Investment, raise 4 sweet kids
Allow me to send them beyond country border
Aim the best collages as they could
As a capital in their future

By God bless, set my last milestone
Glad to see my kids a happy couple
With a bright job position
I had fought a good fight
I had finished the race
I had kept the faith

Situ,110111

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

P O D I U M

Respected standing in the height
Full jacket and nice looking
Spreading good news and verses
Smiling comfort our being

In the middle of joking
Insert politicking and conflicting
Not welcome different opinion coming
Make us questioning

Speak softly with a genuine smile
Memorized verses but far from earth
Make some sleepy
Obey what queen had to say

Smiling under unsaved mustache
Speak with minimum materials
Unaware gap with scholars and youngsters
Before parking in antique train museum

Voice in high octave bird singing as gun machine
The old story of desert in Egypt
Less link to recent reality
See the clock, hope sermon over soon

Sunday is a happy family day
Get the best dress and looking fresh
Gathering, praise Him singing
Get blessing from the unseeing
Before going sight seeing

Jakarta, March 11,2011

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Peanut Cover

A very hot climate along with shedding sweat
Buried, fertilized to be a prime seed
Till spurt of baby peanut born

A welcome drink along with the peanut
Over the plane around the world
High class snacks
Roast, sweet, salty taste

Non realized the heating process
Shield a bad weather for a season
Then, trashed, dump the cover aside
Good bye cover peanut

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Prayer

Silent rainy day...
Adzan humming melodiously
Kneel down solemnly

10 fingers united tightly
Eyes closed, wet mistly
Facing to the dusk sky
Please don't ever leave me

Days and nights
Call for the dark sight
Hope for the morning smile
To lightning family burden

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Prince Of My Heart

Most annoying around dining table
Lovely mom singing a same song
When, when, when
Worrisome miss traditional wedding
After a long stay in hospital bed

Preferred a prince of my heart
Modern wedding plan in mind
But mom dreaming Sumatra prince
Traditional culture of ancestor

Insomnia in dilemma
Dying mom nor prince
Would never be wounded
What should I do

Humming in hospital bed
Wish to inaugurated an Ulos scarf
Unique traditional wedding
And sing Borhat ma Dainang @
Before going to heaven

Dark cloud, flying to Sumatra island
To bury her in ancestor's land
My cheeks never stop wet
Her dream never come true

But God answered our prayers
No more pain, she RIP
Blessed me God, blessed me mom
With a prince of my heart

@ Good bye my dear daughter

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

R A I N

rain....

miss you after the long draught

HE pour from the cloud

kids play in the wet ground

peasent laugh out loud

rain....

if the flooding come

HE is not welcome

because our greedy

cutting logging freely

rain....

forested my hills

jail officials behind the bar

who back up mischief

rain....

miss my childhood

green hills thick woods

my motherland

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Run Away To Borneo

Spend along time in the winter
In the North Pacific ocean
Body may chilled to the toes
But broken heart never frozen
Your images always painted
Surrounding Asian races

I fly back South to Equator
Hiding under Borneo jungle forest
Full of beauty flowers and the beasts
To wipe away memories of her

Beyond the forest see a swimming pool
A lady under colorfull umbrella
Smile cheeky as her
Extended a hand introduced her name
Panjaitan from Parsoburan

I tap the water to wash my face
Jump to the pool bare chest
Its real not daydreaming
How on earth met similar cheeky smile
A song out loud from a stereo sing
'Why we meet if separated at the end' *)

*) 'Boasa ingkon pajumpang, hape ingkon marsirang'
By Benny Panjaitan

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Run Away To California

Heavy cloud hanging on weekend
Home alone, she left me behind
Flipped the channel TV One
Shocked to see a broad coaster's cheek
Just as my sweetheart, who cheated

I row a boat off the shore
Hide away in a tiny rock island
Lay down under whitening grasses
Find your faces crafted in the rock

I fly away over Fujiyama
Landed at LAX airport, California
Passing brown race Asian American
Look like my fiancée face

I joined fishing to Huntington beach
Waiting a fish touch my line, imaging
Over the surface like a mirror
Your face illuminating in Silhouette
Where was I supposed to run away

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Run To The End Of The World

wind whisper from helsinki's pier
that you wear brown coat deer
then walk up green mountain top
enter hot stone stove
but you dissapear like smoke

bali gamelan lead my way to embassy
asking if she available in finlandia
or hiding in between nokia workers
ambassador turn his head

the yacht sail to queen kingdom
step in between asian skin visitors
in the back side of horse's saddle
before watching from high tower castle

cold twilights walking thames river side
scent aroma oriental ingredients
scan group of batik shirts
my heart beat faster

rumor coming from model world
asian girl step down at the river bank
forward to eiffel tower in downtown
fragrant's shopping bag in the left hand
and elbow of a man in the right
big smiles of the couple

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

S U N S E T

I watch the day
Soften in twilight
The sun flashing
With final brilliant fire
Before surrender to slumber

A breeze stir the air
A few scatter clouds move with it
Moving lazily across darkening sky

She walk away
And say good bye
Leaving vacant wooden chair
Unforgettable day of broken tie

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

San Am Luang

Lips sip a hot soup
Nose smell ginger's aroma scent
Mind wander memory far away in California
Have dinner in favorite San Am Luang
with the love ones
In the hot sun overhead

Pedal red mountain bike to a mall nearby
Sip a cup of soup
For the sake of memory
Sweating, tears shed

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Sibolga Waterfall

CHILDREN AMAZED OF YOUR BEAUTY
FALL DOWN ENDLESSLY TO THE SEA
OVER THE SOLID ROCK UNDER THE TREE
AS THE ICON OF MY HOME COUNTRY

GO TO COLLEGE FAR AWAY
YOUR CURRENT ALWAYS IN MY EYE
DREAM TO SEE YOU ONE DAY
WITH MY SIBLING ALONG THE WAY

PEDAL MY BIKE TILL UP HILL
SHOT WITH YOU AS MY BACKGROUND
TAKE WHEREVER WE MOVED AROUND
TO MEMORIZED MY CHILDHOOD

GENERATIONS MAY CHANGED
BUT YOUR WATER KEPT FLOWING
WATERING OUR HOME LAND
OUR LOVE FOR YOU WILL NEVER END

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

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

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Silent Friends

The fingers tap a tiny characters
Cheek redden, lips curve
Scrolling down a tiny monitor
Saw in every corner of spaces

Fingers tap the board
Text secret household
Exchange comments mostly hold
But noticed by thousand around the globe

Before text, be aware
Every friends will notice what is written
Represent your real character
May ruin yourself

Hold to text negative words
May ruin your fancy profile
Preferred to motivate and encourage
Silent friends

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Solid Stone

The waves rolling over endlessly
Sharp rocks still solid unmoved
Her face as dark black, she feel as a black sweet
The wind blow softly, but her heart hard as stone
Do I suppose to bomb the rock to feel the pain
Waves, soft wind and bomb, she still silent

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Stop By In Southern Continent

Speechless, I inserted a scent flower
On her smooth curling crown
Kiss eyebrows over wet mascara
Rush to shore before rain drop
Old culture deny the chemistry
Good bye Ina tana ee, ship sail to the South
To Byron bay, calm bay, my dear friend home

For sometime my feet rigid
Counter your dynamic rock
Your eyeballs fork my inner heart
Caused my legs shaky
Scent your smooth skin aroma
My white skin redden
Heart beat harder

Sipp Bali coffee before sun set
Drafting you a love poem facing bay panorama
Behind the studio glass room, you sing
Savu song kale kale pa raiwawa
Transmitting all over archipelago
Couldn't turn my eyes off curve lips

Immigration blade cut my heart to pieces
No more stay for bachelor jobless
The flower garden start to blossom
To cure my wounded soul
Dreamed to inaugurate you a new family name
But what can I do

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

The Beauty Of Lake Toba

Island in the middle of a lake
People lived in harmony
Kept traditional dancing, folk song and culture
For the sake of the ancestor

Hymns arise to the sky on Sunday
Say thanks to Almighty
For the harvest and visitors come by
Kept the traditional way

Nights passed silently
Waves rock endlessly
Whispering to maintain the green
Watering the blue lake

Sun rise blinking over the water
Yellow trumpet flowers smile to sun
Watching sunset over a cup of hot tea
What a blue water and blue sky

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

The End Of Time

The end of the year, reflection of life journey

Climbing mountain, down the valleys

Bending roads, holes and walls

Passed in line or over white line roads

Muddy water splash in face, awake

Approaching the end of decade

Flying from a modern life in the blue sky

Landing in a simple rural distant life

Shocked to see helpless over a white sheet

The only sister at stake at the end of her time

Drive full night to whitening graveyard

Say a prayer and respect beloved parent

Saw descendant a good example to behave

Before the last time come at last

Spend nights in our antique traditional home

Lying over a simple sheet without a bed

Feeling of childhood love memories

The only brother surrounding by lovely sisters
A peaceful neighborhood under the green leaves

Joining Christmas in a tiny church up hill
All pews occupied with a new colorful fashion
Sing, verses in local dialogue I am longing for
Full of smile of new generation with full of hope
Meet childhood friends and extended families
A small simple village where I was born

Pedal bike over 50 miles up and down hills
Aware of the last time breathe out of my lung
To motivated that seniors isn't useless group
Lye down helpless, waiting the last seconds

Drive buses passed a risky deep cliff valley
A sleepy driver all night without stars
Through a narrow road with poor signs
Life at stake as on the edge of the time

Zero hour of the year, away from home

Preferred pray with a misery sister family

As a lovely mother helpless at our side

God let she enter a new year with a new hope

See the family smile before the end of time

Flying back home safe and sound from air turbulence

Thanks God to allow me reflected old memories

And united my families to the next generation

To write it down in Biography for the sake of descendant

Before the end of time

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

The First Touch

Sweat pour our cheek and forehead
After beach volley game
We run behind the wheel for cooling
Covered by dark glass coating

I cut a small piece of donuts
Feeding in and touch your thin lips
In pink color
Make your cheek reddened
And my heart beating harder
The first touch, never forgotten

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

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

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

The Mask

Your lips curved in the crowded
Dark cloud covered your soul
Your tie bright and red
Your pocket tied in debt

You sing melodious song
Your heart torn alone
You hang out escape from breakdown
Walk sway home alone till dawn

Counting all shed tears and sights
Warm up your cheeks and shade eyes
Take off your mask and no more pretending
Be a light candle in the dark.w heart
Cheer up the misery and desperate sorrow souls

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

The Only Prince

Rush back to an old home
Love to hear a baby boy crying
A crown prince in the family
Beyond a group of sibling sisters

Sweating days and nights
Up and down hills to the markets
To afford your allowances
Till the highest education

You seated at a high ladder
Lived in a cozy castle
Flying high around the world
While we lived in a simple home

We ask not marry a foreigner
Your pretty niece is waiting
But You preferred an alien
Talk only by hand

Mom wailing a lots
Waiting for postman bell
Looking at an old phone ring
Hoping for a call from the Bank

Wake up in nightmares
Dreaming of prince return home
Tears shed, it was dreaming
Why do you forget us son

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

The Place I Call Home

When travel far away lying in five star suite
Never asleep as sound in my old sheet
When menus serve in western cuisine
Never eat much as my wife's cook

When sail for fishing
Longing family left behind
Night fall never forget to call

Every dawn adz an calling, waking me up praying
Ears entertained by sparkling water fountain
Spraying reached multi color flowers
Hot coffee scent, religious songs turn on

In the night fall, what I looking for
Chatting, banging the noisy kids
Reading the verses, pray for blessing
Before rest in my smell pillow
Its the place I call home

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

The Time Is Coming?

Walk down the hall to emergency unit
Smile to the doctor over the white sheet
Urged to monitor overnight
Oh my God what's not right?

The next morning couldn't move and talk
Four cables decorated my body
Cough rocked my body hard
Pipe in and out of my mouth

Until the fourth day the graphics down turn
If the fifth day the graphics not going up
It is the end of time
For the brain stem attack

The bells, graphics, multi color lamps blinking
Nurses rush in and out put up the ring
Back pain, couldn't move for a weak
It is the end of time?

Thanks God to allowed me breathing
Thanks my family for endless loving
Thanks friends for sincere praying
God extended tree years of living

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Turn Up Side Down

Catch crowded Bus to work
Back home help house works
Living in a tiny room
No TV set, no furniture

Working hard, jumping to a ladder
Falling down to the bottom well
Cornered long in a golden cage
Before a leader in a project

Project from scratch to a thousand
Connecting isolated islands
Work closely with foreign consultants
Open wide access international

Flying around the globe
Send kids overseas college
Graduated, good pay cheques
Have fancy cars, nice jackets

Retired come got a shock
Lower income, higher costs
Kids lived away with spouse
Dreaming a sweet old memories

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Under A Palm Tree

Since you say good bye
No more visit under the tree
Leaved a thin tree at the bay
I dream you will come someday

Waves rolling endlessly
Eagles fly low to see
As the witness of two souls
Four hands embrace under the tree

At the end of the century
You come back not as a tomboy
But walk along with a blue eye boy
Leave a lonely tree at the edge of the bay

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Waiting For A Call

My heart beating harder
Waiting a minutes just like a year
Walking next door, waiting a call
Hope he remember on time to call

My eyes, lips curve smiling
Surprise to hear bell ringing
His laughter and tone of talking
Make my day brighter

No more walk next door
No more long distance call
He sit beside me after all
Except away out of town

Anytime miss his laughter
Just an inch to dial a call
No more walk next door
He sit beside me after all
In our home sweet home

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Wake Up

In dawn breeze whispered perfumw scent
The women faces under black scaft redden
The huge stone roll open
No body but white wrappers

A voice asking by a stranger
Why do seek the living among the death
Run like a sprinters
To upper locked room of the disciples

Shout out loud barking

HE was gone gone gone
Unnoticed He had promised
Wake up in the third day
Yes, HE is wake up

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

What Can I Say

How happy was I
When your fingers cling to mine
When you settle over my shoulder
When you ask so many questions
When our home sweet home full of laughter
What can I say, thanks God

How proud was I
When you take an oath as a r
When you jump to a higher ladder
When you talk in the world language
When your voice sing God hymns
What can I say, praise HIM

How I miss you
When you say good bye, lived in North Pacific
When your vacation once in a while
When you visit just overnight
What can I say, God be with you

How lonely sometime
When hear our favorite hymn songs
When distant roofs do us apart
When your focus on your path
When dreaming of old memories flash
When love only whispered in prayer
When expecting old black phone ring
What can I say, remember God verses

Kelapa Gading, Jakarta,050311

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

What Is Going On

The sun turn to grey
Rainy season turn to dry
Did you remember the oath
Till death do us apart

Sing our song out of tone
Fingers weak to play a guitar
Not as first time we met
What is going on

Walk alone to the shore
Seated over an old wooden chair
We used to sit along
What is going on

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

What The Reason

God never promised that nights crafted in a full moon
He never proclaimed that the journey through a free way
Every one should pass bushes, sharp stones, mountain hill, valley
Unconscious we enjoy free fresh air, running water, laughing
Our kitchen never stop producing smoke
No reason to complain

Some look skinny, while you are overweight
Some standing in the overload buses
While you drive a billion rupiah car
Share your fat account not to make you poor
The reason is to achieve balancing

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Whereabout

My head and eyes look up
No stars on the blue sky
Hiking up to the mountain top
No lily in the wildernes

Snorkling deep down to the bottom of the sea
No one mermaid among colorfull fishes
Back to the sea shore
Meet many couples but no one a single

In the middle of a garden
Bossom flowers aroma
But none of the selected colors
Fit deep to my heart

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Wife Noble Character

She is worth far more than rubies
She gets up while it is still dark
She provides food for her family
She sees that her trading is profitable
And her lamps don't go out at night

She opens her arm to the poor
She makes covering for her bed
Her husband is respected at the city gate
She can laugh at the days to come

She speaks with wisdom
And faithful instruction is on her tongue
Her children arise and call her blessed
Her husband also and praise her

PINONDANG SITUMEANG

Your Will Be Done

A moment of dark sunset
Cold deep down to the bones
Pulse tickling slowly
Is this the end of the time

Just like flesh boneless
Stare blank eyes
Humming voices
Is this the end of the tunnel

Pipes attached in every parts
Monitor up and down sharply
Red lamps blinks repeatedly
Is this the last breath

Never ever hopeless
Fingers hold tight prayer
Don't ever loose faith
Your will be done

PINONDANG SITUMEANG