

Poetry Series

**Silivester Kiik**  
**- poems -**



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# Silvester Kiik()

a teacher, poet, Founder of Komunitas Sahabat Pena Likurai and Komunitas Sabana. Lives in Atambua-Timor-NTT-Indonesia.



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# Discussing Loneliness

In the late twilight  
-the rain falls in drops  
the streets are quiet with all the questions  
some people still lead  
efforts to complete the struggle.

The quieter it gets the closer it gets to night  
a naughty boy who was playing riddles  
asking: what time?  
he wanted to find his mother's whereabouts  
in the pages of the morning newspaper.

A traffic sign  
right in front of it stands an old building  
a ruler wants to promise  
the answer to the boy's riddle  
who is humming the song of homecoming; ...(mum) .

The rain is falling  
Your house is peaceful  
on the window pane are cries of happiness  
the boy bathed in rain, comes again  
through some streets  
on the stoic map.

'God, God, oh my God  
has my mother sent her longing message to me  
in your house? '

Atambua - NTT - Indonesia, 11 March 2023

Silivester Kiik

# Incense Of Rain

half a month passed  
terminalia catappa leaves harden the lawn  
worms rotting into it  
like their love wasn't enough

incense rain today  
be cursed by what we see  
with all the questions  
that you can imagine  
one god, now and forever

the clouds before us  
bind us  
ride us  
in all power  
with what?  
can you imagine

the rainy season dissolves  
sowing stories  
screaming wounds  
home: in the presence of prayer  
without having to question  
what has been done

Atambua - NTT - Indonesia, 11 March 2023

Silivester Kiik

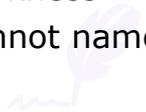
# In The Dark After The Rain

On all the prayers and vain  
the lingering anxiety  
taught the deciduous branches.

The rain at dusk  
as if connecting greetings  
so that the bruises  
be washed away; far  
to the glow of resignation  
in my solitude.

The fragrance of the season  
faintly bland  
left behind everything that had flared up.

The smoke of the parlour  
has vanished  
into a darkness  
that I cannot name.

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Atambua, 12 March 2024

Silivester Kiik

# Haiku | Lonely Conversation

On the smooth edge of you  
redrew moon  
silence  
then stab.

My soul was torn apart  
should it complete  
scream  
and fall again.

You're missing  
is a fruit of wounds  
a hurt  
not bloody.

You're no longer a way  
difficult  
to be mapped  
silent.



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Atambua-NTT, 10 June 2021

Silivester Kiik