

A FRIEND OF MINE

fikrioshin

Presented by

My poetic side 

Dedication

Dedicated to the silent moments and heartfelt whispers that inspire us, "A FRIEND OF MINE" is home to my late nights' stares, fears, happiness, good news, and bad news. This collection weaves together poems and random thoughts, each a reflection of life's and some as my favourite romanticism. May these pages serve as a companion, offering comfort and understanding to all who delve into them. To those who have shared in my journey, whether in joy or solitude, you are the unseen threads that bind these words together. Thank you for being a friend of mine.

Acknowledgement

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I would also like to express my appreciation to my friends, whose conversations and shared experiences have provided endless inspiration for these poems and reflections. Your presence in my life enriches each page of this book.

Lastly, to the readers who embark on this journey with me, thank you for your curiosity and openness. May these words resonate with you and offer moments of connection, reflection, and understanding.

With gratitude,
fikrioshin

About the author

Fikrioshin is an ordinary person who loves poetry.
He is based in Malaysia. Unboxing life to find
presents, surprises, and gifts.

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PLUVIOPHILE

Rainy days, big clouds, and a darkened room,
looking out of the window,
trying to see the clouds and manifest our future.

The stars falling down from the atmosphere,
walking too fast as we breathe the cold thin air,
and we are still attach to that affair.

The crowds say hello in different languages,
we are belong to those damages,
and we are bound for these changes.

The smell of the rain is your favourite thing,
and you said to me "You can be the king",
let's run away and forget everything.

One night we are at the rooftop,
counting stars after that long chat at a coffee shop,
sitting down with so much battles to stop.

Now, it is here to let go of everything,
you still love the rain but I am not your king,
and then we go back to the spring.

ASTROPHILE

Look at how wonderful the sky is,
the beauty of those colours,
the clouds and those stars in midnight sky.

Maybe the wonder of this world lies in between you and me,
as we look up to the sky, we feel the future that we can't see,
Maybe the greatest fairytale is our story,
You said "I can't wait that to be the greatest history"

We are born free to judge and to be judged,
sometimes the sky is too bright to make things harder to be seen,
and the road disappears as the moon approaches our tiny home.

Maybe the wonder of this world lies in between you and me,
as we look up to the sky, we're up to those stars that we always see,
Maybe the sky is your favourite thing,
as you said "I am yours and you're my everything"

OPACAROPHILE

I was awoken by that peculiar-short text,
Losing myself again this time and I wonder where to go next?

The journey to an epic paradise,
almost got me blurred in the eyes.

I feel sad as I go back in time,
Just like after the sunset it is the night time.

You are a person that I've known to be the sunset lover,
and here I am the trouble maker.

We're bound for so much pain,
the mistakes that we're doing, it's again and again.

We're bound for bad lucks and disadvantages,
the page that we're looking at, it changes.

This life seems to be a little unfair to both of us,
but luckily the sun never betray the two us.

We're might be having the saddest journey in life,
but doing our best here perhaps will bring us luck in the after life.

NEMOPHILE

Hey,
can you smell the scent of the forest?
can you feel the sense of the forest?

Do you see what are around you?
Wonderful woodland areas,
Untouched landscapes,
Virgin forests, they called,
Massive spots where some people go to when they feel bad about themselves.

Some people,
they love what they see,
they love going to places where they'll feel better.

Hey,
do you love yourself?
do you feel bad about yourself?
so why do you go to those places?

LOGOPHILE

You can never win over someone who loves words,
have you ever heard people said "people kill other people with words as their weapons"?
the moment you realised that the greatest gift a person can give you is not what they give you,
but when they put you first,
and let them be the last.

Maybe you will never know on how much the time spared for you,
the exact amount of attention that was given to you,
all the love and dedication to make sure you'll never look blue,
and all the signs that always make you the one, not two.

I met a person who loves to write,
and when I asked her "what are the things you usually write?"
and she said, "things that I don't want to forget..."
she added, "I have my choice to forget whatever I want. As growing old, we will forget things easily"
"and all the things that you usually write?" I asked,
"I have choice to choose things I don't want to forget. So that's what I usually write."
"One fine day in the future, when I misses things about the past, I just open my books and read and
get back to those days".

NYCTOPHILE

The spaces between us is getting wider,
"don't you feel that?"

maybe we don't really paying attention to the stars when they fall down to earth,
or we are just too busy looking at the moon while it's getting closer to earth.

Some people they love to be in a darkness,
they said it feels so good even sometimes it feels empty and meaningless.

Some people they don't love to be in a darkness,
they said it feels so bad even sometimes it feels fun and flawless.

INTROVERTS

"Have you seen their faces?" She asked,
Look! they are here,
coming with sheets and pages,
looks like they are ready for a new chapter,
"But you don't seemed to like it" She added.

The world suddenly turn into a place where we don't feel we are truly belong here,
all misconceptions and unclear explanations,
aren't just here to make us lost,
but they are here to make everyone lose their true identity.

The sounds of the cars on the road,
people walking on the streets and pathways,
those are some of the things we don't really want to experience daily.

We are introverts,
and we are proud of it.

A NOTE TO SOMEONE

Hey! How are you?
How's life? How's everything?
Those are the questions,
I'd like to ask when I see you,
If only I see you.

I heard the piano is no longer there,
and it's no longer here.

Fallen leaves and all those apologies,
sanctioned by the call of the apostrophes.

Mistakes and all of our past priorities,
mistaken for being a call of the sensualities.

But hey!
I wish you will always be okay,
and will always be alright wherever you are.

MAYBE NEXT TIME

And the wind blown away,
tears and all the fears,
pleasures and all the treasures,
happiness and all the heaviness.

We were just parts of these broken pieces of a big puzzle,
they wrote poems and threw all the sheets into our castle.

Memories were swept away as the wind blown them away,
maybe next time,
History was made real as the puzzle is an image of our castle,
maybe next time.

Tears were part of this long journey to overcome these feelings of fears,
maybe next time,
pleasures were captured and kept as the treasures,
maybe next time.

And the wind blown them away,
tears and fears,
pleasures and treasures,
happiness and heaviness,
maybe next time.

CYNICAL

The greatest and the most wonderful thing is you,
that was what they wrote in that paper which they gave you.

Nights are the proof of the holiness,
birds chirping sound is now a sense of loneliness,
this journey is timeless.

Wonders of this world are now looking at our drama,
as we walk upon those untouched savanna.

Days turned to a wonderful stage of their production,
We were given roles of being hateful and stubborn,
this scene is like a prediction.

We were judged by a cynical stare from a random stranger at the market,
I love that connection and that stare which I will never forget.

REPROBATE

The way she look at me was like, I am the killer,
cynical stares and words saying I was a loser,
I guess she hated me so much,
or she just don't like me that much.

Going around with these mess,
carrying around these cases,
what am I?

PESSIMIST

Hey,
how's lately?
Is your mind is still in confusion?
or is it okay already?
What's with the statement?
what brings you here?
why is it so hard to portray probability and unreliability?
are you being pessimistic?
or sarcastic?
what's with the cash,
mess, and the bash?
the hyper statement of your self manifestation?
the confession,
perfection,
delusion,
confusion.
What else?

DELUSIONAL

He said,
someday he will climb up the mountain,
to see the world from the upper land,
to stay away from a dead soul and a trusted friend,
to stand alone in the nights,
and to be free from the rules and all the fights,
and so he said he will be away for few days,
leaving pride as he go and it stays.

He said,
on the next day he will go to see the butterflies in the garden,
after following a golden fish in the river,
the sun shines brighter tomorrow,
he said he will come out and sit at the front row,
to witness reality,
to face the current probability,
to get royalty,
and to be His Majesty in a wondrous city.

He said,
wonderful thing is about to happen in any minute,
like thousands of butterflies are going to fly high in the sky,
rainbows that will reconnect different worlds,
rivers that will redirect you to different lands,
and seas that will bring you to different islands.

A FRIEND OF MINE

It was a pleasant moment,
knowing you as a person,
so many days and memories,
different places different territories,
road after road,
empty streets and pages that you wrote,
sunshine was never been too bright,
stars were wonderful at that wondrous night,
we were friends before the summer ends,
and forever we will always be friends,
like flowers in the garden of eden,
like a simple poem of our favourite season.
Why it should end?
to pretend?
this not a trend!
And you'll be my friend.
Forever,
you will stay like a flower,
my favourite flower,
and I have been screaming louder,
but nobody heard me,
nobody listened to me,
but you?
are you listening to me?
do you agree with me?
This pain and this feeling of missing,
losing,
crying,
but no tears coming out,
and you are the missing chapter that they talked about.
Tell me how to not missing you,
to not thinking about you,
to say I'm okay every single day,

but actually I hope I get to see you every day,
Why He took you from us?
Why there's no subject to discuss?
Why?
Why?
Should I go and tell all the birds to stop singing?
should I go and tell all the butterflies to stop dancing?
That's how the road was paved,
I was lost and you were saved,
From the beginning to the end,
you will always be my friend.

THE NIGHTS ARE OVER

The nights are over,
the memories are forever,
sunshines and colourful lights,
busy days and wonderful midnights,
golden staircases and marble floors,
random faces and different doors.

We were just walking,
talking,
laughing,
and denying,
sometimes we cry,
we try,
we say hi and we say goodbye.

The nights are over,
the history is forever,
empty streets and remarkable fights,
dirty seats and broken lights,
these stitches and these scars,
like a night without the stars.

THE UNCOMMON TESTAMENT

Our story is like a couple pages of the unwritten chapter on my upcoming book,
wordless,
pure like white sheets of the uncommon testament,
rightless,
empty like a bowl of yesterday's breakfast,
powerless,
untamed in the wilderness of the unknown.

ME

I will let them burn the flag,
steal my keys,
and break my castle.
But I will never let them steal me from me.

MIGHT BE GONE SOON

The year might be change soon,
and our memories might be gone soon.
thank you for everything,
I will never forget everything.
Forgive,
Forget,
and move on.
Learn,
Reflect,
and let's be better next year.

ONLY BE REMEMBERED

Maybe they don't really tell you,
that someday,
you will remain as pages of unread chapters in someone's book,
and you will only be remembered,
when you decided to be outnumbered.

THE UNFORGOTTEN

Will you forget me one day?
I always afraid of being forgotten,
maybe I will be living in a better place someday,
being a better person somewhere,
but will I be happy there without you?

I always try to be the best, like always,
I feel sad when I start making mistakes,
when I start causing troubles,
when I forget to smile,
when I am the reason of their unhappiness.

I always wanted to do my best in everything,
tho I might not be the best compared to the rest,
but I remember that my mission here is to be the best version of myself,
I say no to competitions with other people,
I know I am a great loser,
and I always accompanied by troubles and failures.

If one day, you'll be able to remember me when I am gone,
please don't remember me that much,
because that will make me more sad and unhappy.

THAT LATE NIGHT CONVERSATION

Is it my mistake if we cannot be together?
Is it my mistake if one day you know you are a loser?
Last year was wonderful,
beautiful,
colourful,
but at the same time ; painful.

On that one morning,
we were talking,
laughing,
joking about the future.

I looked into some possible ways,
being positive as always,
staring at sun rays,
and wonderful things happen on Fridays.

Pretending that all memories will one day walk away,
leaving our hearts empty as they get further away,
maybe we need to rethink, readjust, and reallocate these feelings,
and slowing moving from this current state to hunting sunset on evenings.

That late night conversation,
and that picture with a wonderful caption,
I am happy that we are finally out from that situation,
and I wish I will be falling for a perfect imagination.

REDEMPTION

No words could explain why the art is sometimes hard to be understood
people rely too much on reading other people's minds by doing what they should
whether it's right or wrong
weak or strong
The power of the nature calls out names of the unforgiven creatures
they're bunch of good leaders and excellent speakers
some write stories and being loved by their readers
while some are good followers and dedicated believers
We're coming this far
some said heaven is just one step away from where we are
the end is near
let's be brave and fight this fear
We're also coming this far
some said hell is just one step away from where we are
the end is near
should we leave all the scars here?
We fight too hard all the time
appears in every perfect crime
and losing to this war is the real sign
showing that we're actually not fine.

INDEMNIFY

All these things
were just so heavy to be carried on
these shoulders.

Somehow,
we don't wanna lose
all these hurtful memories
and we tend to carry them
tomorrow.

The songs were played
and wonderful scenes were made,
we have nowhere to go
and we were blamed for saying "no".

We don't wanna win the wars
and so we walk with the stars,
along the way people were looking,
judging,
laughing,
and talking about us.

One part of our stories
was telling the whole world about
it's okay to cry sometimes
and it's okay to feel disappointed
over smaller things.

But one fine day
we will be so grateful
for not being the best among the others
but for being the best version of ourself.

DELICATE

We are delicate.
Easily broken,
weak,
and fragile.
These lanterns were lighted up
to make spaces between us
bright.
These songs were played
to make the scenes
enjoyable
tangible
and enviable.
Doors were knocked up
and fire demolished
that beautiful garden.
Pages were burnt
and hatred possessed
the real value of an untouched treasure.
Candles were blown up
and we are in total darkness.
We are delicate.
sensitive,
soft-hearted,
and lonely.

A PAPER PLANE THAT NEVER LANDS

Have you wonder,
how you will end this life?
Like, have you ask yourself,
where would you go tomorrow?
How far you will go?
How would you respond to all the questions?
All these little misconceptions?

Our lives are created,
built,
and constructed,
out of sheets and stones,
that were left and thrown,
to burn our castles and to steal away the throne.

Sometimes,
life feels like a letter that was never sent,
while we have so many wishes and stories to tell,
but we are so afraid to share them,
because we know,
that no one is willing to listen to them.

Our stories are like a paper plane that never lands,
we have destiny,
places to go,
a list of goals,
but in the end,
we lost ourselves in the crowds.

So,
ask yourself,
how you will end this life?
where would you go tomorrow?

and,
How far you will go?

FEAR

Sometimes we like it,
sometimes we hate it,
standing on this ground,
wild and profound,
and fire starts burning all these doors,
fate brought us closer to thousands more wars,
this empty space now full with fear,
and smokes start to make all these visions disappear.

MALEVOLENT EYES

Just look at those eyes,
pretty, wild, and enchanting,
it was a wonderful evening,
and the song was playing,
people were dancing,
and the innocents were leaving.

Some people,
they want wars,
they prefer to burn a beautiful garden,
just to make sure they will win,
and some will lose.

Some people,
they want love,
they prefer to lose an argument rather than losing the person,
just to make sure they will spread the love,
and some will get the love.

Malevolent eyes,
what I usually call them,
bright,
clear,
and wonderful creation of God,
just by looking at them,
life will never be the same,
hatred is hidden behind a nice "hello",
and to make sure you will go,
down,
they will make you suffer,
and slowly steal your dignity,
and personality,
and that is how,

they slowly kill something in you.

TEMPTATION

You are like a beautiful flower,
in a garden filled with thorns,
singing,
dancing,
in a room where sadness is the main theme,
you know things are not good lately,
and you always do things wonderfully and precisely,
and I wonder why are you still here,
in a room filled with strangers and never ending wars.

THE FUTURE THAT HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD

In this world,
we bound to a future that has never been told,
and here we are,
manifesting on a better future,
happier life,
and wonderful journey.

Someone will have to cry on your shoulder,
because for some people,
there is no where to go to,
there is no place to feel like home.

The swift of the air,
the pleasure that we want every single day,
desire,
and the feeling of winning every single war we are in,
will finally making us far from a place called home.

We lose our identity over what we call the priority,
we become someone we do not know,
we hide ourselves behind these masks,
and we discriminate other people
when they are not in our team.

And the future that has never been told,
will be the greatest thing in this world,
and here we are,
manifesting on that future,
peaceful life,
and amazing journey.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

I was looking at your face,
I saw beautiful flowers,
red cheeks,
like beautiful roses,
and those eyes,
they are beautiful.

You were standing there,
in a room with many people,
and that smile,
it was wonderful.

You saw me looking at you,
and since then,
you try to avoid me,
and that smile I can no longer see.

- a story told by a friend of mine to me

THE HARDEST GOODBYE

Do you still remember that day?

I asked myself.

That was the moment

when the biggest dream was killed,

the happiest kid turned into the quietest poet.

The hardest goodbye,

we called it a quit,

we gave up,

and we finally let it all out.

Sometimes, we were forced to be someone else,

to simply ruin some things just so we will end up being accepted,

and I truly miss the old good days.

LONELINESS

In the loneliness,
I found paradise,
and 3 am in the darkness-
I watched myself crawling,
seeking for help and I was crying,
while listening to my own random thoughts screaming.

I wonder if I have a place to go,
"Where should I go?"- asked myself.

In the loneliness,
I found myself the holiest,
and 3 am in the morning-
I saw myself thinking,
crying;
disappointed over this tiny little thing,
and struggled to stand straight because I keep on falling.

I never win a war,
"Maybe this is just a dream!" I told myself.

In the loneliness,
I found myself back,
the sound of the rain,
feeling cold in the afternoon train,
cupcakes and a cup of tea,
a book and a piece of me,
pictures and random sheets about my childhood memories,
they are all gone,
burned,
and lost,
altogether,
in the loneliness.

CONTEMPLATE

He always looking thoughtfully for a long time,
wondering about tomorrow,
thinking about what's gonna happen if only he walks a bit slower,
I keep telling him "It's okay".

He is there,
counting stars,
sitting on an earthy floor,
mumbling in silence,
breathing,
healing,
and crying.

RESTLESS MIND

She was wondering around,
in her white pearly gown,
and in her right hand is the crown.

She looked sad,
as if the cloud is about to fall down,
as if the storm is about to take away the crown.

She has a restless mind,
her nights are stolen,
her thoughts are forgotten.

She has a restless mind,
Sadness in her eyes are found,
problems and misconceptions are gathering around.

ABOUT THE SKY

Today,
the sky is cloudy,
it is making my heart calm,
when I see the sky,
I remember my sweetheart.

Today is Wednesday,
and the sky is grey,
I see the flowers;
they are beautiful,
and the rain is falling down,
and the weather feels so good.

Looking at the cloudy sky,
cool and relax,
can make me sleep,
and enjoy my precious time.

Today, the sky looks cloudy,
as my heart is waiting,
for you right here,
without certainty.

Today, the sky is cloudy,
and the rain will fall down soon,
I see the flowers under the sky,
and my heart is very happy.

When I see the sky,
It is dark in colour as if it wants to rain,
but when the wind comes,
it calms me down.

I love watching bright sky,
just like I love to see your eyes,
when I see the beautiful bright sky,
it reminds me of your eyes,
the eyes that makes me falling deep in love,
the eyes that make me always want to admiring from afar,
you also admiring someone eyes,
but the "someone" is not me,
now the sky is getting dark and maybe it will rain,
the sky cannot stand to start raining,
same as I cannot stand anymore to admiring your beautiful eyes.

The day looks cloudy,
a bit windy,
I was worries it would rain,
but the rain is calming too.

It is 2 o'clock now,
and the sky looks cloudy and it will rain,
rainy day maybe give a positive vibe for someone,
and maybe it will give a negative vibe for the other people,
and that is because some people are born with weaknesses,
some people may like it,
and some people might don't like it,
so just be yourself.

Today,
the sky is cloudy,
and maybe it will rain,
I feel this weather will be cool,
and maybe make me want to take a blanket and go to sleep.

Today,
the weather looks cloudy,
and the weather feels very calm,
the flowers blooming,

and the wind blows and feels comfortable,
and the birds are flying freely.

BROKEN WINGS

Losing hopes as we go far from our home,
they said I was born with both of my wings broken,
the house was burnt,
and the keys was stolen.

I have no one growing up with,
As I look around on these empty piece of land,
I see mountains of hopes reappeared from the dust.

They said it was all my fault,
when the waves could not make it to the shore,
when the clouds suddenly disappeared from the atmosphere,
"Was it all my fault?", I asked.

Maybe I only have small dreams,
compared to the rest,
I was not the best,
but I know,
and you know,
we will be fine,
when we finally say,
I AM FINE.

BOTH HAVE GONE

If only I have another choice,
will I better ?
If only I have chosen a different path,
will I be here ?
They said I was not fine lately,
the smile and the fun,
both have gone,
out of me.

Maybe they are right,
the days are no longer nice lately,
and all these strangers,
they walk and they flaunt,
they talk and they haunt.

SCARED AND AFRAID

They said,
my life is perfect,
but little do they know that it is full of imperfections,
tiny holes of weaknesses are everywhere,
but I hid them tightly and securely from their eyes.

I am afraid,
I feel scared,
if they will figure out that behind all these wonderful things,
there are thousands and millions of scars,
from endless battles and wars.

I am afraid,
and I am so scared.

THE DARKENED ROOM (PART I)

Misunderstandings,
Misleadings,
and miscommunications,
often lead to a social breakdown.

In the darkened room,
we hide the truth,
we cry out loud,
and we know nobody is going to hear us.

In the darkened room,
we see our true self,
we feel empty and scared,
but we know nothing is scarier than our mind and thoughts.

BIRTHDAY CAKES

Today,
is the happiest day so far,
a day full with wishes and hopes,
smiles and laughters dominating this room,
good vibes and good people are around.

They said,
Hey you look sad today,
are you okay?

FEARLESS

I always wondering,
5 years back,
or 10 years ago,
if I had chose the other choice,
who I would end up being now?

Will I become fearless? Stateless? Mindless?
Or will I become successful? Cheerful? Mindful?

TO THE SKY (UP)

I always look up to the sky when I feel lonely,
Where dark clouds veil the atmosphere,
On quiet days, silence reigns supreme,
Hurricanes paint the world in monochrome,
And midnight skies hold no respite.

I'll be the saddest person,
Each time I turn myself around from the crowds,
I feel the realm of my faith is shaking,
My kingdom poised on the brink of collapse,
Walls ready to crumble, and keys are about to be stolen.

I always look up to the sky when I feel blessed,
Where billowing clouds grace the azure expanse,
Voices mingle in the cacophony of busy days,
Rainbows emerge as heralds of hope after storms,
Countless stars illuminate the midnight skies.

PREFATORY

I'm scared that I can't forget,
I'm scared 'cause I'm not well prepared,
all these little things that hanging inside my mind,
keep coming back whenever I leave them behind,

I always think that I have the answers,
but now I'm no longer one of those onboard passengers,
I think I should move on sooner,
before I regret it later,

I'm scared to see this journey,
to go along this way every single day,
sometimes I wish I could just stay at home,
sitting comfortably on my own,

Sometimes I wish I could be free,
free from anything that tied me to certain rules,
I just don't like to see myself politically ruined,
destroyed,
and humiliated,

I missed a lot of chances,
and I needed more answers,
don't ask me to dance because I'm not one of those dancers,

..and I wish one day I can proudly say,
no matter how far we go,
you are part of the missing piece that I always looking for.

A WONDERFUL MORNING SPEECH

Maybe I wasn't really prepared for another day to come,
Or should I say I wasn't totally sure how to start this writing,
until,
I see the sunrise before my eyes.

Waiting,
looking around,
for this wonderful moment to come,
everyone gather around,
watching this miracle,
that happens every single day.

Look at that,
and we all sink into the moment forever,
everyone,
we all capture this moment in silence,
look at that,
how wonderful the sun shines,
appears slowly from the other side,
and telling everyone,
this will be a new good start of the day.

Good morning.

SO ARE YOU STILL WITH ME?

Being alone doesn't really feel bad if we know exactly what we should be doing,
like watching sunsets,
traveling to different places,
visiting our favourite restaurants,
enjoying meals and smiling at others,
browsing through libraries,
immersing ourselves in favorite books,
watching movies at the cinemas,
shedding tears over sad scenes,
finding no one around,
yet feeling content,
because, who knows,
what we truly need,
like being alone,
can be amazing.

For some,
freedom means loneliness,
and for others, peace means the same.

We often think being alone is not fun at all,
but have you tried going out alone?
It feels terrifying yet exhilarating,
we need ourselves,
we need to pause the time,
spend more moments with ourselves,
because some people they are busy spending their whole time in a day for other people,
and forget to save a bit for themselves.

So are you still with me?

THINKING THAT THIS GON' LAST FOREVER

Telling me to stop walking,
stop talking,
stop looking at these wonderful things,
and it just making me wanted to do it all over again.
We were once just some naughty little kids running around,
holding paper plane and go round and round,
feeling like this is our very own playground.
We were once just some random kids who loved crying and screaming,
holding anger and sometimes yelling and shouting,
feeling like this is the episode where we will be dying.
We were once just some silly little creatures,
and experience is our best teacher,
and that's the real treasure.
We were once thinking that this going to last forever,
but this is just a beginning of the first chapter.
Like,
hello?
So, how are you today?

WILL NEVER RETURN

Our home,
Our home is being taken away,
Our home is slowly being taken away from us,
So where we should go next?
.....
And so I decided to let myself alone,
Sinkin' and slowly dying.
And my shadows,
they're far from home,
they're scared of darkness.
We went back to a place and it looks familiar,
The war is almost come to an end and so far we've created a lot of memories there,
Looking out of the window and going back to last September,
A lot of things and stories ; and they're nice to remember.
On the way back,
We're both looking at the sun,
It's there but soon it will disappear for a while.
My shadows will always feel scared of the darkness,
and I'm afraid that soon I'll be the real definition of an emptiness.
Looking deeper into the ocean,
my hands touching my heart and I know my life dwelt in a circular motion,
sometimes I feel so confused,
maybe I've been thinking too much lately,
or maybe,
I was busy chasing something that was not meant for me.
I was busy writing a story,
Creating memory after a memory,
Until I forgot to focus on the last chapter of my own story,
I'm afraid that I won't have much time because I know sooner or later,
I will fly away and will never return.

FIND ME THERE

The day that I've been waiting for,
home is my destination,
and the sky is my new temptation.

.....

Yesterday was a painful day,
- and I nearly left the battlefield without a scar,
but here I'm now overcoming my own fears.

I'm now in a cabin full of people,
whom I called random strangers.

Telling myself to run a little bit faster,
the road is long but somehow it looks clearer,
forget about those plans,
burn all those bridges,
and when someday you remember my name,
go back to the past and find me there.

WHERE WE USED TO BE TOGETHER

...you can always come back to me,
Incase you can't find me here,
just go back to yesterdays.

I might not be here today,
But I'll always be there in your memories ***where we used to be together.***

FOR SOME MORE DAYS

*We'll go to a place where we won't be able to see the sunshine,
it's far away from our home,
and nobody's there,
nobody.*

*It looks like a place we have never been before,
it looks wonderful,
beautiful,
and loneliness is another word for peaceful.*

*By the time we reach there,
I wonder if I can see you for some more days.*

HELLO

Hey,
how are you?
Do you miss me?
Or,
Is it just me,
missing the old good things,
just like how they are supposed to be.

Hey,
Hello?
Is anybody here?
Or,
Is it just me?

AEROPHYTE

The later night when the wind feels light,
and the stars are no longer in a fight,
we are looking across the height,
where people are staring with insight in their mind tonight,
lately people hunting people like an aerophyte,
laughing at others like a parasite.

I DON'T SEE GOOD IN A GOODBYE

Maybe it just that -
things are misplaced
this time,
it feels lonely,
but I hate crowds too,

I keep on telling,
telling myself that I can,
that I will be able to,
that I ...

Seeing myself as a bridge -
that people keep walking on,
sometimes I feel happy,
but sometimes I feel lonely,

Trying to leave,
trying to say goodbye,
but I don't see good in a goodbye.

IT'S OKAY TO BE ALONE

This time,
we play the round,
unusual than usually,
maybe I was busy asking myself,
pointing the faults are all mine,
so I stay in distance,
I stop talking,
I stop entertaining,
I'm getting slower in walking,
and I thought,
maybe,
this time,
all this birds,
don't want to sing,
our favourite songs anymore,
and maybe,
this time,
it's okay to be alone too.

A PAIR OF NEW SHOES

Just like that,
it was a nightmare for the rest of us-
the sky turned red as your face,
the good news about us turned into a case,
the road turned longer,
as you walked faster,
you lost signals and you play dirty,
your face decreased in pixels and you turned ugly visually,
watching your house burn in imagination,
and you sank in a pool of desperation,
the ability to disguise make your kneel down in a weird situation,
and finally you saw a night without a moon,
as you are leaving soon.