

NICKY A. SUBONO

BITTERSWEET

SUNDOWN

Bittersweet Sundown

Written by: Nicky A. Subono

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Publisher

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Foreword

It is time to express my feelings. Writing them in pen and paper has been an emotional journey as I struggled through the lessons and experiences that life has given me. So for those wanting to be in my shoes, feel what I have been feeling, be happy with, sad, scared or safe, maybe a little puzzled.

I have broken down my past woes into words of potential inspiration and nothing better than getting through the most difficult lost of love.

So, please enjoy this book of bittersweet sundown as I went above and beyond to reflect my first ever heartache.

This book is dedicated to all the men out there who has broken one or even more than a few hearts.

This is a voice of a girl who became a woman from the lesson she learnt.

This book is dedicated to you and me.

Chapter One

Neglected Bonds of Broken Strings

Lost Emotions

I stopped believing in love, why keep searching?

I wish immortality was real, still hoping for reality to heal.

Memories are meant to be forgotten.

A mask of misery, seeping into my skin.

Closed windows around a dark room.

I am still standing, trying to let the light inside.

Even just a little, even for while.

I have hit my rock bottom.

The Meaning of Time

The past is a blur. My eyes seeks for the indecisive future.
Where am I standing now? On a bridge, high above a river
Or a cracked and winding road to nowhere.

The lighting of a clock ticks.
Revealing the scars of ageing lines of pain – wrinkles of
lost.

Moments wasted on you cannot be unwind.
Anger, sadness, love, happiness.
Our laughter and my cries.

I am still sanding in the moment of life.
Worried past and fretting future.
Where you stand?

The Poison Ivy Wallflower

I feel through the moments of weakness- cracked.

Foolish thoughts of reality and imagination.

Would our friendship be really worth saving?

Surrendered heart to the heartless.

I am waiting for a moment of resurrection.

Where is my realization?

My tiring legs chasing after windblown clouds- not a chance.

Accompanied by loneliness, walls of poison ivy surrounding my aching heart.

A conversation in my bed

How many chances have I given to a man who leaves me
in a cold and empty bed.

Drunk and alone. Waking up to the dark side of the
morning.

I was a fool to wait for something to change.

Mistakes of hope after another, lingers on.

Would I find the answers to the questions in my head?

Just by lying in our cold and empty bed.

About The Author

Nicky A. Subono is a writer based in Wellington, New Zealand. She is an avid reader and holds a Diploma in Creative Writing as well as a Bachelor's Degree in Public Relations.

This is her first compilation of poems and a first step to her dedication in the expressions of art.

For more information about the author, please follow her Instagram and twitter @nickysubono.