

**LIFE**

Please bear with me.

This is just a glimpse of  
my mind that are translated  
into words because I don't  
trust my voice to say it out  
loud. Honestly, it's like a box  
filled with endless imagination  
of love, life, and misery—written  
in an unlimited lexicon as  
they are able to bring peace  
to my fragile heart.

—A transcript of my mind.

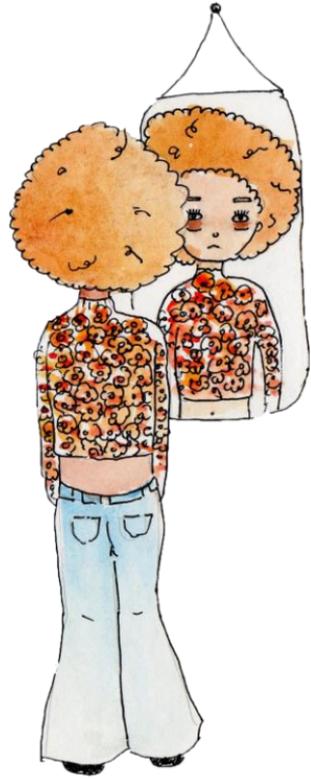
I've been staring at your tomb for hours,  
reminiscing the memories we've had in colours.  
Iridescent—as I would say it.  
Beautiful, everlasting, and making me feel complete.  
Forever is such a long time,  
but to ask for you to stay is such a crime.  
Here I am, standing on my knees,  
letting you go, so that you can find peace.

—On my knees.

The morning after  
a long sleepless night,  
she walked herself to  
the bathroom and washed  
her face as she stared  
into the mirror and see  
the big eyebags that  
became her only lifeline.

She wiped the water  
off of her face as she  
forced yet another smile  
and said to herself, “Yaa  
Allah,  
I trust that every problems  
You gave me, there will  
always be a way out.”  
For that is the only thing  
that can help her go  
through the day.

—Mother.



LOVE

I believe every hellos has its reason—including ours. We were good while we lasted, even when we met in the wrong situation at the wrong time. I'm really glad that we met, if we didn't then I wouldn't have had something great to write about—because you are my favorite hello that I am not quite ready to end.

—You're my greatest masterpiece.



The moment when our lips  
meet in a synchronized move,  
hips collide into one,  
hands roam freely,  
breath blows like a flame burst,  
and veins exposed on our necks  
as we both scream each other's name,  
that's when we wreak havoc to the world.

—So good but so wrong.

# MISERY

What's left to talk about?  
How long can you stay?  
When every words we spoke turns  
out to be flames that burst out  
whenever we opened our mouths.  
What's left to hold?  
How long can you stay?  
When the bridge we built seemed to fell  
apart until the both of us were hurt because  
we were too late to realize that we can no  
longer walk on the same road again.  
What's left to fight for?  
How long can you stay?  
When the love that once filled  
our lives gone like a dandelion  
whisked by the wind.  
I'll tell you what's left to save.  
It's the shattering pieces of myself  
that was once already broken and  
now it's just a mere dust that  
will be gone by the time r

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s started to pour and soak you up.

—That's how we end

Do you know what the problem is with our  
relationship?

That we both are selfish.

You purposely take longer time to read the page,  
and I purposely take longer time to think of another  
lexicon to write;  
so we're stuck here on the same page.

I'm not ready to let go,  
you're not going to take another step.  
Neither of us want to move on,  
yet none of us want to stay.

—Where we stand.