

Hunted by the Past Guided by My Future

Panji Hutomo

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Hi. It's me.

I know it's been a long time. And I don't know if you're still alive. if this is still your home address. if you'd like to read this. But I'm writing this for you.

I want you to know that these are the signs from me. that I've made for you. the pieces of me. that I've changed for you. And I hope you feel them. I hope you find them.

I also want to apologize. that these words took such a long time to get to you. You should know that they were lost. and looking for you. So I want to say thank you. for finding. for reading. for understanding. for feeling these words. I have a friend now. as I was always alone for feeling them.

With gratitude. Me.

I turn your gaze into words

your smile into words

your voice into words

Until I come here

with another story

of us

hunted by the shadows

of you

—I still write of you. for you.

The Art of Letting Go

I was told about how my mom let go of my dad. Started from how she took care of him for months to keep him alive. to make him strong again. Until one day. after a long time. somebody told her to let him go. because he had been in pain for too long. he had waited for her to let him go. But could you imagine how scared she was to let him go. to live alone. to be a single mother of three. And she didn't let go. simply because she was afraid of living alone. of being a single mother in such a young age. But unconsciously all she had done ever since was actually convincing her own self that she needed to let him go. he deserved to be let go. Then she let go. not because she gave up in taking care of him. but just because he was no longer worth the pain. and she was ready for the pain.

The sun has never apologized
for shining brightly
for burning the earth
and neither should you

The rain has never apologized
for falling heavily
for not holding back its storm
and neither should you

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The Art of Drowning

I'd like you to show me your flaws. storms. tornados. hurricanes. parts of you that haven't been seen. Let it all out. Perfection is not welcomed here. And I'll show you. that you are not as hard to carry. as you've always thought that you are.

You're the only one
who knows my demons
who knows my dark side
Only your eyes
that have seen my soul
that have seen my bones
And for you
I am naked