

s h a d o w l a n d

Panji Hutomo

Dear You

I'm sorry it took so long

for this book to find its way to you

It was lost and looking for you

Thank you for finding

for reading

for feeling

for understanding

these unspoken words

— Me

shadowland

I write of you

for you

The Winter

I once saw a beautiful ocean
It was tempting blue
and I let myself jump into it
I got deeper
deeper until I felt myself
getting deeper than I wanted
But then I saw you
I saw you in it making me realized
it was you who had pulled me under
Then when my barefoot touched the ocean floor
you released your grip out of my hand
left me alone drowning and wondering
Why have you drowned me?
I muttered
This is how you'll learn to swim
You coldly disappeared

I used to be an easel
with a blank canvas
I was thirsty for an art
But I'm painted black

The Spring

shadowland

I have fenced my home

with iron

Not to stop you from coming in

But to stop myself

from coming out

Look at where you are now
Remember all the struggles
that you've been through
to get to where you are now
And it would be a pointless walk
to keep taking shelter
from the storms that are coming to you
while it's raining
You've had me
since it was only a cloudy sky
So that
I'm still here
getting wet together with you
in the stormy rain