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# The Silent Songs of the Crows

A ninety wonderful days in Maharashtra  
The crows who sat on the top of the pine trees  
at the garden of the hostel were I stayed  
sang some songs silently  
and  
here are their songs...



# then the crows was laughing



One day and days before then,  
you offered me going through places  
beaches, gardens, restaurants, movies and  
temples  
wanted to be alone, just you and me  
Your heart sung,  
your songs filled the days  
and your love was dancing  
for a bunch of thorny roses  
There was one name in a million colors  
brought a beautiful red color in a slight moment  
“dirimu bunga” (you are the flower)  
you said to me  
then the crow was laughing.



*Satu hari dan di hari-hari yang lain  
kau coba tawarkan berbagai tujuan  
pantai, taman, pasar, restaurant dan pura  
hanya untuk selalu bisa berdua.  
Hatimu bernyanyi,  
senandungmu penuh hari.  
cintamu pun menari  
pada segenggam mawar berdiri.  
Satu nama dalam sejuta warna  
hadirkan rona merah suatu ketika.  
katamu padaku: ‘dirimu bunga...’  
gagak pun tertawa!*

# only to your eyes I turned



The days passed and the silence filled  
my heart

because the love that I had  
indeterminate the darkest forest  
I saw the door to thousands of love  
and in front of you, I'm stuck  
I felt your present at any time  
with warm feelings of your love.

As the sun went down nearly  
the face of marine drive shore was  
getting pale

I wanted to hide behind your smile  
but wherever I looked,  
only to your eyes I turned.



Hari-hari berlalu dan kesunyian memenuhi hatiku  
sebab cinta yang kupunya tak tentu rimbanya  
kulihat pintu menuju ribuan cinta  
dan di hadapanmu, aku terpaksa  
kurasakan hadirmu di setiap waktu  
dengan kehangatan perasaan cintamu.  
Saat matahari hampir terbenam  
memucatkan wajah pantai marine drive  
aku ingin bersembunyi di balik senyummu  
tapi ke manapun ku menatap,  
hanya pada matamu aku berpaling.



# the meeting of two hearts



“Sure, the meeting of two hearts  
is the matter of fate  
and those promises that have been set  
without previous premonitions  
the story of us is a beautiful feeling  
that beautifully carved by the owner of love itself.

Then, who bring your feet here,  
to the land of Maharashtra, where we meet?

I recognized your love  
and my heart sings because of you  
why do you want to deny it?”

O, dear, those words of yours  
froze my tongue and logic  
in my heart, my brain and my consciousness,  
just like scars, it clearly stuck.  
I felt exhausted to find all the reason  
but I’m not allowed to deny it either.

*“Sungguh, telah bertemu hati-hati itu karena urusan takdir yang telah diutus  
dan janji yang dikirim tanpa nada peringatan.*

*Cerita kita, adalah sejumpat rasa*

*yang diukir oleh sang pemilik cinta.*

*Sadari, siapa yang menggerakkan kakimu*

*ke negeri Maharashtra dan kita pun bertemu di sini.*

*Aku mengenal cintamu, aku bernyanyi karenamu*

*“mengapa ingin kau tampik itu?”*

*duh, kalimatmu itu mengelukan lidahku, membekukan logikaku. begitu lekat kata-katamu membekas,  
betapa lelah aku mencari sebab, tak pantas aku menyanggahnya.*

# when you knocked the door into my soul



Gagak dan malam tak berujar  
tentang surgaku yang samar  
hilang di kemilau berpendar  
lalu katamu; aku tak akan gusar.  
Aku mengenalmu bagai sebuah siluet  
di penghujung senja tanpa bintang  
terus menari dalam selengkung  
makna kehidupan yang konkret.  
Pada penat yang selalu kau dekap  
kau tinggalkan sebetuk ucap nan bijak  
dan selaksa untaian keikhlasan  
tergores pada wajah kesabaran.  
Di setiap masa yang singgah  
kau rangkaikan kisah tanpa kesah  
tak kusadari itu saat kau memulai  
hanya kunikmati warna ceritamu  
di akhir paragraf.  
Tanpa perlu kugunakan mataku  
kemudian ku tahu hatimu  
kasihmu tulus untukku  
asamu indah padaku  
aku luruh bertekuk lutut  
saat kau ketuk pintu kalbuku.

The crows and the night did not say anything  
about my heaven that vague

lost in the glow faintly  
then you say, I will not be upset.

I knew you as a silhouette  
in the late evening without stars  
continue dancing in a bow  
of the concrete meaning of life.

In tiredness that you always folded in your arms  
you leaved a form wise word

and uncounted sincerity  
etched on the face of patience.

In every period that stopped you  
string stories without any complain

I did not realize it when you started  
I enjoyed the color of your story

at the end of the paragraph only.  
Without the need I used my eyes

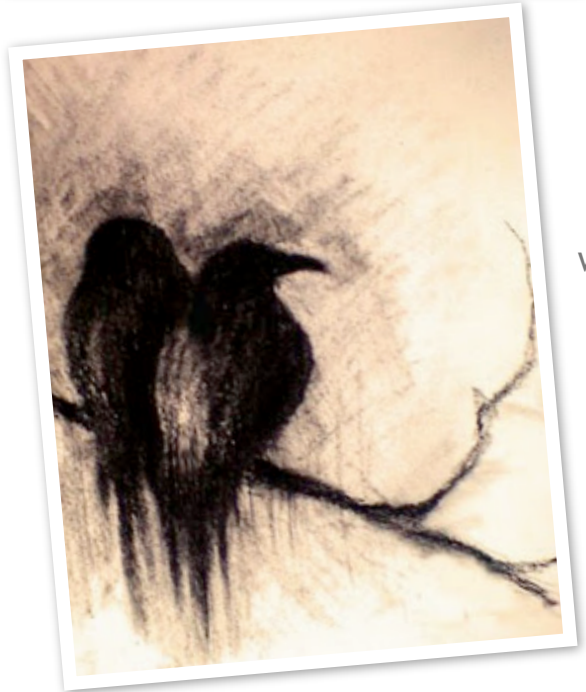
then I knew your heart  
your sincere love is just for me

your hope beautifully to me

I felt on my knees

when you knocked the door into my soul.

# the silent care



To look upon me,  
was always your way to make me warm,  
without any doubt embraced hugging my body  
with your arm

no matter how long you wasted your time  
only to care about me.

My dark sky went on fire  
when I lost in your passion and desire  
with the gently touch of your palm hand,  
when my head slumped suffered fatigue and pain  
enforce my consciousness  
brace myself, I must be!  
my beloved one, please never let the pale ever  
rest here.

*Memandangku,  
selalu menjadi caramu menghangatkanku,  
tanpa ragu memeluk ragaku dengan lenganmu  
tak peduli berapa lama kau siakan waktumu  
hanya untuk pedulikanku.  
Terpangganglah langit kelamku  
ketika aku hilang dibuai kegilaan cintamu  
sentuhan lembut kelopak tanganmu,  
saat kepalaku terkulai didera lelah dan sakit  
tegakkan kesadaranku  
kuatkan diriku, aku harus bisa!  
kekasih, jangan pernah ada kelabu singgah di sini.*



# a thousand wonders



Stepping days and going through nights...  
I saw the morning again  
Your greeted welcoming my appearance  
“good morning, how are you..?”  
I put a thousand of wonders in your bright  
eyes  
‘will you still be there longing for me,  
to break the dawn, to chew this loneliness,  
and to kiss the shadows of those night  
dreams?’

then you spoke sweetly;  
“I’m sure you know how much I care of you,  
how many more proves you want?”



*Meniti hari, lewati malam...  
kembali ku bertemu pagi  
sapamu sambut hadirku:  
“good morning.... how are you?”  
kutitipkan sejuta tanya pada tatapanmu:  
‘masihkah kau setia melarung rindu,  
meretas pagi, memagut kesendirian,  
mengecup asing bayangan mimpi semalam?’  
lalu manis kau bertutur;  
“I’m sure you know how much I care of you,  
how many more proves you want?”*

# love struck like a plague



If the rain come,  
I want to stay under the umbrella of your  
heart  
but there was no rain in the sky of  
Maharasthra  
only cold wind howled,  
and you held me, then the warm flowed  
throughout our bodies.  
Love struck like a plague  
capable of revealing all the secrets  
hidden in a dark place  
until I told them:  
"yes, I think I am falling in love with him"  
and the crow was flying high  
but I bet they'll come back.



*Andai hujan datang,  
aku ingin berteduh di bawah payung hatimu  
tapi tak ada hujan turun di langit Maharasthra  
hanya ada angin dingin menderu,  
dan kamu memelukku, hangatpun mengalir  
di seluruh tubuh kita.  
Cinta melanda bagaikan wabah  
mampu menyingkap segala rahasia  
yang tersembunyi di tempat yang gelap  
lalu kukatakan pada mereka:  
"Yes, I think I fall in love with him"  
dan gagak pun terbang tinggi*



# at the other side of Mumbai City



You are you  
who were willing to listen to the sound of my soul  
You are me  
who dropped together in darkness the light  
you are them  
who appreciated politely the silence of universe  
You are us  
who became a sign of His life  
I am only the word  
that was silent in the voice  
hopes for my literacy will be able  
to carve the meaning without no one get hurt  
tells stories about the life that races time after time,  
about the sparkle colors of the world  
and the blurred life at the other side of Mumbai city



*Engkau adalah kamu, yang berkenan mendengarkan suara kalbuku  
engkau adalah aku, yang bersama singgah di kegelapan cahaya  
engkau adalah mereka, yang santun menghayati hening semesta  
engkau adalah kita, yang menjadi tanda puisi hidupnya.  
Dan aku hanyalah kata, yang membisu di dalam suara  
berharap agar aksaraku mampu menggoreskan makna tanpa ada yang terluka  
tentang hidup yang berpacu waktu demi waktu  
berkisah, bercerita, tentang warna kilauan dunia dan buramnya kehidupan di sisi lain kota Mumbai.*

# the Imperfection



While I believe there was no way  
you led me  
into a narrow gap  
but luminous.

When I confused to go through it  
you assured me that it was my way  
life will not change as long as the feel has  
not changed.

But I am me,  
would not be able to apply it just like you  
for the rainbow is the rainbow  
patterned itself, yet still light divided  
like a silhouette bending its canvas  
between the rain drops and sun tinge  
carved the shadow in the immense mirror  
only with a blink of an eye.  
And my silent was just simply to make a  
room for you  
to be quickly turned  
but the awareness that the imperfection  
actually perfection,  
made you sturdy in a sharp cupid's darts.



*Saat kuyakin tak ada lagi jalan, kau menuntunku  
membawaku ke satu celah sempit tapi bercahaya.  
Saat kuragu tuk melaluinya, kau yakinkan aku bahwa itulah jalanku  
hidup tidak akan berubah selama rasa itu belum berubah.  
Tapi aku adalah aku, takkan mampu berlaku seumpama dirimu  
karena pelangi tetaplah pelangi bercorak sendiri meski cahayanya membagi  
bagai siluet yang meliukkan kanvasnya di antara rinai hujan dan semburat mentari.  
mengukir bayangnya pada cermin maha luas, hanya sekejap mata.  
Dan diamku sekedar memberi ruang untukmu agar segera cepat berpaling  
tapi kesadaran bahwa ketidaksempurnaan ternyata menyempurnakan,  
mengukuhkanmu pada tajamnya panah asmara.*

# under the brightest fullmoon



One place of nowhere, there was an  
uncounted story  
presented turmoil the passion of love at  
once

no need to express through words  
the whispered of your heart I could feel  
through my blood rushed rate  
because your heart beat raced it  
and then afterwards, you said softly:

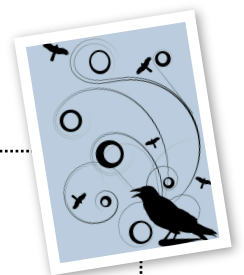
"I'm sorry ..."

"for what?" I asked

you were quite, still did not answer,  
but I understood

"should I say sorry for you, too? "

you hasty shook your head,  
your holding hands became stronger  
your sight so sharp, pierced my heart  
your smile was breaking  
under the brightest full moon



Satu tempat entah berantah, selaksa cerita  
Hadirkan gejolak cinta seketika, tak perlu ungkapkan lewat kata  
Bisikan hatimu mampu kurasakan lewat darahku yang mengalir deras  
Sebab denyut jantungmu memacunya dan kemudian setelahnya, kau ucap  
lirih:

"I'm sorry..."

"for what?" tanyaku

kau diam tak menjawab, tapi kumengerti

"should I say sorry for you, too?"

tergesa kau gelengkan kepala, genggam tanganmu semakin kuat  
tatapmu tajam, menusuk hatiku

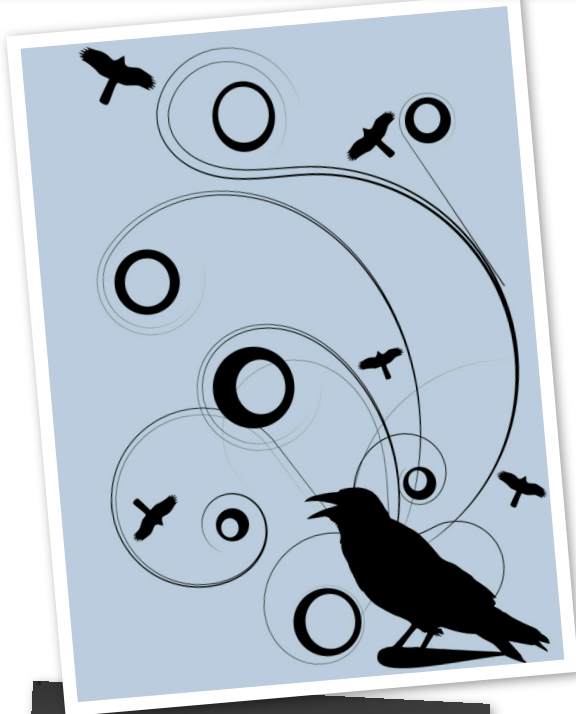


# the silence of Meditation



There were many missing hearts hung on me  
when all the fingers unable to hook us  
I knew you greet me in your deepest breath  
in the silence of your yoga and meditation.

Really I just wanted to look at you  
maybe touched you a long, very long  
like a statue of Ganesha  
with a necklace of potpourri flowers in the  
fragrant incense  
that you put in the corner of my room.



*Ada banyak rindu yang menggelayutiku  
kala jemari tak mampu menautkan kita  
Kutahu kau sapa aku dalam nafas panjangmu  
di keheningan yoga dan meditasimu.  
Sungguh aku hanya ingin memandangmu  
- mungkin menyentuhmu lama,  
sangat lama  
dan mengekalkanmu bagai patung Ganesha  
berkalung bunga rampai  
dalam harum dupa  
Yang kau letakkan di sudut kamarku.*

# love has changed me



Those dried leaves were falling apart  
and fell one by one  
slapped by the wings of the raven  
who returned to the nest  
and was blowing my missing wind of you.  
Impatiently was waiting for the night  
what is this night?

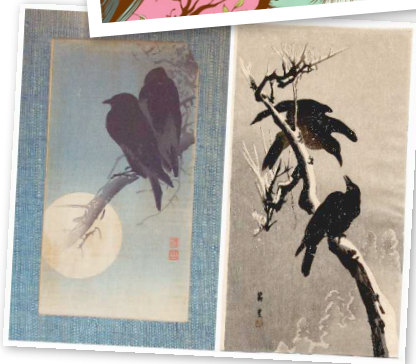
I wanted to move closed up again by you  
since the agreement we said on the porch  
you were carving the story up  
to extend the hope  
while I lived in two times  
but love has changed me



Daun kering itu luruh  
dan jatuh satu-satu  
dihempas kepak sayap para gagak  
yang kembali ke sarangnya  
dan terbawa angin rindu padamu.  
Tak sabar menanti datangnya malam  
ini malam ke berapa?  
aku ingin merapat lagi di dekatmu  
sejak perjanjian itu kita ucapkan di beranda waktu,  
kau ukir kisah memperpanjang asa  
sementara aku hidup di dua masa  
tapi cinta telah mengubahku  
menjadi mahkota kebanggaanmu.



# the opening of our golden gate



You came to me,  
I came to you  
when a pair of crows  
perched on a tall pine  
in the garden that started hooded dew  
on the verge of night.

Uncounted crisis played without the bars  
my feeling, your hope, were breed  
we dragged knelt on the cold floor  
and politely I opened our golden gate  
though stammered, it also neat  
put on the wall of our hearts.



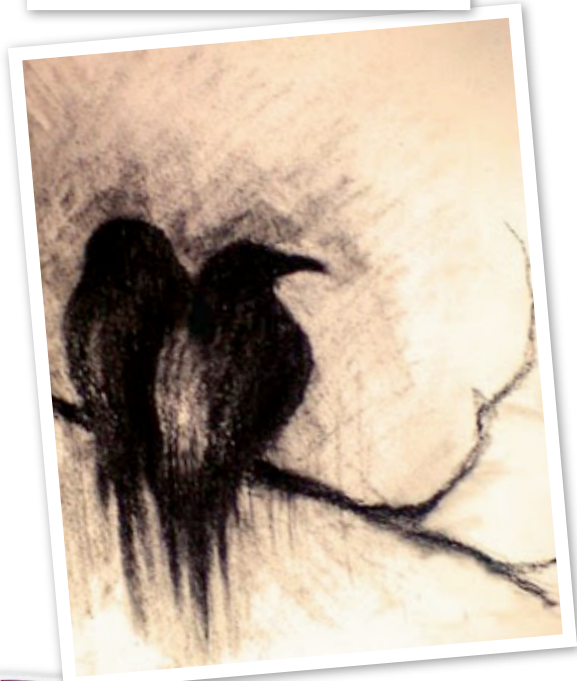
*Kau datang padaku,  
kudatang padamu.  
ketika sepasang gagak bertengger di cemara tinggi.  
pada taman yang mulai berkerudung embun.  
di ambang malam.  
Selaksa kemelut bermain tanpa terali.  
rasaku, asamu beranak pinak  
kita terseret bersimpuh pada lantai dingin.  
dan dengan santun kubuka gerbang kaca kita.  
walau terbata, ia pun tertata rapi di dinding hati.*



# with a piece of rose only

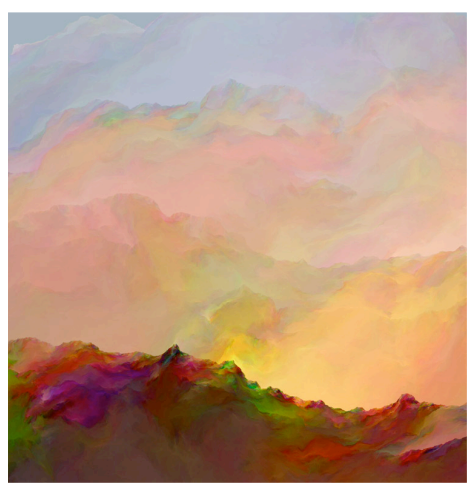


With a piece of rose only  
I displayed the fantasy  
in where you existed  
in my blind eyes.  
Was that you,  
the lines that divided the time  
gave me a space on a paragraph of sin?  
Was that you,  
a mysterious painting, painted by Him,  
the Masterpiece?  
And in HIS hand  
I felt on my knees,  
not wanting to move away



*Hanya pada setangkai mawar  
aku memajangkan fantasi  
di mana engkau ada  
pada mataku yang buta.  
Engkaukah itu,  
garis-garis yang membelah waktu  
memberiku ruang pada sebatit dosa?  
Engkaukah itu,  
lukisan misteri polesan sang Maha Karya?  
Dan dalam genggamannya  
aku luruh, tak ingin menjauh.*

# the rainbow in your eyes



Still like yesterday's full moon  
hung in the horizon of question  
"why did you do that to me?"  
I'm not an angel who reigns in nirvana  
but the colorful rainbow in your heart  
that its blur colored the sky of Maharashtra  
I saw through the glass window in your eyes  
it made me like the goddess of heaven



Masih seperti purnama kemarin,  
menggantung di cakrawala tanya,  
"why did you do that to me?"  
aku bukanlah bidadari yang bertahita di nirwana,  
tapi rona pelangi di hatimu,  
yang biasanya mewarnai langit Maharashtra,  
yang kulihat melalui jendela kaca di matamu,  
menjadikanku laksana sang dewi dari kahyangan.



# the creek that flow through your love



Will not move  
the crows dream  
on the beautiful crowned bulbul  
a spot of jealousy made her upset.  
But when quiet is quiet  
when the poem is a poem  
when you are the lights  
I knew your heart that time, too.  
Because the sounds that always there in my ears  
just like yesterdays  
was chanting melodious love song  
that was not just a game.  
Then in the disappear clouds  
you looked at the sky  
no longer full of color  
pale  
once again, the raven was laughing  
he said,  
“you, two... don’t need the moon tonight,  
look for the darkness  
with it, I will hide  
the creeks that flowed through your love both”

*Tak kan beranjak mimpi sang gagak pada sang bulbul bermahkota indah.*

*Setitik noktah cemburu buatnya gundah.*

*Tapi ketika sunyi hanyalah sunyi, ketika sajak adalah sajak*

*ketika engkau adalah lampu-lampu itu, ketika itu pula kutahu hatimu.*

*Sebab suara yang selalu ada di telinga, sama seperti kemarin-kemarin.*

*adalah senandung merdu lagu cintamu yang tak main-main.*

*Lalu di awan yang menghilang, engkau memandang langit*

*‘tak lagi penuh warna. Pucat’*

*Sekali lagi, sang gagak tertawa, katanya;*

*“kalian tak perlu bulan malam ini. Carilah kegelapan.*

*bersamanya kan kusembunyikan anak sungai yang mengalir cinta kalian”.*



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