

First of all, I thank Allah Swt. for every mercy and blessings He has given me until today. Without His hands taking care of me, I wouldn't complete my first book during my study.

I would like to thank Ibu and Bapak for being so supportive towards every decision I've made and continuously wishing me the best life could offer. Thanks to Teh Alin and Teh Afin for encouraging me to be more confident about what I do and who I am, and also for being such role models I wish I could easily be. For Bening and Nine, I thank you both that have already been two of the best place to crush on when it's gloomy or happy.

My other siblings, Sabrina, Alya, and Zhafira, thanks for always be the closest shoulders to lean on, never have enough of me yet, and cheer me up whenever things get rough. Thanks to Fia and Henny for believing that everyone has a spot to shine and here I am trying because of them. Thanks to Bagas and Dianing for ever read my writings and told me that you were touched by them. Thanks to Atun and Elwa, my talented friends, who helped me to make the illustrations and the book's cover so it's complete now.

The last but not least, I would like to thank every of you who have been my inspiration to write in the last one and a half year. I would never even start a word without the sweetness or the bitterness. I wish you all nothing but happiness.

*A writer has her own chosen words
A writer has an authority to arrange her lines
A writer has the right to pour which feelings to be told
A writer has the capacity of defining every character
They're all written because they're important
Well at least for her
And I am a writer
So, you were important.*

In Tune Rhythm

Symphony	Clean Bandit feat. Zara Larsson
How Would You Feel	Ed Sheeran
Just a Friend to You	Meghan Trainor
All I Ask	Adele
Slow Motion	Karina
Scared to be Lonely	Martin Garrix feat. Dua Lipa
Biarkanlah	Raisa
Leave Your Lover	Sam Smith
Untitled	Maliq & d'Essentials

Playlist is available on:
<http://tiny.cc/yous>

Hold On

you will always find a light on the edge of a tunnel
you will always reach the surface to catch a breath
you will always harvest what you have planted

you are not what you have been through
but how you got through every obstacle you have
faced

there will come a day when you feel those burden on
your shoulders have been lifted up
and you will thank Him
for the heaviness before happiness

Retired

after been on hundreds of storylines
living lies and truths
causing witnesses and victims
i'm on my way
to the purest version of mine
to completely undress myself without looking
around
to address a letter with a signature on it
to give love with both hands

to you
the only folded chapter on the book
the one i keep coming back
for more

Time

time could be another cruelest thing
it gives you a moment to weave threads
but not enough to tighten them up
so they get loose every passing ticks and tocks

all i could ever wish is you would have enough time
to glance
and see
the silk i always try to tie
but also slip through my fingers
everytime i try to hold

I Miss(ed) You

they never really came out
or became a complete sentence
to be told
only to be kept

they were always on my fingertips
i typed them and save as draft
never been sent nor received

promised myself to always write those three words
with a grey ink pen
on the last page
to make it invisible

i would rather be in a silence and left out with an
answerless question than trigger the flames to burn
down the bridges
between us

so, they stayed inside me

The Leaving Leaves

i remember the day
an agreement was made
to scratch leaves of a massive thick tree
and leave some marks of a story
hoping we wouldn't run out of them
hoping they would grow and hang the memories
high
long enough to make eternal exists
but we missed it
they're called seasons
and i left when it's dry
and i saw it survived by the tears of yours
just for awhile
not enough to stop the leafs from wrinkling and
falling

summer dried them out
rainstorm washed them off
spring and autumn carried them away from the tree
it's been a year
and it's gone

Parallel

i think the universe has split up
and there's a thin line right after me and right
before you
and our path will always be parallel to one another
so i won't cross the steps you left behind