

SAJAK-SAJAK KERINDUAN
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STEPS IN A RAINY CITY

You left the city too early,
but the same way
who has seen everything.

You made a promise.
you walk with your own steps,
through the cold, steep street,
and leaves the red-nosed children alone,
to stay on the playground,
for a very long time.

and
you're back in the city,
indifferent.

But the flowers
they speak no grief.
they move their leaves in the wind,
while I get ready to leave
to find someone new
in every city.

Bogor, 3 Februari 2022

AFTER THE RAIN

I counted the days like grains of salt.
Every memory burned silently
Your name was smoke in every room
A habit, far too much

Then a storm came, very quietly
Not loud, not hard, not cold
Just drops of letting go gently
They washed what kept me

I learned that my breath belongs to me alone.
My heart beats freely and widely.
In the mirror I saw a gentler face.
No mask, no suffering

Now, if the sky becomes brighter
Do I stand where the echo fades?
Not empty, not fearful like before
But completely, clearly, and freely

Bandung, 12 September 2023

Sajak-sajak Hilda Septriani

MY LOST SOULMATE

Now you're gone,
And with you, the light has fallen out of this room.
The room is now dark,
Only a small light remains, meaningless.

The places we always visited,
are now just memories.
They know nothing about us anymore.
They have forgotten us,
just as you have forgotten me.

I am learning to get up on my own morning.
I'm wearing clothes you didn't like.
I listen to music you never understood.
And I live with a time,
that you never appreciated.

In my dreams
My hand reaches for something,
But it only touches emptiness.
But this emptiness is slowly disappearing.
It is becoming a space for something new,
even if I don't yet know what it is.

Moskow, 7 Oktober 2018

PERHAPS

Perhaps I am getting lost on uncertain paths,
while the world spins ever faster.
Perhaps I am burdened by my inner damage,
But I watch as time passes.

Maybe I'm not always really strong,
But I am looking for a bright light.
Even though the day seems too gray and barren to me,
I still haven't lost hope.

Bogor, 2 Januari 2023

LIKE A LITTLE CHILD

I miss you like a little child
misses the old swing in the garden
It carried her up to the sky,
higher than she could reach herself,
higher than the dandelion seeds in the wind.

Back then,
everything felt easy,
as if the world were bigger than fear.

I miss you like a little child
wrapped in a bed sheet,
wishing for you to come in.
As a monster,
as a hero,
as everything she desires.

I miss you like a little child
with scraped knees from a hard fall.
She sits on the edge of the bed
and watches the world keep turning
while the pain remains.
In this moment,
all she wishes is for you to be there,
to kiss away all the pain.

Bogor, 16 Januari 2022

Hilda Septriani lahir di Bogor, 12 September 1992. Jenjang pendidikan sarjananya selesai ditempuh tahun 2014 di Program Studi Sastra Jerman, Fakultas Ilmu Budaya, Universitas Padjadjaran. Setelah itu menempuh pendidikan magister di bidang sastra dan lulus di tahun 2017. Saat ini, aktif mengajar di Program Studi Sastra Jerman, Fakultas Ilmu Budaya, Universitas Padjadjaran. Ketertarikannya pada dunia sastra mulai tumbuh sejak duduk di bangku SMA dengan mengambil peminatan kelas bahasa pada saat itu. Selain aktif menulis artikel ilmiah yang berfokus pada isu perempuan dan lokalitas, beberapa karya tulis kreatif pernah dijajal seperti menulis cerpen, esai, dan puisi. Meskipun ada rasa belum percaya diri, tetapi coretan sajak ini menjadi ruang kebebasan diri bagi penulis untuk berekspresi.