

The Love That He Sent

Sulasih Nurhayati¹

Universitas Muhammadiyah Purwokerto, Indonesia

The afternoon arrived like a dome unlit—
no choir of clouds, no whispered winds,
no borrowed light.
Language danced to and fro,
yet without sound.
Silent.

Canvas held no colours,
save the shadow of prayer:
Nature bowed in silence,
measured beyond price.
All settled upon the heart—
Words leaned on faithful lips:
Sealed in solemnity.
Enough.

Yet silence trembled,
Torn and scattered,
Falling into a depth without shores.
Stillness crawled
like incense through an empty hall.
Time stalled,
a prayer held in breath.
Regret and hope
rose and settled
until the will released.

Then morning tuned its strings:
dew drops played upon the harp

¹ **Sulasih Nurhayati** is Senior Lecturer in the English literature study programme at Universitas Muhammadiyah Purwokerto, Indonesia. Her interest in poetry comes from her teaching experiences in literature. Poetry has become the best medium for articulating her concerns about spiritualism, realism, and human emotions. ORCID: 0000-0003-3260-1487; Email: sulasihnurhayati@ump.ac.id

rhythms breaking, returning
waving gently at Time
that softly departed—
like a peaceful *gamelan*
carrying the heart
on a carriage of prayer
towards a horizon
that whispered eternity.