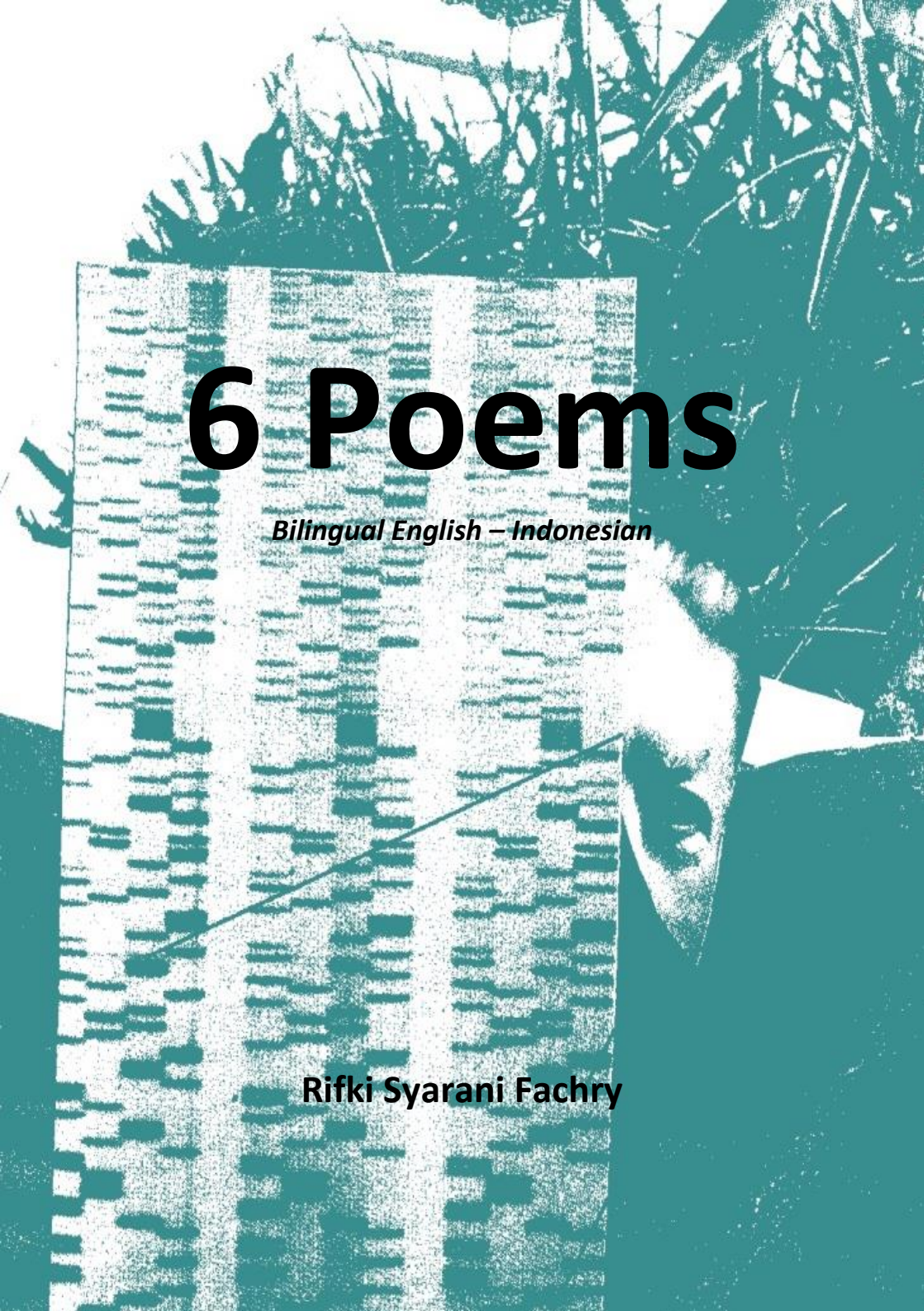


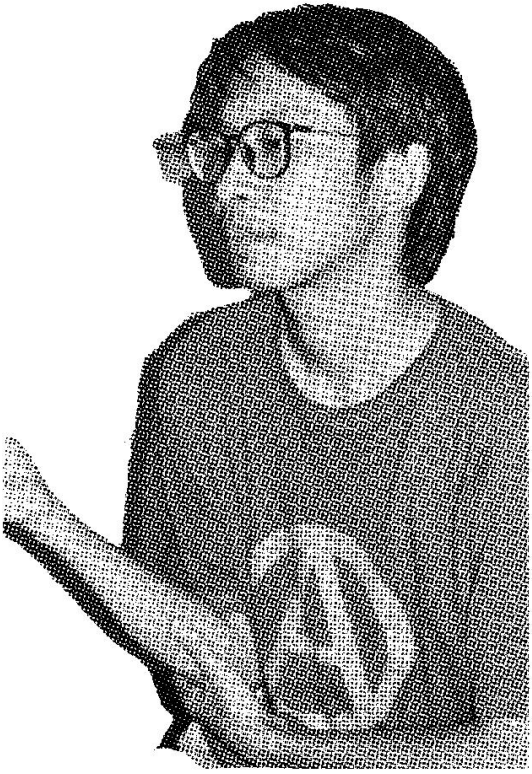
6 Poems

Bilingual English – Indonesian

Rifki Syarani Fachry

6 Poems - Rifki Syarani Fachry
Bilingual English – Indonesian

Collected and translated from Indonesian to English by **Anon** published by **Unknown People**, 2020.



Rifki Syarani Fachry, a poet and visual artist born in Ciamis, West Java-INA. Her first book of poetry, *Hantu adalah Kenangan* (Kentja Press, 2018). Currently pursuing a Masters education at the University of Indonesia.

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BURNING IDEAS

sun, dust gowns, charcoal eyes
big fire slipped like poetry
embracing stone bodies; carcass for all that is cracked
: destruction will be silent as dust
from the debris of the world, like the pain that is pasted by time
from inaudible crying, to deaf ears
for a hungry stomach, for your mouth
from a head that can't sleep
when the meaning of life is empty for his return
so a stray bride holding a torn wound

I memorize the baby in his head like a prayer and multiplication
like the events of the year that I didn't experience
and here (to the forehead), regardless of interpretation, there is no more
me, the body is burning, awareness melts away smart words
dead clouds breathe at the bottom of a cliff looking for an edge

2018-2020

GAGASAN YANG TERBAKAR[1]

matahari, gaun lebu, mata arang
kebakaran besar menyelinap sebagai puisi
memeluk mayat-mayat batu; bangkai bagi segala yang retak
: kehancuran akan menempuh sunyi sebagai debu
dari puing-puing dunia, mirip perih yang disisipkan waktu
dari tangisan tak terdengar, kepada telinga-telinga tuli
untuk lambung-lambung lapar, demi mulut-mulut yang saum
dari kepala-kepala yang tak tidur
ketika makna hidup lengang bagi kepulangannya
jadi mempelai sasar yang menyimpan luka cabik

aku manghafal bayi di kepalanya seperti doa dan raraban
seperti kejadian dari tahun-tahun yang tak kualami
dan di dalam sini (ke sebuah kening), selain tafsirnya, tak ada lagi
aku, tubuh terbakar, kesadaran melelehkan kata-kata pintar
awan-awan mati bernafas di dasar jurang mencari tepi

2018-2020

[1] Published in *Individu* (Unknown People, 2020).

POSTULATE

God experienced nothing
God never studied

2019-2020

POSTULAT

tuhan tak mengalami apa-apa
tuhan tak pernah belajar

2019-2020

ABHINAYA
CILPACASTRA

all angels commit suicide today
heaven goes crazy, hell goes out
flour world, love cannot be recognized
hate being crushed by a stone hug
an angel dies at the foot of a cliff
the devil is dead contemplating the sun
You were born, when God was absent

2014-2020

ABHINAYA
CILPACASTRA

seluruh bidadari bunuh diri
hari ini, surga jadi gila, neraka padam
dunia tepung, cinta asing
benci remuk dipelukan batu
malaikat-malaikat tewas di kaki tebing
iblis-iblis mati merenungi matahari
kau lahir, saat tuhan tak hadir

2014-2020

THEN HE DIE WITH

a pair of eyes without prose, two eyebrows without wind
nose perfectly rubing or yellow bells
pale lips of the rain, fingers trapped in the hair
and tapered lost in two poor cheeks

has shed the splendor of light
while the dark shut himself in his eyes
for a long time, like poetry that was stabbed to death,
wounded
neck: silver cliff that traps the breath of stone
and therefore life does not reach the cleavage

the events of the revolt have been pus, divide
those who die of their own free will

the look on the face, the threat seen in the deputy's mirror
as air shadows, and fog
he is not a servant, not master, he is just either
someone who is introduced to the night as someone else
to the secrets of foreigners, as a ravine
as a power that throws itself away
: corpse without love on his face

2019-2020

KEMUDIAN IA MATI DENGAN[2]

sepasang mata tanpa prosa, dua halis tanpa angin
hidung sempurna rubing atau lonceng kuning
bibir pucat hujan, jemari terperangkap rambut
dan tirus tersesat di dua pipi yang miskin

telah menggugurkan kemegahan cahaya
sementara gelap mengurung diri di matanya
telah lama, seperti puisi yang tewas ditikam, luka
lehernya: tebing perak yang memerangkap nafas batu
dan karenanya hidup tak sampai ke belah dada

peristiwa pemberontakan telah nanah, bagi
mereka yang mati karena kendaknya sendiri

air muka itu, ancaman yang nampak di kaca deputi
sebagai bayangan udara, dan kabut
ia bukan hamba, bukan tuan, ia hanya entah
seseorang yang dikenalkan malam sebagai orang lain
kepada rahasia miliki orang-orang asing, sebagai
jurang
sebagai kekuasaan yang membuang dirinya
: mayat tanpa cinta di wajahnya

2019-2020

[2] Published in *Individu* (Unknown People, 2020).

EMPTY HOUSE

rise six suns
light broke the jar
copper jars in the cupboard

on the dust table
two thousand morning
gathered in a line of names
    in the old phone book

who is faithful to call him?

sky frame asked
from an always open window
to the lost shadow
    His body

2020

RUMAH KOSONG

terbit enam matahari
cahaya memecahkan guci
guci tembaga di sebuah lemari

pada meja debu-debu
dua ribu pagi berkumpul dalam sebaris nama
    di buku telepon tua

siapa yang setia meneleponnya?

sebingkai langit bertanya
dari jendela yang selalu terbuka
kepada bayangan yang kehilangan
    tubuhnya

2020

THE ANGEL OF FIRE OATH[3]

I want to destroy the sun
and throws the earth into darkness
into your mouth, blind well
holes that collect cliff echoes
quiet anthology

I'll throw it
like my charcoal feeling

in the abyss of your stomach
I will darken the earth
and a small apocalypse grows in your heart
like rock many times
become a bud for my pain

become cold
who hurt me for years

eclipse regrets the dark
gloom loves you

2019

[3] Published in The Anarchist Library (4/4/2020), https://theanarchistlibrary.org/library/rifki-syarani-fachry-the-angel-of-fire-oath.

SUMPAH MALAIKAT API

ingin kuhancurkan matahari
dan melempar bumi ke kegelapan
ke dalam mulutmu, sumur buta
nganga yang mengoleksi gema tebing
antologi hening

akan kulempar
seperti arang perasaanku

di jurang batas lambungmu
akan kulelapkan bumi
dan kiamat kecil tumbuh di hatimu
seperti batu yang berkali-kali
menjadi tunas bagi kesakitanku

menjadi dingin
yang bertahun-tahun melukaiku

gerhana menyesali gelap
kemurungan mencintaimu

2019

NOTE:

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