

In Search of Hope

A Poetry Anthology



Editors:
Elisabeth Oseanita Pukan
Adventina Putranti

Publisher:
Fakultas Sastra, Universitas Sanata Dharma



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Program Studi Sastra Inggris, Fakultas Sastra
Universitas Sanata Dharma, Yogyakarta, Indonesia

Published by

Fakultas Sastra,
Universitas Sanata Dharma
Jl. Affandi, Mrican Yogyakarta 55281
Telp. (0274) 513301, 515253

First print 2021

78 pages; 148 x 210 mm

ISBN: 978-623-7601-13-5

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Foreword

Poetry is the oldest form of literature but it is not a thing of the past. As it is what makes us human, it should never be a thing of the past. Through poetry we find meaning in our experiences and we understand the world we live in.

This book is a poetry anthology sharing 37 student poets' ideas and experiences. In this book, readers can find 57 poems on various subjects. Four poems on hope open the book, followed by more grimly written poems on the subject of pain, rejection, false hero, struggle, disaster, and pandemic. Adding to the diversity of ideas and aesthetic accounts of life journeys, poems about natural revival and self-discovery are also featured in this anthology.

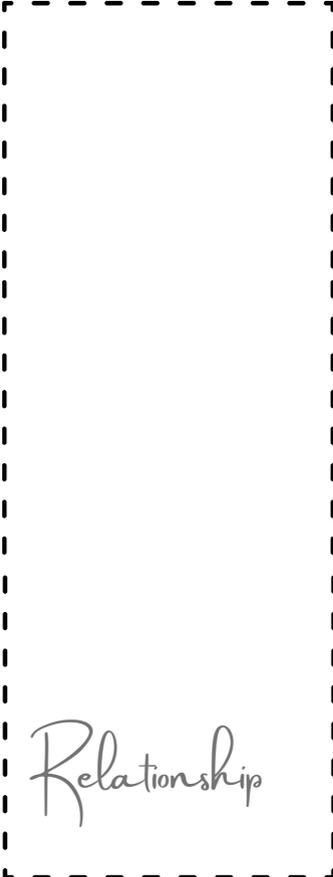
Each poem, as the end result of each student poet's self-contemplation, will uniquely engage the readers' emotion and thought to see the world from different perspectives. Hopefully, all of the poems in this book, whether they are about joyful or sorrowful experiences, may bring insight to the readers and encourage them to celebrate life.

Hirmawan Wijanarka
Head of English Letters Department
Universitas Sanata Dharma

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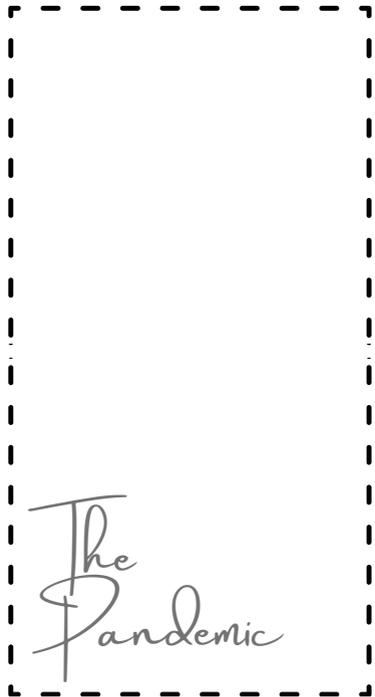
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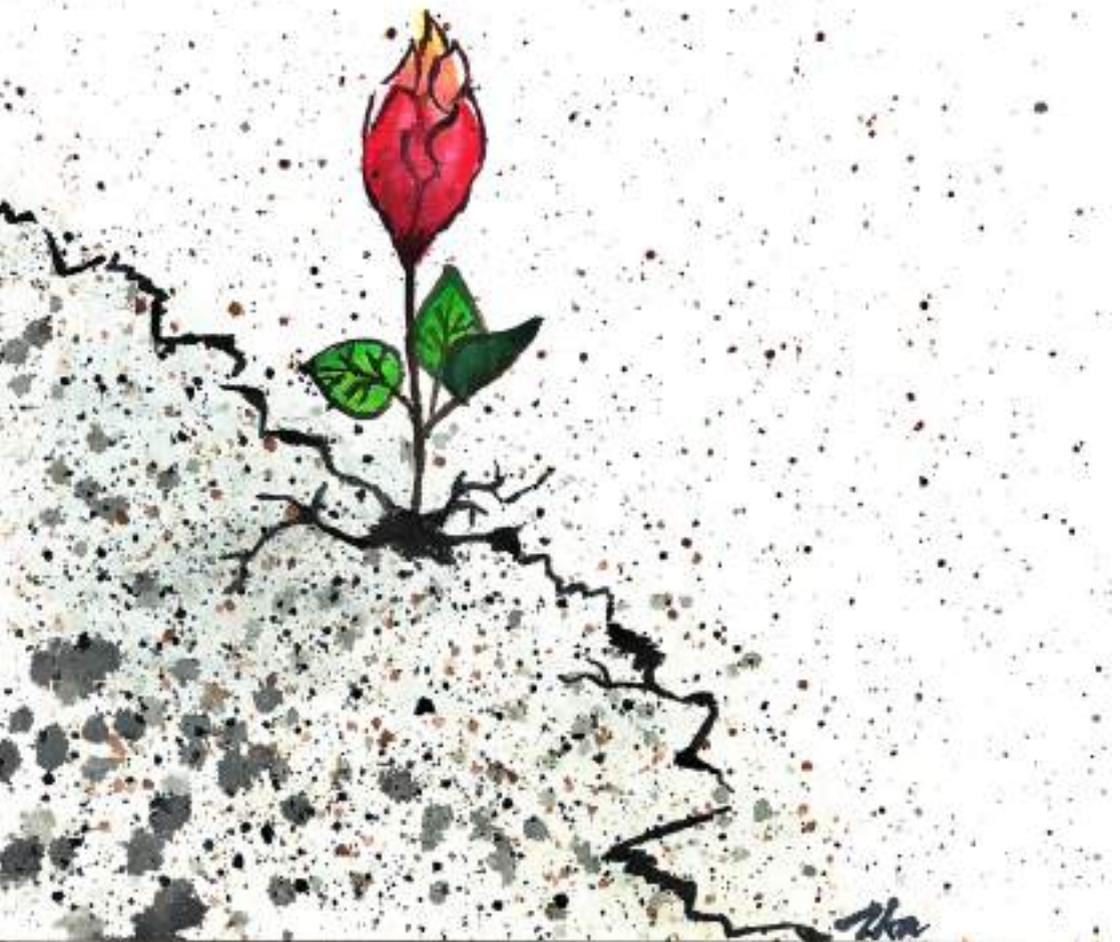
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Relationship

Hope



the

“It’s amazing how a little tomorrow can
make up for a whole lot of yesterday.”

—John Guare

Odette

By R.R. Adinda Aulia Rizthia

I see the way she moves
Those fingers merge as if there are no vertices
Little by little she looks around the lake of tears

She dances as if there is no tomorrow
She is gazing at the moon
Then recognize my snoop

I can't take my eyes off of her look
Her serene eyes are looking into my soul
Her golden hair smells like milk

God was in Eden when sculpted her
Angels choir started to sing when she was born
Oh, I believe Aphrodite was jealous

"Who are you?" I ask her
With a single word she answers, "Odette"
What a beautiful name

I come closer and does she
Her cold hands meet mine
Without a word, we dance all night

Storm Fighter

By Sebastian Satrio Aditomo

Under the thunderstorm I hold you in my arm
Digging your face deeply, but still river of tears flowing
Down on your angel eyes, springing down your cheeks
Screaming in agony piercing deep through the night
I'd pierce the eye of the storm for you, I swear
I'd rip it off, throw it to the deepest depth
For your sun to rise again, keeping you warm and safe
And for sky to make our way
To the rainbow's end we dreamed of

CRUST

By R.R. Adinda Aulia Rizthia

You are high above when I'm below
Crust where you standing at, inner core where I lying down
The cold hands lift me up to the seventh sky

No more metal as my rooftop
No more spinning my head
No more thirst for water

The most robust shell you take me in
The place where I can stand up for my own

Moon Talk

By Sebastian Satrio Aditomo

White moon, pale moon
Shining above the indigo sky
Soaring through herds of clouds
Dancing around the constellation
White moon, pale moon
Embracing the earth softly
The lovers unite, children fall asleep
Yet I'm still here for you,
White moon, pale moon
What have I done wrong?
Everything, I guess
White moon, pale moon
Falling on my tears
Flowing miles away
Drowning my smile under the
White moon, pale moon

Relationship

Pain



“The marks humans leave are too often scars.”

—John Green, *The Fault in Our Stars*

H O L L O W

By Gaudentia Resika

I, myself, sit alone
In this vast room that I own
Sorrow, pain, disappointment-
I feel them right in my bone

You, O my one and only
Laugh with her while I drop tears pathetically
Even the blue moon look into my eyes
Wanting to hold my soul tightly

Did you remember the 2nd of October?
Under the lights we walked together
Even the mirthless clouds felt jealous
For we smiled merrily to each other

Now... All those are the past
Still can't believe you leave this fast
Why? This is so unfair.
Only me, myself... feel hollow in my chest

THE SORROW YOU LEFT BEHIND



By Maria Virda P.P

People out there throwing a party
New day, new year, new page, new joy
Yet, I'm sitting in my bedroom,
Opening a box of darkness that you left behind
Heart beating fast like crazy bunch steps of horses running
Within a sad song, we shared the same pain
"You got me, you are the one" gives me butterflies,
but then it was nothing
Like a star in a cloudy sky, you disappear
In the corner of a room, tears are falling like a drizzle out there
If the sky cries, it cries hard
In front of a mirror, I see me faking myself like joker
Cheated by you; It's over!
Take me forever to understand, questioning everything about you
2 years, but feels like forever
Every day is like a hell
I am nothing but an empty shell
My heart is telling me to let him go
Today I am setting myself free
Like a bird escape from a cage
A lighter in my hand is enough
I will be home tomorrow after the sorrow

TOXIC

By Genoveva Divastovia K.P.

That night you came in
Holding a knife
Stabbed my bloody skin
Once and twice

You disturbed the peace
And ruined what was neat
I love the abyss
Who burried me in a pit

I thought I let in
A figure of knight
But no, you are a piece of sin
Hiding in plain sight

It is you who destroy all
But it is me who answer your call
Should I blame you for everything?
Or is it my fault that I'm still dying?

Mint Flavor

By R.R. Adinda Aulia Rizthia

When your sweetness call me by my name
My sweat flow on my temple
I call you back by your name
With the same tone,
Your breath becomes harder
My body needs some air

I planted you in good soil
That's why you grow so wild
Your roots overtake my land
The world now is irrational
Cannot differ which one is good
Or which one is bad

Your mint breath takes me to the bright side
It sickens me to death
It makes my flavor bolder
You are more than a garnish on the top
You are the main event in my menu



Relationship

Rejection



“Human rejection can be
God’s divine protection.”

– Paula Hendricks

Different Angle

By R.R. Adinda Aulia Rizthia

The cold winter tears a part of you and me
Words are imprisoned through our teeth
Our eyes looking at different angle
Know the story is nearly finished

You said the wick could light up in a blizzard
But it turned dark
I said the needle in a haystack could be found
But it turned into a dirk

We said every cloud has a silver lining
But the cracked boat cannot bear the weight of our ego
We said all the red roses are still alive
But we make them die

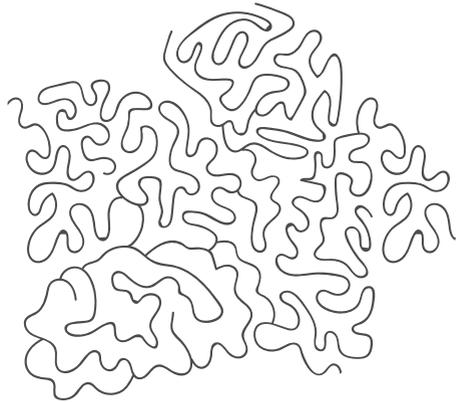
As the dawn comes early
We go separate ways
Yours to the hill
Mine to the canyon

Where is Everyone?

By Anggara

Paralyzed muscle
Weakening limbs
Hurting ankle
Wilting energy
Crooked body
Losing memory

Where is everyone
Where is everybody
I am the only one
In this jeopardy



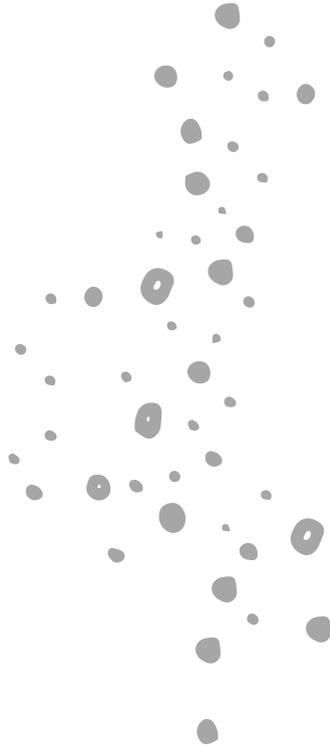
Where They Came From

By Stefanny Lauwren

Run, run!
As they throw the stones at you
and you are supposed to
Run, run
No place here for you
Go back to where you
Came from and
Run, run
You are not dark enough
Eyes not wide enough
You are not enough

Go, go!
To the land across the sea
Where you supposedly
Come from and
Go, go
Only to find a closed door
Knocking it open
Only to find
Go, go
You are not light enough
Eyes are too wide!

Run, run!
Go back to where you
Came from and
Run, run.



A Child and the Closet

By Lidwina Y. Moranda S.



The house is empty and I see your smile
You seem nice walking in the aisle
I hear your voice bursting in the air
with your beautiful smile you ask me to play
I bring you the toys out of the water
And you will be there for me later

I agree! Of course! You are a nice child
I'll do anything cause I'm an innocent child
I'll play nice, be nice, till you're satisfied

But why? Tell me, please tell me why
Why you dumped me, dumped me till I'm drowned
You come near me, wrap your hands around me
Push me deeply, until I fall asleep
Yet you laugh, enjoying this scene

Where am I? Friend, are you here?
It is cold and dark
I found your clothes but I can't touch
I can't move, it is too tight
My eyes won't open, they won't open, I am stuck

Knock, knock can you hear me?
Knock, knock, oh friend come find me!
I'll be waiting inside, waiting for you to come
When no one sees
I'll be asking
Oh friend,
Are you satisfied?



The Ugly Truth

By Laurensius Maurice Herbrata

My eyes spark brighter than the sun in daylight
My mouth sings melody of pleasing words
My body is like a beautiful rose
My heart is the warmest comfort to all

Oh dear, the outside of Daphne is deceiving
Even the closest doesn't know it

I will tell you, the inside is dead
Maybe you will finally see the truth

My eyes drop tears of blood in the night
My mouth silently screams the pain
My body is full of invisible thorns
My heart is clouded with loneliness

So, which part of me you truly like?

*Self
Discovery*



“At the center of your being
you have the answer;
you know who you are
and you know what you want.”

— Lao Tzu



Blue Iris

By R.R. Adinda Aulia Rizthia

The sun heats all the sick in her mind
Burning her face into the bloody rose
The body is no more mild

The wind comes and exhales its breath
Floating the weight of tears of her above the abyss
A rain of tears finally soaked the earth

The waves dash her frail foot
Upon her eyes, the storm comes
After all, she only hopes on a single blue iris



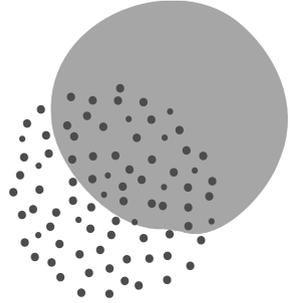
Simple Happiness

By Agatha Tiara

She brood at the river bank
That little girl in black
Her gaze is blank
I ask her why she's there
And that makes me cry alack
"This is the only gown that I have, beautiful, isn't it?" she said
Eyes were not blind to see that tattered cloth
She ran away from those shameless people
"They beat me"
She said no one gives a care
But nature does
A simple song of bird calm her mind
The petrichor on grass refresh her soul
"Can you feel the air? It keeps me alive. I can breath"
She has nothing but she loves to stay
I ask her why
She has neither money nor wealth
But she is at peace
"I won't survive the cruelty of the world"
She said
And she will not lay starving on the street
"I just want to relish the rest of my life"

I am Done

By Marssy Diana Sampe



I am done
Sinking deep down in this dark mode
Cutting? Breaking? Hitting?
It's been done. Yet still lives in.

Then, trying out self-love
I am showing the real me, yet criticized.
Trying to get off it,
They're telling me I am crazy.
Feels like a thousand knives stabbed on my back.

Try to love the "old" me and the "then" me,
Yet doesn't work.
They turn away as I stand up.
And I am done pleasing everyone.

For Tomorrow is Full of Glory

By Vanesa Adisa Herman

Look at the height of the mountain, is it as high as the sky?
Look at the depth of the pool, is it as deep as the ocean?
Look at the dark room, is it as dark as the night sky?
Look at the bright light, is it as bright as the blue sky?

I fall but is not hurt,
I tread but don't move,
I lie down but don't fall asleep,
I dream but my eyes are open.

I sit folded in silence,
I am contemplating and say to myself
That God is everything.

Replace your weariness, heal your wound,
Relieve your pain.
In all the things you face,
Keep on holding on to Him.

Because He knows before you ask.
And, to the depth of your heart He knows much better,
For tomorrow is full of glory.



WILL YOU?

By Sebastian Satrio Aditomo

Why does it have to be me?

Who'd be there for you day and night

When you're rising up high to the bright sky or

When you're falling deep to the depth of the night

Why does it have to be me?

Who stain my pure soul to wipe your bloody tears

Who hold the steam when you explode thousand feet beyond the atmosphere

Who saw you disappeared to misty cloud of sadness, or anger, or whatever

Why does it have to be me?

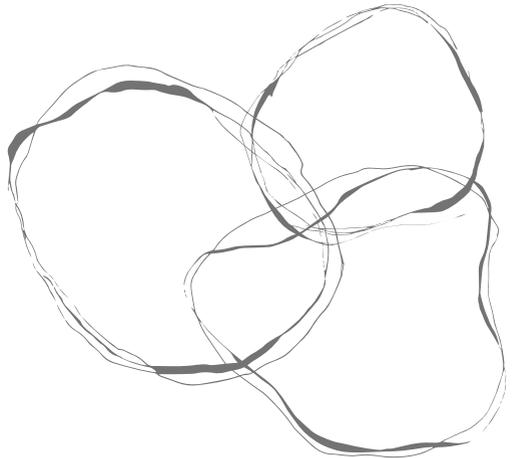
Was it because we belong together?

Was I the right one?

Were you the right one?

When I do the same

Will you be the same?



May I Ask You Something?

By Yohana

What am I here for?

For a mission?

Do you want me to cheer up and comfort other people?

Do You want me to be like a sun, illuminating other people's life?

Or like a moon, giving light in the darkness?

Or stars, seeming useless but beautiful in the dark?

Or trees, soothing the life?

Where will You send me?

And if my mission is "done", will You welcome me hospitably?

With a warm hug?

With a comforting smile?

With beautiful voices of your Angels?

... my Lord?

I, too, am Human >>>

By Marssy Diana Sampe

I'm Happy

I'm Good

I like to Smile

"That's okay", "I know You"

"Can you help me?"

"You don't understand me", "you never feel it"

"YOU HAVE A GOOD LIFE".

That's all a LIE

I, too, am Human

I, too, feel sad

I, too, feel desperate

I, too, feel stressed

I, too, have problems.

Why y'all judge me

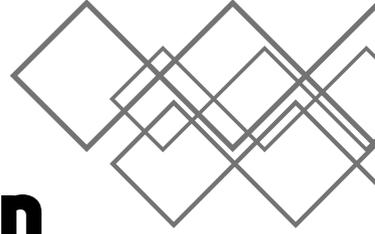
Asking me to follow your mood

Thinking I'm always in my mood

I have my own, cause I, too, am Human.



A Lonesome Alien



By Shafira Rahmasari

Lost in a new place in different region
Got no sound to catch, nothing to whisper
Yet the wind hears the thought
As the stars light the path.

Beautifully posed,
Holding a medal
Capture to post,
Such a huge goal

It is a shadow over an illusion.
He is trapped in a room looking at a picture.
Something that is hard to mention
Is missing the angles as the cure.

Wandering and climbing to the highest mountain,
The bird flies
Going back to its nest as the sun
Melts the ice.

(Not) My Dream

By Cindy Oktavia

The stage is my dream.
But this isn't my dream.

I adore the cheers,
The dresses, the premieres,
Oh, look at that glamorous gleam!

But this isn't my dream

The light walks,
Following me as I talk.

I feel my heart drops.
Do I really look as ugly as a duck?
Oh, you want me to look like a corpse,
To be as light just like a dust of chalk?

I crave for my life, without all these lies.
Because nothing that I do, could satisfy you.

Even when I'm bent, broken, and betrayed
"The show must go on!"
I swallowed the pills
Hey, I'm people's happy pills!

Just like that,
The light at the end of my tunnel,
disappears.

If I knew all these, I wouldn't dare to dream

The word "Lucky" is written in a large, black, cursive font. It is centered and surrounded by several decorative elements: two solid dark grey circles, two solid light grey circles, and two white circles with black outlines, all arranged in a symmetrical pattern around the text.

Lucky

By Gary

Did you sleep last night?
Did you like last night?
Did you eat last night?
Were you lucky?

Are you sane today?
Are you loved today?
Are you excited today?
Are you lucky?

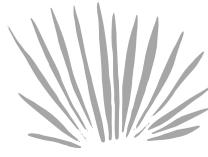
The girl can't sleep,
The boy hates the moon.
The man sleeps for dinner,
The woman lost her son.
They have no one else,
They feel depressed.
Are you lucky?

Chest hurts,
Heart aches,
Air thins.

Red face,
Red blood,
Ends now.

Days passed.

You are lucky.



Under the Guise of Moonlight

By Aksobhya Nanda (Hiro)

Below the dark sky, I stand
Heart so full; everything will be all right
And so I was guided by her hand
Under the guise of the moonlight
Together we walk, side by side, hand in hand
traversing the rocky road; wounded and smiling
through pain, the mother smiled
This heat is the sign of life; you shall grow big and strong
This cold is the sign of life; you shall grow smart and wise
Together we walk, step by step, slow and steady
Carefully, deliberately, one step at a time
Below the dark sky, I stand
Heart so weary; everything will be all right
And so I parted with her hand
Under the guise of the serene light
Alone, now I walk
traversing the rocky road; wounded and smiling
through grit, so I smiled
This pain is the sign of life; I shall grow big and strong
This pain is the sign of life; I shall grow smart and wise
Alone, now I walk, step by step, slow and steady
Carefully, deliberately, one step at a time
Yet, walking I remain
Small in stature, small in mind
However still, walking I remain
Slow and steady, one step at a time

THEY

By Vanesa Adisa Herman

Here,
They come and go,
Without knowing,
Without saying hello.

I don't know,
In joy or in sorrow,
They
Just pretend.

Pretend,
Rejoice,
Smile,
And laugh.

Sometimes all seem like
A face covered in glass,
Who knows what makes them
Survive and thrive.

Dark and Silent,
Lonely and alone,
Only they can hide
In their hearts and for themselves.



THEIR PUPPET

By Marssy Diana Sampe

If I say the truth
Could they accept me?
If I open this mask
Could they accept me?
If I show them myself
Could they accept me?

Blamed for the way I love myself
Rebuked as I stop being their puppet

They like playing victim as if I am the offender,
Doing everything until I set down the fire they made.

Why?
Why could no one try to look inside me?
Am I tired? Yes
Could I scream? No
Why? Cause I'm their puppet.

BREATHE

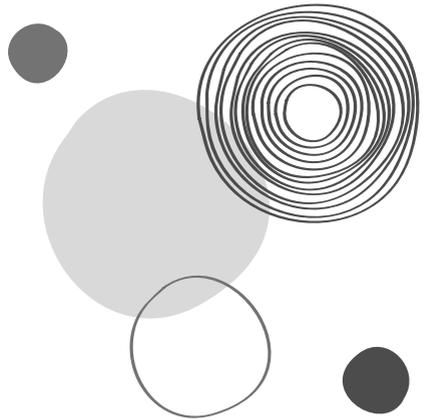
By Marssy Diana Sampe

Been fallen down
Been trembled in
Been torn apart
All its way to be up here

Run out of tears
Run out of love
Run out of happiness
All its way to be up here

Tired of trying
Tired of smiling
Tired of laughing
All its way to be up here

All its way up here just to breathe



Nightingale

By Agatha Tiara

I open my eyes
Staring at the star
When the wind breezes as cold as ice
I can hear the nightingale from far
For I know that the nightingale
Soothing all the soul with its beautiful melody
And I see a boy
Running to hear that tale
Which tells about the world's joy
And run along with the melody of the nightingale

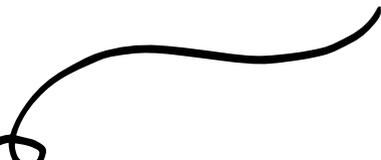
People on the street pass by
I can see it from the windows
They hear the nightingale, too!
They're giggling as they have no fear
There is no more tears to cry
Even when the world remain unclear
No more people living with pity
Everyone is charmed and happy
The joy and luck cover the pale
As beautiful as the melody of the nightingale

Nature



“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more”

— Lord Byron



My Mother

By Theresia Sekar

My mother's been sick
Her hair was falling
Her fever got worse
And kept coughing
But those men,
They never stop Hurting my mother

Earlier this year
A stranger showed up
Like a hero
And hurt them
Suddenly many died
Many get weaker
Many locked themselves
Scared of the stranger

My mother's getting well
Her hair's growing
Her fever's breaking
No more coughing
For those men
Were busy saving themselves

Revival

By Sebastian Satrio Aditomo

On a fine spring day
After a long long time
Left in torture and disease
From the soil she rises
Up high to the bright sky of March
Slowly, yet sure
Her foot lands firmly
Onto the lush field
Next to the sky-reaching trees
Of the giant concrete jungle

Her green eyes pierce through the forest
Gone is the lethal haze
Rises all the breeze of four seas
From the trees, creature jumps out
Tiny human, she thought
A majestic deer it is
A giggle flows down her ears
Down the stream, under the bridge
A Little child, she thought
A dolphin full of joy it is

Spring breeze flows down her lungs
To her heart, giving a new life
Hundred years of locked down
Are all gone just now
How long will it last, she thought
Why can't it be forever, she asked
With the dolphin she giggles
With the deer she dances
Having the life they once had
Before the time takes it back

False Hero



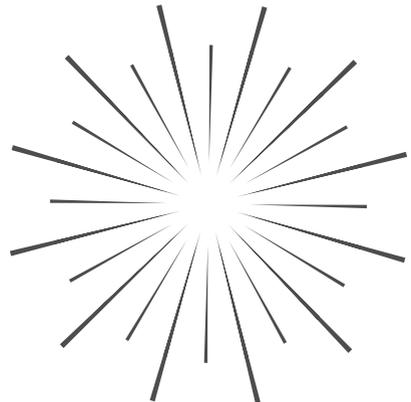
"I prefer a real villain to a false hero"

—Killer Mike

The Light wasn't the Guardians

By Vincentius Seto

The dark came, the light comes
The light wasn't the guardians
I saw the flames shattered the darkness
Indeed, the light wasn't the guardians
Who are we? Politicians? Insurgents?
Wounded by someone's ambitions
Regime was about to transform
The roar of diesel chariots faded out
Farm and children were derelict
Far away that your sight cannot reach



Saturn Devouring His Children

By Katarina

Before his death Goya the artist,
ill and deaf, on his walls painted
the famous Black Paintings.

Evil-eyed crooks. Mourners parading
to a funeral. Judith slaying Holofernes.
Sabbath witch-gathering. And Saturn, eyes

wide, blinded by fear, devouring
the blood and flesh of his offspring.
Power-hungry god who usurped
his father's heavenly throne, cursed
with the same fate upon
him. The sleep of reason

produces a monster: Saturn's teeth ripping
his own child's headless corpse, dripping
blood-red wet. Hair dirty-white dishevelled.
Skin-and-bones slouching emaciated
consumed by a violent terror
I know well from my own father.





In Goya's sky-father what I see
is my father's fears staring at me.
Dancing round eggshells. Breaking at the seams.
Ripping through skin and dreams,
dripping blood and tears. Father, of you
my memories are storms of black and blue:

flash of lightning, roll of thunder.
You wife-beater, you murderer,
devourer of children, destroyer of mirth.
But to fulfil the prophecy is my right at birth.
My powerlessness is your only power.
And I am through, Father—

I shall reclaim the power I lost
and to do so I must bury your ghost.

Struggle and Disaster



“The few trees still upright were stripped
of their branches, lonely flagpoles without
a nation to claim them.”

—Mike Mullin, *Ashfall*

The National Heroes

By Jeanette Eleonora K

To you who is inside me
Instead of being hanged by the neck
You are kept behind my bars
To keep you from running back

To you who is inside me
Who came with a heavy breath
The one who came to be abandoned
You will lose more than your weight

To you who is inside me
You are not giving up the hope
of your people, your flag, your country
Who're still crawling for your help

To you who is inside
They said you're a danger
Who came from the west
But you only sing the bitter song in the air

To you who is inside
You won't see day and night
The time will leave you behind
Befriend the dark and bright

To you who is inside
One day you might be gone
But I will never leave your side
Accompany you until you're done



The Unwanted's Blood

By Dea Primananda

I knew this life isn't fair
For whoever with the unwanted faith
They were driven to despair
That their soul began to fade
Their breath,
Ominously
Rang in everyone's ear for days
And the city began gripped by fear
Still,
Couldn't reach their hands
Or gave them my hands
For saving their life from the inevitable demise
Only compassion reached out, invisibly
Where they couldn't touch

But their sickness became hatred
For God's sake,
And they will be executed
By the command of a leader,
Who tended to play the role of God
The gun knew nothing
But forced to be a witness
Caused them bleeding
At the hands of humans



Mark I¹

By Brando Pancarian BB

There is a male, there is a female
he and she were not just a tale
each of them went through gale
Deadly, but they moved like snail

every person inside got alleviation in sight, because low light
sickening the crews who went without any guide
The temperature tempted temperament
resulting further experiment
other development than just a boom element
young Mark I, deadly, but moved as slow as snail. Mark I
each of them was not just a tale. Now that the development is done
resulting the capture of eight thousands male, and one hundred guns.

¹ Mark I is the world's first tank. It is produced by the British and was used in the First World War.

DOOMED

By Anna Maria Alluya Therilla

Everything goes dark here
Who are you, really good at juggling words?
Sometimes I just wonder
Life in this land is nothing to think about
So that disappointment doesn't turn into bitterness

No liquor today!
My spirit shop you turned into million pieces
Just a human wildness that's rooted in their wits
Citizens, religious people, even the universe; they're all the same
Am I the one to blame?

If I say I'm sorry will you dry my tears?
And give me a handkerchief?
Stop being a noddy; let's try to do better
Can I get my shop back when the flood is over?
Stop setting this world on fire

The Darkened Dawn on 30 September 1965

By Ingielly Melienia

The sun woke up to illuminate the universe
I tried to open my wipers
But I heard something in the outside of our residence

I saw my hero stand yonder
He punched someone with his dander
I knew he wanted to guard his kindred

I heard the sound of thunder when one of them pulled the trigger
I saw a small thing pierced through his forehead
Split the dawn of silence

Miserable, mad, afraid, broken
My feeling at that moment
Seeing my man covered in blood fall on the earth

Then
They were gone
As if nothing happened

Restless

By R.R. Adinda Aulia Rizthia

Earth never sleeps
The eyes wide open seeing his friend sleeps
“When would I?” Earth whispered.

Earth weeps the death of his humans
The bodies are fulfilling under his skin
“Please stop,” Earth said.

Earth prays to the milky way
That he wants to break the journey
“Please stop.” Earth cried.

Blinded by light

By Mikhael Sianturi



The fragrance of pine
blown by the air conditioner
Chatters so nice, and so fine
Before we would become goners

Around a corner, my eyes spotted a black titan
Its eyes glowing red, connected with my brown ones
They glared right into our souls
As if a judgement was about to be dropped

The black titan shuts its red eyes
Before our eyes unfolded a blinding calamity
There was nothing but cries
Of poor souls rained by pain and agony

A great force mowed the land
From light, came darkness
From darkness, came light
What used to be a city, is now a wasteland

4th of August, 2020, Beirut

Your Everyday Lighter

By Anggita Wittaningputrii

Made by Döbereiner,² improved by Auer³
to make life easy, not crime easier –
to light homes and stoves,
not burn the Iron Triangle⁴ or
take Charlotte O'Dwyer's⁵ father.

² Johann Wolfgang Döbereiner – A German chemist who established the first model of lighter, Döbereiner lamp. (Retrieved from <https://www.lifepersona.com/johann-dobereiner-biography-and-contributions-to-science>)

³ Carl Auer Freiherr von Welsbach – An Austrian chemist who developed misch metal, a type of flint that is used in modern lighters. (Retrieved from <https://www.britannica.com/biography/Carl-Auer-Freiherr-von-Welsbach>)

⁴ The area of the Vietnam War. In the war, American troops created Zippo squads and make them burn villages with Zippo lighters. (Retrieved from [https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Iron_Triangle_\(Vietnam\)](https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Iron_Triangle_(Vietnam)); <https://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zippo>)

⁵ The daughter of Andrew O'Dwyer, a fireman who died on duty during the Australian Bushfire. (Retrieved from <https://www.news.com.au/national/nsw-act/news/heartbreaking-scenes-as-rural-firefighter-andrew-odwyer-farewelled-at-funeral/news-story/1c9ce050dc1c82ece7cf6011bc4749f1>)

The Blinding Light

By Angeline Harjono

The morning of the ninth was unlike any other
Clear blue skies laid above
As far as the eyes tell
No man pondered any further
As they continued to mind their own
On that day of no foretell

My sister and I were playing
Whilst waiting to be taken
We kept our gazes on one another
Our feet happily jumping
With no care in the world
So long as we had each other

Suddenly,
The sky transformed into white
My eyes immediately wrinkled
A hand grabbed mine
Screams appeared in the midst of the light
Bodies were flung and burnt
Laid on the ground was also mine



The Water

By Anggara

You frequently underestimate me
The water
I am your danger

Your vehicle frequently slips
When you break the speed limits
The rain restricts your view
And you slither down the avenue

Your vehicle
Uncontrolled
Crashed
Wrecked
Because of me
The water

Voice of the Cursed Blade

By Angeline Harjono

A hundred years have I lived
Various kinds of people I have seen
Those who touched; unlikely survived
For their heads are cut off clean

A hundred years have I lived
Forged with the greatest steel
A treasure my master prized
As I make people beneath me squeal

A hundred years have I lived
Each time I pierce a heart
Their eyes seemed surprised
And their bodies fell apart

A hundred years have I lived
Held by the mighty of the mightiest
A master's life is short-lived
Defeated by someone else's mightiness

A hundred years I stay to live
In the Land of The Rising Sun
This unending life I'm forced to strive
To be seen as the cursed son

The Curse of Hope Diamond

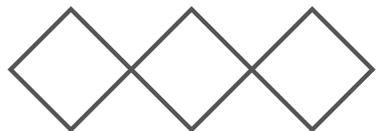
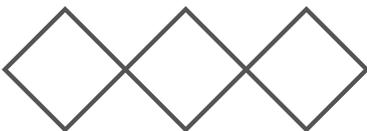
By Yohana

They said I'm a curse,
but why they want me?
They said I'm a curse,
but why they still keep me?

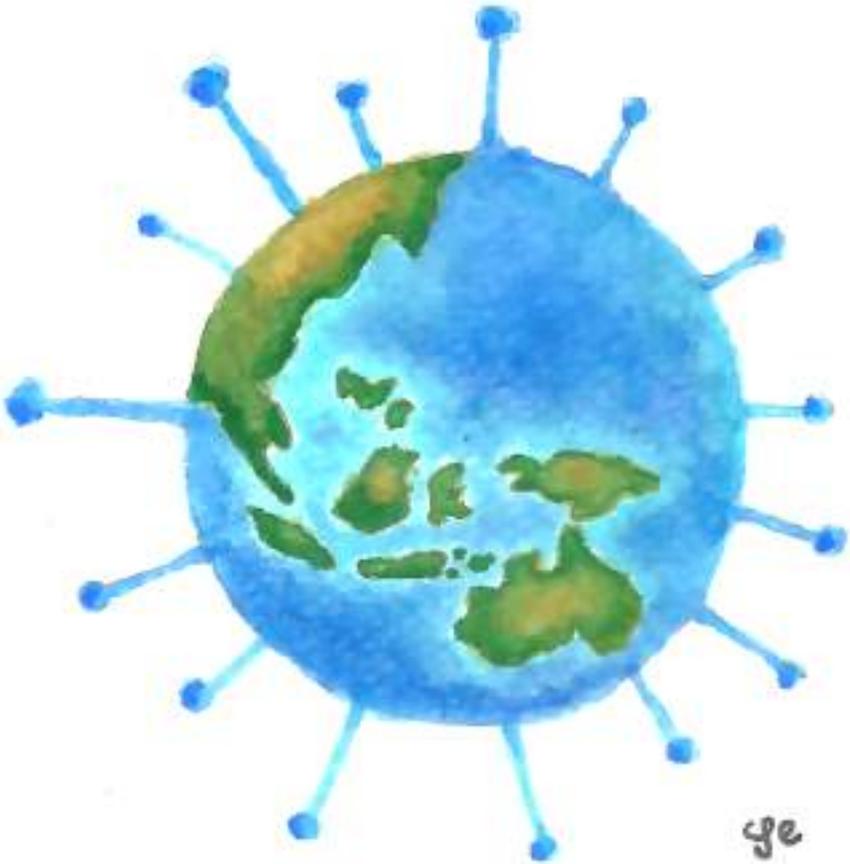
Risking life for a moment of pleasure
Risking humanity to have me
My sparkle blinded their eyes
My luxury blinded their hearts

I felt betrayed,
I'm not supposed to be owned by the wicked
I'm the rage, I'm the grudge
I bring the curse.

But I can bring the luck to a kind-heart



The Pandemic



"Nothing in life is to be feared, it is only to be understood. Now is the time to understand more, so that we may fear less."

—Marie Curie



The Colosseum Looking at Yet Another Plague

By Katarina

Again, a suffocating smell of fear
and panic whirls in the air.

Again, an outbreak, and people have stopped
roaming my skeletons. Again, my amphitheatre is filled
not with tourists' footsteps and chattering,
but echoes of long-forgotten suffering
and shadows of destruction from times gone by.

They call my cracked, wrecked walls, my
ruined halls, my decayed arena symbols of old glory.

Yet they never heed my reminder: Memento mori.

Across centuries I have seen plagues—

Black Death, influenza, measles—

decimating millions long before this Coronavirus,
even in the reigns of Antoninus and Justinianus.

I am no stranger to quietus—indeed I was built for death.
I have seen gladiators fight till their last breath.
Christians slaughtered like sheep, mid-prayer.
Slaves pitted against lions and wolves. The crowd cheer,
thirsty for lowly blood dripping from the mouths of beasts,
hungry for torn, twisted half-chewed limbs. A decadent feast:
panem et circenses. O tempora, o mores!
Drunk in power, they thought themselves
untouchable by death, unassailable by terror.
But I have seen the mighty Roman Empire,
as others that follow, wax and wane. I have seen
civilizations rise and fall through plagues and famines,
rebellions and revolutions, wars waged and treaties signed.
I have seen how easily power fades, how quickly lives end.
Yet they never heed my reminder: Memento mori.
Such are the only constants in history:
mankind's vanity and fragility.



Stone Deaf

By Billiam Susanto

Once I escaped my ordeals
So no more woman would yell at me
Once I decided to heal
From a man drowning me in tragedy
Oh, they fall for staying home
When all I wish is running out
Even if it means I'm gone
At least I'm free from all the doubts

Inside I've been to the hilt slayed
Tears became my dopamine
What more balderdash can I say?
Death's better than quarantine
So I'm sneaking out in a hurry
To the streets that are still open
Soon hear my unburied body
With ears of Van Beethoven

DARK

By Rizqi Ma'ruf



Things that I planned
Gone and are damned
Boys with their swords
Dragged them like they're dogs
They're never bored

Dark. The night was.
The shiny thing swung
I couldn't feel that thing stung
Just not the same as a sharp tongue
But.
Dark. Oh, it was.

WHY? I just wanted to work
A lesson learned I thought
But not for me
Ignoring advices, those I skipped
Had killed me so quick
Dark. Full of terrors

"The World Prays"

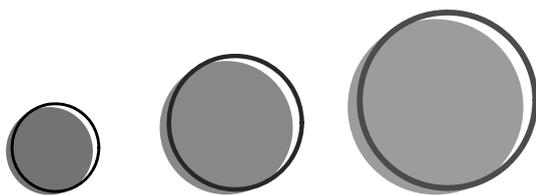
By Vanesa Adisa Herman

Darkness, sorrow,
Solitude, despair,
When nature rages, the sea rages,
The ground is crying, the sky is whacking.

Humans fell like beasts,
Humans die like fish,
The world is sad, weeping,
Wounded and suffering.

To see, to hear,
To look and to feel,
Until I, you,
Him and them,
Isolated
To make love revive, to make nature recovered,
To make everyone return, and to make it all come back.

The world prays,
For you and me,
For them,
And for all of us.



A Light in a Black Hole

By Anisia Ivonda Seran

A typical morning day, but not the atmosphere
Crowd, noise, mics, and cameras
They had been there for hours for a sentence
I was uncertain, my heart was as heavy as Atlas' burden
They watched, and lots of questions rained down on me
I was standing behind a lectern and started speaking
They looked thirsty and uneasy, nervous but curious
Taking a deep breath, a second, then I said "227 are positive"

Various expressions and unsaid words spoke through their faces
Taking a deep breath to find left courage and faith
Trying to find a light in a black hole
"Please take care," I said
Then I left the lectern

Sound of Regret

By Anggara

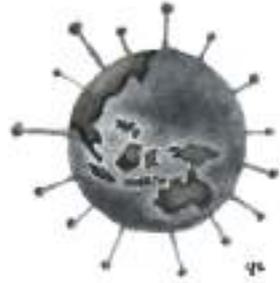
Into the light
So bright yet empty
The starve of oxygen
The beep of lifeline
Sound of rushing steps

Rolling wheel rushing
Cough can't be unheard
You must hear it
Every day I hear it
Every day I regret it



COVID-19

By Jesse Kenneth



Crue! beginning
Over the edge
Vacant mind
Incoherent self
Disoriented feelings

A kind of starter pack to begin 2020...

The pandemic came without knocking
But people are ignoring
It happened, people start blaming
No problem is solved, many people are dying

Be wise!
You may fear but please don't be imbecile
All this started because we don't care
All this together we must bear



A Song at Sunset Time

By Zefta Marcell

Streaking from the west a golden glow
Swoop down, planted on the open ground.
By the time, slow songs start to grow
It's a vivid view of vulnerable veteran's sound.

“After I came to Wuhan,
I was leaving early and returning home occasionally.
The complexity of this chaotic city enslaved me
and I rarely did see the sun.”

“Wild unrecognizable creature tied my lungs on this wheel bed
It made the things left undone.
But this 87-year-old body has no regret
Since now, I have the sun.”

“Thank you, grandson.”

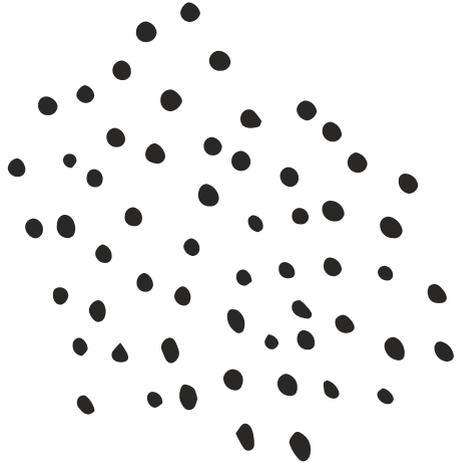
Corona and Corona Virus

By A Hestu Baswara

Much cherry blossoms when I was born.
People were rapture, foretelling my future.
It was July 1957, soon
I began to travel, the world I travell'd,
from Asia to western civilization,
till I gave birth eleven generation.

Vroom vroom vroom.
I wanna go vroom vroom.
Let's together take a trip,
Take a trip in my room.
Forget all your gloom,
Under the beautiful moon.

2020, my name's viral again.
In a different sense,
A very negative sense,
which sounds nonsense
and led to misense.
They lose my presence,
I lose my essence.





The War Song

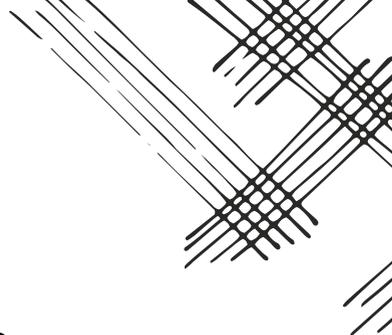
By Vinska Febiandra N

Roosters start crowning
Awaken to face the dawn's light
But plumes of smoke grey
Rubbed the dreams away
The siren wailed like a baby in distress
Loud and clear
Only dust filled the street
Whispers start flying thick
Spreading tons and tons of panic

Some are forced to fulfil
A solemn promise on solitude
Under their white coat
Few have sworn an oath
Forestalling the front line be breached

Amidst the chaos in the front line
The tenacious green rangers on mighty horses
Bring light for the helpless
Ignoring the risks of enemy's attack

Where art thou, my lord?
The whimper groping in darkness



Loneliness Corona Virus

By Timy

This is how it ends
Being isolated all alone.
Where are my friends?
I can't make on my own.

Where are the people I love?
This feels like a nightmare
We used to go out and have a laugh
But now they don't seem to care

This virus is killing me slowly
It took everything from me
This is the time for me to be holy
So may God help and set me Free

THE FIFTH⁶

By Reinha Rosari

The coming of the fifth is all I need
That in the fifth I can live for once more
That in the fifth I can love for once more
The fifth brings my love to me
The fifth out of seven

No fifth for this week!
Said the man in the uniform
The fifth will not come this week,
Yet here comes the nineteen

The nineteen
She forced myself to turn to stone
She forced my hand to hold the palm
She forced my feet to stay in place
She forced my eyes to see only wall
She forced my ears to hear only clock
And she forced my heart to feel nothing
But loneliness

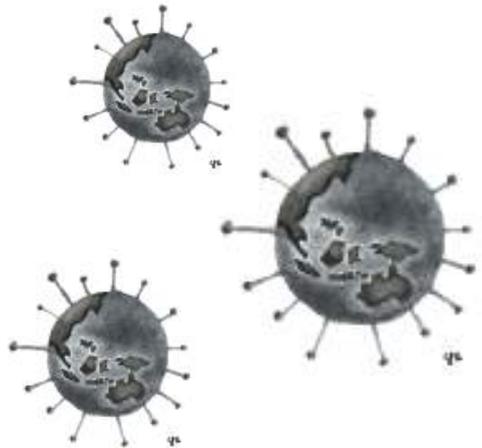


⁶ The fifth visiting day for prisoners

DOORKNOB

By Rahadyan Rifkhi Nugroho

I never felt so anxious
To touch something so familiar to me
Because I fear
I would carry assassins with me



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