

Burning Ideas

Five poems of Rifki Syarani Fachry

Rifki Syarani Fachry

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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

POSTULATE

God experienced nothing
God never studied

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

THEN HE DIE WITH

a pair of eyes without prose, two eyebrows without wind
nose perfectly rubbing 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

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

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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