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AT THE CLIFF'S EDGE

Cold. The last lips that touch him. Before he vanishes
from the edge, the soaring bruised altar, from where he
tumbles, perhaps plunges, to a sea of symbols.

Spirit naked. Words weigh anchor.
Trails of troubled water. Further away from the body
that is about to fade. Like sunken galleon planks.

Buried. In a bay cemetery.

It's true he often dreams of a prairie.
Asleep in a thick tuft of grass. Running
with iron bolted feet. Horseshoes. Arrows

and a bow on the back. And taking shelter
in the Centaurus cluster. Fluttering tents
in the south of the night sky.

South: a transit. To a higher
terminal. Perhaps more eternal.

But he also witnesses souls collapse.
Pigs. Anus broken, punched by
a roasting pole. Pierced. Through the jaw.

Like them. He's delivered to the edge. Standing dizzy
Looking at the sea. Blue death strutting. Mad. Like glee
coronating its sacrificial victims.

He doesn't want to remember that later a typhoon will descend
swinging harpoons in the waves. And the angel
is almost bored of waiting.

Awaiting the moment of falling. A brief moment
the change of the southern constellation
created from salt and the light of words.

SUCCUBUS

“Enough.
Stop that fever.
I know desire will crucify you
At the hour’s end.”

Then you close your eyes. Caressing a cleft
At the base. And the scent of grass diffuses
Like a magic spell spilling into an estuary.

From your gland’s shiver the rivers are drunk on carrions.
Sniffing along the valley passing through remote villages
Scattered, ruined, into the mouth of lust
At the body’s edge.

And the body’s edge, you know, is a pavilion
Protruding into another sea. Another realm, where the spirit
Bows, beheaded, enduring the sway, from the mast which screams
‘I’ll tie you, I’ll cut you’, all night

When knees seem mashed. Sky vague.
And people curse defiling filth. To smite enemies
That must perish. With pointed gaze lost
Through the nimbus.

Heaven: the rusted lock. Crimson rust stain
On decaying texture. I know. Yet desire
Won’t be vanquished.

The roots will penetrate. Smack.
Seize you in snorting

In panting
In death’s throes

That approach

“Enough.
Finish it off.
I know desire has crucified you
On my body.”

TREMBESI

Pitch-black and towering
Birds making nests on the strength of her arms.

Grand castle for red ants and lizards
An architecture growing from its own shadow.

The day is about to collapse. Her weather-beaten joints
Grow weaker and twisted.

With bitter seeds of karma hanging
She learns to love all unworthy of love.

Conversing with ghosts all night
Underworld dwellers, eyes awash with milk

Whose breasts were once full of January rain
And whose nipples erect skyward licked by the sun.

She used to roam abhorring stars
Only walking to kill distance, forgetting directions

Not thinking of arriving anywhere
Not entering anyone's paradise

And shouting to those who linger, falling
In God:

"Eternal life beheads monuments
or buries itself into underground extinction!"

They're angry and curse her to vanish
Absorbed into the black tree's cambium:

The king crowned with a kite-frame
Tree rings and their prophecies.

Tower of prayer-call in the distance. Birds arrive
Pecking the dusk's last light with their golden warbles.

The peasants hurry home to prepare fire and pray.
A visage, a pattern from a simple *surab*

I scratch the body that groans in the trunk.

Note:

Trembesi: the name of a tree (*Pipturus nicanuss*).
Surab: a chapter in the Qu'uran.

SITA'S FIRE

Dissolve my body in the flame!

Sita screams. Before collapsing
behind the wood smoke soaring up-wards. The heat
and the explosion of burning fat, a canon shooting
fireflies to the sky. A typhoon of flame reddening the azure...

Lips bitter. A million eyes tearing me apart
screaming the curses of the gods.
What sin have I committed?
Strong ash-colored arms. Immoral desire.
Wink of hated destiny. And spring
cleverly teaches me to make love.

There is no more fear. Holy war is in vain.
As is revolution. But why do I still hear
a revolver shot in the ribs. A bitter trickle
is released. Shattered I fall from the embrace
of the rough man who'd achieved what he longed for.
Deadly passion. Later when the eagles from the gulf
flutter wildly clawing at the ghosts of soldiers,
troops who've burnt god's incarnation, scatter
my soul in your pain, Dasamuka.

We reincarnate as a pair of dragons
hunting the moon in the sky.

Note:

At the end of the great epoch of Ramayana, after king Rama defeats the ten-faced demon king Dasamuka (Rahwana) and rescues his kidnapped wife Sita, his subjects welcome Rama's return. However there is concern about whether Sita has been able to remain pure and faithful to Rama. Sita is put to the test of fire.

PENINSULA

The sun,
A yellow tiger groans
Gripping the flesh of a darkening sky
Over the shock of my memory.

At the corner of the peninsula
I see the skin of the sky is peeling
Scratched by your long-soft nails.

The hours of your trembling stare
Carve the shadow of the evening in my eyes
Dragging the aroma of your dying
Which is exhausted with the coral reef
And the leaves that has grown thick and tough
Draining off the time.

Don't cry sweetie, please do not rave.
I hate being astonished to see the whiskers of your light
Hanging loosely in the space
Begin to dance in a strutting way
And scatter to all directions
Showering with the sand.

My memory slip.
A mile of the last clouds
Sinks in the dark shoulders of the women
Who has been sleeping by the sea
Those who called my nick-name in wonder
And loved the silent sun of the heart :
The stupid stone, the badly wounded one
That insists on looking at you
While you are dying to get me out
Of the crumpled rainy days
Scratching the skin of the waters
As cold as your touch.

And then through a short cry
Which is thrown to the air
From a hiding
In the battle in the bush of the park
On his forehead I find stars
Running around.
The light takes refuge
To the sky,
The spear of spirits that was released
Its sound is like paddy borer
Reddening the rough barch of the trees.

The aroma of the burnt meat,
The wide ditch open wide
Flooded with fragrance
From the cut meat.
The death is like a candle in the middle of a party
And as if the soft hand of the sky
It was awoken to guide you to the gate:

The explosion

Of the birth,
The meeting of the days and night.

“O my sweet pigeon
If later you decide on your return path
Or a route
Taking you to the morning, don't hesitate!
Remember the ripples that luminescent
In my last cry,
The retina
Which stay under the light of an harbour,
The little hills, the old ketapang tree,
The curling of the snake's tongue
Forked
Embracing it.....

DANCE

Your back
Is the monsoon hair hanging loosely.
The night chasm shining brightly
burned by the firestorm of your dance.

“Drink me, eat me.
Stab me with your pitch-black thing
For just a little more pain. A bright red stallion groans
Licking my body in pleasure.”

He writhes in pleasure on your back.
And you jump up and down, outraged, in heavy snorting.
A thousand worms gnawing the veins: the intricate network
Of a bruised old banyan's root. The deathly pale heart at its end,
Trembling in terror, glimpse the angels in the bush.
And the seeds scream, their eyes open wide,
Strangled by desire
of committing suicide.

Just a little more pain
The storm will sink into your back.
The night chasm will be in seething,
In panting, wet with light:
The drizzle of mushrooms, iron rust
And yellow butterflies.
