

# *In Search of Hope*

A Poetry Anthology



Editors:  
Elisabeth Oseanita Pukan  
Adventina Putranti

Publisher:  
Fakultas Sastra, Universitas Sanata Dharma





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### Authors:

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Aksobhya Nanda (Hiro)	Dea Primananda	Lidwina Y. Moranda S.	Stefanny Lauwren
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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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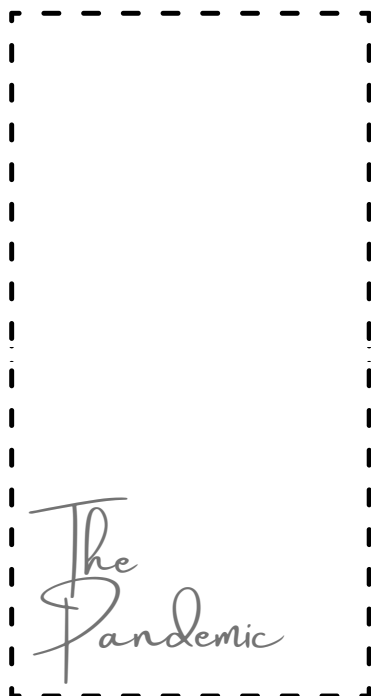
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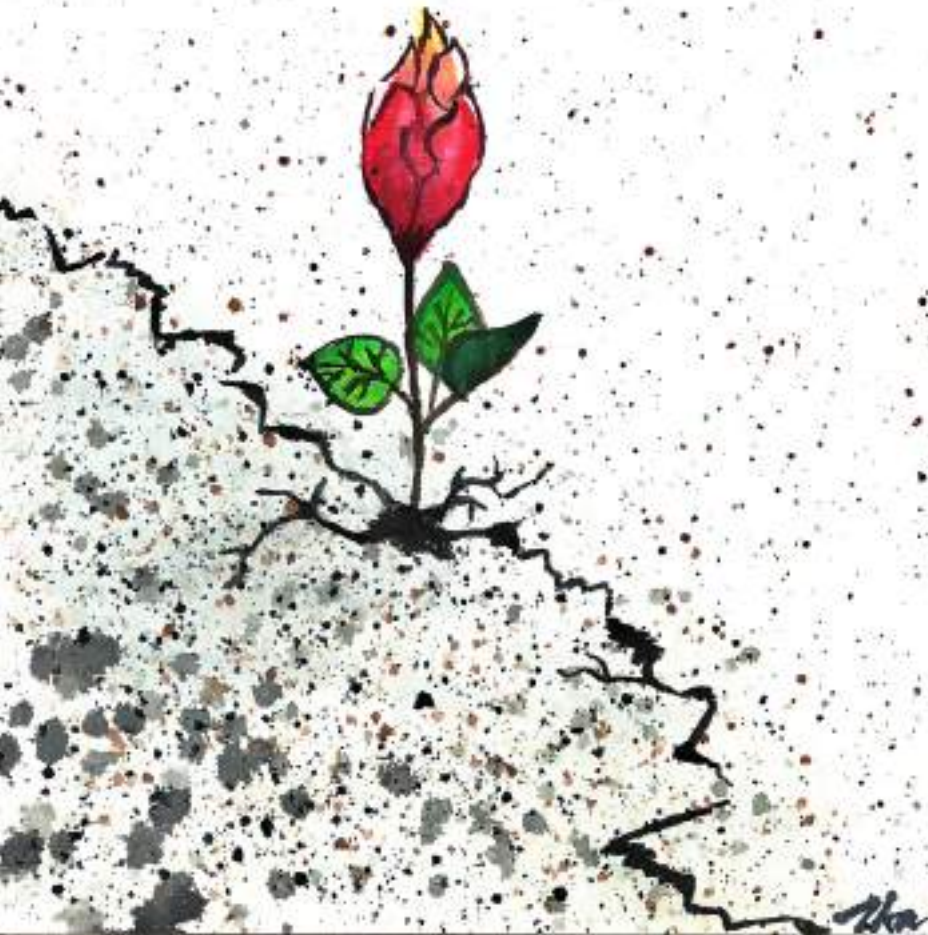
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# *Relationship*

Hope



“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

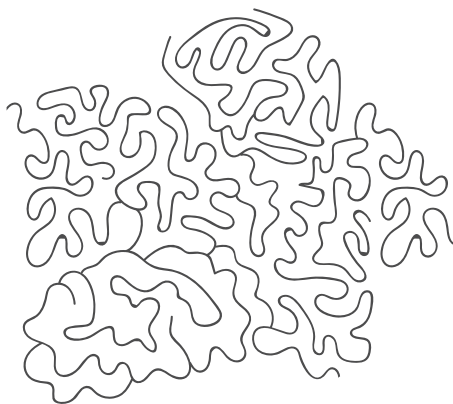
Losing memory

Where is everyone

Where is everybody

I am the only one

In this jeopardy



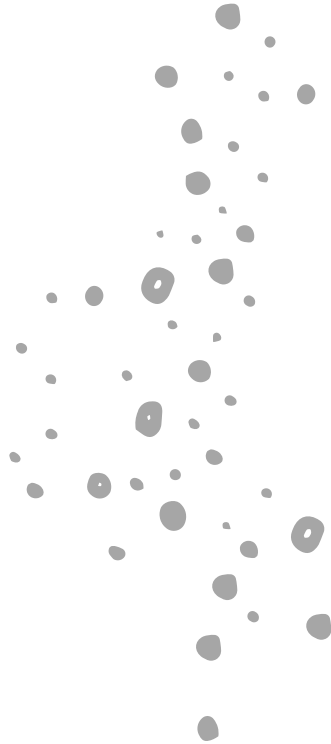
# Where They Came From

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



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





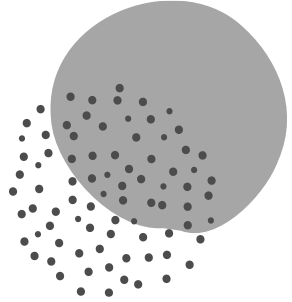
# Simple Happiness

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.

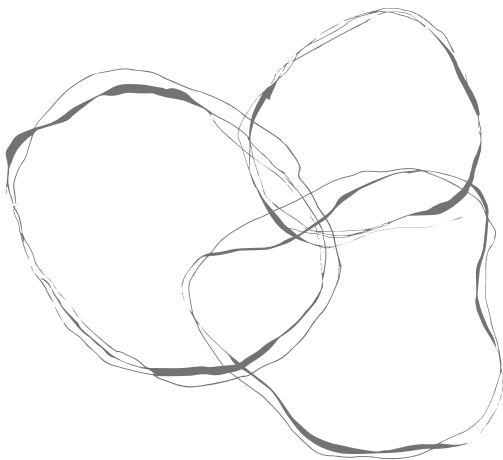
Because He knows before you ask.  
And, to the depth of your heart He knows much better,  
For tomorrow is full of glory.



# 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.

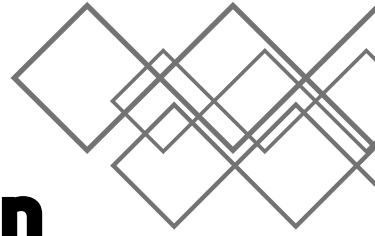
Why y'all judge me

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





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?

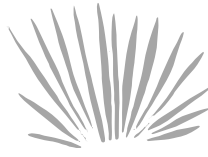
The girl can't sleep,  
The boy hates the moon.  
The man sleeps for dinner,  
The woman lost her son.  
They have no one else,  
They feel depressed.  
Are you lucky?

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

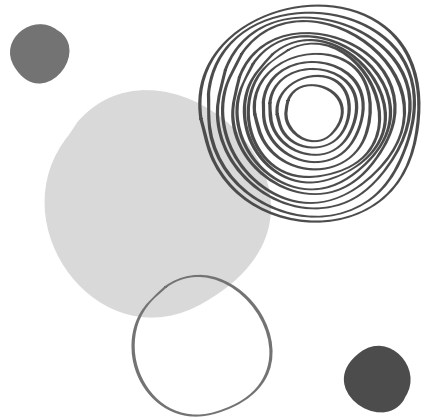
By Marssy Diana Sampe

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*



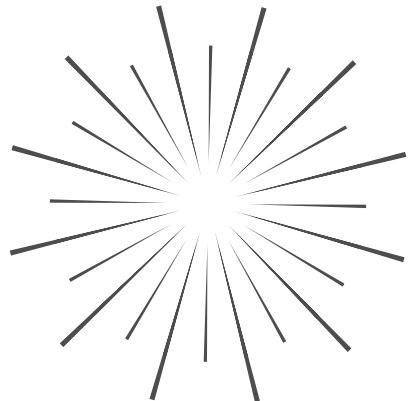
"I prefer a real villain to a false hero"

—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 I<sup>1</sup>

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.

---

<sup>1</sup> 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 winkers  
But I heard something in the outside of our residence

I saw my hero stand yonder  
He punched somenone 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,<sup>2</sup> improved by Auer<sup>3</sup>  
to make life easy, not crime easier –  
to light homes and stoves,  
not burn the Iron Triangle<sup>4</sup> or  
take Charlotte O'Dwyer's<sup>5</sup> father.

---

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

<sup>3</sup> 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>)

<sup>4</sup> 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>)

<sup>5</sup> 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

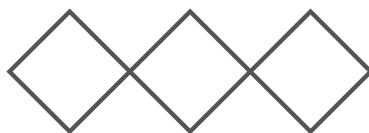
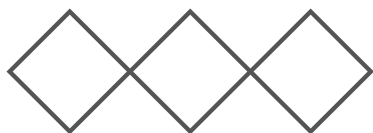
By Yohana

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

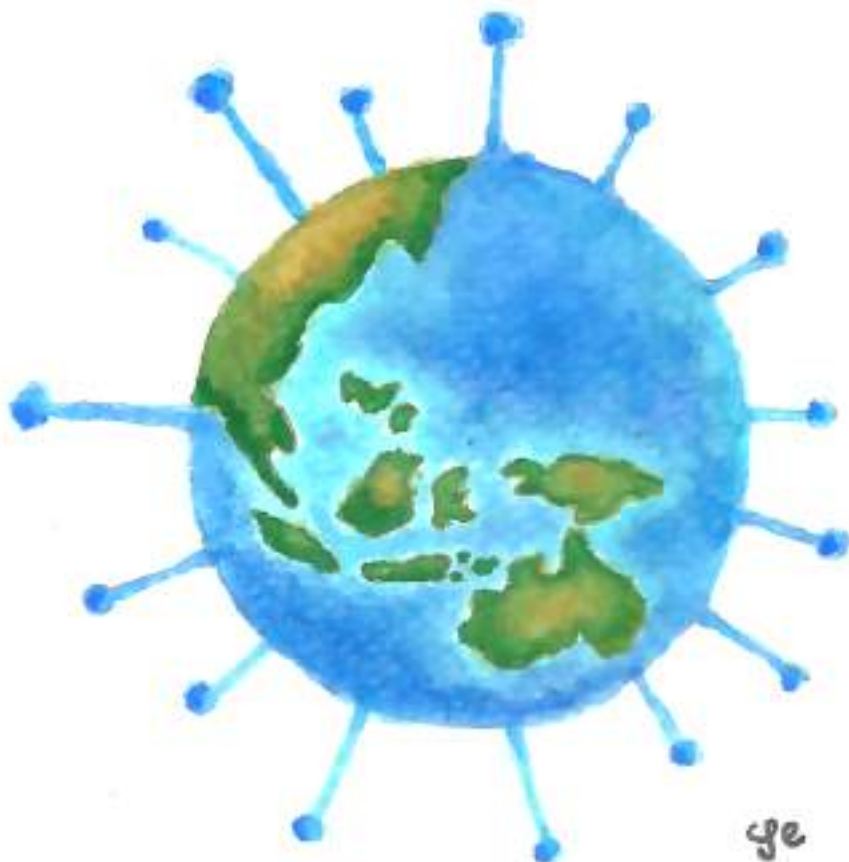
Risking life for a moment of pleasure  
Risking humanity to have me  
My sparkle blinded their eyes  
My luxury blinded their hearts

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"

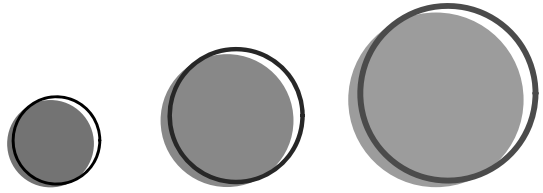
By Vanesa Adisa Herman

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



**C**rue! beginning

**O**ver the edge

**V**acant mind

**I**ncoherent self

**D**isoriented 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."



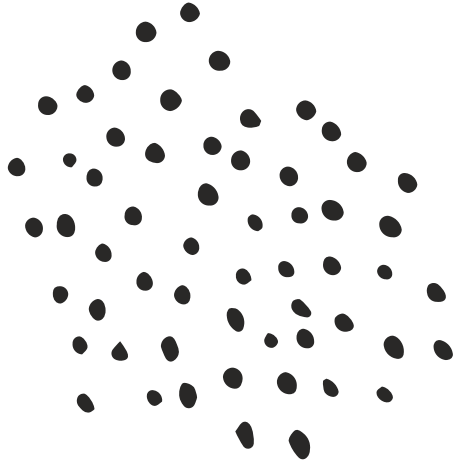
# Corona and Corona Virus

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

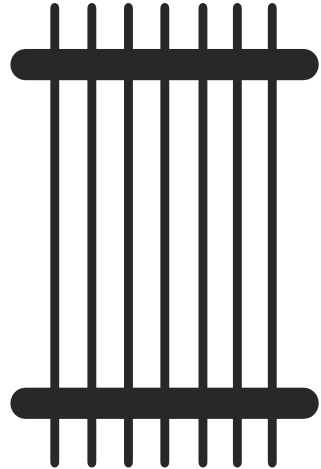
# THE FIFTH<sup>6</sup>

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



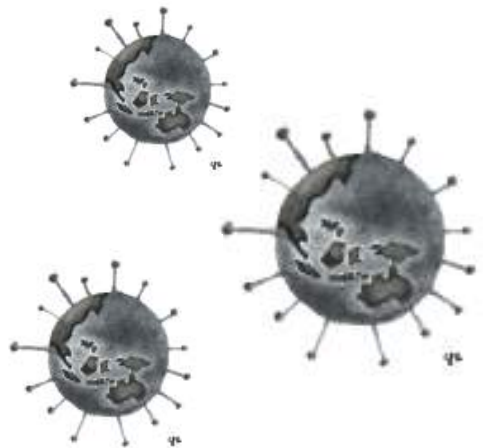
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<sup>6</sup> The fifth visiting day for prisoners

# 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



# Contributors

Agatha Tiara

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Ambrosius Hestu Baswara

Angeline Harjono

Anggara

Anggita Wittaningputri

Anisia Ivonda Seran

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Fakultas Sastra, Universitas Sanata Dharma

