



Melancholia

A POETRY ANTHOLOGY

Editors: Elisabeth Oseanita Pukan, Annisa Saraswati, Boy Ertanto, Ignatius Cahyo

Melancholia

A Poetry Anthology

Authors:

Adriyan Frediyanto
Annisa Saraswati
Boy Ertanto
Brigitta Filla D.S
Caren Forensa
Carla Silvanus R.
Christoforus Yory
David Gavriel R.
David Satya S.
Denaya Alfitraannisa
Dennis Dwi N.
Dimas Daffa A.B.

Ditya Yulendra D.
Euginia Sekar A.
Evelyn Sekar R.
Fajri Oktavia G.
Fransiska Novita
Henryca Aprillyana
Ignatius Cahyo A.
Josephine Kumala
Michael Tan
Monica Angela N.T
Muhammad Farhan
Odilo Naibaho

Puspita Paramasuka
Putrianna Stella A.
R. Raihan R.R
R.A. Adhelia
Rara Thiadina
Riska Karina S.T.
Rizky Firmansyah
Vanessa Pricilla
Wastu Nimpuna
Y. Shinta Aprilia
Yacinta Dian U.
Yohanes Galih W.

Editors:

Elisabeth Oseanita Pukan
Boy Ertanto
Annisa Saraswati
Ignatius Cahyo A.

Publisher:

Fakultas Sastra, Universitas Sanata Dharma



Melancholia

A Poetry Anthology

Editors: Elisabeth Oseanita Pukan, Annisa Saraswati, Boy Ertanto, Ignatius Cahyo

Illustrators: Carla Silvanus, Rizky Firmansyah, Puspita Paramasuka

Layouters: Brigitta Filla, Evelyn Sekar, Adriyan Frediyanto

Authors:

Adriyan Frediyanto
Annisa Saraswati
Boy Ertanto
Brigitta Filla D.S
Caren Forensa
Carla Silvanus R.
Christoforus Yory
David Gavriel R.
David Satya S.

Denaya Alfitraannisa
Dennis Dwi N.
Dimas Daffa A.B.
Ditya Yulendra D.
Euginia Sekar A.
Evelyn Sekar R.
Fajri Oktavia G.
Fransiska Novita
Henryca Aprillyana

Ignatius Cahyo A.
Josephine Kumala
Michael Tan
Monica Angela N.T
Muhammad Farhan
Odilo Naibaho
Puspita Paramasuka
Putrianna Stella A.
R. Raihan R.R

R.A. Adhelia
Rara Thiadina
Riska Karina S.T.
Rizky Firmansyah
Vanessa Pricilla
Wastu Nimpuna
Y. Shinta Aprilia
Yacinta Dian U.
Yohanes Galih W.

Copyright 2022

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

85 pages; 148 x 210 mm

ISBN: 978-623-7601-16-6

Copyright is protected by Law (Law No. 19 of 2002)

Whoever intentionally and without the right to commit an act as referred to in Article 2 paragraph (1) or Article 49 paragraph (1) and paragraph (2) shall be punished with imprisonment of at least 1 (one) month and / or a fine of at least Rp. 1,000,000.00 (one million rupiah), or a fine of at most Rp. 5,000,000,000.00 (five billion rupiah)

Foreword

Tragedy has always been part of human existence since the beginning. People have always been at war with themselves, against others and against nature. They fall sick; they experience loss, death, and persecution; they sometimes are conquered by nature, whom they exploited to satisfy their needs and greed.

Having a conversation about tragedy is important although it evokes sense of despair. *Melancholia* is a poetry anthology commemorating tragedies in human life. Divided into five chapters, “Persons and Collision”, “On the Margins”, “Despair of Asian American Pacific Islander”, “Melancholia of The Pandemic”, “Of Nature and Men”, this book presents 68 poems by 36 student poets. Each student poet painted with words their interpretation of various calamity they witness or experience throughout 2021.

Inducing desolation is not the goal of *Melancholia*. It is hope we seek when writing and collecting the poems. Remembering disasters humbled us, making us realize that we are not always in control of our life, and writing about injustice reminded us that human being is capable of normalizing wrongdoings. Tragic moment is when human is confronted with his/her mistake, or with his/her helplessness. Hopefully through this book, poets and readers find their ways to see tragedy from different angle. Tragedy has power to sink us, but it can give us opportunity to contemplate and to rebuild our life.

Elisabeth Oseanita Pukan
Chief Editor

“Tragedy always brings about radical change in our lives, a change that is associated with the same principle: loss. When faced by any loss, there's no point in trying to recover what has been; it's best to take advantage of that large space that opens up before us and fill it with something new.”

- *Paulo Coelho, Aleph*

Table of Contents

Foreword iii

Table of Contents v

Person and Collision

Right 2

The Little Girl 4

Am I safe here? 5

Dystychía 6

The Easter's Lament 7

The bunny 8

Peace 9

On the Uncertainty 10

Aliens and I 11



On The Margins

Mirror mirror on the wall 13

WHAT HAS SHE DONE WRONG? 15

Woman of The Sun 17

No Road To Home 18

Journey to A New City 19



Despair of Asian American Pacific Islander

TEMPTATION KILLS 21

PATRIOTISM 22

COLOR 24

Their Yellow Skin 25

HORROR 26

Cold Breeze 27

Am I Wrong? 28

Asians in The Rough 30



Pandemi

Savior 33

Chariot of Life 34

WHITE 35

The White Infantry 36

How is your feelings, Ambulance? 37

To The Place of Healing 38

AMBULANCE 39

The Night Ride 40

Chariot 41

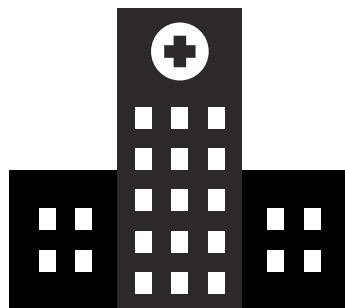
Moon Lullaby 42

A Call from an Ambulance 43

Burned City 44



A Chauffeur for A Last Drive 45
Rescue 46
That noise 47
12 to 12 48
Your Chauffeur, At Your Service 49
A last ride 50
Gaze on The Window Sill 51
911! 52
Red cross truck 53
Who's next? 54
The Burning City 55
Ambulance 56
The Ambulance Outside The Window 57
AMBULANCE 58
2020 59
Santa Muerte 60
The False Roam 61
The Unsung Heroes 62
The White Box 63
The Song Of Verandah 64
An Ode Of Salvation 65
THE PARANOIA IN ME 66



Of Nature and Men

The Day After 69

Drown In a Dream 70

Doom of Rain 71

The Flood 72

Nature's Will 73

The Old Earth 74

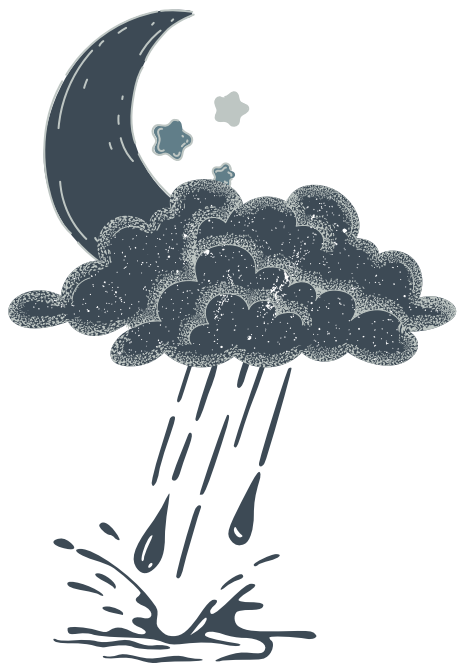
A Shining Star 75

The Water and Earth 76

Mores 77

Her Little Heaven 78

Hollow's Terment 79



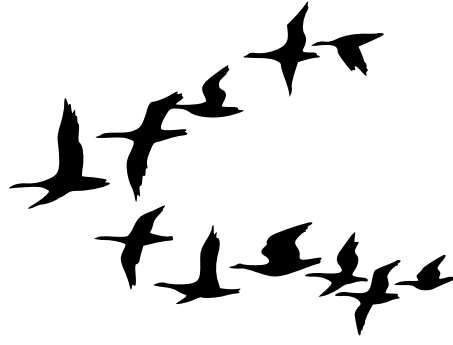


Persons and Collision



From the dawn of time, mankind revolves around dissension. Yet in this age where every people around the globe unite toward peaceful life, some are still blinded by old hate. A simple misunderstanding or difference in ideologies and opinions could stoke a heated argument, and even an act of terrorism and discrimination.

This chapter of the anthology contains the stories dedicated for those who lived and are living underneath the shadow of hatred and ignorance. Their voice may be silenced by their own people. But their words and cries of sorrow are written for eternity.



Right

Putrianna Stella Atmaji

You told me
From morning till night
Everything should have been in light
No matter inside outside
Everyone could do in right

Sweet kiss for mommy
As sweet as a candy
Warm hug for my daddy
As warm as the sunny
Am I doing it right?

Walk through the way
Wait me at Your home
Meet people with smiley
Make their hearts bloom
Is it doing right?

Just arrived and fold my hands
I'm talking to praise You
This must be right?

But, wait..
Do You hear that cries?
Oh, wow..
Do You feel the bang?
There!
Do You see that hurts?
God..
Is everything alright?

THE LITTLE GIRL

Novita Aurelia Rendo

The little girl hide when the footsteps was heard
She just hid longer to run on
Scary as a giant, they just walked with weapons in their hand
One by one, her Burma's friends have fallen
The giants still attack them no matter how they fight very hard
It doesn't need to think that they are also human

The giants ran to the hiding place of the little girl very quickly
She ran to her father but she couldn't escape anymore
They shot and hit her then she fell very swiftly
The girl with all of her friends lived in peace
The three fingers salute was upraised
The little girl realized that home sweet home was just a lie



Am I safe Here?

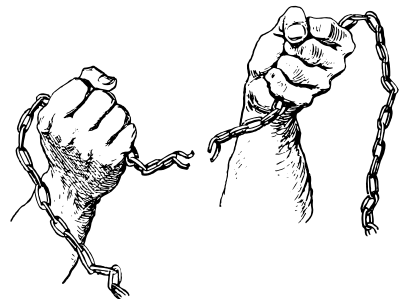
Evelyn Sekar Rossary

I step forward,
As the brave knight
The terror has started
Since day to night
As the rebel flares

My anger creeps beneath my vein
People are getting hurt
Covered with blood and dirt
Loud stomp by the armed groups
On behalf of the troops

Aren't we supposed to be protected?
Are we supposed to be targeted?
Although voices won't be heard
The world is now allied
Against the violence they have started

A liberty has been robbed
By the greed of power
They destroy our hope
Make us mourn
For the sorrow we cannot ignore



DYSTYCHÍA

Carla Silvanus Rindorindo

I spy with my little eyes
Untouchable pure & foul souls were killed
Grabbing casualties to flies
They sickeningly scream in trilled

Where oh where?
Do the pretty souls fly?
The moment a loud bang blares
A smell of heavy smoke dancing in the high sky

The light of a fire is a sight
Why is it so unfair?
Why should it be a fight?
Where children & adult taste the same light air

When all the hopes stumble down
All hates become clear
With no humanity around
No peace nor love will appear



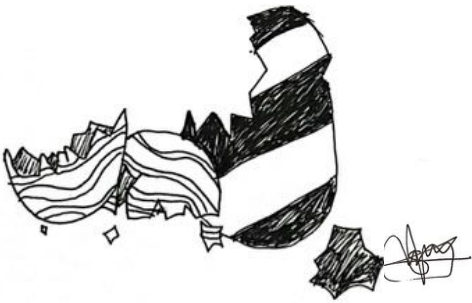
The Easter's Lament

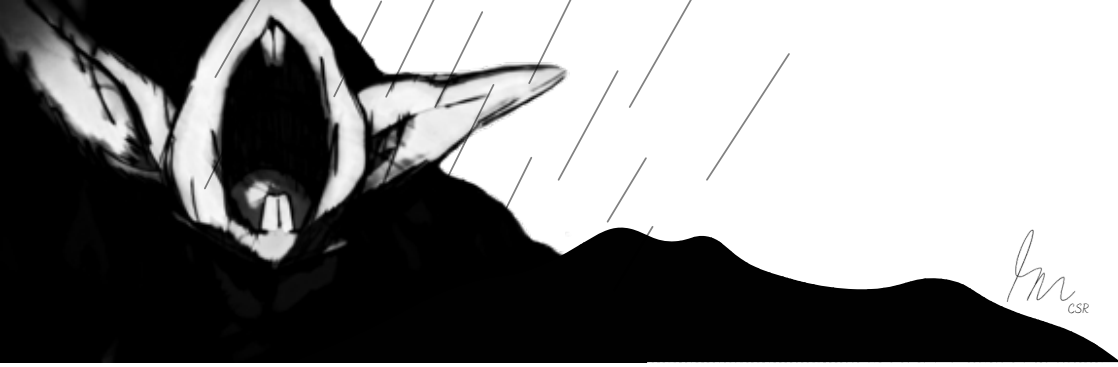
Fajri Oktavia

Oh.. a good morning come
on the blessing day in the town
Today I will serve you lord
With prayer and also heart

I walk toward our house
And see my friends coming across
They probably want to join us
Yet they have gun instead of cross

I come over them fast like an eagle
Nearly do I ask them about the holy easter
Too late the colourful eggs are already broken pieces
My vision gets blurred with explosion and I'm faded





The Bunny

Odilo Naibaho

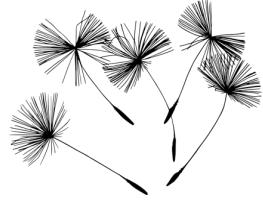
Easter has come
And so has the Easter bunny
Bring the egg stick on their body
Shocks everyone with the depravity

Hiding behind the majority
And blame the flame on minority
All the Easter bunny sees is all about good
Without pondering the meaning of God

Swallowing the hatred pill
Seeing the firework of ill
The Easter bunny is just a mask
To fulfill the task

PEACE

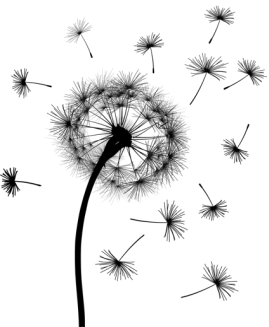
Josephine Kumala



We used to run around the playground
Now we play on the warring ground
For us the game was like a treasure
But now to play outside we cannot be sure

When can we return to the old day?
Smiling when we see the sunrays
Happiness seems to be gone
Leaving us alone

We might have gotten off track
But we can still come back
There must be a hope for the future
Make it as safe as nature



On the Uncertainty

Boy Ertanto

On the uncertainty of rain and drought
God stands amidst the people who shout
Among the debris and remnants of doubt
Between the prayer and lament of the devout

On the uncertainty of resilience and fear
Trembling lip sings the song of sincere
Of faith tearing and disappear
Upon the route passing so dear

On the uncertainty of devotion and misery
Voices holds hand reaching for God with his mystery
Along the trickling sky and the cloud roaring dreary
Eye sees faith sitting on the periphery



ALIENS AND I

Riska Karina Sari Turnip

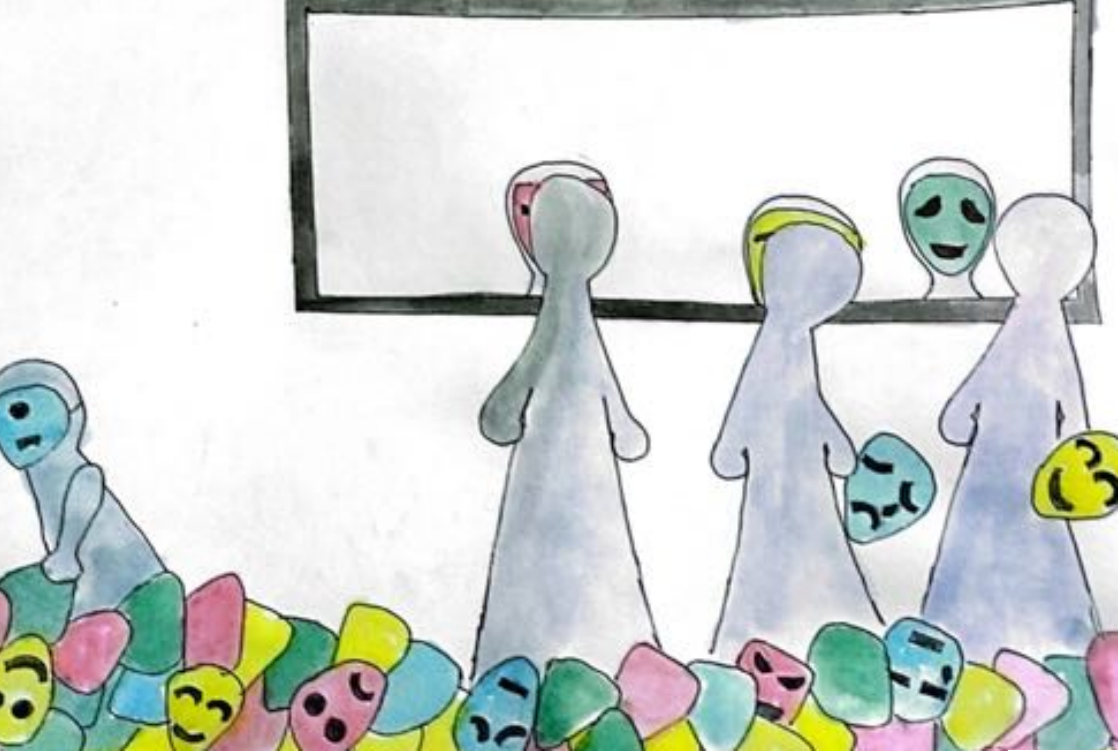
What on earth are these aliens doing here?
Who on earth let them break into my lands?
My Lord, my Lord, I shed a tear
For they are enemies and not friends

‘Cause I see them poisoning my seven crops
And killing my seventy seven fat sheep
And none of them really ever stops
Even when it's time to be asleep

My Lord, My Lord, can you hear me?
I keep on screaming and screaming
My Lord, My Lord, will you hear me?
I don't want to guess you won't hear a thing

My Majesty, My Majesty
They are obedient and I am lawless
My Majesty, My Majesty
I know I don't deserve your goodness

Where can I find you, O my Savior?
Save me for my ships are sinking!
Where can I find you, O my Savior?
Show up for I am losing grips and drowning!



ON THE MARGINS

Alana

Someone once said, if you want to stay in a group, have enough strength to be seen. However, why is the word fair created if we still see someone in a paradigm that dominates and dominated?

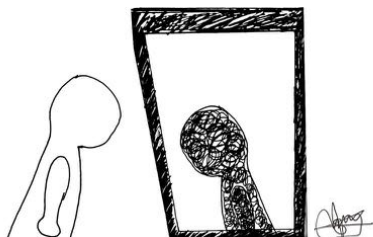
This sub-theme some tales on marginalization itself. In the sadness and feeling of being separated by society, we continue to look for hope that one day, society can be fair to everyone in it.

Mirror mirror on the wall

Alexander Narayana Danardanu

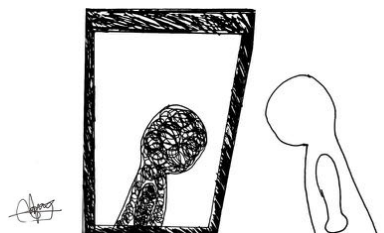
Mirror,
How can I stand in front of someone so strange yet so close
My skin howls
My heart shatters
I do not see myself
A body that never feels home

Mirror,
I have been an actor all my life
Living a lie where they would rather see me living like a captor
For me, life is a constant battle
I'd say you would not grasp
If you never felt it
Oh, you would not fathom



Mirror,
It's getting harder to breathe
Can't you see me gasping for air
Stifling
Yearning screaming to be freed from this agony
Gazing through the darkness
Holding out hope for the unthinkable
Wanting to be his true self

Oh dear mirror mirror on the wall,
Listen to me one more time
Someday when my roars to grow louder
My chime soars through the trees
That'd be the day I made it
I will be home soon



WHAT HAS SHE DONE WRONG?

Eugenia Sekar

What has she done wrong?
Strolling in the park is fair
As safe as breathing spring air
What has she done wrong?

What has she done wrong?
A call came the next day
Making my path astray
What has she done wrong?

What has she done wrong?
She's a woman of thirty-three
Bright plans for a future set free
What has she done wrong?

What has she done wrong?
My arms are bare
Because she's no longer in my care
What has she done wrong?

What has she done wrong?
Darkness spurred in your heart
Evil ripped you apart
What has she done wrong?

What has she done wrong?
Did she suffer for long?
Did she whisper my name to be strong?
God, how I wish it was me all along
What has she done wrong?

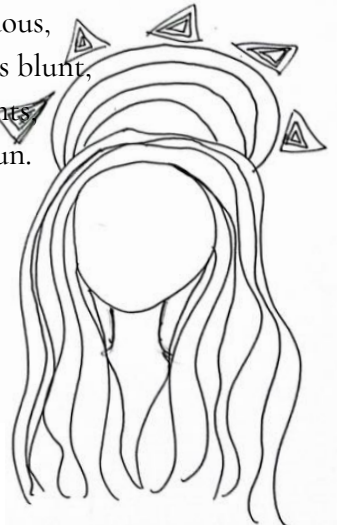
Woman of The Sun

RA Adhelia Novandiani CP

This is the melting pot land,
Where we are born in the same place,
Where together our lives will also end,
And where our justice is separated by sheer lace.

Every day is a baptism by fire,
As she walks on the street,
Hundred big hands and guns appear,
Also whistling sounds that give the creep.

She is not cheap, disposable and fatuous,
She is not even a fantasy character that is blunt,
Character imagined by dirty thoughts,
She is the precious woman of the sun.



No Road To Home

Yohanes Galih Windityo

Cangkeuteuk is a village in Banten
many people complain
very bad access road
making it difficult to passed

land slippery by rainwater
very high river water
making motorcycle tires reluctant to advance
behind the struggle is not visible

local government is just a false promised
like a fake address song that was found
when there was new media implemented
when the media is quiet, it will be silenced

Journey to A New City

Annisa Saraswati

On the day that story was hanged
I shut myself off from the outside world
The everlasting meaning and color of tomorrow
It's all nothing but the dust

Someone pulled me
Sure and steady I stepped into the new day
With the light and breeze of spring
Letting us go, between the distance me and you
Let's greet tomorrow, with a wide smile shaped on us

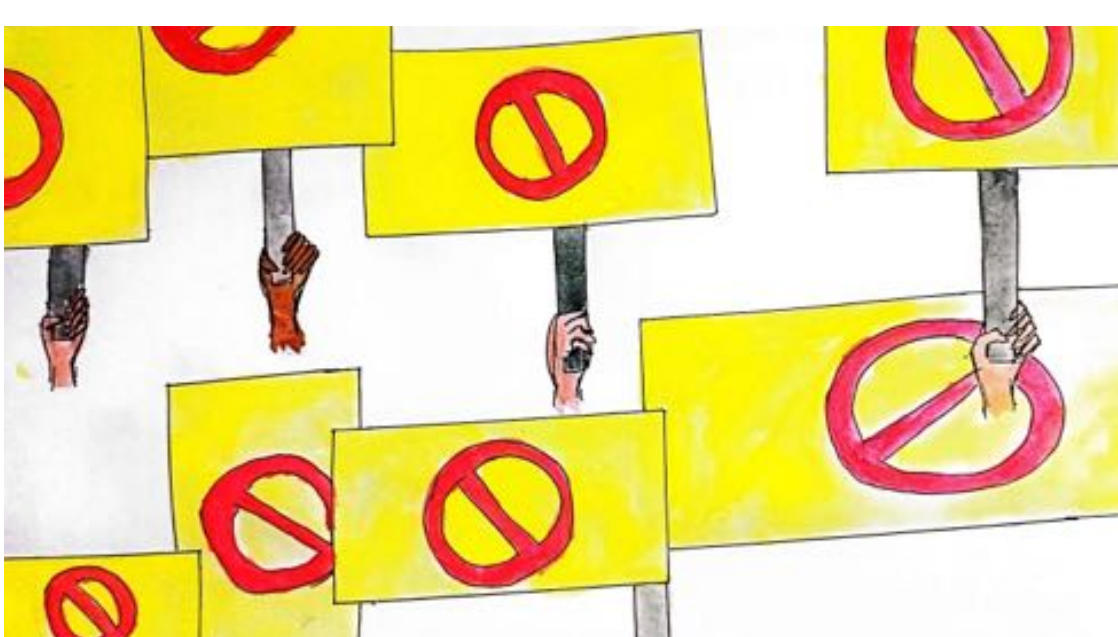
Hugging on cloud nine
Echoing hope until be heard throughout the world
Although the storms sometimes hit
Let's try to open a colorful world

When your voice has soared
The scars had turned into a shooting star
Taking you to the stage
Where the new city comes

2021 leaves a lot of scars, especially regarding racial discrimination towards Asian-Americans. Just because they are different from the domination of the rest of the population, doesn't mean that difference can be used as a tool to attack them.

Through this sub-theme, we criticize the events and public response about the hatred toward Asian-Americans that occurred during the Covid-19 pandemic. We hope that these voices can be heard and touch the hearts of many people, so that they no longer only look at someone based on race and class, but see him as a whole human being and a friend to others.

ASIAN HATE



TEMPTATION KILLS

Michael Tan

There lives a man blinded by temptation
He seeks nothing but redemption
His mind sees blurry, clouded by lust
Opened fire, his motive unjust

The world is sick, he thought
The marginalized, he fought
Drenched in warm blood of the innocent,
As he awaits his punishment

I have slaughtered them like animals
Echoing screams, I shoot them with no mercy
Perhaps I am biased and prejudiced
Or simply just give in to my lust

Temptation kills
Poisoning one's mind to evil
Temptation kills
And I've become a menace

I do not wish for forgiveness
For what I've done is a madness
A vile monster, locked in a bound
And for the Lord shall strike me down



PATRIOTISM

Caren Forensa

I have seen it all
Dead bodies that used to be warm
Holes on supposedly even ground
Comrades running to battlefield
People stepping on bombs they never want

I have heard it all
War cries to boost morale
Warm stories about one's family
Flying hopes to go home safe
Loud bangs senseless killing

I have experienced it all
Sleeping on a hard-rock mattress
Eating tasteless rations
Chest embracing the heat of explosives
Honor for serving one's country

Yet you say
I am an outsider
A newcomer
I am not American enough
I am never

Now, let me tell you
My war story
My sense of honor serving one's country
My battle scar that can't be removed
My proof as an American

So, is this patriot enough?
Is this enough to make you believe
That I am too an American?
Does this make you realize
That I am also human
And we are all equal?



COLOR

Puspita Paramasuka

The little girl with small-slanted eyes
Hunched back, gritted teeth
Every time she walks
Shouts and smiles surround her

The little girl with yellow skin
They said her people is the cursed kin
The year's havoc
It's your fault, they said



Their Yellow Skin

Labelled as the smartest
 Not a single appreciation earned
 Faced off with the harshest
 Love is the most yearned

One day, their body are theirs
Next, they have gone on the racist hands
All these walls oppression builds
That everyone should perish



HORROR

Rizky Firmansyah Suandhi

I walk down the street
With fears of who I'll meet
Cause I'm on foreign land
Where the hate will never end

They see me with their eyes
Full of hatred, cold as ice
And those malicious eyes
Are consumed by lies

They call me "Kung flu"
They think I spread the flu
But it was never true
Now I'm feeling so blue

They think I'm a threat
They really want me dead
They give me so much terror
They leave me in horror



Cold Breeze

Adriyan Frediyanto

It was a foggy weather in Philadelphia
The station was buzzing
People were rushing
So long, Sayonara

Shock hit us
Unfamiliar faces approached us
Leaving us with bruises to feel
Damn we couldn't believe it

Emotional and frightened, we were
Of repetitive questions: Would this ever end later?

Fingers all crossed
For a better life, without scums
One that doesn't leave me numb

Am I Wrong?

Brigitta Filla

Am I wrong?

To fall in love with your dream

Am I wrong?

While the rest of the world out there

Mocking and rallying all over you

Your world is going crazy

You think it is okay?

I hardly think it is okay

Have ears but barely listen

Have eyes but barely see

Have heart but barely feel

If what you see on the news is nothing to you

If that assault is nothing to you

If that hatred is nothing to you

You're not normal, you are abnormal

Did I say something wrong?

Did I lie?

I cannot hide
This skin
This hair
These eyes.
I am a witness who saw the punch
My race is not a virus, racism is

Am I wrong?
Where should I go?
Your world is getting crazy
Even though I walk on your crazy land path
I still want to live longer
I want to find my faith
The faith that you promise



Asians in The Rough

David Satya Saputra

In this land of freedom
Our people were attacked
Our hearts were like a train wrecked
What was wrong with us?
What did you see from us?
In the year 2021
Covid-19 was still a plague
People were on the rogue
Searching for a glimmer of hope

We are Asians living in America
We have equal rights, like the rest of you
We suffered too, like the rest of you
Isn't this enough for you?



PANDEMIC

Ever since the virus ravaged and destroyed human lives, many lived under the impression that they would not survive to see another day. Some feared there would be no cure to counter it, others simply not care of the world around them, causing death everywhere they put their feet on in return.

Nevertheless, hope can be found even in the darkest time. This chapter tells a collection of stories of those who lived and persevered through the malignant disease. Within these tales, they hope; they persist to stay in the living world; and some of them succumb to their own fears.

Savior

Josephine Kumala

The world is in mourning
Many humans are sick
Many have even lost their lives

Viruses are increasingly rampant
A pandemic that seems endless
Many people yearn for the outside world

Can we go back to how we used to be?
Where we can joke along with laughter
Coming face to face with relatives

The white one
Is the key to all of this
Like an angel in the dying world
Carrying a lot of our people, hoping to heal
And return to the way
We used to be

CHARIOT OF LIFE

ANNISA SARASWATI

I was ready to rest my back
When a shady morning suddenly came
Knocking on my door and said in silent
“Wake up, something come to soon”

I am yet to sleep,
Yet to close my eyes in a glance
When I have to leave in a second

I am running along deserted streets
My siren' cries turn to deafening silence
Look at my body with pity
Void glances to stare at me

For all the battles that we lost or might have
won

I try my best to hold on
Relying on shoulders of fantasies
Weaving every hope in the souls to reach their
ease

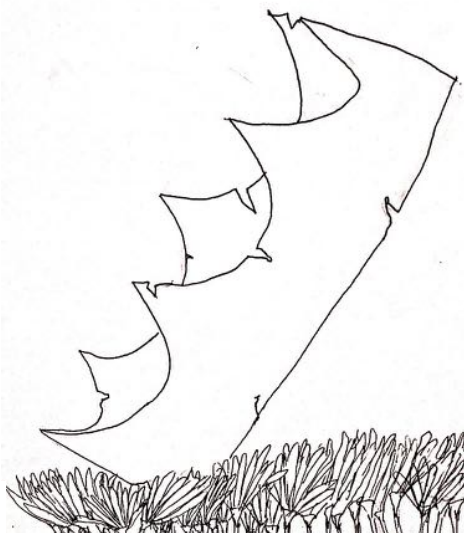
WHITE

Odilo N

The white chariot comes in surprise
Along with the siren that breaks the night
A lullaby for the king that almost closes his eyes
No longer for him to continue his fight

“Where to go” King said “It would grieve you, would it not?
To discover that I am cursed with the crown
By myself I set my death plot”
As the King’s consciousness start to get drown

“To the last throne” The charioteer replied
’Twas throwing words away; for still
The white chariot would be guide
The fallen king who loses his will



THE WHITE INFANTRY

Galih Windityo

They work both day and night
Bottling in the exhaustion within
Remaining distant to their families
For the sake of saving a lot of bodies
They fall one after the other

Their enthusiasm never fade
While making great sacrifices
Yet you remain undisturbed
By refusing to sit still

Oh, The White Infantry
Heaven will bestow upon you
For all the unpaid trickling tears



How is your feelings, Ambulance?

Monica Angela NT

Ambulance,
How is your feeling?
Running and screaming
Bring no ending of eyes crying

My heart beats fast,
Things just go and pass
Different eyes, different cries
Never know who lasts.



0

TO THE PLACE OF HEALING

RA Adhelia Novandiani CP

I can hear your sound from a distance,
Your dazzling light when crossing the road,
When all the vehicles give you a way,
And when a feeling of fear comes to mind.

I don't know who you bring,
How is the standing
Whether he is alive or dead,
Against the ferocity of the deadly virus.

A virus that rocked the world for a year,
And the virus that we don't know when it will end,
You carry hope and sadness on your way,
Bring to the place of healing or the final place of death.

AMBULANCE

Vanessa Alexis

It's not about the white gown
Or the siren or the speed
But the dear life holding on
The care of the life needed

Inside, could be their last resort
Could be their last hope
No one knows
Oh, only God knows

They hardly lie awake
Suffering from a mistake
No matter how bumpy the road
Till it arrives to unload

Everyone stray to sides
Some pray for a miracle
Striving to save lives
Albeit death is common spectacle

The Night Ride

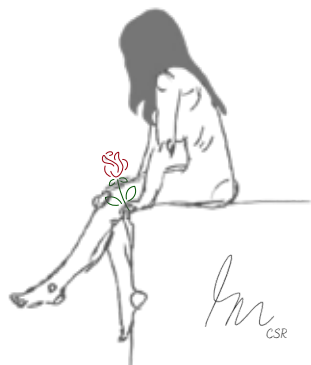
Euginia Sekar

People stayed inside
Stalls closed tight
City lights died
Rain scent lightly subside

No more night ride
But still one tried
Its siren cried
No bother hiding the blazing light

The thing stopped aside
Hauling man that heavily sighed
Half of face hide
On tubes his breaths relied

What is it that stride?
To my mother I pried
Help is on the way, she chide
Gave easy travel for those who died



Chariot

Rizky Firmansyah Suandhi

They arrive in silence
During the lonely day
Come along with them
The white army

They take the poor souls away
To the battlefield far away
Some of them try to run away
Bring more victims on their way

Oh, the chariots of the red cross
Have you ever felt tired?
Of this everlasting war
The war against the unseen

As bodies fall like autumn leaves
And the world cries in isolation
All you can do is keep running
Carrying hopes for survival

Moon Lullaby

Ditya Yulendra Dewanti

I am staying here under the bridge
And see the moon but cannot reach
Then it brings me to the oldies boast
To the poor leaves, they fell down but toast
Now I hear a noise from there
Way to far
I know it's not only a car
Its hero from the star
Carrying a thousand scars
Like a mother singing a lullaby
When their kids are ready
But wait
They sing different lullabies
My kids... my kids..
I'll carry you
But don't ever let me carry you
To the moon that I cannot reach
Never.

A Call from an Ambulance

Fajri Oktavia Gembira

I can still hear your sound
Loud and shrill when you came around
I can't stare at you again
Without any pain

How many souls,
Will you carry today?
I wonder, are they going away?
In my prayer, I always say
God.. Please take this away...



Burned City

Adriyan Frediyanto/ 184214012

The lights are blinding the whole city
The siren is deafening those asleep
Your life hangin' on my shoulders
I gotta drive as fast as I could,
Friggin! Will I make it?
After escaping the burnin' Manhattan
A soul was salvaged

Our fingers are all crossed
As we all hope for magic
A magic to end the pandemic

A Chauffeur for A Last Drive

Rara Thiadina Utami

Tire screeches Siren screams
Pulling out of the driveway
In this uneasy hazy world
Add up the miles in green
Pulling the brake in red
Slowly stepping on the gas in yellow
A chauffeur for A last drive
Or to a second chance
Nobody knows who
Nobody knows when
Nobody knows why



RESCUE

M Farhan Dewa Putra K

The scent of rain smells earthy
Siren echoes throughout the city
Loud and high
Along with the flashing red bloodshot lights
At the end of sight
Drives in a hurry
For the girl life's safety

That Noise

David Satya Saputra

That noise
passing through my house
“There goes the white van again,” mom said
What does she mean?
Nah, never mind

That noise
It CRIES again, for the fifth times
That noise
Not only do I hear it but WITNESS it
on the news
among the mosque’s obituaries

That noise
“It’s Covid-19, that’s what all of this ruckus is all about,”
I said to myself, get used to it

12 10 12

Henryca Aprillyana Mahardika Putri

Not even ashamed anymore
Loudly bothering my nap
Screaming every night
Very annoying

THEN One night
Agony after agony is born
And I just exist
Not to be kissed
Except by the fate
That the ambulance turns up too late
TO PICK UP THE ... (find the rhyme! Pain)

Your Chauffeur, At Your Service

Wastu Nimpuna Weka P

Don't be afraid
Don't be afraid
For important events of your life are yet to come
They are beckoning
Your salvation beckon, calling your name
And I will be your chauffeur
Don't be afraid, for They are always with you
Even though I am only with you for while
I will sing for you along the journey to the House
I will accompany you in your important moment
Still I hope that I only need to take you from your home or from the street
that I would not take you to your home
Don't be afraid
For I, am your chauffeur to your salvation.



A Last Ride

Y. Shinta Aprilia Rahmawati

The sun still shines brightly
I put a mask on my mouth
It feels a little stuffy
I can hear your voice from the distance
It's quiet loud, filling up the city with loneliness
Some people start guessing
What is it? What happens?

Then I can see you
Walking through the road
As fast as a cheetah
Your red lamp starts to shine
Your sign begins to rhyme
Thus, passerby can feel it to their bones
Then, they let you go

Within you I feel tormented
Will it be a last ride amidst life and death?

Gaze on The Window Sill

Fransiska Novita Aurelia Rendo

I walk in front of my home
There goes a familiar sound
How many times does it have to come?
Exhausted and petrified
Who else would depart from here?
Will ones be back? or will they go away just like the rest

Swiftly do I run inside
Looking at my family all sitting in silence
Upon the windows sill our eyes meet
An old man entering the ambulance
guarded by people dressed in whites

Look! It is a sad gaze
I couldn't even hold back these tears
I just wonder if he will return safely
To the warm embrace of his family
Oh ambulance please take him to a better place

911!

Evelyn Sekar

Day by day has gone
The loud siren clears the way
After one call away
Passing by through the city

Going outside makes them pay
Bet I have to hold in
Although staying inside kills my sanity
What is this disease?
Why the death has increased?



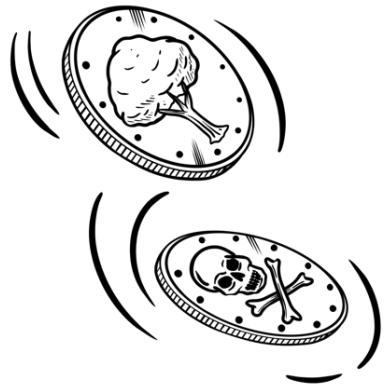
Red Cross truck

Brigitta Filla

Our Sunday mornings were calm
I thought EKG machines would be quiet today
I was snorting when the radio started to sing
Soon after that the deafening sirens began to be heard
I was driving this vehicle as fast as I could

I am running hither and thither
Trying to keep the sick ones breathing
Keeping the soul from leaving

Now I realize
That dexterity is what you need
Life and death
It only takes a second to flip the coin



Who's Next?

Carla Silvanus Rindorindo

There is this undesirable loud sound
That shivers down into the ground
Guiding helpless lost people
Chased by the nights' cripple

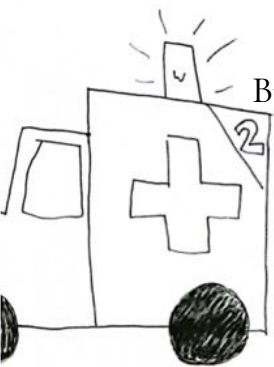
It paints the night red
It screams the word dead
From where the havoc rises
To where the last one cries

The cold breezes into the neighbourhood
Where it strongly straight stood
Burning deep down the street
Tears and scream greet

Who's next? It spontaneously said
The night is brutally shred

Again, it carries people's end rope

But I know, it also brings the world's hope



THE BURNING CITY

Adriyan Frediyanto

The lights are blinding the whole city
The siren is deafening those asleep
Your life hangin' on my shoulders
I gotta drive as fast as I could,
Friggin! Will I make it?
After escaping the burnin' Manhattan
A soul was salvaged

Our fingers are all crossed
As we all hope for magic
A magic to end the pandemic

AMBULANCE

Restless night, the midnight man tails my back
Alone in the crowd, my vision fades to black
As I fall to the ground, I feel a hand grabbing my throat
I am out of breath, coughing, sweating, dying

Laying down, the sound of sirens dig their way into my ears
I saw crimson light flashing as it brings me to my tears
Then, an Ambulance shows up like a hero answering a cry for help
My savior has come at last, here to save me from my sickness

Oh indeed, how truly wonderful my savior is
Even when the world is sick and in crisis
And society's restlessness increase
He will always come and protects our bliss

No matter what happens, Ambulance will never fall
So when something happens, you know who to call

Michael Tan

THE AMBULANCE OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

Dennis Dwi Nugroho

Sitting on the window seal, watching, waiting, clapping,
praying, seeing the nations praising; it's so touching.

I heard Corona doesn't discriminate, but actually eliminates,
contaminates and it probably dominates.

The world is so dark and everything is so dim
Everytime my ears open only sirens escape from my hearing

The pandemic is a tragedy
Cause hurt and pain to many
Brings everyone to the edge
And leaves humanity wounded

Hey, don't lose hope!
Please bear with us until it casts!

AMBULANCE

Caren Forensa

Life is frail, so frail that it can slip through in a blink
Yet when we yell, you race faster than a wink
You shout with your siren, as you are approaching
Telling us, people of earthen that help is coming

You are bathed in many colours
In some part of the globe, you are white
In another part, you are green
But most of all, your mission stands just the same

Now, this world is consumed by pandemic
Bestowing us earthen, the real panic
Health is a rare commodity
As everything you see is frailty

Even so, you strive forward still
Despite the burning heat and freezing chill
Your drivers and medics hastened
Embracing those who have been infected

2020

Yacinta Dian Utami

One day,
He looks calm
In the other day,
He looks crowded

Looks! How he feels so rushed
Looks! He is really in a hurry
Come in all of the good
Back with all of the wisdom

The time's getting crazy
Coincides with the temperature
The crowd never ends
That has never been deemed worthy

Vibrating glass
Wind blows with the pace
Loud voices in the middle of the city
And the other set themselves aside near him

Santa Muerte

Christoforus Yory

Train of death railing through the road
Picking up the agonized soul
The dark night turned red
Guess we lost another innocent soul

Hear the loud siren
The night becomes so quiet
Santa Muerte has come
Be brave, who is next?



The False Roam

Riska Karina Sari Turnip

Night and day, I see you go back and forth
Carrying those who don't guard their minds
Night and day, I see you go back and forth
Carrying those who can only lie and cry

So, I thank you for you and all of your friends
For putting up with us in this mess
Carrying those who stink and stiff
Caused by something engineered

Know you're more than an ambulance
Even when this scam comes to an end
Please remember this short poem from all of us
Whom you will have never ever met

THE UNSUNG HEROES

Denaya Alfitriannisa

Carrying on,
Through the challenges.
Salvaging lives,
Of our fragile human race.

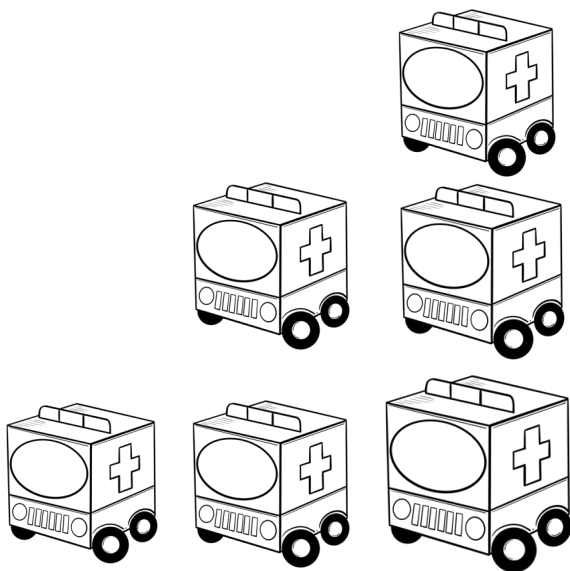
As darkness dwells in this time,
Your bloodshot light lights our path.
A testament of your hard work,
For putting others before yourself

THE WHITE BOX

Puspita Paramasuka

The white box, the busy creature
The eyes see it as the Messiah
The hope it holds, the expectation it bears
Time dares it with a cold demeanor

The moving space, the crying vehicle
The souls stare at it
They weep
Trapped in the year's tragedy



The Song Of Verandah

Boy Ertanto

On the cornermost of Verandah
The red light upon the ever moving steel
Chants a story of a death carol

“We are used to believing
That death is of last ending
While it’s marking
The joy of liberating”

“We see body thrown
Upon the soil of feet trodden
While the soil has shown
A bliss of everlasting companion”

“We hear the melody of sorrowful
Of the departed soul
While we hear the cry of gleeful
Welcoming the breath of life’s new arrival”

“We count cries
Among the constellation of stars
We console despair
Amidst the time of great tear
We believe in prayer
While we live the life full of scare”

On the cornermost of Verandah
The chanson of death
Along with the soothing scent of dusk
Fades away

AN ODE OF SALVATION

R. Raihan Rizki Ramadhana

They came as fast as an arrow
Glorious roar from afar, the harbinger of sorrow

Messengers of Apollo arrived with the white chariot
Dressed in white, daunting and scariest

Hundreds of horses escorting to exile
Towards haven, told that parleying was futile

Life and death seemed no distancing
“Be brave,” Apollo said, calming

Gone all the potions that Apollo gave
The world ingested them, and all is safe

THE PARANOIA IN ME

Ignatius Cahyo Adianto

A vehicle approaches from the distance
As I struggle to maintain persistence

Life seems slow and horrifying
The world around me is slowly dying

Though I see the vehicle clear
Within me is a sense of fear

Lights of red haunt my sights
And the deafening siren covers the silent night

All I see is a sick monstrosity
And with it, a numbing atrocity



Of Nature and Men

It is not an overstatement to say that our history and civilization have always revolved around humanity. This human-centrism has also been syncretized as a creed which emphasizes that the existence of human beings takes precedence over the establishment that has pre-existed long before human fabricates their human history and human civilization: nature. In this sub-theme of natural disasters, we are presented with the dire portrayal of the reciprocal relationship between humanity and our natural environment.

The list of authors in this part have chosen to demonstrate that the predicaments which nature undergoes affect humanity to a large degree. They highlight that human-nature relation is a weave of harmonious fabric. Once a thread of line is cut off or even ripped apart, the unity of the fabric collapses. Therefore, this-sub theme of this poetry anthology wants to reach out to people and to humanity essentially that nature is an active agency in the interhuman-nature connection and one must not curtail the significance of the other in order to prevail and thrive.

The Day After

Yacinta Dian Utami

Is the world silent? Or am I too loud?
There is a crowd, and emptiness in the hand
Delighted as I before

Warm as cold
The one, the biggest one, another one
All drowned

It's coarse, and it comes
The dry and the hurts
All burned

Ice cracks into small pieces
The slush, the crush
All mixed

No one, no home
Am I worthy of the hand?
Till I am killed, or even eaten

Drown In a Dream

Dimas Daffa Arka B

Falling asleep in starless night
I dreamed a dream of wonderful sight
A dream where flowers dance to the sunlight
A dream where the sky is clear and bright

As I was awakened from the dream,
A sorrow echoing in the form of scream
Tears flowing into my limb
In my prayer I said "just let the dream"

As everything drift away in thick water
Through this horror I wonder
How much power could a dream possibly gather
If we still ignore natural disaster
Those dream would only drown us together

Doom of Rain

Christoforus Yory Narestama

Heavy rain
Dancing down the earth
Allied, gathering the power

I see it coming
I heard it screeching
Like a score of angry soldiers' steps
Ready to carry out the massacres

Ring of the Church's bell
Repercussion of the Mosque's loudhailer
Not a sign of joy or happiness
But a beginning of mass burial

It takes my only house
My only child
My only wife
Stealing everything of my own

In this shelter
Among thousands of refugees
I feel so alone

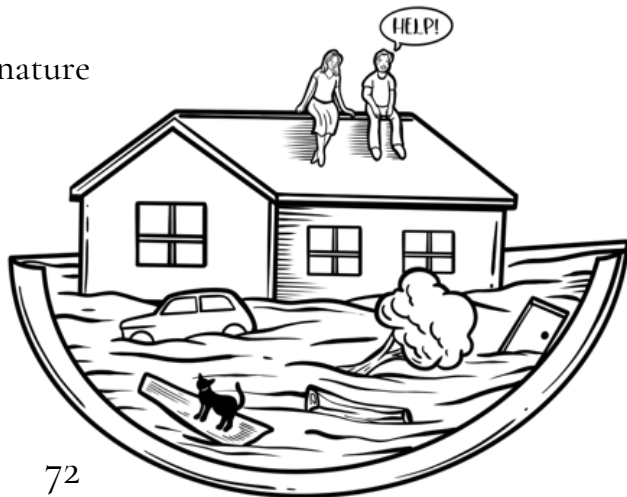
The Flood

Denaya Alfitrannisa

When water won't stop rising
As if there is no time to pause
Immobilizing
Robbing

Oh! I hear the saddened cry for help
The wail of sore distress
Oh! Hear the awful cry of woe
That comes from out of the west

The flood brought sorrows
Holding back labors
Inviting us to ponder
The wound we inflict to nature



NATURE'S WILL

R. Raihan Rizki

I was sat under the tree
Waiting for friends to play hide and seek

The skies had gone dark and dimmed
But we still hadn't finished

Then the storm hailed, the nature had enraged
We ran through the aisle, while the buildings were damaged

Hailing storm, flood, and landslide
Things had happened against our might

Winds were blowing blusterous
Sweeping the lands once were prosperous

Lives were at the utmost stake
Fighting for survival, whatever it takes

The saviours came and continued on their purpose
As I already buried alive beneath the surface

The Old Earth

*I dream of the Old Earth;
of the warm and cosy hearth;
a place that we once called home.*

*I dream of the Old Earth.
The glacier of the Antarctica dissolved,
and the ocean rose tenfold.
My jaded thoughts meander-confused;
Mother Earth is dying and abused.
But we kept on going-turning a blind eye.*

*I dream of the Old Earth,
Now barren and drowned in water.
No miracles can reverse this calamity.*

Ignatius Cahyo Adianto



A Shining Star

Monica Angela Nadine Titaley

*Oh, night, won't you hark?
I couldn't write, solely too dark.*

*It isn't about who is winning,
when everyone is whining.*

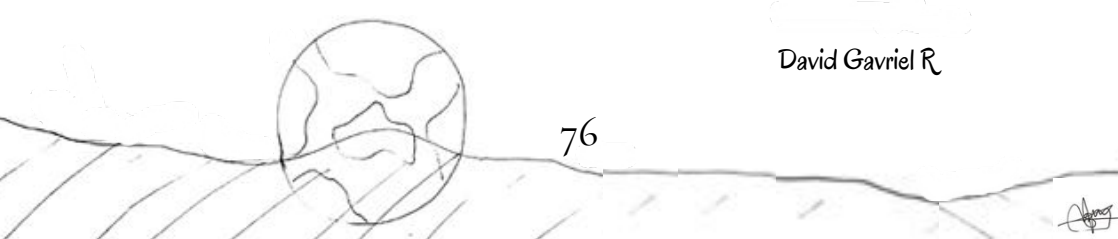
*Still so vivid in my mind,
rage of rain and wind snatch blood of mine
flow of water curtails the train of time*

*Now, what could I do with the scar?
just sit and stare at weathered debris and a shining star.*

The Water and Earth

Early in the morning
The sun is rising
 With a squall following
 Catastrophe is coming
The wall creaks
The window shatters
 Then it comes
 The deluge comes
A torrent of raging water
A grey mass of force
 Swallow everything
 That lies in its path
When the water
Has subsided its anger
 The earth turns
 The ground rumbles
The buildings sank
Taking everything with it
 Mother cried for their children
 Children cried for their mother
 Father cried for both of them
 I cried for all of them

David Gavriel R.



MORES

Ditya Yulendra Dewanti

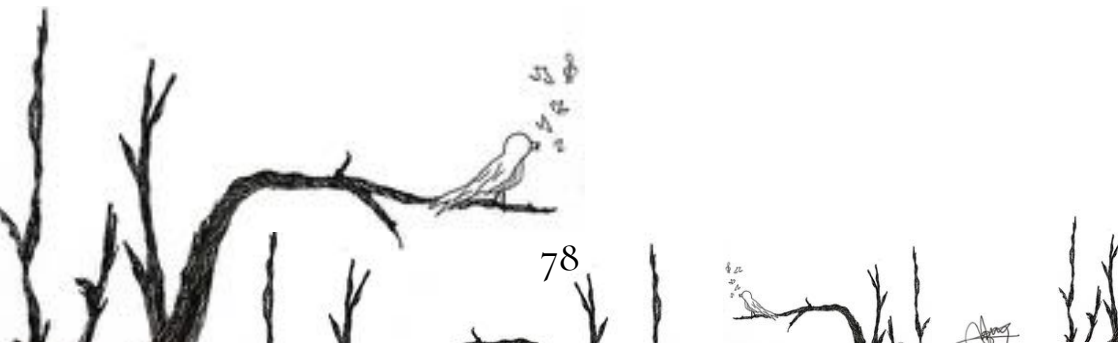
Rainy day, rainy day
Let the rain find a way
While you here sing along with me
O sing along with me
O come here beside me
Cause I'll tell you about this little boy
Poorly one without a toy
Without biscuit
Without a story before sleep
Without a beautiful dream on his mom's leap
They ignore him
Just like playing a fire
Without knowing they'll turn into a liar
Again, again, and again.
Now you guess
Does everything become a mess?
Rainy day, rainy day
Tonight Mores a little boy crying again
Within his tears
The sadness releases
Making a big colored ocean
It's blue, yellow and grey
They fade
But they will find a way

Her Little Heaven

Yosefine Shinta Aprilia Rahmawati

The bird starts to sing a beautiful melody
She starts to put out the ark
Moving the row alternately
The water accompanies her ark
Walk her down to the heaven slowly
“Oh my little heaven” she said

Her feet guide her further
To her little heaven that now is changed
Plastic, rotten branch is everywhere
She stares at the black sea
Her heart's breaking



Hollow's Torment

Wastu Nimpuna Weka P

The cold from my old home, I miss it
The hollow soul of yours torments me
Into the small confined room you put me
The factitious scenery that you paint torments me even
more

Money

Money

Money

That's all on your mind

You want money so you and your kin won't suffer
Yet you make me and my kin suffers

The cold from my old home, I miss it
The hollow soul of yours torments me
The world I want to live in is no more
The death will embrace me when I die
But casting you to the abyss for your soul is the abyss itself

ISBN 978-623-7601-16-6

