Poetry Series

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

- 48 poems -

Publication Date:

July 2012

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Ibnu Din Assingkiri on www.poemhunter.com. For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

Ibnu Din Assingkiri (May 4,1970)

'I am just a storyteller who told story through poetry'
-Ibnu Din Assingkiri

My blogs:
1. http: //catatanseni.blogspot.com/
2. http: //ikutkepalaaku.blogspot.com/

© All poems of Ibnu Din Assingkiri are the property of Sanusi Din (Ibnu Din Assingkiri) .

A Typhoon In December

harmless looking
tip of your cold iceberg
sunk my ship, built from ego
deep into abyss of regret

no one can save me, never
I am drowning forever
in a cold, rough water
: a typhoon in December

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Ballad Of A Junkie

I looked across
Jalan Ali, Muar
with a view
so blank
as empty as
my glass of Pepsi
agape; thirsty

In the smoking corner
licking generous salt
of cold French fries
attentively collecting
destructive cholesterol
(blue Chettiars' Building
looking on with pity)

Suddenly out of the blue
it said 'O junk food junkie,
stop whacking
your blood vessel
do not dress-up
your naked heart
with saturated fat.'

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Blind

When pieces of my tainted life
scattered in the ocean of uncertain
I drifted in darkness without a pin of light
lost in a world of confusion
hope is thinning away
to see yet another bright shiny day

Cleaning my dirt with a shower of tears
just to see a black dot of embedded guilt
deep inside my naked heart
the shadow of negligence, dancing without rhythm
laughing at my face;
my bloody little faith

Throw me your anger oh My Beloved
I deserved to be warned,
for forgetting the smell of your Garden
and the punishment of the Great Fire,
for being unthankful to your Mercy
and completely blind by the comfort of your Gifts

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Blue Black Grudges (Malay to English Translation)

Original Work (Malay)

~Dendam Biru Lebam~

Maafkanlah, jika ku kaku terkesima di situ
di suatu sudut purba dan menjadi tepu
merenung sesawang waktu berlalu tanpa kita tahu
maafkan aku, jika retak hatimu tak bisa tertangkup lagi
dihantam dendam biru lebam saban hari hingga imun,
terperangkap dalam lingkungan bahagia yang halimun.

Translation (English)

~Blue Black Grudges~

Forgive me, if I stunned stiff there
in a ancient corner and become saturated
musing at the web of time passed without our knowing
I'm sorry, if your broken heart cannot be mended
hit by blue black grudges every day until immune,
trapped in a happy life that is invisible.

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Chronology of Power (To some political leaders)

(I)
Pre-power;
Decades of ultimate defamation,
Spit on each other are in action.
Storyteller of hatred fairy tales,
Esteem so cheap like year end sales.

Post-power;
Making endless claims of all sorts,
Dry taxpayers blood in comfort.
Filling pockets with a lot of dirt,
Everyone does; it will not hurt.

Retire of power;
Let postpone for a decade or two,
Be patient, successor is whose who.
Good players are rare to find,
Continuity of heritage is pre-defined.

(II)
I wonder why, you are bold
Down under; the narrow hole
With no power to hold
Have you ever been told?

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Crazy Monkey

better still
a faithful dog
than a crazy monkey.
only human
who know the capabilities
of temporal power
can be a tyranny
unjust or cruelty
certainly to be justified
now or later
nobody escape
from His judgment
no matter how high
your climb,
O crazy monkey.

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Crystal-Clear

I
I ran out of ink
from the cabinet of words
per cup, I explain
so per bucket you questions

II
your love has left an imprint
of the yesterday longing
have I crystal-clear emphasized?
my heart solely belongs to my wife

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Dawn Prayer - Haiku (Malay to English Translation)

Original Work (Malay)

Subuh berlabuh
telinga jadi tuli
dipeluk syaitan

Translation (English)

Quiet dawn has come
deaf ears from hearing 'azan'
embraced by devil

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Exam Blues - Haiku

Shiny days no more

cloudy storm finally here

final semester

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Fettered By Your Cold (Malay to English Translation)

Original Work (Malay)

~Terpasung Dalam Dinginmu~

aku melihatmu
tanpa memperhatikan
kecil di mataku,
meruyak kesalmu.
aku sering pikun
pada prioritas
lalu hatimu tawar
setelah melumat pahit

aku terpasung
dalam dinginmu
terpuruk di sudut mata
punah dalam gah,
tewas dalam senyap.
dinginmu membelah,
perisai egois.

aku kandas
karena seluruh resahku
adalah nisan di bibirmu.

Translation (English)

~Fettered By Your Cold~

I saw you
with blunt eyes
what seems tiny to my eyes,
spreading your upset.
I often senile
to the priority
you lose heart
after chewing bitterness

I was fettered
by your cold
slumped in the corner of the eyes
extinct in the grander,
lost in silence.
your cold has axed,
my selfish shield.

I failed
because all of my anxiety
are the tombstones on your lips.

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Flood Season - Haiku

Gloomy December

Unmerciful rainfalls

Human errs-afloat

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Gift From Heaven

a pearl is hidden
in the deepest ocean
in the most intact shells
(that's you)

the gift from heaven
for the luckiest me

even seasoned by time
my pearl still shone,
from the light of heaven
deflected into the soul
: my dear wife

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

I Want To Stop Running

If hope has been buried
in the ruins of desire
is it appropriate to demand on debts of promises
or let you to repeat cheap seditions
the cheater,
I lost again
your words rapidly interchange
your sweet speech, became uncured toxic

I want to go far away from here
to foreign unknown region
recognize by no one
and bring my remorse that can't be washed by tears
err in believing the cheap sedition
of the cheater

Let anguish become stone
burdens on my back
I was able to bear all the remarks and human insults
I get along, I'm tired of the run

I want to stop running
and collect back the rest of humanity scorched by you,
together with whatever remains in me
and find my lost self
hugging the shady tree
for shelter under His shade, again

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Ilmu Dunia dan Akhirat (Pantun Nasihat) /With English Translation

Original Work (Malay)

Ilmu Dunia Dan Akhirat

Di Balikpapan kita bertemu
Pelayar Bugis terkenal bijak
Hidup di dunia mesti berilmu
Untuk berjaya di akhirat kelak

Orang Melaka mahir memburu
Kijang dipanah takkan terlepas
Janganlah jemu mencari guru
Selagi kita masih bernafas

Dari Malaysia ke Tasikmalaya
Sahabat jiwa masih kucari
Ilmu dunia memberi cahaya
Ilmu akhirat wajib dipelajari

Ke majlis nikah di Janda Baik
Pandu kereta perlahan-lahan
Berbagilah ilmu yang baik-baik
Semoga amalmu dibalas Tuhan

Pulau Jawa tanah keramat
Negeri leluhur pujangga masyur
Selagi berilmu ummat dihormat
Sentiasa waspada takkan terlanjur

***
Translation (English)
(Literally Translated To English)
*Original pantun must end with a/b/a/b and every line only consist of 4 words)

Knowledge of This World and The Hereafter

In Balikpapan we encountered
Bugis people are wise seafarer
Living in the world must be educated
To succeed in the hereafter

Melaka people are skilled hunter
Antelope will not miss any pierce
Do not be tired of looking for teacher
As long as we're alive and breathe

From Malaysia to Tasikmalaya
I'm looking for friends of the soul
Academic knowledge to light your world
Religious knowledge compulsory to learn

The marriage ceremony in Janda Baik

Drive slowly to reach destination
Share your knowledge of the good
May the Lord rewards in the hereafter

Sacred land of Java Island
Ancestral state of well-known poets
Knowledgeable humans are respected
Always be alert and never get stuck

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Jealousy

Jealousy,
is it necessary?
or need not worry
even seems so silly
still, drown in anxiety

The naked truth of reality
none other than; inferiority

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Jean-Pierre Durand

I remembered well
Jean-Pierre Durand
as I see durians...

funny french's teacher
who speaks better Malay
than English

he dislikes durians
and us, naming him
after the king of fruits

he is a Frenchman
with an attitude
of Penang people

I wonder whether
he still remember
us, crazy hoteliers

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Jump Into a Pit

I want to write
nothing ignite
but loudly heard
by all idiots
let them jump
into a pit
full of shit
I don't give a shit
on their bullshit.

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Leaving My Dreams

My dreams torn into half-strip nightmares
Eve was startled by the chaotic sleep
Haunted by yesterday’s sins.

Hymn of the holy azan echoed,
'Prayer is better than sleep! '
Am I ungrateful servant?

My determination comes in circles
I submit to the muezzin’s call,
Leaving my dreams, scatter in the wind.

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Legal Killings

Power makes the cleverest turned illiterate
the most advance became uncivilized
whatever reason piling up in an excuses
to kill the civilians, children and women
guided missile and mortars need not go to school
or to the mosque and public places
are you legalising the killings
for the sake of oil rigs?
for the sake of humanity;
learn to be human.

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Letter to The Master

Dear sir,

We are glad to hear
we have nothing to fear
general election is coming near
taming all snakes and tigers...
claws and jaws keep clear
they pretend to be mouse deer

Thank you sir,
you are the best zookeeper.

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Like A Rainbow In The Dusk

rainbow, as well as dusk
a beauty of the shortest time
what more...
a rainbow arched
at a curtain of dusk
decorating the universe,
amazed to human eyes
(so that we know)
about our existence
in the transience of this world
before moving again
into the realm of eternity

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Losing All My Gems to Glitches!

I lost my treasures in hand
when sources of wealth tangled
in the world wide webs
a few moments ago, I was richer
but no thanks to the glitches
for turning my gems into germs.

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Lost in Words

I have so many words
orbitting my thoughts
without space,
comma,
and full stop.

Lost in words
clueless, where to begin?

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Love to Muhammad - Haiku (Malay to English Translation)

Original Work (Malay)

~Kasih Muhammad-Haiku~

Rabiul Awal
semua berselawat
kasih Muhammad

Translation (English)

~Love to Muhammad~

Rabiul Awal
invocations to prophet
love to Muhammad

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Men Scars

: My Son, Zubair

In the journey of men
countless of failures and attempts
there are wounds that heal
some took times to recuperate
There are injuries that never convalesce.

Occasionally, trapped by others
usually, fell into own deadfall
but still, there were lessons learnt
Few are gratuitous, many are costive.

Too many scars layover men
in the journey to know themselves
And becoming; a true matured man.

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

My Overgrown Barbie

(My Daughter, Aesya)

In my thirties
I've been blessed with one beauty
she talks like a lullaby
and sings like Mariah Carey

She likes to mess things
until her mum yelling
she always keep asking
when people are talking

She is such a beauty
my overgrown Barbie
I love you, my big baby
even if you make me crazy

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

My Views

According to my view,
fun to play in the rain, whereas it catches cold
Durians smell an exotic fragrance, whereas it is rotten
poetry is peaceful river flowing, whereas it could be choppy sea
women are companion, whereas they complete the lacks in men

According to my view,
war is not the way of civilized people,
genocide is the game for heartless blood drinker.
I wonder whether, my view is taken into consider
as it occurs explicitly, in every crevice of human life

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

My Worlds

In my small world
Urgency is not priority
Troublesome, why hurry?
Have some coffee and poetry
Let the caffeine tell a story

In my big world,
Racing against time
Deadlines always on the line
All data must be define
Facts and fiqure, should be fine

In my small world,
Differences are made equal
Through words and poetic ritual
War and hatred in a mode of denial
Let the writings embrace us all

In my big world,
Opportunities are blunder
Equality is joke of the year
Monkeys are policy maker
Talks and walks are mere orator

I would rather,
Trapped in my small world, forever
But my bank account will soon clear
Oh my dear, oh my dear,
I am in between of hate and fear

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Office Rats

In my office
there are no cubicles
or wall to separate people
open door is demonstrate;
like I am illiterate

From my point of view
I saw rats and the rest
doing what they do best
flattering here and there
when boss left, they disappear

Right now, I admit
I think I want to vomit
my head full with dynamite
one day, sure will ignite

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Saree and Thorns

If saree caught on a thorns
even gently pull remain damaged
hard snap will ripped apart

O precious gems from Adam’s Rib,
guard your thin sheet saree
keep out from the sharp spines

Saree is the crown of yours
If caught on thorns, what will damage,
the thorns or the saree?

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Season of No Gains

I am fallen star
when more and more lost
coming across my yard;
children left for new sails, loneliness revealed
loved ones taken away, sadness stayed
absolutely no gain of anything new
but age alone, without fail,
: renewed.

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Sekuntum Bunga Negeriku (Malaya Roses)

(Ode buat Malaya Roses)

Kemarin dulu
aku lewat sebuah taman bunga
penuh seni dan artikulasi
tersusun rapi dalam rumpun diksi
kelopak bahasa warna warni
kembang mewangi menghias seri

Kemarin
aku bertandang lagi di taman sama
kulihat kumbang putih terhiris luka
oleh kesinisan bunga yang pintar
menyasarkan dengung bingit
sang kumbang patah sayap

Hari ini
aku takjub pada ketegasan kata
kelopak-kelopak bahasa sang bunga
memangkas tuntas kepincangan budaya
semut-semut malas bekerja
buang masa, makan gaji buta

Esok
aku berharap
menikmat keindahan sang bunga
menjalarkan kelopak aksara
menjadi rimbun kata paling ampuh
suburkan inspirasi; penikmat seni

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Short-cut to Disaster

Caught in vacuum atmosphere
when words uttered vaporising
gone without meaning
and finally scatter everywhere
far from understanding

Barrier of judgment stand tall
thick as prison wall
blocking mentality
of ancient stupidity

People are strange
they quick to assume
short-cut is the best way
to grasp true meaning

Jumping into conclusion pit
full of sharp mistakes
stabs the credibility
of fallen donkey

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Since I Met Beautiful You

(My lovely wife)

Since I met, beautiful you
Happiness comes in blue
I was tamed by the softness
In deep ocean of faithfulness

You gave me son and daughter
Since then our life full of laughter
Not two, but three children altogether
My dear, it couldn’t be better

My sweet shady nest to shelter
I am staying beside you forever
Thank you darling, my lovely dear
With your love; I will not fear

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Sinner (Malay to English Translation)

Original Work (Malay)

~Pendosa~

Aku kah yang celaka?
dari asal kejadian
atau api yang mulai
sengketa perbalahan

Rasa ini berakar di hati
jadi kanser dalam diri
belumpun mati
namun membusuk

Aku hidup bersama
bangkai busuk bernyawa
dalam hati, dalam rasa;
aku pendosa

Translation (English)

~Sinner~

Am I the damned?
In the origin of my existence
or the fire starts
contentious disputes

Guilt is rooted in the hearts
like cancer within
not dead
but decayed

I live with,
carcasses of rotting flesh
in the heart, in the senses;
I am a sinner

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Soldier of Stance

A fortress of identity
Solid and unbreakable,
In the jungle of deception
Can’t be bulldozed by propaganda

Soldier of stance; Kamikaze
Defend dignity to the last blood
In the battle against biasness

Buried with no tombstone
Alone,
For the sake of identity,
For the sake of the truth
Finally, dies with dignity.

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Stagnant (Malay to English Translation)

Original Work (Malay)

~Stagnan~

Aku melihat lagi
di tempat ini
anjing-anjing kuno
berpusing-pusing
dalam putaran serupa
mengejar ekor sendiri
karena iritasi

Kepenatan,
kepeningan,
keheranan;
putus harapan.

Duduklah sebentar
muhasabah diri
lihat cara kucing
bagaimana mudah
menggaru ekornya
ubahlah strategi
fleksibelkan diri

Translation (English)

~Stagnant`

I am seeing again
in this place
old dogs
spinning-dizzy
in a similar round
pursue its own tail
because of irritation

Fatigue,
dizziness,
puzzled;
hopeless.

Sit for a while
make self reflection
look at the cat
how easy
scratching its own tail
lets change strategy
and be flexible

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

The Lost Captain (Malay to English Translation)

Original Work (Malay)

~Malim Yang Tersasar~

Burung camar nyanyi gembira
menghibur malim di hujung haluan
belum tentu tiada taufan
walau langit sebiru samudera

Badai bukan sama rupa
arus tenang hanya di atas
lumrah samudera tiada batas
beda untuk tiap jeda

Kini malim telah tersedar
bila mimpi beransur hilang
burung camar terbang pulang
oh! Lancang jauh menyasar

Malim mencari rumah api
menuju dermaga tempat bermula
ingin miliki kembali cinta,
pelabuhan yang tulus abadi

Translation (English)

~The Lost Captain~

Seagulls sing happily
cheering the captain at the prow
not necessarily no hurricane
even sky is as blue as ocean

Each hurricane never the same
tranquil flow disguise on surface
the ocean nature has no boundaries
differences for each interval

The captain had finally awake
when dreams fade
seagulls flying home
oh! His ship is far away

Captain looking for a lighthouse
a starting point towards pier
to win back the lost love
of genuine lasting harbour

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

The Pleasantness of Losing

The guilt has surfaced
in a daylight of hypocrisy
each time, each encounter
always a dejavu
I am losing battles
to the same enemy
on the same ground

Told myself,
to fight with all capabilities
no matter how irresistible
the temptation and desire
to drift in ecstasy
of the touch and kisses
in the prison of self destruction

This is a battle, I hardly win
because the enemy travel in the wind
each battle of hardship
in the land full of losers
enjoying pleasantness
of their lost
to cigarettes

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

The Poorest People (Malay to English Translation)

Original Work (Malay)

~Insan Paling Miskin~

Peluang telah tersedia
tergantung rezeki dan usaha
manusia telah berjaya
menjadi angkuh atas dunia

Tidur bertilamkan wang
bermimpikan kemewahan
baju Itali tak terpakai lagi
sepatu jenama berguni-guni

Tabungan melimpah
harta bercambah
masih lagi ditambah
untuk bermegah-megah

Antara ikhlas bersedekah
wajarkah dihujah?
dermawan publisiti murah,
tegar, biarpun Tuhan marah

Maukah kamu, bila nanti
dikafan dengan wang
bersama hak saudaramu
lalu menghadap Tuhan
sebagai insan paling miskin

29 January 2011

Translation (English)

~The Poorest People~

Opportunities are available
depending on fate and hard work
people have been successful
became too proud of this world

Sleeping on mattress of money
dreaming luxury dreams
overbought Italian clothes
sacks of branded shoes

Saving abundant
germinate property
yet still added
to proud for

Among sincere charity

Should it be contended?
cheap publicity philanthropist,
rigid, even God angry

Would you, when you die
lay in coffin with money
along with the right of your brother
and meet the Lord
as one of the poorest people

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

The Social Networks Headache

Get your privacy tighter
Beware of identity hacker
You may end up bankrupt
When volcanic debts' erupt

One day, you will be in agony
Wondering when you dine in Tuscany?
Bite your nails, unpleasantly surprise
When E-bay and Amazon bills arrive

Sharing photos and contacts to no ends
With friends of friends of friends of friends
One day you will have to surrender
To serial killer or copycat murderer

The networks owned by no man
Some men masquerade as woman
The intention is in question;
Be careful, whatever the reason

Let me be frank o brother and sister
Can't live without facebook and twitter
But don't just leave it open forever
To the hackers and internet pranksters

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Thick-skulled Ostriches

Technically,
In this field of duty;
Facts talk, craps walk
Assumptions are officially banned
'Maybe', absolutely an awkward answer
'I think', a definite out of discussion
'I feel', is a secret recipe for dull actions.

Precisely,
I am tired of being surrounded by
Flock of thick-skulled ostriches
Who forget to un-earth own head
From a pile of unaccepted attitudes
And fail to turn-on intellectuality.

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

This Is Life!

do not regret
stories from the past
or expect
brighter tomorrow

let the dark clouds
pregnant with rain
let it cold
on wet grass

do not be angry
if the clouds are barren
pale white; non-aqueous
and drying the grass

who we are?
to blame fate
aren't we only
a grass of the earth

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Three Complete Lines (Malay to English Translation)

Original Work (Malay)

Tiga Baris Sempurna

terinspirasi menikmati,
haiku Matsuo Basho
menari seiring alam dan musim
menghimpun impak dalam hujah,
dengan tiga baris sempurna
ditimbang tara, melengkap kata.

Translation (English)

Three Complete Lines

inspiringly enjoyable,
Haiku of Matsuo Basho
dancing together with seasonal nature
collecting the impact of the argument,
with three complete lines
par weighed, complementing thoughts.

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Uncovered

although...
they are the iron nails
the greatest and most powerful
apparently only
some weirdo and
shadow-phobias
afraid of the black tiny
harmless mosquitoes,
that sound in ear
sing songs:
'Your robe is uncovered
your carpet is uncovered
your mask is uncovered
...uncovered... '

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Who Killed The Snake?

I am just an extra in this film
patch roles, cut and paste
deeply aggrieved, disbelief
I am depressed to the feet
over qualified, under paid
with so much grieves

I followed his directions
the power crazy director,
he wants me to kill a snake
roaming strays on the set
so I beat him to death instead,
Oh dear, they look very similar!

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Who Sold Us Out?

When the rich man
lived in the palace of luxury
and poor people
lived under the bridge of misery
in the same constituency
right here in our country

Sir, may I ask you,
who sold us out?

Ibnu Din Assingkiri

Yesterday's Fragments (Malay to English Translation)

Original Work (Malay)

Serpihan Kelmarin

Aku adalah serpihan kecelakaan
ada patahan dan luka torehan
sakit lama belum berkurang
bila dingin, pasti berulang
aku hanya manusia biasa
kadang-kadang terasa
perit, sakit kelmarin.

Translation (English)

Yesterday's Fragments

I am a crash fragments
fractured with incision wound
the old pain has not reduced
when cold, it repeats
I'm just a normal human being
sometimes I feel
painful, of yesterday's pain.

Ibnu Din Assingkiri