Poetry Series

Prasetya Utama

- 147 poems -

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Prasetya Utama (07-01-1949)

I was born in Kutoarjo,7 January 1949.Education: From 1955 to 1961 studied in the state elementry school.1961-1964 studied in Yunior High School.1965-1968 studied in Senior High School. Almost 12 years live in Wates county, the district of Kulonpprogo (Yogyakarta Province) . Studied in International Relation Science, Social Political Department at Gajahmada University, Yogyakarta (1968-1973) . Studied Law and Society in Udayana University Denpasar Bali(1974-1979) , studied philosophy in Literary Department, Indonesia University (1984-1988) . Communication Science at Open University.

Works:

Sastra dan Politik
Psikoanalisa dan Agama: Errich Fromm (Translated) Negara dan Revolusi Social: Theda Sckopol (Translated)
Partisipasi Perempuan dalam Partai politik di Indonesia

A letter which never sended

Last night I was a dream
About your house
Were the roof leaks everywhere
A green-painted house dull
I walk to the room
To the kitchen
To the front
The water to flood (inundate) on the floor
The water rose higher and higher
Flow to the visiting room
I walk to bend (bow, stop) and to walk on tiptoe,
I walk on tiptoe to avoid The water flood
Everywhere, from the front to backyard
I walk on zig-zag
Head made a low bow
To avoid the bird excrement
Much of bird cage hanged
On the roof

when the water to flood (inundate) increasing highest
to their food' knee, -you still cook in the kichen
in the bend of the dull wall and moss-covered/mildewed
The water flood increasing and increasing on the foots
to the broken chairs
to wet, dampen the books which to scatter, spread everywhere
I could stop to find your mother anymore
she likes to codle me (to observe by holding in the hand)
when I was child: "She said, I just could walk
run around the kitchen, along the corridor
and riding the pedicab cycle
near the thing being dired/the wash
while playing the little car."

To day i find your mother
In the overcast house
A green-painted house dull
Dull painted
Dark and overcast
The water to flood (inundate) on the floor
Everywhere
Just I found your mother walking stick
And her articial foot

Prasetya Utama

a mystery

life is a mystery
puzzle unsolved
sometimes tricky
that changed the fate of a person
so the lifetime
must undergo anguish
I never imagined
in dreams
in youth

Prasetya Utama

A Pandora's Box

when a Pandora's box it opened
out many wild animals
Satan and all the terrible properties
roam the free world
raven
people who have no faith
walk alone
in the dark alleys and muddy
black water flowing
in the grooves of life
that emerged from the grudge
past long-buried
now rising again
revenge

Prasetya Utama

A Story of sparrow and dimple

A group of sparrow
Waft /glide fly on
The yellow padi outspread
Like ronggeng dancer who
Fling her yellows shawl/scarf/muffler
A girl walking
Among the padi tree, her lips
Smile with dimple
On her cheek

She never tired seed
Of her hope
Since her father cultivate the land
With her mother she prepare
Food
Mow plant
Till bear fruit

A group of sparrow
Waft glide on
The yellow padi outspread
While a group of girl
Yell and catchy the field fiend
Frighten away of sparrow group
Who will rip their hope?

A group of sparrow
Fly to find their food
The yellow padi field
On the field had no inmate
In the hectares ocean of ooze

A group of sparrow
Fly with no hope
Is looking the yellow padi field
Who never found it everywhere?
Because there is no life
Just ooze everywhere

The girls muse over
With no hope
In the rice field
That no sparrow flies
On that field
That cannot frighten away
Of her distress
Because there is no life
Only ooze
Ooze
No live

Prasetya Utama

Acute heart

Burrow and search for food around the reef,
Crab-crab explore the link
In coral lips
Stand from lacing waves
Never stop strike
Mouth beach, create ripple
Split foam
spread acute
Acute heart

She wound pursue dreams

Starting from the party
Among the drinks, and palm wine
Distributed in a foreign city
With foreign smile
Girls that smile spreads
Among the guests who continue to
Come

Thousand breeze in the face of the man
Spread smile, crawl dream
In a party atmosphere, and the smell alcohol
The intoxicating
In open spaces
Palace
Penetrate the flower garden
A dream place to meet
The Lord who never come

Prasetya Utama

Ah

still raining outside
how are poured from the sky
is always looking haggard
as my country faces
who never deserted
from floods
and the bitchy corruptors
no shame
the spectacle of children
onscreen
ah,
wah

Prasetya Utama

Angry Women

till up now
I did'nt understood yet
what she wants
what her thinking about me
what her feeling on me
that I only to know
is why she was angry
so fast
as her mouth open
shooot many words
when I tired
just came from
my office journey

Prasetya Utama

artificial and rotten

older man always chosen president until ilness
and never talks about coruption, collution of his cronies
change with another generation,
who talk reformation, but the otherside to become thief too
to seek salvation their self
from another harrasment.

Prasetya Utama

Awaiting

awaiting day elapse
elapsing of it memory for the shake of memory
when beauty of wave that kiss the coast
omit the ripples without meaning
when what wind fizz
without tone
when musical tones
heard whoop it up
ah, I really toothache
awaiting something that is no meaning.

Prasetya Utama

Awaiting You

I await
in sittingroom

awaiting you come
with the boisterous chest
but you do not come
until day

so I do repeatedly
with the boisterous chest
but you do not come
until my hand tremble

jolt heart
in my chest
do not willing to desist
until you come

Prasetya Utama

Banda Aceh

I flown the above cloud
swooping from height
from blue sky
blue sea
where I see the
people brighten up
as long as evening
in the walke
in the cafe-cafe
with full of peace
forget the conflict
in the past
awaken the flank hoe
dig the gold farm
so that we can harvest the fruit
of peace.

Prasetya Utama

Banda Aceh 2

Sun of Banda Aceh burn the
my Body pore
Flaking husk
Second moment [of] my footh
Have to step non-stoped
Circle to knock each door
Rousing grandmother
What fall down the body
Because hot weather sting the
Old husk of its bone bandage
Looking of Window and door
Bunged up
From empty house
Without dweller
dusty and Silent here and there
Non-Stop by step
Turn and knock at
Where met by the slipper, shoe
Natty align in front of door
What is friendliness of people who medium
Besotted joke and loughing,
What is thy house?
Non, this house board with
Non, this non day;
When Teuku and Tengku have foe
And is ing each other door
Its house at all points
This also non day,
When evening
When we
Sit easy going in chair Cafe
What bertebaran of totality town angle
This about our being
With the space and time racing
Non about bringing suit debate
And bring suit the strength in party
Local and national,
Non that our intention
But about our house
What start brittle,
window which openly,
floors of wood board
what clatter if stepped on
because its stanchions
is groggy
or wallboard broken
by age growing older
we will not again
meeting old house of us
what its pillars is groggy
our belief
history will be besapttered of blood

because all
will omit the memory
when all smoothed down equivalent ofland; ground
changed by the building newly
filling balmy space
during racing
racing in the loud sound of hammer
compiling each; every our house brick
glue informed againstly is love,
reconciling with history handicap
past
to get our future
to breath in the fresh air
our house
hotly newly.

Prasetya Utama

Black Butterfly

black butterfly
flown
float the above jasmine
really I do not understand
there is good fellow heart
when world is
being knocked over by recession.

Prasetya Utama

Brownies

My closed friend came
brought a brownies
for my families
talked about our past lifes
that I couldn't remember
well yet
but were enough
to brought love
each other
our past
and the future
friendships
like sweet brownies

Prasetya Utama

Carcass Mouse

Below Under mango tree
which me plant three last year
carcass of mouse
shot [by] hunter
of aroma three-day
have the of current,
stinking [of] body of disseminating everywhere
late to each and everyone refrain from

my neighbour sniff that aroma
search for where that aroma come [in] moat,
below/under the tree
of him make cannot sleep
the the hunter pass with the him of impressing
do not do something

Prasetya Utama

Cat Carcass

Last Night two storm cats above roof
my two eyeballs were difficult to close
now I 'm very sleepy
Before that night a child cat was hit taxi
in the grandpa house curve
the taxi driver took the cat carcass
it was buried in the corner curve
while he pray to kept away from the bad fate
like the kitten
but I did not know
whether the prayer of the taxi driver had permited
I myself confuse
now the cat child remained one
is sleeping his mother brazz

Prasetya Utama

Catch The Shadow

I crawl through the back door
Catch the shadows
Wake up from my depression to hear the gamelan sounds
Flute, drum, ending,
Saw the puppets shadows
Which able to open the spirit traveling
Behind the suffering of meal
From the historical stage of man

When I went home, my father were angry
And my father ask why I saw the puppet shadows
Through the back door
Like a thief
I shut my mouth, no answer
When I answer this question, am not polite and get angrier
I recognize, it is dangerous to left the door
Left the door unlocked
But the God could came like the thief
Through the back door which unlocked
Or the locked in front of the door

At that time, I really did not know
Why my father always looking me
When I saw the puppets shadows
Although I crawled into the mass
My father always found me
In addition, ask me to go home
In the middle of the show
And then to live over my worry
Leave some question, what kind of the end of the story
To echo in my ear and to pound on
In my hearth wall
Then flow and crawled in my blood
To the whole my body
Became my life story
And leave the big question who always
Remainder me

Every step in my life
Always remained me to the sound
Of gamelan music where
Fluid, drum and xylophone like
Sturdy
Become dreams
In my slept

Until my life regarding
To pursue the shadows

Prasetya Utama
Bogor, Friday, January 13,2006

Prasetya Utama

Chance

I have hear the
night song
when wind blow
what fantacy
bringing flown
nonage dream
what is the no time reached
because squeezing
squeezing
chance.

Prasetya Utama

Comfortable

What pain of being in the big city
surrounded by the walls of frozen
where every moment should be subject
in the hours on the wall
stiff ticking
no rhythm
bamboo leaf rubbing
each other
wind
twilight
charm
without the words
a flatter
and
persuaded me that any time
buy this or buy it
for life
comfortable

Prasetya Utama

Command

Every morning I see the army commander
Provide command his soldiers
 ran around the field
Before learning marching
Using weapons
 Horseback riding
As he aimed his arrow into the target enemy
Far and near
 Invisible to the eye, and which slipped quietly
In a blanket in the recesses of our hearts tonight
 Hidden Enemy
A far more dangerous
 From the superpower nuclear arms
More than just a play on words

Prasetya Utama

Couple Of Chicken Religious Meal

The couple of chicken religious meal
On the ruwatan of my mother
Offering to me

8. Couple Of Chicken Religious Meal
I left the hen one at my grandma house
and bring the cock going home
after arrive at home
that cock
I bring everywhere
aver meet the another one
keep fighting with my cock and win
sometime meet with the cockfighter
neighbour, who have gerobak repair house
where they iron for
and teakwood for
in the center field
they fight my cock and theirs
the winner is always my cock
Their face look very regretful
And they offering to bought my cock
I avoid
And tomorrow eveing, when I went home from school
I found my cock foot
He stay and asleep in my house corner
My cockfoot had injury was harpooned
I care with garlic, not yet recover
I care with peniciclin, not
a week after that cock dead
I cry for the whole day
I don’t understand adult will won theirself
they dont understand, that is not just a cock
But a cock for religious meal in the ruwatan of my mother
My grandma gift

Prasetya Utama

Crossbar of Wood of Tree Waru

Tree, green of leaf and yellow of colour of flower waru
One in fence which close with the tree, leaf, and shoe flower
When I hence shoe
I see the that mother eye circumference is blue
Her heart of greeve of doily on above white cloth
A mother sit the above wood chair
her body is which coherent selnder of clothes
ruddle the shoe flower
at the same time her arms once in a while
keeps out of the dirt Iust
that Men swirl her lheart lake deepness in worried
water level its Face is calm to keep distortion
Hurt at her blue heart
When extinct lamp
newly I know
he sing happily the greeve of song
at the same time its days doily silent
what always reecho in her heart wall
by past dirt
at the same time close the door
with the crossbar of wood
and let the tree fence, leaf
and shoe flower
wilt

Bogor, Thursday,2424/04/2008

Prasetya Utama

Daissociating Our Love

Do you still remember
when we in the morning go up
in the same train
you fallen down
beside me
with the hurt feet bleed
until come to your house
I dress a wound the feet
I dress a wound your heart
but at last we apart distance
so far
dissociating our love
like your hand gesture
following train which quickly
going easterly.

Prasetya Utama

Destiny Traps

Hold your kites before fly its
And feel the winds blow
See if there is cumulonimbus
Because after the kite fly in the sky
Ones couldn’t stops it
Or you lose it
Only left benign on yours hand

Kite like mans body
Whether wind like mind and spirits
If you not account the balance
You will come to the destiny-traps
And ask to the God
Built life is not in justice

And then left our children
Bad world for there grow up
And bad words for their families
Bad think for everything

Jakarta,10/25/2005

Prasetya Utama

Dewi Sri, the Goddes of Rice

In the frontyard and leftside of my grandpa house
When the padi harvests and holiday came
I certainly went to my grandpahouse
Where before and after the harvests we have a religiousmale together
We pray and praise the Lord
Through the smoke of incense up and up to the sky
And the wind brought its to people around the village
For avoiding disaster and thanks to
Dewi Sri, the Goddes of Rice (fertility goddes)

My partjob is waiting the rice in the place for drying
firewood, from morning till evening
Till its rice and firewood to become dry
While I saw some people were paced back and forth over the path
Beside my grandpahouse
To carry padis on the back after the harvest
With pureface
After they got part of their work during threemonth
In the ricefields
Wheter they have and havenot the ricefield
When I am boring for waiting
I called the people who sell the sugarcandy
I Change its with my grandma rice
When teh eveing came I feel tired
waiting the rice dried the whole day
my grandma brought torch made from coconut leafe
went to uncle Amat Sirat
Where his wife able to massage while her whusband work in the ricefield
Malam istrinya memijat kakiku yang pegel, ototku yang kaku,
At that night she massages my foot who feel tired
After the holiday finish
I turnback to the town
Back to school
(Bogor 23 Juni 2005) .

Prasetya Utama

Dragonfly Destination

dragonfly flown to float
above eggplant flower
alight on prolonging
is then flown again
descend upon for flower
what grow [in] hillside Bark
my day-dream float
flown with dragonfly
light like kapok
what float
with no destination

Prasetya Utama

Dream Child

since childhood
I used to dream
can ride a horse around town
handsome white horse
turban on his head
robe and sword at his waist
accompanied by a beautiful girl sauntered
who always smiled
that made my heart-flowered
life is beautiful, full of dreams
when there is an expectation
faraway

Prasetya Utama

Eartquake (1)

(1)
Though I converge yesterday
Now I want to meet you again
To see you is face long lasting
Under the pteromax lamps

Until your father and mothers
Came from markets
Selling the batiste
Till dinner

Till time to learn come
Till your father come
Ask about our school lesson
Till time to sleep come

I went to my home
Ride bicycle
Across the cold night
Across the whole black
Trees
Around me
Till
I knock the door
When my mother
Still wait and open the door
For me

But now I found empty
No life after earthquake

(Prasetya Utama, Ciluar Bogor,8/15/2006)

Prasetya Utama

Empty Path

Empty path of the Halmahera Guest House
Throughout of oldtime
As old as the dust attached on the door leaf
Old dust attached on the wall
And dark room
Where painting laid
From the mad life
Throughout the cantings
In the room corner
When my soul cried
Fighting to myself
fighting alone interpreting the dream

in the old well
the old man catch chiken
and drinking black wine
eat some rice
with the black lips
where nicotin and bear aroma
smell around his face
in the old well
cried his brokenlove

where I am alone
sat on the rattan chair
smell of
the naughty wind blowing
fall of some old bamboo leaf
opened the envelope
contens of pray and word
love disappointment
cut through all the word

Bogor 12 Desember 2001

Prasetya Utama

face dismall

of course,
I met
you at the end of the road
under the tree Beringin
where I wait
day-to-day
the uncertain
the discomfort
when the bus and car
come and go
around me
but never
if any posts I color this
make your face dismal

Prasetya Utama

For Your Short Life

Bogies
My cat's name
daughter brought
since I was a baby
now bogies always
I welcome
each home from work
fun to watch while my wife
sinetron continued 'Fitr'
the pervasive spirit
new generation of cultural products
soap opera
shallow and tends to
mendangkalkan meaning of life
into the foam soap
falsity bubbles
short life
which is too shallow

Prasetya Utama

freedom

what the meaning of freedom
when you couldn't do anything
from fear of my children future

what the meaning of freedom
when you couldn't thinking
of beautiful garden in your home

what the meaning if freedom
when I haven't free
from fear of nightmare

Prasetya Utama

Friendship

In my dream, last night, I met my friend,
He invited me to go to the carpenter
Together with my wife are looking for frame
I'm tired and felt better to wait in the carpenter workshop
I'm waiting for a long time
And then I decided to follow closely
And find they still choose the wooden frame
From outside workshop I could saw his spectacle frame
And I ask what the relation with mutually dependent,
The cemetery Land, The Wood Frame, My friend and My Wife
Is the dream will be continue, everyday
Whereas in the real life, yesterday
He had sends sms to me three times
Told me that nowadays he became the bureaucratic man
And still catch his PHD,
And still help his wife dissertation
Which he hadn't been finished yet

Since we meet in the 80-th,
Before you marry
Till you marry her,
Still learning science
Translated many book with me
I heard your children grown up, and went university
And to day, pick up another boy
From Arab family,
Now I wish to meet you again, discussed many things,
Prasetya Utama,4/6/2006

Prasetya Utama

From The Book: Negara Kertagama 5

Like this the beauty of wide field 'watangan' as do not have
boundary
Glorious Mahamantri, nob, ministrant of king in Java,
in their most face
high level Bayangkari of crowded propose
in secondary step
In northside palace door in south of lord
and writter
In west shares: some long hall until
'mercudesa'
Crowded of officer and ministrant
and also all heroic custodian
In south shares rather far: some space,
'mandapa'and hall
Residence serve the His Majesty of 'Paguhan'
undertake facing
Enter the second door, unfolding of palace page; yard
alight
Flatten and wide with the beautiful house contain the chair
dressing smartly
In eastside boost the high house dress smartly the
empire device
that's place hall accepted by 'tatamu Srinata' in
'Wilwatikta'
This is magnifier which often face in hall witana
Wredamentri, Glorious sign Mahamantri, pasangguhan
with the attendant of[is The Pentameter Wilwatikta: mapatih,
'demung kanuruhan, 'rangga'
'Tumenggung' five chummy grand formalist with the
palace
All 'patih', 'demung' of state of subordinate and pillowing
All area magnifier which have liver to remain to and unshakeable
If coming gathering in kepatihan of entire state
five especial Glorious Prime Ministre is which is early business
state
Satria, priest, writters, all wipra
if facing to stand up under the auspices of 'asoka' in
side 'witana'
So also two darmadyaksa and its seven assistant
arya, skilful of its mannerism, properly become the
byword
That'S who want to see of hall witana, crown place
decorative completely have gas
Abstention come into the east palace rather far and
first door. To
South arch Palace, place of Lion Wardana, princess,
boy and daughters
To North Palace. place of Kerta Wardana. its his Third as
Paradise
All beamed house of strength, graven respect, made
gorgeous
Cakinya from red stone

Prasetya Utama

Get Up

Every morning
I woke up children:
Get up, already sunrise
he said you wanted sail
the ship was waiting in
will brought you around the world

Get up, the day already afternoon
should not be waiting
for the inspiration come
for the wonderful work
exhibited all through the world
although knew,
processed of your feeling
and thinking

Get up, Shakuntala got up!
Build the power your imagination
he said you want to draw
the building
was most beautiful in the world
got up,
although the world was made tremble
with buildings
that catch the sky

Prasetya Utama

Golden Flute

Golden flute sound of Kang Gareng,
High-pitched, split the air mist
Splitting the dark night yan
A troubled heart-wrenching
Into pieces
Scattered in the street life
In the dark of keropak history
Stirring historical sense
Milestone in our lives and make changes
Direction, according to the already soaring high desire
Diiiringi shadow that is always attached
In step desires
In a misguided longing forest

Prasetya Utama

Grave

wow, I amazing
for going home
meeting old house
old tree
old people
like me

when I visit
mother and grandma
grave
and what wait
I also
will lie down here.

Prasetya Utama

Happy Birthday

When twilight came
I saw the grey cloud is spooling
Is spooling fly
touch toThe Vermillion sky
The street lamp pole run away
The black green trees run away
Behind me

From behind the window glass
when the bus is runing very fast

The mercury lamp is blazing yellowish
blazing of the people lamp
all run away behind me
when the bus is run very fast forward
among the sedan and another bus
touch to the Vermillion sky

going run to touch our home
betwen Magrib to Isya
promised
to come around sun down
on her birthday

hurry to meet and kiss her foreheads
wishpering her to happy birthday

she cooks spagetti
from morning
Preparing herself birthday
Fortytwo and threeyyears
At March 06,

Prasetya Utama, Bogor,2006-03-09

Prasetya Utama

He want to be married

My youngest brother want to be married,
we his older brother all confused.
He was not yet the work.
From long before he more liked chating
with his friends in the village
that in general also not the work.
If the night arrived they gathered in our house,
stayed up all night long til the morning,
chatted did not have the special focus.
The habit had been carried out
for years since the mother was still living,
to currently, three years after the mother died,
the habit continued to be carried out.
Was not thought about by them
from where they received the source of life.
they still believed on the good day and the bad day.
In fact the Lord created all the good days,
depended his humankind,
the work of humankind for the peer.

Prasetya Utama

Here I Stranded

that silent
 noiselessly
 even voice the wind fizz even also
 inaudible
 by my ear
 by myself
 by myself stand up ashore
 looking into wave
 effervesce to kiss the coastal sand
 noiselessly
 without wave
 what slaping wall
 heart
 my love plump
 what is stranded
 here.

Prasetya Utama

Homesick

night, when full moon
dark [of] experienced semesta
extinct electrics at all points
though the no war
flag still flag at all points
darkly
wind blown boisterous
quickly, exceeding machine flown quickest; fastest
exceeding voice and light
rotating menggerus [of] all
in storm maelstrom
at heart
jolt the heart
when overcast sky
that whom
knocking at

Prasetya Utama

How my mother survives

Under the asem tree my mother sold eggs
For struggeling our life
With six members in my family
Untill I finished yet of my graduated
But at time political science only usefull when support military rezim
And difficult to have job forever
Suffering from schooling without shoes
until repression under the military shoes
and pressure under militer guns
created deadly imagination over generations
when the critical point come
the new orde created only mountly debt and shoestring criminal
in the rest of people
who fight each-other
when the elite debate after fight with her wife
and run to the mistress with high cost
to build the highway, starbuilding and pabric
with the artificial creditletter and not enough credit guaranty
with the debt people should pay in the future
only for pleasure heart of mistress under their brassiere

Prasetya Utama

Hungry For Cigarettes Only

Early Saturday morning,
We went to the water roundabout
we have been waited by the car.
We walked straight passed the palace
through the place of Arabians place
left bend climbed above
headed the slate road.
upwards continued,
through many of durian trees,
through fish fish-ponds,
stalled in the repaired roads,
which many organisers of the traffic
from the inhabitants of the village
use the hat, tin asked for the fund contribution
for the improvement of the government road
improved never was finished.
we went straight to Cihideung,
went straight to the hungry of the Old-Peasant.
just need for cigarettes
only,

Prasetya Utama

I can’t forget it

I can’t forget it
The day changes everything’s
My idealism. wishes, happiness
When the news comes from my younger brother
Telling me that my father was pastaway
I couldn’t think anymore and must go home
Saw my father for the last time before we send him to the cemetery
I walk and Elizabeth walk beside me
I never know what she thinks about my father
Who never seen him before
All member of the family saw us with sadness
My father potter's field under the asemtree
Together with my grandpa and grandma
In the environment of Sawunggalih family cemetery
Where my mbah buyut Sontowijoyo lived too
Nowadays many people come, pray and give the flower
To their place, burn kemenyan for entering their prayer to
Paradise (Kahyangan) , the place of Goddess
To ask manythings will happen in the world
As there hope in their belief
at that evening after the ritual

Jakarta, November 24,2005

Prasetya Utama

I Love You

this afternoon
really I'm boring
my own quiet
no derisive your laughters
shouting
that I
cranky
but in the hearts
i love you
seriously

Prasetya Utama

I refuse

This morning
I refuse my date with my neighbor
Going to the south ocean beach
Where the people search of old identity
In illusion of the Queen of Justice
To refuse the new wave they have confused
From time to time
Because they tired to keep its promise
Of welfare
That never coming
In their life
Till up to day

Prasetya Utama

Ilusion

under mango tree
every evening
a spell of
in front of my house
father fiddle faddle until night
still converse its dreams
very rich country dream
from money which is taken care of
from nymph, genie, and other smooth creature
without job
that empty
dream always twist
and offer the sham bliss
even so
they do not bored
conversing of it until today
and just still be [of] people got taken
with illusion.

Prasetya Utama

Imagination

The little black bat
Flew in the night
Break through our the wall
Moving out the wall
Moving out the feeling of my wife
Moving out from the hidden door
From fear
Now children shriek
And ask me
Is the bat an animal?
Or their imagination

Prasetya Utama

Immortalize Lameness

mother gang at elbow worker of vegetable salesgirl
at the same time fiddle faddle
how its stomach is price in this time
and how the husband do not visit to add the
their expense money
at elbow its boost the high rise physical plant
what its dweller is incoming exit of car
pass in front of the them
they expense have never here
they expense of through phoning
goods is ushering
in their priest enquire
whether this Iameness as God destiny
or there is invisible hand
making them lame
or intellectual result the best craft of the brain
to immortalize Iameness.

Prasetya Utama

In Every Breath of My Life

when door closed
I cannot open it
when thou no feeling
you isolate xself
though I
many times try
knocking at every virgin
what stop by
in my life
I try to look for
your love
in every breath
my life.

Prasetya Utama

In Front Of Me

In front of me
In her wide, terrace home
She sat on the old rattan chair
Her body was thin
Her hollow eyes to muse in the sky
She wants tell a definite story
Which keep a more forty years ago?
With fear and apprehensive, under the old bones
Because of politic rumors and propaganda,
To lead astray and bring misfortune,

To day, In front of me, a grand ma told me her story
Story of her husband, which she keeps a more 40 years ago
Who had been arrested by military regime?
Because mismanagement, same name
But different person
One is my father friend,
And the other one, a teacher who became member of PGRI Non Vacsentral
Under bow of Indonesian Communist Party

I am and so your mother, both is member
Of democrat women, under bow of PNI Party
But because mismanagement under military regime,
My husband arrested,
As PKI members,
Without any explanation
Where my children need schooling, food for eat
And cloth, house for protect them in growth

However, to day, after forty years she feels free
After told all what happened
Of her husband and all of their suffering

In front of me
All of her depression
All of her oppress
Was free, like butterfly flying on the flower
Of her new gardens
In front of her home terrace

Bogor,11/01/06 15: 33: 34

Prasetya Utama

In the Dark Train

in the dark train
when its lamp extinguish
I sit alone
when a have jacket
sit the casquette at elbow
me immediately
I move when feeling
he grope the my hand finger
what have ring to gold
in darkness
just there is
one who exploit
the opportunity
to profit ownself

Prasetya Utama

In The Walls of My Heart

I press phone keypad
Once more
each sitting alone
at bus
ringing on the other side
loud
voice ringtone
songs
'Do not leave me
own, I could die
the noose quiet... '
again it
I create a song
alone
each lonely creep
in the walls
of my heart

Prasetya Utama

Jacko

Your life ends
in neverland
music, life, and colors
life you srink
leap in the street
tempestuousness vote
movement of the world
shrik tendence
young
Ask to leave marks
light
who
fluorescent-phosphorescent
in circle
of Thou-feeds

Prasetya Utama

Kartini

Kartini Mesh by hand own
Cowl make dear mother
In silent solid angle
In its liver angle; corner vacuous
Because have to embroider her destiny
In shadow of the hand of her father

With the pen
and tear ink
the writing of letter
above have sheet to white paper
handcuff the custom poorness
putting in the stocks expression space
woman of the same nation
opening darkness screen, searching bold
to continent dream

Prasetya Utama

Ketapang Leafs

Ketapang leafs
dropp float in the air
Brought by West Winds
To pounce on the dying fish
flondered
Crushed by rolling waves of Bali Straits
While camar birds
Shivered with cold in they nest
Took shelter from the cold sea wind, dry and
Flying the dust
While fisherman
Choose living in their brittle shelter
Waiting for the wind calm down
Where roling waves not to rage

Hurricane, dying fishes
Washed ashore in the beach
Only own of carcass eaters bird

Fisherman could waiting only
Til the good season back again
While they only could do wishes
And life from kindness of usuer
Defend from the west wind
Dry, the rage of waves

When the Hurricane was subsided
fullmoon illuminates the earth and sea
the fish have a partywe should go to sea
to fish with a net
for paying our debt to usuer
but oil price flying up and much higher
we could not anything to do

bogor,17/09/05

Prasetya Utama

Lampor

I often walk from market to my home
through chinese shop matters which sold; gold
Kelontong variety and rice
Book Store and printings office
And then store through which basic necessities are sold at government-fixed prices,
and the barber shop, gambling Boss

Through water wheel to arrange flow of water to the rice field
Flow of water have curves in the river till the South Ocean
Where all kind of fish
Play from morning to night
Among of the evil spirit and demon
In the South Ocean,
The Palace of Nyai Loro Kidul
Quenn of all evil and demon in the South

When night come, "Lampor"
walk with howl of the wind
Children who heard their voice
Were run to their armpit mother
And drunk milk from nipple
Crosed the dark of night and fear
In the warmth of the batik cloth
and mother embrace

To day I am not afraid
Fairy tale, demon or evil spirits
who walk at midnight
to pass in the children imaginations

on the bridge old man and the youngers are gathering
to tell their experience and imagiantions each other
in the evening,
where the water river flow for fish, and demon
flow granted all of fish and their imagination

Prasetya Utama

Life Is Still A Mystery

Grow old, diseased and eventually die
is there a secret life behind
when a thousand years ago
Buddha, trying to uncover the veil

while Solomon, the Prophet
uncover the veil and trying to communicate
with all beings in the universe
whether we get the secret legacy

although Moses tried to uncover myths
the magicians and managed to split the ocean
cross into the promised land
world of myth and magic still disguised new

while Jesus cure the sick
and raise the dead
he himself died on the cross

and Muhammad, The Prophet
said, had opened the veil
However, grow old, diseased and eventually die
is there a secret life behind
when a thousand years ago
Buddha, trying to uncover the veil

while Solomon, the Prophet
uncover the veil and trying to communicate
with all beings in the universe
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and raise the dead
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and Muhammad, The Prophet
said, had opened the veil
However, life is still a mystery

Prasetya Utama

Life Uselessness

new space still be disorderly
window curtain which poke
like army flag which fail the war
chair which its spume have destroyed
poking my bottom when siting
idea do not be important
which can born from there
except hunchbacked grandfather
sit in mat of semi furling
I confuse
what else I which must write
except life
uselessness
from body which Old age
what momentarily
consisting with land; ground
where he come
for centuries then.

Prasetya Utama

Like A Smoke Bomb

all changed
me and you
ye, ye
after 30 years
split
by state
and interpretation
from the fact
till our dreams
indeed different
such as the distance the sky
and earth
after a brief meeting
then disappear again
like a smoke bomb
windblown

Prasetya Utama

Lizard Fall

lizard fall
above my head
when we
sit both
in sittingroom
that night
her ters dropp
roles on her cheek
hue
befalled by a light
full moon moonlight
its head
bowing
drawn
when
I told her
my father die
this afternoon

Prasetya Utama, Tuesday, May 13,2008

Prasetya Utama

Lokngha

What properly I bridle about Lokngha
its coastal Lokngha sand to turn white
With the coiled waves
Breaking coastal lip
A group of hooded girl
Sit to gang in coastal periphery booth
Drink the young coconut water
At the same time shar the story love
In coast Lokngha
Or manufacturing plant of tidiness cement the Lokngha
What sordid its road to middle go out to sea the
to search Boat
Throwing away anchor
before at dawn
What properly I bridle about Lokngha
About foreigner cycling
Or myself
What is like foreigner
Touching tip of lip of my motherland
What will kiss
With the wet lip
By teardrops
What properly I bridle about Lokngha,
from its wellspring
drink of love.
from alcove cafe
watching million light.
From sun
from the blue sky
or from cafe
what do not I have time to enjoy the coffee drink
its aroma fragrance.
What properly I bridle about Lokngha,
if me only one clock over there

Prasetya, Friday, May 09,2008

Prasetya Utama

Love in a Bent Road

love in bent of road
dark in leafy of leaves
generating impression cusorily
and is quickly forgotten
like pickmeup
took a fancy to by the youngest children
once toss down
its bottle is thrown
in corner
in place garbage
modernization product
forgetting tradition.

Prasetya Utama

Mad Mariner

Mad Mariner rose in the city bus
That slowly on the road
In the crowded of city street
Heated the sleepy passengers
And was tired
Hook, hook, his fingers
Straight to the roof bus
Ran and ran again
He screams
On the city bus
How this could be happen
In the city bus
Apart From
Frighten passengers

Prasetya Utama

Mahameru

meandering mountain road to the top
cloud top mega march
white mist drifted down
waist wrap Mahameru
where I had long pondered
killing time
reject bad luck
who already
become part of my life

Prasetya Utama

Meaning

bored
 bored
 bored
 tire of to await
 await what else
 time elapsing off hand
 without result
 dried mucus
 is true
 I do not do the something
 only searching word
 without meaning

Prasetya Utama

Member of the guesthouse

member of the guesthouse come from
the same senior highschool who
enter the different department and different university
they understood eachother
And help the other difficulties
To solve their problem everyday
They know that Elizabeth is my fiancée
And no one from them will disturbed our relationship

The only problem come from outside
When PLN staff comes to visit her
Almost every week
He parking his car in front of her guesthouse
I jealous and visit her everyday
An hour after arrive from Pagelaran Learning
Sometime we talking with him allday long
Until he goes home and I still not going home
Talking with her
Really that day is very boring day, jealous and angry
And I hope I want kept him out from the guesthouse
That day come

Prasetya Utama

My Children

my children
always make a move
following to feel
in the middle of its friends
playing at all day long
like us
playing at word
searching meaning
no desisting.

Prasetya Utama

My daughter

my daughter
 bowing drawn
 empty view
 far forwards
 at horizon do not step aside the
 evanescent sky boundary
 buried by her loves
 what is not limited.

Prasetya Utama

My Grandfather

The grandfather liked to watch the broadcast football
In the TV channel every night
In the morning he still sleep
When I departed for work
And his granddaughter departed for campus
When evening we the struggle channel
The grandfather liked to watch a football
His granddaughter liked to watch sinetron
While I liked the broadcast that funny-things
I have been tired worked
Was not again that attract attention in the TV agenda
Apart from laughing to release nerves that strict
Now the grandfather of temples sleeps

Prasetya Utama

My Grandma Song

When the night came,
My grandma pray to the God,
Sing a song with pray

"Ana kidung rumeksa ing wengi
Teguh hayu huputa ing lara
Luputa bilahi kabeh
Jin setan datan purun
Paneluhan tan ana wani miwah panggawe ala
Gunaning wong luput
Geni atemah tirto
Maling adoh tan ana ngarah ing mami
Guna duduk pan sirna"

In my heart I keep the song meaning
There is a song which ruled the night
For saving from sickness
Freedom from all suffering
Form evil of satan prohibit
From the black magic
Who do the wrong applied of their scientific
Fire lose because the water
Also thief gone far away from me
The black magic gone

And I slept
Till the morning.

Prasetya Utama

My Grandpa Orange Garden

From my grandpa Orange Garden
You can saw green orange leaf
all over the place
it fruits had started ripening

He frequently late going home
My grandma hit “Kentongan ”)
For going home soonly
But my grandpa workinghard
Forgotten to eat and drink, and going home

When he going home he saw the roof falling down
And black cloud seen in the sky
Quickly my grandfather took the ladder
Up to the roof and care the roof

For bettering their room
The rain fall from the sky
My grandpa walking down from teh roof
sleppy, and never wake up again
my grandma cried till morning
forgotten the orange fruit harvest
she embrace her husband slept strectched on the ground
in the meeting room
where children and grandchildren are gathering

to day you couldn’t seen the green leaf orange
the fresh orange leave the smeel in my reminiscences
the garden leave high and dry
no grandpa touch down at
the leafs through,
it stalks to let dryness
dryness and to wither
the dush fly everywhere
the house and garden is empty
only ghosts dwell in that house

I still remember
I fomerly run there
Among the orange stem trees
Under the orange leaf shady
His Only one message:
Don’t pick those oranges before ripe

Jakarta,6/29/2005

Prasetya Utama

My Life

in my room; chamber nowadays nothing; there is no decoration disturb
also voices
and any movement
outside there
in roadway
in office
it is true there is voices
movement and trappings
at nature
but assumed by there no
because us, according to religion
have to control the passion
and habit in the world of we
it obliged is inversed the than normal life
whether us have abnormal
whether life us have to be abnormal
to become normal
listening go order which according to him told to us from God
whether us have to be kept quiet, without passion
and let God move the life
then who is me,
what is the meaning
oy my life.

Prasetya Utama

my mother never know

my mother never know
after my father past away
I walk to campus through Malioboro without shoes
(only with sandals) to Campus
I embarasment to meet my friend
Every day I learn at the library and finished the next step
Not yet finished for preparing the future
With my stomag empty
When I hungry I only eat gado-gado, cassave and a glass of water
For entering my mother dreams
To become civil service after finished its
Like what my father do
Who never have opportunity to have a house for their children
Because I never have to the heart to cut my my dreams
Although my heart restlessness

Prasetya Utama

My Past, Present and Future

past, present and future
feelings churning
until the bottom of my heart
tore the walls of reason
banging his dream
into the present
and imagine the future
the fire of hell
young people
who choose the course
individually
was the coolness of the wind
the breezy
sometimes there
under the shade of the leaves
mango tree
in front of my house

Prasetya Utama

New Aceh Sunlight

Aceh sun
sunshine burn my husk
is brittle
from open plane door
high wind, dry befall the face
homesick of native land
I walk among they
parrying homesick by myself
new leave taking the children
and wife
but I hold up because wishing to tread
at land; ground cleft newly
trying to trace the face
on the chance of newly
peace from endless conflict
your humanity
of the same nation

Prasetya Utama

Nostalgic

I stand on the railway balustrades
To my hometown
I saw the railwaytrack move quickly
farther and farther from me
which left of thousand memories

Which the wind flied there
The train through the city
Which always arouseyearn for
After we love together

Your face always appear
In happiness and sorrow
In my pray
When I work

In the deep reflection
In a life and love
Integrated in every of word
Which I ever spoken

Whatever happens in up to ones's ears
My deepest love as like as deepest ocean

Prasetya Utama

November Rains

The water point of November rains
This morning
Cultivated my beautiful memory
That for a long time has been stockpiled in the sin waste
The Waste of my life
That was slow
To became fertilizer of my soul
From the body that increasingly rotted
Now my memory growth weak
In the roll of the black cloud

Prasetya Utama

Ocean Wave

ocean wave
 no desisting hit the reef
 coastal of south
 when queen go out to sea the south
 gived a smile to by indulge the
 king of Mataram, depressive
 forget the people, come into the deep sea
 go out to sea of love
 without word
 have you conceive
the human being be in love
with the genie

Prasetya Utama

of course

of course, of course I will come
to your house, like the old days
good morning, afternoon or evening
until you yourself are no stranger
with my arrival
like the other family members
go to church together
when Easter and Christmas
whether from home
or from a boarding house
I must admit there is peace
inside this heart

Prasetya Utama

Old People

under mango tree
old people
sit prolonging
at the same time
tell a story the past
what is always repeated
in back part its tongue
is young originally hear it
thereafter
bored
then go
to its own world
history is true always
recuring.

Prasetya Utama

Old Story from Bandung

Tracing free road; street
resistance
to Bandung
this is Old story
what always impressed
in liver alcove
innermost
what always emerge
when passing to take the air
in that town
we have gone up the pedicab
inversed almost
but pedicab worker sprier
quickly pedicab brought back
to position from the beginning
and we accelerate to return
in silent public road
chilled
I and you are
mute
until door
opened
don't know why
is only kept quiet.

Prasetya Utama

One Four Three

the bank so crowded.
Usually I am lazy,
queued in crowded.
took my pension.
Queue hour and hour.
to wait
in front the monitor screen
was waiting for the official teller
shouted called my number,
'one four three! '
I rose from the chair of my place
to be waiting for hours.
Afterwards put forward
the savings book
that already amount
was written
in order to make
ends meet
every a month.

Prasetya Utama

Our Democracy

that old boy go out to gallery
 what is a lot of flower crop
 last sit and look into far to future
 what shadow in his eye
 about its party conflict
 but when I ask him
he answer
 ah, that only gravel in life
 life still be long
 wait they will make peace
 by theirself
 but paying attention to
 thereafter they will be more be adult
 that's democracy.

Prasetya Utama

Pray Only

I minup coffee,
coconut rice breakfast,
continued smoke one stick.
She was sick.
Her tears couldn’t lie,
but I Did not know what really was,
I was also still confused
to look for her sad
Just what I going to do
I continued to pray
only

Prasetya Utama

reformation

What the meaning of reformation
I mean
to reform
my poem,
my novel
or my painting
when I feel pain
to hear
all news from radio
the whole part of our society
get protest everyday
and I saw
labour protest
everywhere to day

Prasetya Utama

Regret

Regret comes after
When I sat
On Bamboo Chair
Under Mango Tree
Felt my soul not free
Had detained out of our desire

Rose flower on a pot
Release softly perfume
In the windy air
Hide in smelt softly
Of sins

My soul could not slept
Along the day in a time, wrest
When the women sat
Beside me
Red news
Got a new
Gossip

Jakarta, Thursday, March 16,2006
Prasetya Utama

Prasetya Utama

Ring Road

Ring road, ring of our life
Where we life together
In the Circle out of old city
In the Circle out of old life
When we haven’t no more space
In the crowded city
Become free competition
among fascinating speed of automotive product
and human density
to decrease natural love
and become alienate
each other
Prasetya Utama,17-12-2009

Prasetya Utama

Ruwatan of My Mother

My grandma had planned ‘ruwatan’ a long time ago
In front of her house
They build a stage for playing a pupit shadow play
From day to night
Where neighbour, friend, and visitor from random ranking came
I run anywhere, nobody care about me
Where all people busy with their duties
Only one focusing to prepare meal for prayed together
To the God for saving my mother from the angry of Batara Kala
Ruwatan ceremony
In the stage in front of my grandma house
Dalang, play the pupit shadow
Where the Batara Kala still angry
To all people just play play along the time
They do not work hard and pray together to the God
To avoid the God Angry
My grandma present the pupit shador for along the day to night
With the religious meal from various fruits, animal
Dalang lead pray together
While he play the pupit shadows
As long as harmony with the ruwatan story
Ovoid the God (Batara Kala) not to become angry
To punish my mother and her big family
Her only my grandma doughter
From her complicated sins
But I saw at the end of my mother life
She laid in the hospital bedroom for a month
With mny pipe to help her respiration
And for eat her foods
But my mother know
She does’t like to die there
At the end of her time, batara Kala pick up her soul
In her friends house
In Yogyakarta
When member of the family
She sound-asleep forever
Alone to the promise of land
Her only message to the youngest son
To choice his wife from a good parents
To be carefull be a good heart

August 05 - 2005

Prasetya Utama

ship

reach what island
how pappa contact
we have been long enough [do] not meet
possible two months
you burned [by] day sun
gnawed [by] the coldness of night wind
medial [of] fish which hop
incured [by] your ship net
or porpoise
your friend play at
try to narrate more amount of
night story
[in] ship.

Prasetya Utama

Signs of Age

Fireworks in the sky blue flowers
splitting evening
signs spread joy
worldwide
in the dark
some people
the spread bombs in churches
who kill innocent people
lying in the bottom of the cross
next to the mosque
which has been side by side
not disturbed in his peace
What this means:
for our mutual suspicion
draw one's sword
and kill each other
to become a member
your group
as terrorist

Prasetya Utama

Signs of the times

when I was a child
even teenagers
every afternoon from the plot boundary fields
watched lava slowly melt
from the peak of Mount Merapi
bergrak bright red fall
down the steep slopes
wiped out the trees
animals, houses, human
and all of which inhibit
with the fire that burns hot
pulverized, all pulverized
to dust
frozen into stone
the rocks change
signs of the times

Prasetya Utama

Sorrow

life is a mystery
existing in the recesses of the heart
innermost
can not be revealed
when the burning heart
by revenge

revenge is only a catastrophe
sorrow and destruction we
when the fire burns
in chest
revenge fire only
destroy
civilization
when cities
burnt
children crying
in the living father
and the mother]
abandoned love
philanthropy

Prasetya Utama

Stadium Four

climb the floor four
 four one who I have to meet
 their face is sweet
 say friendly he said
 but whether/what you know
 his heart is gluttonous excrutiatingly
 likely help
 but its conscience yowl
 eat the friend portion
 for the ownself of
 subconsciously
 he had stadium four
his illness
 difficult to awake.

Prasetya Utama

storm

storm yesterday afternoon
knock down pine trees
damaging flowers
telephone poles
electric poles
shake the pillars ad
colorful neon lights
people in the streets shivering
cold
tremble
hunger
everything becomes chaos
Sad heart
when many women
and the children crying

Prasetya Utama

Taking off Hand

last night I was a dream
thedream of about wife
ah, non
about girlfriend
ah, only shadow
face in grey shadow
when we still be adolescent
pursuing love
season
last disband
whether nowadays,
we have to so
when road so sharply
and difference
cannot be pacified
we then leave taking
off hand?

Prasetya Utama

Teen dreams

when adolescence
my dream never change
but in everyday life
dreams
bring my mind to fly hovering
although only can go hand in hand
running after-school
in the shade of tamarind trees java
and trees Ketapang
that the row-row planting
as shaded footpaths roads
after until the house
when nap
the girl's face
attached under the pillow
restlessness that carried flow
breathed the breath of the night

Prasetya Utama

Tempestuous Rain

The water rain come
Increasingly hard
Was accompanied the wind bent

When I opened the window
Trees fall
Flew my own roves
Destroyed all desire
Finally I closed the window
Locked the meeting all the door
Prayed so that the only one house
The Place took shelter of children and my wife
Not flown Together with the wind

Prasetya Utama

The Black Rose Flowers

In front of my house I have a little land
Not a wide land, just half meter and six meter widest
I had build it for put or take the flower pot
There is three flower pots
This bought my wife from flower tree salesmen

In the morning, when my wife cleaned away the land from garbage, grass
I told her I want to build the flower garden in my village
My wife angry
You have to arrange this house before build the garden far away from here
I told her, just dreaming
I haven't money anymore
It just a plan, if I have a lot of money

My wife keep silent
She continue to clean away the land
Clean away the land from grass and garbage
And give her read, yellow, white
blossom
In front of my house
But I never saw
the violet and black colors

If I have the rose black color
of course my wife will be glad
But I never saw
the violet
and black color
and spread their aromatic
Could I smell
Among their thorny

Prasetya Utama, Ciluar, Bogor 07/04/06 13: 10: 01

Prasetya Utama

The Broken Sky

In telephone
my daughter told
earlier rain with the storm
along with crystal ice
threw the pot to the high road
threw the sheet of the neighbour house roof
broke the branch tree
slaughtered branch fell on a pair of couple
to seven grade sky
that already broken

Prasetya Utama

The Crayz Age

Two music street man to enter into the crowded passenger bus
They crowled among the passenger who stand closely
who were wearing “lurik” clothes and hold his flute
Not play his flute but he held up o’s hand
As a weapon, shut to the passengers
The passenger were tired and boring
With sum of music street man on the bus
Orherwise they shut their mouth
Or like a deaf and dumb man
Or they quiet of tired, boring or vain hope
Which had couldn’t reach the attain
one of them were crowled to the back site
and the other one went to the front site
His chin pulled out, he looks to the passenger,
Oh no, he saw along to straight pass
And then he opens his rumpled books and read it with his loud voice
With his an indecent song
Potest to military regime were cruel
Or mentally corrup of birocrat
Seks scandals,
Sambil mengutip kalimat-kalimat dari bait-bait syair
Quote from “Pujangga” Ronggowarsito
“zaman edan” OR the craZY AGE

(Prasetya Utama, Bogor, Wednesday, January 18,2006)

Prasetya Utama

The Evening

I sat in the bus
On going home
I wish arrived at home soon
I have tired been doing for nothingness

I feel sleep when waiting the bus start
Some one is coming sing a song
With the old guitars
and disturb my flied thingking

Since an economic recession
Time runs is going a long
Some one sing a song
In the bus
Not entertain us
For our happiness

However, they cannot do anything
Unemployment is increasing
Everday
While our leader is debating each other
Up to day

Prasetya Utama

The Fish and Our Destiny

To day I can't start enjoy
Doing anything
Knitting our destiny

Through attending a paing exhibitions
Where I saw some fish on the wall
And theocean wave kisses
The seashore

Where the children are playing
Beside their house
And feeling love each other
For loving their home
And deeply love their country

Before their village burning
By the races conflict
Since the crisis burning everything
From unreasonable causes

They must live in a tend
As refugee in their own country
And feel no destiny

Prasetya Utama

The Fish Hook

My father
 holding fish-hook
 hooking bait
 throwing of it to sea

in that bridge
 its angle line is moving quickly
 big fish eating bait
 in its fish-hook

 or only crab
 making a fool of bait
 in its fish-hook
 or chance

which is making a fool
of him'self

Prasetya Utama

The Fish Pound and Violin

My grandpa stay in the house
Near the river
Where its water flow end in the South Ocean

His garden hedged with Bamboo trees
In front of the garden planted three tuft trees
The children like to climb the tuft tree
Pick up the fruits and eat on the tree
Glad and laughing
My grandpa was silent and said nothing
He just smile subtly, and gaze at far away

There is a fish pond in the backyard,
In its edge planted pineapple and banana trees
My grandma always give brand and papaya leaf to the pound
Giving food for the fish like Gurame, Sepat dan Nila,
While my grandpa make a biola, gitar and bass
In the litlle studio, near the kitchen
I passionatedly gaze the fish jump around
And glad
While they don’t know their destiny
Decided by mothers in the cities
On the frying pan, roastibng, caserate,
With imagine to ecpanced their plan on the rice filed
Near the road forgeted how farmer produce,
Fish, rice and vegetable,
And actually
Their Self conscience.

Prasetya Utama

The Heaven Door

silent public road
shimmer of public road lamp
as flower in garden
flower in my love garden
following dark side becoming shadow
life which sometimes leap the exhilaration
but on the other side dwindle
in silent corner
without meaning
only suffer the eye
for a while future still mist
by smoke incense
the incense and supertitous formula
what cannot reach
the heaven door

Prasetya Utama

The Java of the Beauty and the Beasts

In Java land
The Beauty and The Beast depicted
With the beautiful face and gentle
Slim body on the right
Truth symbol
And Left (beast) with the ugly face (giant)
symbol of coruption Power
Both always look out on
By The puppeteer
In screen demonstrate the shadow play
made from white cloth of long and wide
From returning that screen
We can look on the beauty of shadow motion
With the story is full of conflict in love, coup
and regional struggling Emulation
Grow, expanding and empire downfall
In shadow
Light coming from Fire Blencong
emotional by palm oil
Move the puppets by The Puppeteer
Mixed in motion of night wind
anaesthetizing audience
Through its voice is the puppeteer
By latar-belakang is music gamelan
And also voice the sinden inebriating
When still evening
When still a lot of children look on
At the same time they run of around podium demonstrate,
The Puppeteer narrate the fertility of Java Land; Ground,
Its Empire by back-ground is mount,
Rice field
And also crowded port, regular, order and peaceful
When night progressively continue the,
Night sky decorated by the the stars.
The puppeteer start to tell a story about governance policy
Through dialogues, conflict of interest, intrigue wraped
In story love and war inebriating mind
When dawn start to chap the
Reconcilable conflict
Story finish the, orderly world like ready of scorpion

Prasetya Utama

The Kali Jali And The Panji Story

Near the “Kali Jali”
The brown water flow
In the Rainy day
Where laid the “getek” were made from bamboo tree
brought the people went from side to another side the river
Bring bycycle, handbag, went to the town
Or the Chinese shop
While I like play on its side the river
Brought by my sister
Who lives in my grandma and grandpa
My big family from father line
Where our ancient family in the backyard
With same place with districthead called Sawunggalig
I like to play there,
When I went home from my holiday
My father were angry because my foot injury
Couldn’t care myself
When I were became of adult people
I know, so many government official
went to that place brought the incense and fire its
and the smoke around up to sky spread promise and hope
still strong and have accessed in their power
To day I don’t know where they run away
or stay behind the incense smoke
in the wall of company and bigest shop
in my town
build the traditional relgious school
hide in the bankriverside,
and the incense smoke,
flow around,
and flow the capital from another country
to every company, shop and charity,
to the mosque, with coruption money.
While I could think only
In the bankriverside, The Lord of Sunan, and ask why Kali Jali
Flow the brown water and not transparent anymore

Prasetya Utama

The Mean Hunter

my grandfather still bend in his mattress
when we wake up
we as his grandchilds
have to leave the job
because with the job
live to become more having a meaning
my grandfather remain
to do not want to wake up
when evening
when we come home the
grandfather gived a smile and enquire to us
Have you grasp that meaning
we at a time reply
not yet
grandfather kept quiet, but at his hearts
remain to hunt the meaning
what he not yet earn also
by himself, in the corner of silent

Prasetya Utama

The Mirror

I am beginning for feeling another
When they often looking their face
on the mirror
of our yunior high class room both of us
are wonder of themselfes

Like picture of themselfes
they ask to themselfes
how beatiful and handsome
but we wonder to from any changes
from time to time
untill we are going home

When we are walking together
or riding our bycyle
on the long road of going home
the windblow to the leaf of 'asem' tree
on the verge of the streets side
full of song and joy
forget incensed to our algebra master

we pass through the sugar fields
the wind blowing on her black hair
and gesturing on the sugarcoat

Prasetya Utama

The Moonlight in Early Morning

I saw the moon in early morning
At five o’clock
Parikesit and Dananjaya
Are riding cycle
To their school building, Pasirlaja
While rentals are gathering
in the corner of my house
Sit for waiting a customer
At that time both of my daughter are sleeping well
make a circle their back on the bed
dreaming a nice day in their school day
till six o’clock they didn’t wake up from their bad
and Parikesit and Danajaya went to school
After while Windy, my youngest daughter wake up and watch the “DORA”, her lovely cartoon in the television show programs,
After walking around, I saw the moonlight in early morning
gradually changed with sunrise moment
I haven’t yet writing down this poetry
To the young generation

Prasetya Utama

The New Cemetery Land

That is the Wide New Cemetery Land
The people still to make smooth on the land
Extracted from cassava trees
Cleaned from grassland
To stick out, protrude over the borders
Barbed wire fence

I stand and saw spread around
Wide spread eyes could a glance
Along to the south
On the brown land and sand
Fenced marsh
Wild large frog, spinach
Mangrove
To appear from low tide
Mixed with the ocean water

I went out
Through the gate
Till I catch the pure consciousness
On to the real life
Wake up from dream

Ah, it is still at five o’clock
I wrote down and to muse
Through ink which I scoop out
From the deep of feeling
From trough of my hearth
When the morning air flow
Felt fresh and joy

Also the death shadow
I have to pick up
With joy, without sorrow
Like the earth who never
To moan of death rattle
Always receive the whole
Death all of us

Prasetya Utama

The Old Rattan Chairs

When I received that letter
I sat on an old rattan chair
Under the Yellow Bamboo tree
Where its leaf flyingdown on the frontyard
Of my guesthouse
And I don't bother of whoever back and forth in front of me

I know the opening and contents sentences of word by word
Because I know her during sevenyears
Since the second years of senior high school
Till finishing the bachelor arts on Pagelaran,
The streets of Sosrowijayan, a cross to the Tugu Station, and than through
Bumijo, Gowongan kidul, till front of autocar-services
There is a house number 48, Gowongan Lor,
Leaving out of carved our breath
From the house lizard story as a symbol of could bad happens
To the realities of fact that my father were dying
At the hospital till deadly ceremony

Night before burial
I smell your aromatics cheek
And the smell of fromalin of my fathers corpse
In the silentnight
when the bell church clang in the town
and the voice grandpa Iman call to prayer
flowing in the deep of my heart
mixing with the smell of smoke incense
to stings of my chest

when my father gone
my lobe grown up in my heart
dying and love were attached each-other
when we walk to our destiny
on the seedling field
which brought in the dream
when we slept with ours-couple

that shadow always grown up in my minds
through the papers start yellow colloring
because it was a long time to settle/precipitate in my memory
always sprout to become my dreams
grown early the morning, morning, or midnightnight,
through lonelyness which hangdown on my shoulder
to bears all my trouble
while run and run
till finish line of my destiny

dedicated to Elizabeth Purwanti
Bogor,24/10/05

Prasetya Utama

The Restorant of Kintamani

From behind glass
Window Of Restaurant Kintamani
He talked
Again and again
Looking to far away
Blue surface of the Batur lake
To unite firmly with The mount Batur foot
Blak-green colour
To form a straigt-line of horizone
To unite with haze
To unite with the cold air
To bite imy dept skin and bone
That start porous
To bite repeatedly
To bite repeatedly my old memory
That had left behind
To become shadow
Which follow me
Where ever I go
I will run
To go down the mountain
To the lake side
And to dive in
In the dept
of thy secret
to drown all my memory
in the dept
on thy lake
but I doubt
that I could
to do that

I still silently
Still hearing
She told me
Her stories
While I am hearing
Rusling of the leaves
The leaves rustled in the wind
Blow in my heart niche
I left it precipatate/settled
In the bottom
Of my life lakes
Self
(Kintamani, Bali, Saturday, July 15,2006

Prasetya Utama

The Sebokarang Villages

Every evening
I always go to the Sebokarang villages
bike to break through the twilight
In the Bamboo threes
and the field of sugar plantantion
its flower blossom, yellow and
to bend in the street
to be fenced in kembang sepatu
and than turn to her hause
the wall of her house made from teakwood
and around her house planted
The Ceplok Piring flowers

in front of the door of her houses
I knocked its with my thremble fingers,
With my thremble heart
Where my blood flow fastly

The evening wind
Blowing softly
And start to be darkness
Its covering the leaf
Eat the tree near the street
Where the people pass and through
So cat run to catch the mouse
the mouse jump
To the path of the villages
I fell loneness
in front of the door
waiting for you
open the door

when the door opened
the light of petromax lamp is lighting
to my eyes wonder
of your smile
from the red lips

open, just open the door
the door of your heart
again and again
till I could stay
in the wide room of your heart
forever

Prasetya Utama

the shadow of death

In the shadow of death
When the pedicabdriver to bend over
on seat after nightwork
Student riot move to Pagelaran
Among threaten of the army tanks
Tear gas and bayonet
Againt military government policy
To stop kampus publishing
And burning my nostalgic poem
In the new beginning of the new orde era
Until up now the campus have been the center of movement
Againts totalitarian government and support to democracy
And protest movement to people who talk everyday
In the name of them
But after they get in power
And then kept silent in her position
And no talking anymore
Closed their mouth and get much money
like the picky on the bus
and the railway
who crowded with passenger

Prasetya Utama

The Siong Kretek Cigarette

So I have another grandpa
His head bald
like Mahatma Gandhi
His name is Akhmad Tayibi
In his tin lips
he always slip
The Siong kretek cigarette
Its smoke to rotate
In front of the door
And float in the air
And stay on the Banana leaves
When I came there
His eyes glitter brightly
Har, “pick up the coconut with the soft and spongy meat”
For make its “rujak degan”.
While he stay on the bamboo chair in front of his house
And smoke his liong cigarrette again and again
The smoke round, bring his praise
To the sky, to faee the Lord
alone
Don’t ask his old it is
Onehundred and ten years old

Prasetya Utama

The Sorrow and Happiness

Wounds in our life
like wounds of the prophets
when was stoned,
sending out,
fro their society
crossed
and then refused
Every where

Wounds in heart
was felt until now
When the love refused
When we could not anymore
Knock On her doors

When we could not attend
Her Weddings
When we only heard
the News from another person
When greetings were given far from
When she gave greetings of happiness
When his children continued born
But we continue to heart
When the friend alone
did not want gave her address
Where you remained.
I so stand alone
Whether you currently happiness
Or suffering

The wound when I am be
in the greay territory
Whether currently I happy
Or suffered?

Prasetya Utama,27/05/2008

Prasetya Utama

The White Cloud

I saw white clouds moving
all over the sky
cloud spread
spread hope
rainfall and growing season
soon
million smiles of labour fields
sow the seeds sow hope
millions of people
the swinging arms
sweating please
can eat today
I do not know tomorrow

Prasetya Utama

These Vase Rolled Back

The Vases were rolled back
my wife wake up
grumbled
"Who rolled back these flower vases?
I'm sure, those wild cats did it! "

I revise these pot lies
To the ordinary places
From roled back on the gutter

To day there is no cat like to eat
The gutter mouse
Scent their meat
Were not delicious anymore

Those cat prefer like
To steal salted fish
Mommy
Who has much vase?
Or roast which had spices
Nice, yes their smell sting
But mommy still watch
Her roast beef
With cudgel
Broom
Ready to beat
those wild cat
draw near hers

those cat were angry
after Ministerial meeting
rolled back
whole flower pot
in the palace
together, rally
with the gutter mouse
rolled back not only pot
also the whole flower pot
around the city

Prasetya Utama

This afternoon

this afternoon
really boring
own quiet
no derisive yaour laughters
shouting
that I
cranky
but in the hearts
i love you
seriously

Prasetya Utama

This Calm Turmoil

so, seconds and seconds passed
in my life
although every time I want to always be beside you
see your face
shaded
always
I feel lost
I'm not on your side every
o, the turmoil of young blood
heady
segaligus disturbing
and no drug that
This calm turmo

Prasetya Utama

Thou Love

Don't you still remember
in coastal curve road
in brush wood
I kiss your lip
with the billow wave the ocean
hereafter fatigue
last we sit prolonging
in coastal lip
at the same time look into the wave
what its waves
many times
kissing coast
like sign of our love
what have never used up
and can be swallowed by dark of night
but when earthquake break the coast
we grope to return the love
where our love
be hidden of Thou Love.

Prasetya Utama

Tired Walk

in fact this feet
have tired walk
fringing life
but children
still await my hand
they there adult
but under done
the rest still little by little
their arms still not yet can
its reach their goals
what draped
above
at the stars
what spangled with
in the sky night
dark.

Prasetya Utama

To Dream Island

in the cross
when we confuse
will straight on
or luff to left
or to right
or go-backward rear
there is which possible
and there is unlikely
but me have to decide
after llama unsolved
this ship is felt by a roll
life have to decide
is even felt by like swallowing bitter pill
yes I have ready to
I wish to sail by myself
going through wave
and storm
to dream island

Prasetya Utama

To step aside

that children
have never desisted to play at
even good weather
menacing its life
they remain to play at
with the gladness; joy
childhood

while mother
silent mesh
nets mesh
fish
what do not willing
to step aside.

Prasetya Utama

Tunable Sound of Nyai Panjang Mas

I am the village women,
can only read and write Java script,
Javanese
not the letter Pallava and Sanskrit
rather than the Latin alphabet, Arabic and Chinese
if every person who comes to my house
Should replay pronunciation sounds the letters
Although my eardrums vibrate by a strange hum,
vowel pronunciation of foreign languages
swirling around my body style
difficult to flourish
in the garden a sense of my life
let alone love

Prasetya Utama

Uncertainties

three step children
to college
art review
telemetric study
not so giddy
toward the future
uncertain
uncertainties and changes in
which undermined the
conviction

Prasetya Utama

Under The Banner of Reformation

A don’t know
What I’m happy
Or suffering
Every time
When last night
I had dreamed about you
When my wife
Had been fast asleep
After watch the last film on TV
Where all children were lied on the floor
While the vane of fan rotary
Along night
Ah, hot wheatear
In draught

I have been waiting for along time
Your desirable hair coil
On the old rattan chair
My hand to and fro open
The old magazine
Which full of photos of Soekarno
With his baldheaded
Suffered in the army jail
He had been lost their adoration
Democracy and freedom grow
A moment and then fade off
We have to think in uniform
In the whole archipelago
After its creativity had been fade off
And changed with praise
To the national leaders
Aught, its already done
Changed a revolution word
With development of cities
Highway juts from point to point
Among archipelago with chain of debt
Strangulation on our neck
Which paid by our whole natural resources
And perspiration of our people

To day, Soeharto had been lied
With his own prison, had been traped
Which his own deed, decrepit and aching
While the people who praised in his decade of his powers, sit in rocking chair, pretend think to the people destiny
In the mids of economical crisis, eartquake, ooze, flood, Tzunami
and smoke from the forest frazzle
who sit in the chair of Five Star Hotel
drink a cup of coffee, beer, and whisky
his eyes ball greedy gobble core of strephtese
till daybreak
agh, heve you finished your hair coils

you went out from the door with pink kebaya
with beatutiful hair coils
but why riding bicycle alone
ain’t I’m already to pick up you
for going to the churh

Prasetya Utama

Under the Tent

under tent
a matron narrate
three the child was breakfast
before going to school
when sudden land;
ground wiggle many times
demolish the house
befalling the child
befalling all houses
in countryside
inBantul, Yogyakarta
which remain
only tears
and
entirebuilding flatten
which flatten with land.

Prasetya Utama

Unthreatened Dark horse

Unthreatened
Dark horse,

Ten o’clock in the line of fire
At the cutting edge
When all's said and done
Around the corner schoolyard
Under the trees
In the twinkling of an eye
Laughing and joking
While sleeping
Full of joie de vivre,
A lot of fun,
Close the eyes to
It appears that
From head to foot
Whiffed-waffle
Unthreatened
Dark horse,

Prasetya Utama
Bogor
Rabu,22 Februari 2006

Prasetya Utama

Walke to Digress

In front of entrance
We berjejal queue up
Going to peron
Awaiting cart come
Each and everyone orderlyly
Awaiting cart come
Ushering to target town
Each
Us also that black waiting' train
Come from west
Going to east
When cart come
With the its black smokestack
voice of iron Wheel fiddle
By rel is steel sticking out length
Forwards we stand up
I develop; builded from long fantacy
When that smooth radius his arms
Sticking out handckerchief
Vanishing sweat in my face
We will immediately leave taking
When cart whistle sound boisterous
Parting sign immediately come
Ushered by a white smoke of in between the steel wheel
What start to rotate, moving
Bringing wagon to target town
Menggapai Expectation
My Hand wave from window
From wagon which start fast quickly
My heart is solid, as stuffed up
In this town is we have to leave taking
Going to land of promise
Chance determined
Especial

Prasetya,7.5.2008

Prasetya Utama

Wander to the Land of Fog

Arjuna walked slowly to the top of the hatch train,
to the land of mist-gray sky
iron wheels of the train collided with rocks
cruising round the wheels to follow his heart troubled wanderer
drown the eastern horizon traces the wheels spin on the horizon,
naim is abandoned, the shade of a fig tree
Petruk fig shady place to lie down, weaving Asa.
Petruk subject to a stroke sleepiness, nodding off
Whether dreaming, whether menginggau on a speeding train
His heels were moving from side to side, legs bent in too long hold ubtuk train.
Iron wheels keep turning, keep heading west, the land where the fog of wrinkles
Cold arctic air to penetrate the bones, which vibrate the body shivering, scared
Wandering soul is troubled, not met the meaning is sought.
Here a mist, wrinkled faces
Arctic air snow and frozen heart.

Prasetya Utama

What

What are you thinking for;
love
sex
happiness
money
touch
wow, all are nothing
although you got all
at the finish of your life
really, is not lie?
but you! ! ! !

Prasetya Utama

What do you want to know of me

I just
To see what you want to see
To feel what you want to feel
To write what you have been seen
To draw what you have been felt
Write, draw whatever you saw and feel of the world
And inner world
Your life experience
Sad and happiness
Sorrow and glad
Your heart
Talk itself
In a blue line
In the God Paradise
That ever you told me
Along years ago

Prasetya Utama

What Live On

dark forest
 tree have pressure
 searching sunshine
 scrambling live
 reach for the sky
 its nature animal
 is wrestling each other
 live on
 like us
 what live on
 from words meaning

Prasetya Utama

When 'bedug' Sound

when 'bedug' sound
the call 'sholat' come
the human being come
to mosque
worshiping Allah, hungering for peace
at heart, hereafter fast
one day full of
during one month
while another come to church
wihara, temple worship the same God
merely differ the name and mention
but intrinsically one
the peaceful expert
which during the time we look for
at face of a world of tearing
by war at all points

Prasetya Utama

Who I am

Grandma Kasan, has the Bali citrus fruit tree
Their fruits was very luxuriant
Unfortunately with-him, Day And Night
after she made the Palm Fruit Charcoal
Always the road observed the her loves citrus fruit
because of being not again child
and the grandchild in her big house
when the night, I pass away
was carried by Old brother
under the citrus tree
that already ripe
around the little path
close my house
get its with my hand
when the grandmother fell asleep

and then I could eat citroes
when at the afternoon I ask her
to have her fruits not permitted

such was juvenile delinquency
when I older we to like children
that wanted to win ourself
the developing process of life
that always
repetitions

Who I am
when the others
gone
left me
alone
in the quiet home

Prasetya Utama

Who is The Girl?

Indeed she was,
Not my servant!
'Then the who IS SHE? 'Mr. Big asked.
Gareng hobbled to lincak, sitting breath, set the answer:
'Children who, yes, he was'
If the parents themselves deny
And the girl herself, nor does it admit it.
Oh, thought Mr. Big, there are children born in this world
Not through the mother's womb
And seeds of his father,
The children of gods who are down to earth
Feel the world is glittering, in the dim
Tobacco shop on the corner.
Sariwati Gareng and Goddess alone,
couples are not blessed with offspring.
'He's a servant, sir, ' replied Sariwati Gareng and stammered.

Prasetya Utama

Who Should I Write

When I want to write history
Apparently there are many facets that must be written
Side of the Master, winner of the war
Side of Mr. Small, who lost the war

But his position could be reversed
Mr. Little and Mr. Big winners who lost
Winning and losing in war is common
But the victim is always

the common people, who have sacrificed everything
gentlemen for gentlemen
or a victim of the ideas that are still abstract
the problem is not that common people

clothing, food, shelter
and education

Prasetya Utama

Wild Appetite

wild horses appetite
like human appetite
a worshipful sex
that deviate
sanctity of the religious law
in the association between human
described as a beast of prey
the sublime love
who put the freedom of
forest animals
who ate each other
because of hunger
and thirst

Prasetya Utama