Ayatullah Nurjati()

Art connoisseurs and observers. He was active in the STIBA Jakarta International Plonk theater, and was a literature tutor at the KOPLIK Ciputat Literature and Philosophy Circle Forum, active in various NGOs. He has served as Chair of the Senate of the ABA YPKK-STBA Technocrat 2001-02 and has also served as pimpred of Communicado Press (a forum for young writers) . Finished his study in English Literature in Bachelor degree. and Religious Counseling in Da'wa Faculty. Actively writes in various leading newspapers in Jakarta and the region. had Taught flying at Esa Unggul University and LP3I Karang Tengah For English Subject, TOEFL and Business English for 9 years.5 years in SMK Mutiara Bangsa Tiga for English Subject. Now As A honour Teacher for English Subject at SMKN 13 Jakarta Currently writing a collection of short stories (the edges are iron) and finished Novel (Indonesia) Cinta Cyber--Sastra
Cigarette Philosophy

There is a longing that resides in a cigarette
The puff of smoke that is inhaled resides in the deepest heart with every inhalation
The addiction in nicotine and tar becomes an idol in a cigarette
The smoke that is inhaled from the mouth, larynx, pharynx drops into the lungs, liver and heart as if their idols in every inhalation

In the medical world there are many poisons in a cigarette
But the medicine for a geek like me for always sucking it
It will be numb if I don't smoke it even if it's just a cigarette
The philosophy of coffee and cigarettes is like husband and wife who become partners when we are sucking it

Ayatullah Nurjati
Loving You Like Running Marathon

In many cultures in my country there is the term elopement, was it possible to marry while running when my youth was spent understanding that term, but now I know that the farther you take your partner you will marry as far as possible, the more that term you will find that love becomes real and eternal movement like romeo and juliet then. However, sometimes I wonder how they have the heart to allow their daughters to be treated that way or do traditions and culture overpower their ideals of this term.

In fact, practitioners elope for more than 10 years or even more, they do that until they get a new baby to come to their parents, I don't know why I disagree or what, it is a fact that my religion eloped which is still a debate, some agree and some don't, depending on how you react to it or what.

I don't even want to comments, but to be honest. The fact that I feel now, I want to love you like running a marathon because then I know the process is longer by maintaining the rhythm of running, physical and breathing and approaching each other very, very well and I realize that you are also very dear to me in this movements.

Ayatullah Nurjati
All About Drinking

Origin coffee is black because of the strong colors he can choose the soul
Tea is brown because with color we know where we came from and will come back to the color
Why is beer cloudy brown and foamy because when we consume it, we will always be infatuated with the world
Red, black or clear carbonated drinks because we are often confused in living this life
Cider is a clear yellow color because often we are not aware that we are often persuaded by a frantic heart
All types of drinks are above humans because with human engineering everything can be created even though God's intervention
Purification of water is clear because with the color we want, it is as pure but sometimes it is often used to mix new types of drinks.
What about mineral water, which often has an affair with the manufacturer
Milk is white because with color we can interpret love as nature because of purity
The most original is the water that offers God although it can be duplicated in taste but cannot be made according to the songs. Likewise, love is like coconut water, all the organs in the tree from the roots to the branches that hang down to the ground always provide shade. Nothing in him was wasted—Useful to the world

Ayatullah Nurjati
Cinta Rasulullah—rindu Yang Tak Terperi

Rindu ini membuncah, menggurita dan bergema ke seluruh jagat semesta dan penjuru dunia

Rindu tak pernah berujung seolah terbujur kaku dalam rotasi waktu yang berdetak

Rindu mengalir deras dirasa oleh setiap insan manusia

Rindu yang selalu tertambat hasrat mengalir digugumkan oleh para penyajak

Rindu selalu tak pernah dipersalahkan dengan fakta cinta fobia, kecintaan pada Sang Utusan layaknya megalomania

Rindu komplain ke perasaan kemudian mengadu ke hati bagian dari organ tubuh berbahan dasar darah, daging dan yang telah bercampur amoniak

Rindu mengenyahkan rasio dan perasaan yang ada dan setiap insan akan merasa bersedia

Yang mencintanya, mengasahi kepada sang kekasih tak akan mengharapkan cintanya kembali, karena murninya sampai riang gembira dan bersorak

Rindu, Silahkan kalian definisikan dalam wacana teoritis dan praktis karena itu adalah pemberian Tuhan dan itu tak terperi, selalu saja berbahagia

Rindu hijau usang telah tertambat dan menepi menyiarkan sebuah kabar nan spesifik dan berwatak

Madu cinta dalam cawan candu di mihrab perjamuan cinta dihadiri oleh para Malaiakat diselingi sholawat mania

Sampai Akhir Hayat Beliau selalu merefleksikan kecintaan kepada umatnya, Begitu kentara seolah beliau hadir dalam setiap runutan peristiwa ketika kita diagungkan dan dilafadzkan berjamaah lewat Sirah Nabawiyah yang terangkum dalam Al Barjanzi seraya diagungkan Sang Khalik sebagai Dicinta dan Dirinya
sebagai Pecinta —Tak berjarak

Quatrain A B A B, A B A B, A, B, A, B

SLIPI, 12 RABIUL AWAL 1443 H (19 Oktober 2021) .8: 25 Pagi

Ayatullah Nurjati
A Shoulder To Cry On

Even many decades ago he was a man who felt an indescribable betrayal
The plan has been engraved but becomes endlessly destroyed
Love is an essential gift from God, they say, whether it's a philosopher, poets, linguist, novelist or psychologist or whatever they said, it was interplayed
But what that man felt was clearly different and it is denial

Love for that creature is a lie, like husband to wife or vice versa, it is pouring out emotional
Because there is no love that is existed
Love is like the ebb and flow of the sea that is influenced by the moon or or water droplets flowing from the valley downstream towards the end of the sea and it is worthed
The man for him gets a heart even though he doesn't love but the woman loves him and that's not rejected and it is not antipodal

It's just a blind illusion in the morning for those who believe in the element of materialism, it is love classic lexical
Philosophers such as Al-Ghazali, famous poets such as Shakespeare, Khalil Gibran, Jalaludin Rumi, Rabindranath Tagore seem to be easy to define of loved
An undeniable fact that love belongs only to Allah and His Beloved is the Chosen Prophet--it cannot be ordained
But can he get the love attributed to that belief? He really does not know, only God knows of from his revelation delivered again in Holly Book by it was chronological

Ayatullah Nurjati
Yogyakarta, April 21st, 1997
Create a name
'Icard Nurjantan'
There

Greetings...
Finally the truth is the winner
Everyone who comes must go. Everyone who arrives must return.
Sincerity must go

I am Sorry ...
I can only hope that:
You are safe to your destination
Small, worthless things that is prayer beads, can always remind you of God and me
Communication between us will be able to continue
You can immediately realize all your wishes and,
Greetings, love, love and peace will always be with us.

from me
utari

Ayatullah Nurjati
It's a shame if the man told the truth that he really loved her, for some reason that feeling aroused instantly.

He had never before fallen in love so quickly, he would never try to lower his value, let alone lose the moment.

As long as she understands that he has never looked at someone from stratification, degree, family lineage because basically humans were created by the God with perfection so he has said from the start when he protected her and tied her as a lover, He doesn't care about your past which you think may be bleak; he believes that it is a process of searching for identity or indeed a nature or destiny that must be lived.

But anyway He will always love her and He will always don't care who she is. Honestly, he is tired of hanging out with girls who are established in the throne but single with ethics, and he finds she to be a woman who is indeed established on the throne, wriggling but shrouded in ethics.

No matter how aware he may be that she is a little disappointed with his statement, He says that not because he wants to dig up all your past or reclaim old wounds that have been tormented for so long, but because he wants to be someone who will always know your desires and desires and he will change your loneliness and sadness to be absolute beauty. Forgive him dear, because from the beginning he has emphasized that when he likes someone, he is mentally prepared for the person he likes and loves. Hopefully all those desires and desires will always be there and never be lost in time.

This is the beginning of how she understands him because basically he likes honesty because honesty is gold for him and honesty defeats and leaves all desires and desires that exist.

Maybe he isn't the same type of man as the man she already knows, He may be too honest to say everything. He is not a teenager anymore, not an established man let alone a man who knows how to be a macho man who is always ready for everything. Perhaps it would be more correct if she said that he was a classic flawed man. His style of making love is not that of today's young people, and he would prefer it if they made love instead of traveling, let alone visiting a woman's friend's house.

Basically She is a goddess who can put away all desires.

Ayatullah Nurjati
Scream

He's a man who wants to cry feel what's going on
But it won't be possible considering he's a mature
The feeling that has been lost for a long time has returned back for many years
He don't know what puberty is or what it's called as maturity
Sometimes the feeling is like a child who just felt the love of a monkey when it is going on
The man felt something strange inside of him starting to reap and mature
There's nothing wrong with that feeling of love because the woman has been waiting for him for how many years
The grown man wanted to scream but his voice was hoarse remembering that he had been called by forbidden love is pulled as God Authority

Ayatullah Nurjati
Raja Ampat

At the end of the island of my country there is an indescribable beauty where there are many marine habitats decorated by many biological animals such as many species and Rainbowfish
There lie 4 clusters of islands which must be very clean, the ozonosphere
At a depth of 4 meters, you can easily find various fish such as Lion fish
There also lies the heavenly beauty that you want to embrace along the seashore

Missing anglers seems unstoppable to immediately catch, many fishes like amberjack and billfish
Heaven covered by This islands had been wrapped by a thick mythology it had been proven in alongshore
The beauty and the disappearance of the lush biological habitat will never be lost, must be built accomplish
Coral reef and all the habitats in it are a Foreswore

Keep being a worldly virgin and never budge, especially with the persuasion of the flash capital
Promise to always be like that, your nature seems to scorch the beauty of the world along the nearshore
You must always be Mariam who is always a virgin and don't let your nature with the greed of people change like bish
Whatever it is if you dive into its heavenly beauty you will find a strange habitat—piscivore

There are sincere and innocent people, Hey greedy people, don't ever destroy my nature by throwing away plastic waste, pesticides and detergents
When you are like that I will call the angels and police of the world as superintendents

Ayatullah Nurjati
Your Trace From Anyer To Ujung Kulon

I traced the road where you live and I didn't find the presence of your trace there
From Anyer to Ujung kulon, there were no remain about you
It's not even 1 year since the tsunami hit the north coast of Banten on there
It's not even 6 months pandemics yet to hit this country—like gold and diamond bijou

Scratches and cracks in the ground along with the scars of nature's wrath are still clearly visible in there
2 days in October 2020 when there were insulation everywhere from Jakarta to Ujung Kulon, my old friend and I tried to find traces of nature and His majesty but Neither I find you
It's strange, is it true that your trance is stuck on a coconut tree or is it close to child of krakatoa mountain? or is there really no where There is no shadow of you there to the point that I want to visit the Ujung Kulon, but it is not available, there are not you

You are like a genie who comes and goes as she pleases like Covid that is there but not visible, invisible but real kills directly to venipuncture
Even I feel more sadistic than Covid 19, can numb my feelings and soul anytime when I think of you
Alas, I think I'm tired just thinking about that and that, I thought you were just a miniature instead of having to be hit by a pandemic and contracting a deadly virus because of thinking about you

Ayatullah Nurjati
There is a man sleeping in the Cavity wall
His height barely fits when he lies down
In a slightly towering building something has fallen in party wall
Because of sleepiness that he doesn't care tool his hoedown

He uses his rest time to rest in the fall
Like a plant that has rested for a long time and produces beautiful flowers with a
fragrant aroma, where people will feel comfortable its shade down
Causality which is usually done as an effort to provide for his wife and eight
children—natural call
Lazy time stops ticking upside and down

There is nothing interesting in him that always interacts with the wall
What is clear is the vulnerable hoe that helps to climb the stairs and go down
The break was over and causality resumed—he was always sad as to why his
foreman kept telling him to execute the building of wall.
It's sad to be treated by the bosses and foremen like a clown

He muttered to himself, luckily he wasn't ordered to build a big wall like
Borobudur or the Chinese wall
Frozen feelings and his soul will become imbrown
Ready to explode at some point similar to a bombshell
His Hoe is always sulky and doesn't want to be on the stairs like Superman who
always finds it difficult to lift Thor's paw because it's heavy carried by the wind by
megasporophyll

Ayatullah Nurjati
Menjadi Realistis—hidup Dengan Kesederhanaan
(Terjemahan Being Realistic--Live With Simplicity)

Aku adalah seorang praktisi kemiskinan
engkau adalah praktisi Kemapanan/hedonisme
Kita bertemu di ruang-waktu yang tidak disengaja
Entah dari mana datangnya engkau seolah hanya menggeliat seolah
membangunkan alam bawah sadarku tentang dunia ini
Alam bawah sadar yang telah dicengkeram olehmu yang hadir di setiap doaku
Entah ini ujian Tuhan atau apa, entahlah, aku juga bingung pada saat ini
engkau dulu adalah orang yang begitu kukenal, tenang dan meyakinkan
tapi sayangnya ada jurang pemisah di antara kita
layaknya iman yang selalu harus kutanyakan padamu atau itu hanya sekedar
topeng
Aku dulu menyukai kepolosanmu dan sikapmu sederhana yang ada pada dirimu--
selalu ingin
digapai dengan sabar

Yang jelas ledakannya semakin melemah dan memudar, membuatku menyadari
bagaimana aku harus bersikap
Aku selalu ambigu dalam menentukan sikap
Dan saat aku menjadi pecinta, aku selalu menjadi pecundang

engkau adalah ruang antariksa dan ruang waktu
sedangkan aku adalah bumi nan gersang
Bisakah perbedaan ini disepadu-sepadankan dengan persepsi tentang hubungan
serius yang telah terjalin setelah sekitar lama?
Ketidakpedulian, kepasrahan dan diam adalah kuncinya, sembari berharap Tuhan
berkenan memberikan jalan-Nya bagi umatnya yang selalu berdzikir
Hanya ini yang bisa saya lakukan
engkau datang dan pergi terserah padamu
sekarang ini, sudah tak masalah bagiiku
Yang penting perasaan terpendam itu kembali
Terima kasih sayang, sekali lagi, idealisme saya semakin memudar

Ayatullah Nurjati

Ayatullah Nurjati
Puisi resah tentang hati yang gundah
Mahluk ramah yang terlihat lemah
Aku bukanlah preman juga bukanlah seorang kiayi
Dan aku juga bukanlah spiderman apalagi seorang priyayi

Wajah yang beringsut gusar menengadah nanar
Bagai bintang bersinar yang nampak kekar
Bertaut lebam, - seraut wajah pendiam
Katanya dokter itu malaikat jibril malah terkesan sebagai pengejewantahan
Tuhan yang riil

Menebar krikil di alam yang muskil
Jadi macan usil yang menggerogoti kutu jail

Pasiem hanya bisa berharap agar jangan disuntik terlalu kerap
Sementara sang suster cantik lagi tengil mengidamkan daun bertatap
Bangunan pengobatan bagaikan intan berlian
Obat-obatan rasanya layar tobat

2.35 pagi Waktu Indonesia Fatmawati /10 12 2003

Ayatullah Nurjati
The Color Of A Woman

She must have be strong in facing her life when she was out of blue
When she felt poor in yellow
It was really hard until I saw her beet red
She must struggle in giving Her children tickled pink
But you may see that her neighbor live in green
This can happen because she was in black

She was illiterate and look black
This made her life was so really blue
her husband divorced her with a reason of green
but that reason was a lie because of the insistence and violence and made it into yellow
she received the decision in the divorce papers with envelopes of pink
Her children were four and they were in red

Now she is in the red
She looks for a job in the street of black
over time he weakened and her face becomes pink
she refuses to feel blue
She doesn't want to feel yellow
she wants to live with her four children in peace and green

Fortunately, in front of the house left by his parents, there was grass in green
at her father’s house of red
she started making plans by making a toilet of code yellow
She always waited customer money box that color was Black
She never felt Blue
Her face was no more Pink

There are so many male customers who tease her when she wears colored clothes Pink
But she always refuses because she feels comfortable with his four children in green
Even though she once felt in love with a well-dressed man of Blue
However she realizes that if she falls in the man's arms, her four children will not be taken care of and that can be red
While sipping a cup of colored coffee of black
Suddenly someone came to bring a bunch of flowers dominated by color of yellow
with a beautiful and graceful woman wearing clothes of yellow
in a park there are colorful buildings of pink
while the bachelor who really loves him is wearing a colored shirt of black
in perfect sync with the scenery, the colorful trees and grass of green
the bachelor carries the engagement ring in the box of red
the widow was shocked beyond measure and couldn't help but feel happy mixed
of blue

The man in black confidently proposes to the widow in yellow
There is no Blue and no Pink
They must live in Green happily and can married in carpet of Red

Ayatullah Nurjati
Sharpen The Feeling Through His Love

I haven't had love in a long time, it's weird
Life is like eating without salt--tasteless
This mature more than a few decades passed I've never felt that too
When I was about to give up all worldly practices and tired of the search
suddenly a creature of the female came over to the side.
I'm confused what to do, that's the feeling that God has given me but I also can't
hold back that feeling and worry that the irregularities in my dark past are re-engraved.
Even though sometimes I like to be jealous of people who are dressed in the
world, but I try to slowly remove all that envy
right now I'm ignorant of all that has to do with hedonism and worldliness
because I'm tired of it all
I better complain and pray to Him and express my love for Him

Ayatullah Nurjati
Massive Demonstration Of The World Fish Peninsula

In a pond, there are so many milkfish that live with fame, how is it not every day that they are lied to, fed--fished--presto-eat by humans, their friends are giant prawns, tilapia fish and White Snapper as if they know about the owner's affair with their customers.

The milkfish realizes that it will not be able to be like the salmon that continues to regenerate here because the condominium concrete, embankments and various irrigation accessories seem to castrate their reproductive causality. even though the Sembilang fish had whispered softly that it would not be extinct until it reached its adult size. Honestly they like to be treated like this as it is natural that the fish must be consumed by wild animals or humans or even transported so that they all die. sad indeed.

Patchouli fish, Lundu, keropak, tawes especially because they have lost their identity because they have been reconstructed by the building. They screamed where their current habitat was because they were displaced by the magnificent building of the human who never thought what if they were conditioned to be marginalized, let alone displaced or the porong area, Sidoarjo how many fish have died because of human activities. They are no longer in power. The elders downstream of the mud grouper were getting hot 'immediately mobilize troops to break down the dam connecting the apartments and the concrete to the downstream' said the grouper fish commanding. They feel that their death is in vain because it is not served on a plate at the human table or served as bait for gills or beavers. The tiger prawns are now straight and thin, feeling sad and sad. This is their fate and soon they will have a massive demonstration and it will be covered by water world television. Sad indeed

Ayatullah Nurjati
Siapakah Gadis Itu…?
(Translated From My Poem Who Is The Girl?)

Keindahan yang datang secara seporadis
Setiap derap syair yang tekantup sadis
Kepuluan asap kemenangan terrefleksi sendu
Distorsi temaram yang terobsesi laksana cawan candu
Secuil kertas pelipur lara, - terbahak-bahak bergairah
Kaca jendela kerap berubah menjadi emas darah
Pergunjingan di teras luas - parah
Begundal malam bertemankan secarik pena kusam
Seorang lelaki kelang beraromakan garam - tersingkap keram
Tulisan-tulisan yang menari seiring dengan perputaran malam
Gadis yang terkulai manja - bagi langit temaram
Sebuah impian tentang keindahan absolut yang terampas oleh hasrat kelabu
Terngiang-ngiang oleh gadis berparas ayu yang dibungkus busana merah jambu
Lelaki malang saat ini cuma bisa pasrah dengan dentuman waktu yang malas berdetak, Dan siapakah gadis itu....?

Jakarta 12 Mei 2001

Ayatullah Nurjati
This world is unfair, why do humans create stratification and class? Does it function as a balance so that this world runs properly or does there really have to be class and social stratification so that the rich need the poor with their energy and the poor need the rich with their accumulated money. However, life in Jakarta is indeed like that, pragmatic discourse is so loud and deafening for its residents with a unique fact, indeed the tendency of modern society's life demands tight competition. So the concept of materialism is very applicable in Jakarta.

Indifferent! He doesn't want to get carried away with such thoughts. Why humans must be born with different stratification conditions and degrees. God is very fair to create humans with such conditions or is it just a human effort to find an identity in culture, He again asked my conscience. But it's useless, it doesn't mean anything from my dirty cursing because God created this universe always on opposite sides, there is water and fire with the aim that this world runs optimally.

Ayatullah Nurjati
Thou United In Thy Condition

Being into the nothingness
not making it up
Making up becomes nothingness
because of the absence there has being Thou
no human being
Because thou have to follow the orders of Thou
Exist--Being--The Creator--Eternal
Before there was being there was The Creator
after being will had been gone The Creator still exists
The Absolute Being of Creator can always make existence
those who exist cannot exist
The universe and everything in it does not exist without Him
Everything runs optimally according to His direction

Ayatullah Nurjati
Karena Kau...?
translated From Because Of You...?

Aku terhimpit oleh kesendirian yang tak berkesudahan
Terpaku oleh gersangnya pelangi
Masduk dan mengamini ketidakpastian
Sebab tak mungkin memamah intan tanpa gerigi
Ke udara, air, tanah liatlah kumengadu
Sebatang rokok, secangkir teh basi menjadi teman saling berbagi
Sementara sang dewi amor pasrah ditandu
Cinta yang tertanduk dua segi
Antara dua pintu yang terkunci
Disitulah kau terbit menepi
Melantunkan lagu syahdu
Menyirami kalbuku yang kering akan riuhnya gemintang
Kuseakan sadar akan antariksa nan suci, karena kau .....?

1.48 pagi waktu Indonesia Barat Tanjung Duren 2 12 2003

Ayatullah Nurjati
Mad As A Snake In Real Life

She is Snake, always plays in bushes
But her appearance like An Angel
She is snake in grasses
her face is so really looks very shady but her heart is ready to eat anyone who becomes his food in jungles

No one believes in her and neither does he
a snake is still a snake, it can't be a lizard
undisputed facts and neither is he
He, they, we believe in who he is, so does he

The white snake was a legend that Xu Xian fell in love
Queen snake medusa because of her evil nature was so unlucky and died because of the mirror shield by Perseus
Nyi Blorong whom Prince Tejo Arum felt in love
He doesn't want the woman to be Medusa, he wants the woman to be Bai Su Zhen or at least Nyi Blorong who, even though they are both snakes, can give love.

Ayatullah Nurjati
It Talks About Dog's Life

He do not want die like a dog
Because she acts like real dog
she was no dog
because I am dog it

Do not ever be dogging me when I am doing something
Let it be me because you and they are the top dog to act in plaything
But all that kind became disappear because of pandemic striking
will this memory dog us all days in our daily life? only God Knows it

Ayatullah Nurjati
A Banana Republic

I live suffocate In this An Apple
In it there is a society that is formed into a state because the norm is not to take
action in a melon
I work casually like a plum
My friend is always cool in cucumber
Act like charity in a peach
Many residents use lemon transportation as their vehicle
But there are not the leaders who have eaten too many bad apples
Blunt state above and sharp below in bear fruit practice
Let it be so, it's natural that the leader does to go banana
A couch potato by using game of gadget of the children is the right solution
although sometimes misleading
When is it good to be like this? Hot potato becomes a spectacle like a soap opera
I don't care at all. As a commoner my life is just a bowl of cherries
Don't be stupid with it all, the important thing is that we still bear fruit
Our work gets mango and we can still eat, drink and get the simple things we
want so just simplify your life

Ayatullah Nurjati
The drums of war rang loudly; 'rat-a-dub-a-dub'
Terrifies the souls of all who hear and makes the guts shrivel up
Heard all over the world from Alexandria to Mesopotamia
Then punctuated by the sound of trumpets that deafened the ears of the inhabitants of the world
Dawn has just started but there is always something strange
The dawn doesn't want to rise if only this happens
Likewise the night when the situation is like that
Panic and fear come from all over the world
The sound of bullets from automatic rifles made people hide; 'rat-a-tat-a-tat'
The sound is so loud that it can be heard from the continent of Asia to Antarctica
What's the mode?
What is clear that it was the work of a pragmatic war artist
They are used to spreading chaos in the name of power, religion and ideology
past and present it had been result of a despot leaders who has jargon in the name of perverted beauty

Ayatullah Nurjati
Color Of Life

I am black
You are red
They are blue
Because we are orange

Universe is in many galaxies almost completely covered by dark black color
humans being despot actors are inside the thin red line
it's impossible for the sky to show its blue color
the world is always shrouded in orange by the sun that is getting old to shine

Class is always being distinguished by the colour of life
The difference between dark and light colors is an image of human perception
Black, white, red, blue, green, yellow and orange are beautiful colors when they
are synergized
Not only destroying the color but also it will be more beautiful if they are
combined or mixed with each other to make it more beautiful and meaningful

Slipi, September 24th, 2021. 7: 02 PM

Ayatullah Nurjati
Boxing Class In Real Life

We are born in the state of Lightweight
It doesn't matter if it's the son of a king or a commoner
So are those who were born and raised under the auspices of heavyweight
It's the same for them with conditions of middleweight

When we are both adults, we just decide by ratio, our minds and thoughts become bright
Whether you agree or not, that's another thing in real life
Being in the same shade of sunlight
Education, religion that shapes conscience from insight

Ayatullah Nurjati
Joyous Spirit

Humans survive in various ways
This body was built by the spirit given by God who breathes
just like the earth that always revolves and rotates ON GOD'S THREAD which
always sways
whatever kind of creature which has life in the end will be buried again in clays

If only the spirit could demonstrate it would not want to mingle with adversity or
something despicable
God's commandment to be 'a joyous and joyful spirit'
he just obeys what God tells him
Those related to the flesh of the blood vessels are wrapped by the heart and liver
so that humans can be moveable
the subtle part in the spirit that is difficult to understand and needs a spark of
conscience can understand God even though it is difficult to applicable

Ayatullah Nurjati
We Are The Book Text

I, you and all of you are part of Text
Our fate is sometimes in a torn book
Our life is always in context
Jealousy, hate, anger, joy, blue emotion, and other feelings are stages of body text

Women, Men, Presidents, security, managers and whatever the name is all part of the storyline
We are all the result of the book section, It contains subtext
everything about us is a bookline
which will be published by the publisher in the lifeline

the achievement of life can be said to be teletext
Pairs nicely with inscriptions in the next generation
happy life is called videotext
What's about my life—it's plaintext

Ayatullah Nurjati
Being Realistic--Live With Simplicity

I am a practitioner of poverty
You are a practitioner of hedonism
We met in an accidental space-time
out of nowhere you just squirm as if to wake my subconscious about this world
the subconsciousness that has been gripped by you seems to come in every of
my prayers
I don't know if this is God's test or what, I don't know, I'm also confused at the
moment
You used to be the one I knew so serene and reassuring
but unfortunately there is a gulf between us
either faith I should ask you or it's just a mask
I used to loved your innocence and your simple attitude or you are, always want
to reach it patiently

What's clear is the explosions that are getting weaker and fading, it makes me
realize how I should behave
I'm always ambiguous in determining my attitude
And when I'm the lover I'm always the loser

you are space and space
while I'm the arid earth
can this difference match the perception of a serious relationship that has been
around for a long time?
Indifference, surrender and silence are the keys while hoping that God will
provide His way for his people who always make dhikr
this is all I can do
You come and go it's up to you
now it doesn't matter to me
The important thing is that the pent up feeling is back
Thank you dear, a little more, my idealism is getting worse and worse

Ayatullah Nurjati
Tired Of Searching—early Retirement

This heart is too tired with the achievement of desire
Desire is man's greatest slave
Desire is man's greatest enemy desire
A real desire but people see it as something that is too much

Instead of thinking and intuition with desire, it's better to just throw it far away in the trash
Because in the trash there are also dim desires, ideals, wishes, desires of the heart and whatever it is called
Please enjoy the process

Slipi 9: 44 WIB. September 18th, 2021

Ayatullah Nurjati
Mad Poet—dives The True Meaning Of Love

Every day he always struggles with the flurry of uncertainty
And every day, his dark desire doesn't come true
It's all a big lie
Eternal desire in the name of love does not exist

In the name of a creature who loves nothing and is eternal
Maybe it seems absurd and anomaly
It is said that various philosophers and Sufi experts practice the origin of love
But there is also no discussion that practices eternal love

Until finally the poet is mad because of the invention that always fails
until finally the poet stopped by a shabby flea bookstore and found a cheap but meaningful book with the philosopher's big name stating
'true love is someone's love for something without any interest and strings attached behind it. In fact, the 'importance' is the thing itself'.
Instantly the poet was shocked and thought that love does not have to have--possession only belongs to the God and we should love Him as the actualization of Being to the God.

Ayatullah Nurjati
Love Lover

Scars of a sad face into an image
The image that is getting clearer by the day
because of desire it becomes damage
I think resignedly while counting the days

I've never felt this before in my life
maybe this is the answer to my uncertain youth
endless search for love
I never worry about it

because the love of creatures is mortal
The search is getting more and more endless
now i don't expect much for it
only the sharpness of understanding about Thou I found what I had been looking for

00: 20 Am (WIB)  Slipi, september 17th 2021

Ayatullah Nurjati
Idealism—empiricism

It has been long time I struggle with idealism
It was never ended
I confessed I was still in that situation—empiricism
Plato, Elea dan Hegel, Emanuel Kant, David Hume, Al Ghazali had taught that point of view never ended

now that torch of idealism has been glowing more and more
I could see the trace of Al Ghazali talk about empirism more and more
A spirit that has a divine soul is the goal of a person’s life
it had been sometimes looked vague when combined with my life

I do realize, is it so really hard to be practiced?
because there are other parties who try to undermine idealism with material treats—sweet memories
Can you establish the divine spirit?
don't blame anyone—blame me for never agreeing practices but it had just in theories

Slipi. September 16th, 2021. 7:36 PM

Ayatullah Nurjati
The Black Cat--Deep In Side Sorrow

He always stay in nite—glaring
His feed are not fish or chicken—rare
He looks them around the social equilbrium--starving
Plastic, Rice Wraph and Rubish do not escape the search from passing vehicleles--glare

The black cat lives in the the capital country--flare
Even so, he is always grateful to God for giving him life
According to him life is simple, the most important thing is to be able to scavenge food to live, no treat and no Scary
However, it is different from the sewer rat who always feels that his life is never enough because of his thief nature

The sky that is turning twilight between the blushing violets
The sun that is tired of hanging on the western horizon seems to confirm the empty city life with sacred desires
as if going to an alley, the black cat greeted the sky sadly--it seems the food he got was a bit stranges
Rice packs lying on the side of the road with side dishes that seem new but contain poison which is for the wicked mafia—stated on the pamphlet

Slipi. September 16th,2021
3: 45 PM (WIB)

Ayatullah Nurjati
The Black Horse—freedom Of Life

‘Tis a multiple city
‘Tis city serve all kind
‘Tis is a cruel city
There is no humankind

Black Horse can not be live here because there's no Istall
‘Tis hard to believe that Black Horse can live peacefully without runnin' fast
‘Tis city had been trap his physicall appreance in jail of stall
That black Horse eventhough traped but still free of thinkin' blast

Freedom had been already Trape' by despotic desire
The expression could not be expressed
Criticize is not wilt to be critized
The Black Horse must feel free using his common sense—brained—inspire

This Poem was inspired after teaching 11: 02, September 14th 2021

Ayatullah Nurjati
Thou Art My Thy

I my self doth not Wrong in seeing Thy Rein
I my self had lost control because seeing universe as the aims
Thin red line makes it so really enter to the vein
Because Thou had breathed the spirit of a clot of bloods

I do really realize that Thou wilt not stop and is timeless
Still Thou give an opportunity for weak creatures to educate their minds
A Sunnatullah orbit dance that THou have taught Through Thy Prophet is a sign
of Spiritual causality that must be done
Thou have become a particle that is slowly dissolving and disappearing. This is
the pinnacle of absolute love

0 is human
1 is Lord
Read! In the Name of Your Lord, who has created

Ayatullah Nurjati
Enter And Accept Certainty

I AM SO Yellow
Because Thou give me clue
Thy rein are hard believe to follow
And it makes me blue

Thou Art so beautiful giving all your love'
As if I became a distant person who doesn't know Thou
Thy love is so serene that it takes away the existe'
Timeless Thou give everything for a weak creature like me—wou

I call Thou sit down, Thou come standing up
I call Thou stand up, Thou come running
O Allah, O Lord, your love is so beautiful up
as if leaving the idealism of existing

Ayatullah Nurjati
Dejavu--Woman In Brown Veil

Never before in my life have I fallen in love so fast
let alone trying to lose the moment
let alone lower the value
i never did that

I'm not good at processing flavors--even though I already have it but it's empty
maybe God sent you at the wrong time
but I believe in it as part of knowing the full meaning of love
love between humans and Allah SWT--Wihdatul Wujud
Rasulullah has taught how to behave
because women have to be respected for their feelings--even though it's hard to
apply them

Ayatullah Nurjati
Desires Snippet: The Meaning Of The Color Of A Woman Who Is In Love

the provider is not making it up
exists in the absence
exist because there is nothing
there is no love

the soul war coffin is engraved with the concept of desire
tethered snippets of orange essence
the desire to unite is difficult to bloom

a weak person who believes in the substance of love
Blue emotion is filled with intense desire
will the love that has been found come true
an elegant woman who has been waiting to come but doesn't give a sticky certainty
when did that woman come?
because the badass poet believes in him
what is the meaning of all this if the woman is not sure of the concept of color
colors in life that are always different, but give a beautiful feel to the world

with differences can unite universe
with color can also unite the attachment of love
yes the love that hangs in the orange cloud

August 26th 2006: 2: 17 AM

Ayatullah Nurjati
Ity Has Gone

the worn out sun has been struck by an elegy of glare
a dim day isolated by a dizzy drought
leaning on an image drained by pleasure
knitting dreams on the horizon that is reluctant to stand

when isolation occurs there is only relevance
a silent witness who takes shelter in a petty creature
Ity has left a black note

you don't have to cry on the veranda stunned by the mighty man
adrift by intimacy and infidelity

You..., left leaving an endless painful stain

the choice has been tied up and never regret
because between a beauty that's where you will find the protector
Goodbye dear, I hope you can understand the meaning of your life

Ayatullah Nurjati
Totalitarian Love

Welcoming beauty studded with shrubs, reaching for union with material avarice?
Twisted life sure

Why is it difficult to match perceptions?

Why is there anyone who wants to fade the idealism of our love? Or is this really a scene in an episode of life that must be passed?

I'm blue when I have to dive into the realm of materialism

because I'm black looking at the world, even though sometimes I find it difficult to choose light and dark black

but black can never be changed by other colors because of its nature.

I don't want you to be so my love—blue because it's ambiguous, different colors will look beautiful

The world will look in sync when visited by dark and light colors even though sometimes they collide but they show their true identity

I want to be the sugar and you the water which won't change your nature. I'm sure that my nature will reappear—black where nothing can separate us both except God and I love you totalitarian through marriage bonds

Ayatullah Nurjati
Rooten Bookworm

The worn out book sheets are flabbergasted
The pages that look up
Theories and substance play with philosophers, writers, novelists, and experts as if clearly broadcast
The cover and chapters that fell down seemed shabby and about to be reincarnated

Books and a few knick-knacks crash the arrogance
Footnotes and the author's work are squirming about to be swallowed by a disorganized brain
The bed bugs are about to get sick because the book has aged

While the evil stencils seem to be mesmerized by the shrewdness of the actresses and actors
And the burglar bugs turned to the stencil and groped the poor book
Those pages, chapters and illustrations can only scream at being raped and sodomized
While the ethically naked actors squirm and get aroused
Until finally the bed bugs devour the artist in the book

Actors seem to be aware and become salvatours for the despotism of pornism
An aesthetic-ethics to be offered and that is a selling point

11.09am after waking up, March 25, 2004.

Ayatullah Nurjati
Greedy Bookshop

Evening rattles between the human sensibilities that pass by
Among the buildings that dangle towards the factual, there is an absolute knowledge
Sharing stability inspired by heart's desire
Comics, novels, books, journals and various knick-knacks of new information seem to be squirming about to be swallowed.

How stupid is the executioner who only knows how to scavenge beauty through his reckless work
Readers are expelled if they have reading sickness
The statues stand strong and whoever you are, will be amazed by the beautiful cover of the book, let alone the beauty of the place
But what a bastard the executioner who only knows how to make a profit

It's better to be a library tiger than to go to that place
If only the executioner was virtuous, the results would be encouraging
But greedy bookstores churn with soaring prices

Achieving intelligence is difficult, it takes a ration of sensitivity and established materialism
Professors, businessmen, rich single children will easily become intelligent because they swallow this beauty too often
Meanwhile, I who became a curmudgeon will be expelled from civilization and will not taste the beauty of the book

It's an elite bookstore, those who come are elite creatures, not constipated creatures, let alone difficult ones
Greedy bookstores are for those in ties not those in rags,
If I think about it, in fact there are always distortions and black-and-white classes to come there

Pondok Indah 23 February 2003

Ayatullah Nurjati
I Pick You, Inti

The old green longing has been tethered and pulled over
Tossing to the winds the arrival of a lover
Your core is a woman who is an inspiration
The virgin at the culmination point rotates in the bond of love
From Jakarta, who struggles through curves and their associations, I have come
to step aside
Kebumen doesn't seem tired to wait for my arrival
As if yells of certainty await you
The essence, acute complaints and the appropriate dimensions await you
A myriad of bars want you to open
you are loyal to open my sunken heart
The point is, if only I could turn my hand through the paper of fate, of course you
would squirm consciously
kebumen in jawir's testimony, tattoos and a few old friends seem to be waiting
for me to tell a story about how to fight with love
Inti, wait for me

July 4th, 1999

Ayatullah Nurjati
Jakarta I'm Back

Knitting the twilight that is full of desire
The old carriage on the wheels of the night squirms to be accompanied
Hometown broadcasts from the brain that wants to be reincarnated
Get rid of all the pain and a pinch of black and white books

Jakarta I'm back to scavenge all hope
Bored hope is turbulent along with the merchant selling food
The rails seem to be a witness to your greed, my woman
The woman who is veiled by the sharpness of the father and mother
Kebumen incised black ink which is certainly unforgettable
Where Kebumen rests on shoe soles and benches

Publishing the long barrel after knitting life
Jakarta seems to be waiting for me and my best friend, Kutojaya, seems to keep on steaming and even the machinist doesn't want to back down
Jakarta and lots of love seems to promise me
But recently there was a slapstick human who made a statement about love, moved to turn his head
But he didn't come when I was spreading all hope
Goodbye Inti, your love is so serene as if it were a lustrous lust that negates everything

Ayatullah Nurjati
An Old Face

The face that is always strong is eaten by age that doesn't seem tired of whining
Never reap the gold in his shabby pocket and pocket
Still hoping and hoping that he can ride life
I can only berate him, abandon him and always make his heart cry
Is it called father, father or papa who is always strong in the storm
Is it really a steep road that is always tread
Because my father can reap the old school bench with his greedy trinkets
And because of my father, I can pierce the essence of life through education
I'm grateful for the old face that seems tireless to give peace
I who don't know myself can only chatter to that face how to behave without
knowing how to behave humanely
I who don't know thanks can only write black ink and keep screaming
Basically, I don't know myself or don't know how to repay
Day, night that face always scavenges for diamonds for my family
But take a look at what cursed children including me can only think about
personally
The lines on the face that seem to have faded and the muscles that are inching
are wobbly
Still, that face always has a smile on it
Thank you father, hopefully one day you will be able to receive rewards from me
not through material things but through essence.

Ayatullah Nurjati
Your breath catches up
Your scent is annoying
If only I wasn't the innocent me I would have crushed your fingers in a worldly moan
Unfortunately I'm not an angel—instead I'm impressed as the incarnation of bedbugs

As if I have a passion to transmit the essence of lust
If you're not my lover, I'd better go to mbah shaman to complain or to the sea it's better
There I found jellyfish, dolphins and their inhabitants
If only you weren't my girlfriend I would have slapped you with venomous chatter

Unfortunately the bitches and groans are embroidered from the essence of Adam and Eve due to the intervention of the cursed devil
How to make out with the night wind that's what I've been waiting for
The small amount drifts in the boredom of the evening
Blind illusion at night

Ayatullah Nurjati
Iron-Tipped

A pile of worn-out scrap metal plunged into the sky
Wrinkled his forehead, furious and a little bit red
The sun that sustains it will gradually recede
Witnessing the dull blue beauty—wrecked
Disorientation, axle, coupling and accessories attached to it regarding the black dagger
His mustache is no longer scary but looks peaceful
I'm like a thin kris—drain
Because I can't find a unanimous determination—desperate
Ah it's just an illusion for a tie car
Without a pile of iron that is recycled, smelted and smelted, it would not be possible for all of this to exist
Oplet, helicak, tram are good enough to regenerate
A cloud of sweat still doesn't make the body chaotic
And don't forget the rickshaw, the ontel bicycle is a witness to the times that are said to be thugs
The plagiarism tire has droopy lips because of the dictator's pretentiousness on the motor orator
I'm like a nipple that is flicked by a naughty coquettish girl
Well then, how about a two-faced television, a deaf cell phone and a silver computer?
All of them except bullets, munitions, missiles, grenades, atomic bombs are iron tips

Ayatullah Nurjati
Night Cheating

When the night shines
The moth that leaves for night service
Pavaroti crickets playing the orchestra
I'm a friend who is sadly wrapped in hope that is caught by sensitivity
The Bethloven frog that has a tenor voice doesn't seem tired of humming
In the longing that seems to be covered by thick clouds
Friendship of a silent but faithful night
Cleopatra's fireflies seemed to be laughing and sobbing infidelity
Cigarettes and old pens tirelessly stand on the backrest—eliminated by an inspiration about a poor poet who is in love with a utopian goddess

Ayatullah Nurjati
Blue Night

The black color of the night is shattered by the drizzle that doesn't get tired of crying
Nature seems to be spewing anger
The dwarf poet is a girl who is said to be his lover
A poet who dreams of becoming a prince who is always plagued by the foam of pleasure
A girl who is indeed a queen complains about a life tethered to love

12.28 WIB/18/02/04

Ayatullah Nurjati
Blue Allegory

The sad view is sobbed by the injection of cultural transformation
Culture wrapped in desire rolled up by norms
The fact that turns out to be drowning the rice that is about to be harvested
Clothing that seems ashamed to fade because it was torn and raped
The mountain mountain painting has been exposed by the media
A mute witness like me can only enjoy through the screen
The passion buried by the noisy roar of the engine
Sometimes it's hard to muffle because of my thin mind
It turns out that the mirage has been moved by existence
Anxious young people clash with the dominance of durian
Green filtering brings a prison in interaction
Solid paranoid gray hair hitting asteroid embroidery
Steady sails sell dreams, scavenge virtual life on, -Earth looks up and stops to rotate
The naked butterfly sheds its cocoons and graceful wings
The feral cat trims its fur
The pillar of the night churned through the beating heart
Book building teaches how to behave
Romance—love—and whatever the name is as if laughing
Placenta of baby crocodiles aroused by murky desire
Mobilization—transparency—reportation and whatever the status is is a signification
There are no more norms—religion, the most important thing is the status and existence of the legam
There are no more beggars, buskers, robbers because they can only cry hysterically
There are no more cows plowing the fields, horses carrying carts because they are old enough to work
No more—no more

Tanjung Duren 23.12/15th March - 2004

Ayatullah Nurjati
Immoral

Every day I always struggle with panic
And every day my desire is blocked by the woman I love
The woman who said she loves me
But what is the true meaning of love?

Because there's only a heated kiss
Hugs and intercourse that is always a spice
So what exactly is it all?
Is it true love?

The answer is at the end of the sky
And Jibril is the one who knows it all.

Ayatullah Nurjati
Fucked Place

Soon it will be cloudy
I became a poor man
Because the water can no longer be dammed
Many creatures roam like bitches

Beautiful woman wrapped in a veil
Only limited to water in a bucket
A sexy woman who displays her bubbly udel
It's just an illusion and a utopia

Victims of technology, well that's where it's at, -
Victims of rape, well here is also the nest, -
Insect victims, moreover, here is also the cage, -
So I asked, who is the scapegoat?

A country that is in chaos because of the devil
A black devil who likes to hang out with porn stars

Gigolo and the prostitutes are whining from whining
So how do I, ...? I'm a weak creature that can only be a kenek

Tanjung Duren 29/08/03/ 2 o'clock in the morning

Ayatullah Nurjati
Nerve Human

I am a man of nerves
I'm poor sometimes
I complain about the lively life
I whistle the implied meanings
Playing with crushed plastic

You're a flawless Venus
You seem to never get tired of interacting with worldly faces

I have sex with the free sun
That's why I deserve to call you the goddess

Can we spur the glow of the amor who is tired of spitting?
Symphony and elegy about different creatures
The madman and the goddess who entered will clearly see the black frog

Tanjung Duren 28/08/03/ 11 o'clock in the morning

Ayatullah Nurjati
Dark Night

The synchronization of the night manifests the hope that is drugged by dreams
Feelings of sadness are crossed by the smudged smudging of life
Why does the sky scrape the mosquito net
Bias - vanished by the cruel cascade of oppression

The phenomena of women are reflected by the roaring desire
A world full of blue moon
Just a virtual corridor in a maze
Reaching for the sparkle of dreams

When did all that happen?
Only rats and cockroaches know
Grogol 10 September 2002

Ayatullah Nurjati
I Am Not You

I am the ambiguous
You are the mute
I am the rigid
Because I'm not the serene like you

I'm turbulent with the twilight veil
You, all of you are souls sighing - again cheerful in the shoes of certainty

I am the me who was lost by your greed
....... because you are bitch
then I ask....?
Who am I.......?
I am a striped human

Ayatullah Nurjati
Because Of You

I'm crushed by endless loneliness
Glued by the barren rainbow
Enter and accept uncertainty
Because it is impossible to eat a diamond without teeth
To the air, water, clay I complain
A cigarette, a cup of stale tea becomes a friend to share
While the goddess Amor surrendered on a stretcher
Two-sided love
Between two locked doors
That's where you rise aside
Sing a beautiful song
Watering my dry heart will be noisy stars
I seem to be aware of the sacred space, because of you

Ayatullah Nurjati
Restless poetry about a broken heart

Friendly creatures who look weak

I am not a thug nor am I a kiayi

And I'm also not a spiderman let alone a priyayi

The face that is infuriated is looking up in despair
Like a shining star that looks strong
Linked with bruises, - a quiet face
He said that the doctor was the angel Gabriel, instead he was impressed as the real embodiment of God

Spreading pebbles in an abstruse realm
So the nosy tiger that gnaws at the jail fleas

Patients can only hope that they don't get injected too often
Meanwhile, the beautiful sister is crass for a face-to-face leaf

Medical buildings are like diamonds

Medicines taste like a screen of repentance

Ayatullah Nurjati
Who Is The Girl?

Beauty that comes sporadically

Every beat of poetry that closes is sadistic

The puff of victory smoke reflects sadly

The obsessive dim distortion is like the cup of opium

A piece of paper for solace, - laughing out loud

Window glass often turns into blood gold

The gossip on the wide terrace - bad

The thugs of the night make friends with a dull pen

A man with a salt-scented scallop - revealed cramps

The writings that dance along with the night cycle

The girl who droops spoiled like a dim sky

A dream of absolute beauty snatched away by a gray desire

Being resounded by a pretty girl wrapped in a pink dress

The poor man at this time can only surrender to the pounding of time that is lazy to beat

And who is that girl....?

Ayatullah Nurjati
Falling in fatigue
The song of the sun is grinning in confusion
The moon spurs dim desires
Stars are shy
The sky is bound by shipwreck
I'm drooping miserably
Dense hope drooping surrender
Sad life feels
Because the wild wealth belongs to the collared creature
I, they, you, he is a cash cow
All of them are wild red creatures
While the building cat blushed
The blue planet is shaking
Broadcast time ticks, - dilemmatic axiom
Hanging dreams on the horizon
Sadistic slashing sword
Indecision one after another
The lost life has appeared
For living in a wet place
Will life be bright?
The answer is at the end of the toll bridge
What about five-star hotels who have an affair with the police?
The forest raped by sycophants
The jellyfish that was knocked out scrubbing - the bed
The tranquility of nature is decorated with gratitude

Ayatullah Nurjati
Night Contemplation

I am a thin man with desire
I hang my hope through the steep grass
I too am a man wrapped in a rusty can
Scrub the naughty life
Sometimes I'm bored with reality
The green phenomenon in the absolute and the building of the faces of the void
Norms that play through suppressed desires
Disappeared swallowed by the earth that is displayed through arrogance
Bitch star who always looks elegant - savage
The shining sun that lies face down in silence
Moon aware with infidelity - bias
I believe it all as a reflection of isolated beauty
Nature that offers equal life through flowing blood

Ayatullah Nurjati
Wrapped In Abundance

Reflection of life entwined in stupidity
All melted because of the expression
Religion that presents beauty, - reflecting through violence
Where is the hope that presents a peace
Raise the synergistic arrogance with the dipper of absolute power

War promises a strand of meaning and a twist
Is it wrong if I say that it's the work of artist politicians
Who brings blue hope to the instigators of beggars

In the name of a sacred religion
The sweat that drips on every strand of strength
Gone when they raised it through religion

Is it wrong if I say it's all naughty
The presentation of despot's who give speeches through hunger
Einstein weeps and clings in confusion
Because all rulers use their depravity
Einstein was deceived by the mahligai promises in the name of beauty
So, not because of religion, the state. However, because of the person

Ayatullah Nurjati
Romance Ambivalence

From the green I came with a flower that dangled into the sky
Mahligai hums the words I dedicate to you, -
..., O my fiercely attached concubines
Feelings of despair, desire to make out, -
Lying stiff do not want to escape from the fatigue of this mind, -
I'm the poor poet who provokes beauty
The angel of death who screams in the name of love and life
..., O my bitches
You have been infected, have acute ulcers that are orange in color
..., my concubines
And I'm a king of fools who always stuff the honey of love
While in the dry paradise, -
..., my angels bare their crowns
And, I said as I froze in the void--elegy glare
..., my single ladies to the throne
Who do I marry in the heart between the bonds of the ambivalence of beauty?
She is a broad-chested woman-naked lustrous lust, -
The side of space and time that is adrift by the driver and the wheel of life
That's where I anchor a life like a garden of trash

Ayatullah Nurjati
The Pierced River

The splashing of water seems to be full of love, - he said
A hook sustains the dark night
Fish choking on leaf baits
Morning whispers cheerfully
Worms pierced by inflated boats
The dark red river turns into jet black
Construction and fencing blend the concept of nature
Soap, detergent and concentrated oil are friends of broom fish
Broom fish that never melt with work
Mute geek as if to be a witness to this destruction
Mud crying because of being raped
Shrimp become straight-thin
River stone, cement, sand and concrete seem to be a dictatorial king
Often water becomes pragmatic-opportunist
It's only human waste that becomes food, - fish friends
The fields are overgrown with gray tulips
Generous rat sings death song
And plants are reluctant to produce cultivators

Ayatullah Nurjati
Dear Viewers

I was crushed by the black book belonging to the skipper
I’m obsessed with the roar of the sun
Horny elegant blue desire
Sometimes it’s stepped on by grass in the morning

Where are the dark clouds?
Where is the scallop dog?
Where is the pale, bruised face?

This is where you can find a horny face, -
Ah, it was a blind-savage illusion

Synergy with the steep hope that is at the peak of MONAS
The elegant can satisfies his libido with the foam of fame

While I'm just being a virtuous viewer-BIAS
All the garbage that inevitably becomes a distortion-logical-empirical
All serve fun masks
Lizards, bay leaves, crickets as if he was embarrassed to make
While the toothless tiger deceives cockroaches that have ulcers and are dirty
Then how am I helpless to see it all?
Everyone, - including me is sand in a swimming pool, - surrounded by crazy single women

Ayatullah Nurjati
For My Sweetheart

Blue is no longer sad—indigo is not so crazy
Red isn't bad anymore—black isn't dark anymore
Green is no longer dazzling—orange is not as strong as potash
Yellow is no longer dizzy—white is no longer clean

Life is about a beauty
Colors squirm caressed by a desire
Breathe clean air that becomes a mooring of fate
Be strong as a rock, weak as a butterfly, rebel as strong as a tiger. life is not to be raped for its rights, life is an instinctive causality that is turbulent according to what conscience says

The victory achieved is a flexibility of conscience
You are a strong, strong, gentle, turbulent woman
You are a woman and I am a man, - a woman who wants to be white through a life while a man who is clogged with sensitivity is about to be stroked by a woman

Struggle and set and crush the waster at the crossroads in splattered wounds
Wriggle restless in sensitivity
Between two sides you can understand how beautiful love is
Cover with the hum of life
Smile, smile baby. Don't you doubt about the meaning of life

Ayatullah Nurjati
Drain the heart to scavenge a sadness  
Babies make a fortune  
Their mothers—their fathers let them go because they were bound by a substance of life  
Those who can only crawl play the strings of beauty for a moment  

They have to stretch something for a can of milk, or a baggy school shirt  
Where are their fathers and mothers, are they both busy chatting in an elegant rented house by putting aside the ego stuck to their foreheads?  
Or are they really orphans who don't know the love of their parents, and are forced to become a disease on the streets  

In the light of day surrounded by puffs of smoke of scorching sorrow, they tried to overcome the arrogance of the drivers and conductors.  
Babies teach grandparents how to be human  
A street baby with a hoarse voice who seems to be looking for a mouthful of chicken porridge by traveling the world to a donated country  

The nurse is dressed as a dwarf with a clutch and buckle who carries a prison, a prison of insanity and gives a frantic diaper  
The nicks of sweat, the trail ran aground, the busty skin became an impression on the baby octopus, its many legs can hit buses and public transportation.  
Small coins to scavenge their survival  
Road markings can only be witnesses to the baby's life.

Ayatullah Nurjati
Green Reflection Of Leaves

Bits of smoke staggered away from the deaf nose and scattered across the room
Unsteady body braiding 'kretek cigarette' ration
Today only two sticks of literacy inspiration are left

The eyes are stuck because they are sodomized too often
In the corner of the room near the hospital soup kitchen, lies a virgin who is said to be poor in desire
While falling onto the bench that lay stiff, writhing wet

So far, the ontology that is glorified is absurd, anomalous, and sky high
Antipathy, antigone, anti-discrimination and camel-anti-joking in the ivory tower
The horizon in the serrated ontology of screwdrivers, hammers, stethoscopes, hospital tools and cleaning service tools races in a skilled work routine

Colored white messages from the first floor to the sixth floor
Cream-painted hospital stumbles on critical discourse
Free medical treatment—sutris—drain, but in demand and qualified.

Ayatullah Nurjati
Good Bye My Mother

Silent silence has the effect of stinging sadness
A face with a thousand meanings vanishes in the orange silence
Brackish tears dripping from empty cheeks
The spirit has a fierce attachment to be brought by an angel

Mother So quickly you go to leave the existing promises
Mother, the beauty that you have planted in this fragile heart is so beautiful
Mother is so serene, you penetrate all sharpness of mind
Mother is so majestic you teach the essence of life

Mother rest in peace—I pray that you can enjoy the charity you have reaped
Mom thanks for everything.

Ayatullah Nurjati
Shades

Barren my soul wrapped in social desires
The green tray is shrouded in fact—stunned by the frenzy
Beauty is imprisoned by the coffin
Furious rattling like a dagger

Morning comes, the universe leaves the old sun
The day is bright and chaotic, pedaling all the orange clouds
The glittering night of shame quivered in the splendor of the colorful light bulbs

The mirage in the scatter ration
Metamorphosis in the strings of fatigue
The bars of shame absorb in the muttering of fresh water
Fish travel to the empty space of life

It's time to reap freedom in the shackles of life
It has come to crush the cursed demon that keeps the prison of interaction
Creatures that are stuck in bars of shame are collared creatures
The animal tethered in the interaction prison is the king of curses

Ayatullah Nurjati
A pair of doves came because of a promise
Flying crawling pedaling the coffers of the air
The trees are strong in a difficult season
Between love and desire the silk net

Round eggs run aground as the soil dries up
Tie yourself a pair of doves reap the desire in front of the cave
Raden kamandaka is a witness to their love story
Hopefully the fallen leaves don't slap the guitar strings

Ayatullah Nurjati
The Junction Tile Factory (Cemara)

rain pins the void
the water stirs the night
thunder rumbling all pinning chaotic desires
the trees shed their leaves

the wind blows to the crown
cold seeps into the giddy soul
body flowing with salty sweat
asphalt has black ink on passing vehicles

the junction of the tile factory I contemplate in the heavy rain which is dizzy as sweat drips down my limp body

I want to crush the woman next to me
I want to invite him to chat in the quiet rain
I want to let go of her passion in the moans of spring
Mature girl with elegant feeling is amazed by the trickle of dripping water

Ayatullah Nurjati
Taken For Granted:
for A Name

The beauty of life is broken by the invasion of the eyelids
beard hacks empty in the nurseries of the angels
brackish tongue clashing with teeth—bound hoarse voice
nose stuttering glare at an admiral of the heart

beautiful woman with a circular scarf puffing out her chest, frowning her
forehead which suppresses greed
blooming majestic seahorses arguing with dolphins in the trough of the heart
for a name shrouded in a few notes of the day
solitaire and rummy stuttered for being food poison

Concentrated body squirming caressed by the dream of the heart
Men—fathers produce something meaningful
Women—mothers giving birth for an instinctive causality
Virgins and virgins dimple in panic

For a sacred name exalted an expansion of the heart
holy prostitutes are nervous because they have been raped their right to life
The thug sighs because his heart is hungry

For a name that is eternal again I scream to reveal an impression that you are a
clean person who is strong in the ration of beauty and whoever you are......
I'm embarrassed.

Ayatullah Nurjati
Life Without Meaning

The life is something could be demand by the docile of life, passion, making love, and, 
The life is gathering the deepest at sea-collapse each other's on the black money 
The life for everyone who's feeling happy in the forbidding way of the hell, and, 
The life is so hard if somebody had felt cruelly-authority of black demon in valley

All the time has been passed a way because we are offscouring 
For everyone who will be livin' in the beautiful way of the earth 
Our way will be always going for nothing at all 
Fuck'em of the silly, which is events in tenderly birth at all

We must save the benefit of life in our pocket 
We can talk that the money is shit 
The universe is a place for living in blackest 
Offer the blue song in the new funny hits

Sometimes I ask my self is the pessimist face-who am I? 
Life without meaning which is always bring the sixth and seventh is that am I?

Ayatullah Nurjati
Self Portrait

My soul shriveled up by the whirlwind touched by the singer's heart
The bamboo booth ordered by adrenaline feels congested
The deaf water is embedded with the fragrance of a young dress
TERRIBLE brain arranged

The majestic roof to the virgin kingdom
Shabby hair reminded of the mighty commander
The racing heart of the ballad disappears
Javanese script of galuh

A twilight work awaits the translation of the red and white character—a furnace with black charcoal
A piece of diploma is difficult to reach for a notebook that races on a black and white photo
A shirt that satisfies the desire to go back fast
Business cards in a bad niche

Ayatullah Nurjati
Absurd Word

Getting touch in blue
Deepen human right by the sharp knife
Keep in mind by the falling leaf
Drunk in sorrow by a poem

I am who whispering in the sun—laying down my hair.
You're madly in the star walk away in the sea
They way out in red house
Teaching cruelty in peace area

Ayatullah Nurjati
The Darkness Place

The earth is place for living
The moon is place for traveling suffocate
The sun is the place for sharing life
The moon and the sun naked in holding edge of boring, friendship with the earth, which is interminable

The blue sky has been bored to revealed beautifully
Humans wiped it out with the rotting
The ground has been old—start to delicate
Because the human offer the ignoring

The water is lazy to froze and boiling
The nature starts to creaking and windy
The animals cry on their destiny

All spices world is eager to quick
The human claps hand with the enigmas
There is no mercy for this place
Only the slaver, which is always ordered following the god

All life is not so vivid because of the trickery of human
Humans who are always being the king in this place
The arrogant king is always penetrating distressment
They bring all reins the name of the human being and green

Ayatullah Nurjati
The scenery life is so lovely as a reality
'Tis at glance so great
'Tis so far so good as opportunity
So tight so close like a beat
So blue so sorrow in this land
So crime so treat
The scenery always brings us into the good hand
Till we forget that we're defeat,
What a beautiful the scenery is!
Dance in peaceful like the fusty,
Bare in the milk away in miss
Playin' in Venus with the dust,
For the teenager who loved a flatterin'
The way is made so undrestandin'
And the animals that love a woe
And the armies that live a foe
There is not the world for saying in jailing
We can sharing suffocate in the sailing
Sleep in the sun with the necked breast
The consciousness with the amazing touch under the breeze of death match
The game of life between the poorest and the richest,
The most beautiful and the ugliest, which we watch
And the opposite the world view
The good scenery had been create' by the God
We can say this symbol of mutualism with the explosive blew
And the angels who had been following the rein of God
Or the fairness reality of the point of look like utterance inside the world
The world had been crowded of the people who are living here heavily
Even though 'tis forbidden by the god straight forwardly
But the norms and the rain cats and dogs make all that became sin
'Tis true that just only the wind knew all a bout reality
The question is, - why we can not sit back with the reality
And the god who really know between the heaven and inferno or reign
Even the prophet had taught that religion was made for people in peace
Philosophers had been teaching that the philosophy is way to understand the life
These questions make the world become more beauty
For the people who always want to go-bring the charity
Ayatullah Nurjati
Vanishing Of The Faith

I my self found the new art of life-point of look
A reality, which is endless of transience
Our critique hath been installed yet of willin'ness of renewal difference
Love of freedom as a unit of stranger
‘Tis familiar of the faith which hath been vanishin'
This is all statements; gathering for defender
In the building of shadow literature hath been made by missundrestandin’
The statement for the pangs liberty of the trickery man
If thou art who includin' in at hand; wilt be loosin' the rein of the god for good
The God shalt be never loosin' power, - shalt never be docile by human
Human bein' must be followin' the reins of the God
Whatever and whenever their own regard to the religion

Ayatullah Nurjati
Urban Crickets

The lice has been cut by the knife
Like the cat takes a shower in a rainy way
The butterflies are hopeless romance
Lion is laugh in the dry season
The urban cricket is cryin' on their destiny
Cows are deceived by relay on
Horse is looking for grasses in tin ice
And I've been just waking up from my traveling around the bed and the pillow

Ayatullah Nurjati
Hopless Romance

O, Thou art, in my dream-nacked in the moonlight
O, Thou art, in my holdin’ touch so tight
O, Thou art, ...always in my mind
O, and thou art also in my hand
Alas, Venus, Thou gi’e me the art of life in the trace
Alas, Rose, Thou gi’e me the art of utterance
Alas, Bird, Thou always bring me a beautiful scenery
‘Tis I doth not even know here, I my self want to embrace closely
I my self is always lonesome think over my destina’ione
How a beautiful thou art! Dance in emo'ione
If I my self see Thou, I always fe'l hungry
Sometimes I my self is ma’e angry
Like a bee fee's dry of honey
It pla's smoothly at the green valley
Like the flower blossom in the winter
Like a man who makes love painter
I my self who's lookin' for-never found an eternal love
And, with Thou I my self marry in survive
And, whose nobody else which is feelin' as same as I my self in lovin'
He or she is a hopeless romance which is not always preceisin'

Ayatullah Nurjati
By The Name Of Love

Love ..., somethin' could be goin' with the win'
Love ..., will be never endin'
But what's art of love?
I my self is feelin' full of love
True love of the beautiful scenery
The name of blue which is playin' in the red flag
'Tis makin' a judgment of mystery
And low blow is like slag
Like Juliet who had been lovin' Romeo
Like Anthony who had trie' lookin' for the soul of Cleopatra
Like Siti who has been still lovin' Tedjo
Or, old lady and old man who'd been taking grand for their children in eterna'
What a beautiful love dances!
Breath in the greene
Flourish in the wintere
How a sweat in the coolin the mystifies is!
What's truly beauty of love
Like Adam and Eve who had been life in this apple so ultra
Whey they will have married at the end of deathe
Like Anthony and Cleopatra

Ayatullah Nurjati