Ayatullah Nurjati
- poems -

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Ayatullah Nurjati()

Art connoisseurs and observers. He was active Plonk theater, and was a literature tutor at the KOPLIK Ciputat Literature and Philosophy Circle Forum, active in various NGOs. Actively writes in various leading newspapers in Jakarta and the regions. Currently writing a collection of short stories (the edges are iron) and finished Novel (Indonesia) Cinta Cyber--Sastra
Imagination And Creativity In Fenomena And Noumena

Imagination plays with reason, leaving logic and intuition behind
Imagination comes along nicely with the fact on fire
Imagination comes along ratio always play in feeling and thinking in bound
Imagination makes come true if we trying it the strong desire

Creativity by science will be got if the material of thinking is existed
Creativity by intuition will be formed by expert in intellectual spectrum
Creativity by motivation will be made in experiences will be seen exited
Creativity by imagination will be seen eccentric in innovation of artist forum

Phenomenon in imagination like being present like religion or philosophy to mankind
Phenomenon in creativity involving attitude is a must in creating a work
Phenomenon of philosophers in their objects and sense make this life become colourful, pungent to the humankind
Phenomenon of artists in their objects and sense make this life become fact and the see as it as work

Imagination and creativity marry and pair nicely with the logic of removing the existing idealism
Imagination and creativity will not be divorced as long as philosophers and artists, both writers, humanists and artists from newly famous or already famous ones, always put forward phenomena and noumena about the facts of life as an idealism

July 20th, 2022 02:06 PM
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Ayatullah Nurjati
Love Without Ulterior Motives

Every day I'm surprised to see you who are increasingly different from usual
You said that you love me
But what I feel is clearly the other way around
You seem to want to sell your love for your desires to me

Are there always strings attached to the universe of love?
Is there any reciprocity for lovers?
Do I have to be a slave to your love who always serves you as a big madam
I've been lazy in this relationship for a long time. Luckily the contract hasn't been signed yet

Pure love must be selfless
The universe was created by God because of His selfless taste
The moon that always accompanies the Earth wherever it orbits
The sun that always illuminates the Milky Way galaxy and his love for life will not fade. I want you so my dear

Palmerah, July 19th, 2022.6:45 AM (GMT +7)
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Ayatullah Nurjati
Merunduk Luruh Dalam Keagungannya

Angin berdesir gemulai mendorong awan untuk menanggalkan pundi-pundi esensinya yakni air murni berupa rintik hujan
Pohon dengan daunnya nan rimbun menjuntai ke tanah merunduk dalam keanggunannya
Para hewan melata hingga mamalia mengimani fenomena itu seraya berdzikir
Bebatuan yang Nampak mati seolah bergerak dan bertumbuh

Hewan-hewan yang bermetamorfosis dari air ke tanah atau dari tanah, pepohonan ke udara pun seolah mengimani itu sebagai sebuah kausalitas ekosistem dunia
Hewan yang tak tampak mata hingga yang terbesar selalu mengikuti nuraninya dalam sebuah rantai makanan
Wilayah vulkanik tua tempo dulu bekas amukan gunung berapi purba telah lama mendingin dan membuat semua nampak terlihat semakin asri
Sungai penjelmaan ular yakni lukolo menjadi sebuah bukti bagaimana alam ini terbentuk

Dasar samudra dengan lempeng yang saling bertubrukan telah tersingkap bagaimana bumi ini terbentuk melalui proses sunatullah
Sungguh alam menyuguhkan sinergi antara biota darat, udara hingga laut
Gunung Wadasputih, Bukit Paras, Bukit Kruwet, Bukit Duwur dan Bukit Indrakila seolah ajeg dengan kemegahan yang mereka miliki
Jangan sampai mereka tergadai apalagi terkikis oleh para manusia rakus karena mereka di dalam habitatnya selalu luruh, menunduk dalam keagungannya

Ayatullah Nurjati
Perselingkuhan Malam

Saat malam menyerigai
Ngengat yang beranjak tuk dinas malam
Jangkrik pavaroti yang memainkan orkestra
Aku yang berteman sendu terbalut oleh asa yang terjumput oleh kepekaan
Kodok bethloven yang bersuara tenor seakan tak lelah tuk bersenandung
Di dalam kerinduan yang seakan terbulur awan tebal
Kebertemukan malam yang bisu tetapi setia
Kunang-kunang Cleopatra seakan terbahak dan mengisak perselingkuhan
Rokok dan pena usang tak lelah tuk berpijak dari sandaran—terelimitir oleh
sebuah inspirasi tentang seorang pujangga gembel yang berpagut kasih dengan
seorang dewi utopia

Dirilis 29 Februari-kosong empat, Jam 1: 12 Pagi

Ayatullah Nurjati
Tarian Eblek

Ada ritual Tarian Eblek yang banyak orang menyebut dengan kata lain seperti Ebek, Kuda Lumping, Jarang Kepang, Jaranan Butho, Jathilan atau entah apalah namanya
Penari yang semua pria dan penontonnya baik pria dan wanita bisa kesurupan
Dukunnya sampai keteteran kalau sampai itu terjadi
Hawa mistis menyeruak ketika hal tersebut ditampilkan
Sampai hal tersebut menjadi keinginan para wistawan local dan asing untuk berkunjung melihat pementasan tersebut
Sebuah difusi kebudayaan yang bersanding apik dengan agama local
Sebuah property kuda-kudaan terbuat dari bamboo dan tali rapia yang ditunggangi seakan hidup dan liar ketika ditunggangi
Memang banyak unsure magis dalam kesenian yang mengakar pada tarian di daerahku
Jathil menjadi pioneer kavaleri dari kesenian itu
Butho Lawas selalu hadir singgah dan turut serta mewarnai ritual itu
Eblek sebuah kesenian historis di Jawa hingga Bali saat ini sudah mulai terpinggirkan
Eblek jangan pernah terkubur dengan masa depan dan bilamana itu terjadi mereka akan menganggur dan bingung untuk mencari profesi lain para bangsa Astral

Kutoarjo, May 11th,1998
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Ayatullah Nurjati
The Tip Of The Island Of Java

I traced the end of the northern coastline of the island of Java to the south on There
There is an undeniable beauty for a long time
The mystery and majesty that God has given to my world, on There
The beauty that may have only been explored a little by the human in the past even though they have been sucking the pure honey for a long time

Nature always recycles even though new style invaders like me and you who live and settle in this era always suck the essence of the spirit on there
The natural honey that is served on this island will definitely never run out for a long time
Along with the explosion, the new style invaders are always exploring nature and polluting it with their wrongdoings, but nature is always polite and humble, even though sometimes he is a little angry but he always wants to make up with us in there
My nature—your nature and ours are all spread out from the air, land and water are juxtaposed for us so that we can enjoy, be grateful and celebrate His creation for a long time

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Panimbang, January 23rd, 2022. 5: 51 Am

Ayatullah Nurjati
Bagaskara The Fisherman's Son

Call it Bagaskara, the son of a fisherman who now has to support his mother and younger siblings.
He's only 15 years old.
The harshness of nature has shaped him to be strong and humble, abundant catches and the difficulty of getting fuel for fishing have become his daily life.
The waves crashing, the slap of the wind and the storm that hit him as if he was used to it at his ripe age.

His father had to die because of a disease that had no cure.
The economy is difficult to prevent him from seeking treatment because he could not receive health insurance for nowhere.
He has been forged by his father armed with good maritime knowledge.
Their family are real fishermen.

He must leave the world of education for the sake of a decent living for his family.
Harapan Island in the Thousand Islands, Jakarta is his shelter and the sea is his main home.
Her mother was forced to let her go because of a bond of the essence of her young children.
He was forced to give up for the success of his younger siblings' education.

The island is indeed a tourist destination, both local and foreign.
It looks very exotic and the islanders look well established from the outside.
But not with his family. His family was eroded by the waves and material abrasion and became small white sands that adorn the vast waters of Jakarta.
It's sad, but that's life must go on.

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Pulau Harapan July 2nd, 2019

Ayatullah Nurjati
Silent Sonnet

This time I'm just silent
Not because I'm not critical but I just want to be a loyal audience and listener
I don't do much and I don't want to make any movement
Because the truth only belongs to the policy maker

It's useless when you become an actor but never understand where you are
Being an actor requires conscience
Not only want to be seen in shows but show who you are
even though it's weird I see but I just stay silent as consequence

At this time, I already like my silent position as the embodiment of the process of maturity of life
In this way, I will improve where your position is
I will not give any input because it always poses in life
because basically all humans have their respective positions and they must know where she or he is

So, take it easy when you are performing in a show, because this is not a theatre performance
Never wear a mask to cover your problems, because your good nature is your temperament, show it in performance

Kota Bambu Selatan, June 26th, 2022
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Ayatullah Nurjati
With Or Without You

With or without you, the sun will still rise
With or without you, still Monday will be the beginning of the day and Sunday will be the end of the day
With or without you, life will still go on
With or without you, I will always go through night and morning

The sea will rise and fall with or without you
The moon will orbit the earth and the earth will orbit the sun with or without you
My life will never change with or without you
I will leave the memories even if only for a moment even with or without you

Slipi, June 25th, 2022. 10:33 PM
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Ayatullah Nurjati
For A Poet With The Name Of Widji Thukul

A promise has been made
Promises made by humans that were either true or not
Towards twilight the age has been tied and the promise has not yet been revealed
Promises in the veins were sure to be debts that must be paid

34 years have been treaded through a long sequence of life that also has not seen the bright spot
Ambition, desire and desire in the heart are mixed in all lines of life
He must have realized how beautiful life was always embroidered with an essence of achievement
Obviously this country has never guaranteed the lives of poets

He was a poet who always produced works but there was no recognition
Indeed, class was always a distortion and a differentiator
His hoarse voice boomed down to the bottom of the Indian Ocean to the Pacific Ocean
Until now, his existence has disappeared like it was swept away by the wind

26 Years disappeared no matter where he is
This elegant yet poor but rich in character poet is indeed critical, as critical as the prices of basic necessities and fuel that soar to the sky.
At that time in this country it was easy to say, but when it was critical it would be silenced
The enemies of rulers are poets who speak discordant

The faucet of democracy has started to flow
Worth the flow of the Watershed that flows downstream
I hope that there will be no more poets who disappear because they are anti-social
Hopefully, with the maturity of democracy, we can combine constructive criticism

Jakarta, June 25th, 2022
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Ayatullah Nurjati
Drown In His Greatness

A gentle breeze pushes the clouds to let go of their essence, which is pure water in the form of raindrops
A tree with its lush leaves hanging to the ground bowed in His majesty
Creeping animals to mammals believe in this phenomenon while doing Dhikr
Rocks that look dead seem to move and grow

Animals that metamorphose from water to soil or from soil, trees to the air seem to believe in it as a causality of the earthly ecosystem.
Animals that are invisible to the eye to the largest always follow their conscience in a food chain
The old vulcanized area, the former raging ancient volcano, has long cooled and made everything look more beautiful
The river of snake incarnation, Lukolo, is a testament to how nature was formed

The ocean floor with plates colliding with each other has revealed how the earth was formed through the process of Sunatullah
Nature presents a synergy between land, air and sea biota
Wadasputih Mountain, Paras Hill, Kruwet Hill, Duwur Hill and Indrakila Hill as if steady with the splendor they have
Do not let them be pawned let alone eroded by greedy humans because they in their habitat always fall down, bowing in His majesty

Wadasmalang, May 16th, 1997
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Ayatullah Nurjati
Full Strawberry Moon

Causality of the wife who always follows where her husband goes
They are always united in various joints
They orbit following their in-laws and ancestors who still survive
Sun as the elder and chief of the tribe always protects its citizens because of
god's command

There is a ritual that cannot be lost when the earth and the moon are side by
side
The husband is the earth who always provides for his children including all of us
The wife is the moon, not Venus let alone mars which always follows earth
Often the moon makes up with the beauty of the body and the red hue on her
beautiful face

The moon has never been an anomaly, let alone an affair
His obedient nature has always been the protector of his husband
The husband, wrapped in blue cloth, is always the provider of all the needs of the
people who are his children and grandchildren
Her red make up similar to strawberry made her elegant with elegant party
clothes and they made love again

Jakarta, June 14TH,2022
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Ayatullah Nurjati
Love—cyber Literature

Maybe I don't believe the concept of love that has been spawned by Erich Fromm or al-Ghozali, I think it's all just a virtual corridor in a maze. For me love is a frightening picture, like a scary creeping animal ready to gnaw inch by inch of your body. After I lost my lover. And a series of tragic events As if I do not believe in the existence of love. My relationship with Utari ran aground because my orthodox parents, Lala, Indah also betrayed me. What should I do to find the existence of love, is there love on this earth? Both of my parents have passed away—I'm just living a strange life alone I became pessimistic. Until finally I found a woman she was Luisa Indy, a girl I met via 'Chatting'. She is the sparkling mooring that awakens me to this life. Will the girl be able to grow the torn screen of love?

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Jakarta, November 2002

A synopsis of my novel entitled Cinta Cyber--Literature and deserves to be my version of the prose poem

Ayatullah Nurjati
Eblek Dance

There is an Eblek dance ritual that many people refer to in other words as Ebek, Kuda Lumping, Rarely Braids, Jaranan Butho, Jathilan or whatever the name is. All male dancers and the audience both male and female can be in a trance. The shaman will run out of water if that happens. Mystical air rises when it is shown. Until it becomes the desire of local and foreign tourists to visit to see the performance. A cultural diffusion that goes well with local religion. A piggyback property made of bamboo and rapia rope that is ridden as if it is alive and wild when it is ridden. Indeed, there are many magical elements in art that are rooted in dances in my area.

Jathil became the cavalry pioneer of that art. Butho Lawas always comes to stop by and participate in coloring the ritual. Eblek, a historical art from Java to Bali, has now begun to be forgotten. Eblek should never be buried with the future and when that happens both of them will be unemployed and confused to look for other professions that are already owned by the Astral nations.

Kutoarjo, May 11th, 1998
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Ayatullah Nurjati
Metafora Apa Adanya

Terkadang sastra sering melabrak ruang bahasa
Pidato, pernyataan yang dibuat oleh penyair handal terkadang terungkap dalam beberapa dekade mendatang ketika penyair meninggal
Penyair terkadang terlihat nyentrik, sering menyendiri bahkan terasing di kalangan masyarakat pada masanya
Penyair terkadang bersenda gurau dengan para filosof dalam mengungkapkan keinginan hati atau bahkan bergandengan tangan dalam mengungkapkan sebuah etika dan estetika.

Ontologi, Etimologi dan Epistemologi, Aksiologi seakan hilang ketika penyair berkata
Bahkan ajaran para Nabi juga dapat diterjemahkan oleh para filosof dan menjadi penerus agama yang dibawa oleh para Nbi dan Rasul sebagai wali yang diutus Tuhan ke bumi.
Ruang Gelap Sastra terpancar jelas ketika Penyair mengungkapkan sebuah fakta dan jelas akan terpinggirkan oleh kelas sosial.
Bahasanya asyik sendiri dan kadang dibuat santai dengan ketenaran nama besarnya
Jelas bahwa ketika dualisme diambil sebagai predikat, penyair dan filsuf selalu menghasilkan sebuah mahakarya yang merupakan bagian dari prasasti kehidupan.
Nah, saya bertanya pada diri sendiri, Apa posisi saya saat ini?
Saya adalah jangkrik di antara padang gurun yang luas dari penyair dan filsuf dunia atau saya hanya setitik debu di antara gurun filsafat, bahasa dan sastra

Ayatullah Nurjati
My Nature Anomaly

Among the few notes of a tired day
Day after day as if nature, climate and weather are always changing
Had a break when the covid pandemic hit
But now it's back again, humans act by spilling dark desires in the form of pollution, either ground water or air

The nature is now old because every day the land, the water is always raped
The air and the weather are always poisoned with air pollution
The rain brings disease and is not suitable for medicine
May the people realize that they live in nature and realize that they are in harmony with it

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Study of QS Arrum: 41
Kota Bambu Selatan, June 13th, 2022. 08: 03 PM. GMT +7

Ayatullah Nurjati
Silodong Cave, Kebumen, Central Java

God has created a natural beauty
He has exposed the bottom of the Ocean to the ground
The open trough is beautiful and pleasing to the eye
The exposed caves are a magnificent sight

It is no secret that the Archangel Jibril has lied to the ruler of the Earth at that time by taking a handful of soil from the island of Java
The earth swore to Jibril 'I seek refuge in the majesty of Allah Who has sent you so that you do not take anything from me that will become part of hell.'
Even the devil has been lied to and has no power over what he has felt
Until Adam came to this earth because of the agitator who knew very well how Adam was created

Outcrops of land, rocks and all the bottom of the Ocean where the elements of the mountains have been dredged not by the Angels but because of the cruelty of humans themselves
Connected corals are evidence of how corals are arranged and many elders and ancestors believed that Adam was created from the grip of the earth taken by Jibril
These claims can clearly be questioned for their validity, but the nature in the deceased’s homeland is indeed the way it is
Kebumen is a term about the origin of the earth that exists on this earth and the collision between plates is a witness to how the earth proceeds according to the sunatullah

Silodong is a cave that opens in the ocean trough and often comes to the heart trough
It is an exotic cave where the erotic body always longs for erotic desires
Whoever you are who has and will enter it will feel into another world that you have never felt before
Silodong is a bit and a piece of historical facts how the earth was formed between the strokes of nature that lie on this earth.
As if we sprinkle His creation with gratitude

© Ayatullah Nurjati @ PoemHunter.com
Study of Surah Thaha verse 55
Langse, October,15th 1997
Ayatullah Nurjati
Call it Tari is an Ndolalak dancer
A beautiful face that is single and becomes the target of many married men and single men
Her tomboyish stature doesn't reduce her grace when she dances
The shorts that cling to her thighs are in sync with her tan skin

Not because of ethics and logic, but because of the elements of art that are inherent in her where she was born from a family of artists, her mother is a Javanese sinden and her father is a ketoprak player
Klobot, the Sintren Cigarette that she smoked while dancing took off the desire of thousands of viewers' eyes
The sway of her plump body gives her a graceful impression
Whoever you are, you will be amazed at the attraction

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Widoro Payung, Kebumen. December 11th 1998

Ayatullah Nurjati
Staying Wasted Or Moving Is Useful For The Sea, Ocean And Its Creatures

I used to love to scream against the waves when I got into trouble
It felt tight in my chest with reality and facts when I did it
As it ripens, right now I'm really silent a lot when things come and go
The howling sea and land breezes along with the waves always give me a solution because when they both slap my conscience it seems as if all my worries and problems disappear.

I'm more silent when I have problems not because I can't solve problems but because that's my current nature
I don't know why silence is golden, some wise people say
Instead of complaining to humans who are all sceptical, I'd better turn to God or tell the story to the water and the inhabitants of the sea because they are the ones who understand my complaints.
What makes me move and keep living life is when I learn how the waves are always swept away by the wind with their gait and natures

Fish and inhabitants of the deep sea are always silent and move differently from the inhabitants of marine mammals who are always joking while humming happily as if they had never had a problem
That's how whales and dolphins always sing happily with their distinctive high-pitched voices with a stature that is always cheerful
Likewise the waves when they are angry with the inhabitants of the sea who always have an affair with the reef
Right now I don't even have the heart to slap the waves or curse them with my venomous chatter

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10: 32 PM, Kota Bambu Selatan, June 11th, 2022

Ayatullah Nurjati
A Father's Heart

Called it Alex is a husband and a father who always tries to please his family including his wife and children
He is a man who always works hard for his family
But why when the fortune he gets is small why is it always blamed by his family
His heart's intention is to become a mighty husband, but is there anything he does that never seems to be appreciated?

He wants to pour all his feelings and mistakes on his partner, but it's impossible to do it for fear of hurting his partner's feelings
He wants to complain to the air, earth or water, but it is impossible to do because all these elements are no longer pure and have been contaminated by the rotten desires of the creatures living in this world, including their partners.
He still has a God who loves him very much
God who always gives him enthusiasm and patience so that he can live this life while waiting for a miracle to come to him

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Ayatullah Nurjati
The Greatest Expectations

He is often stunned by various factual facts
Facts that lead to nothingness
It's impossible for hopes to come true, he said
Sometimes a prayer that he prays to God so that he has patience

Patience is the essence of all things the pious people teach
Or is it a prayer that is less efficacious because it lacks dimensions or timing? I don't know he said in his heart
Just waiting for fortune to come like in the forest, elephants is always fat, lions can always be hunted, it is clear that fortune will never be exchanged
The brilliant hope has indeed been carried out with real action, just waiting for the results. May God bless his efforts and prayers?

Kota Bambu Selatan, June,04th,2022.10: 23 PM
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Ayatullah Nurjati
Metaphor As It Is

Sometimes literature often crashes into the language space
Speeches, statements made by reliable poets are sometimes revealed in the next few decades when the poet dies
Poets sometimes look eccentric, often isolated and even alienated among the community in their time
Poets sometimes have fun with philosophers in expressing a desire of the heart or even join forces in expressing an ethics and aesthetics.

Ontology, etymology and epistemology, Axiology seemed to disappear when the poet said
Even the teachings of the prophets can also be translated by philosophers and become the successors of the religion brought by the prophets and apostles as guardians that God sent to earth.
The Dark Room of Literature is clearly broadcast when the Poet reveals a fact and it is clear that he will be marginalized by social class.
Own language is cool to relax with the fame of his big name
It is clear that when dualism is taken as a predicate, poets and philosophers always produce a masterpiece that is part of the inscription of life.
Well, I asked myself, What is the current position?
I am the cricket among the vast wilderness of the world's poets and philosophers or am I just a speck of dust among the deserts of philosophy, language and literature

Ayatullah Nurjati
Life Inscription

I don't know why this heart feels connected
Love doesn't have to have
Love also doesn't have to meet
Different understanding doesn't mean you can't be lovers

The details of feelings gather into a spark of Conscience
Ratio and Conscience married in the body become a dress in a habit
The spirit seems to believe in everything the heart desires
Love never fades, it's even more engraved in the inscription of life

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Ayatullah Nurjati
Bayi-Bayi Gurita Jalanan  
(Terj. Street Octopus Babies)

Tiris kalbu mengais suatu kesedihan
Bayi-bayi mengais suatu rejeki
Ibunda dan ayahanda mereka melepasnya karena terikat suatu substansi kehidupan
Mereka yang hanya bisa merangkak memainkan dawai keindahan sesaat

Terpaksa mereka merejang suatu materi demi suatu kaleng susu, ataupun kemeja sekolah yang longgar
Sebenarnya dimana ayahanda—ibunda mereka, apakah keduanya sedang asyik bercengkrama di rumah kontrakan elegan dengan mengesampingkan ego yang tertempel di jidat
Ataukah memang mereka yatim-piatu yang tak mengenal kasih sayang kedua orang tua, dan terpaksa menjelma menjadi suatu penyakit di jalanan

Pada saat siang benderang yang dikelilingi oleh kepulan asap kesedihan menyayat, mereka mencoba tuk menerjang kesombongan para supir dan kondaktur
Bayi mengajarkan kepada kakek-nenek renta bagaimana harus bersikap manusiawi
Bayi jalanan dengan suara parau yang terkesan mencari sesuap bubur ayam dengan melanglang buana ke sebuah negeri sumbangan

Sang pengasuh berbusana kerdil dengan copel dan gesper yang mengusung suatu penjara, penjara kebangsatan dan memberikan popok kekalutan
Torehan keringat, daki kandas, kulit yang busik menjadi kesan bagi bayi gurita tersebut, kakinya yang banyak dapat menerjang bus-bus dan angkot.
Rincian receh untuk mengais survival mereka
Marka jalan hanya bisa menjadi saksi menangisi kehidupan bayi itu.

Halte, Samping Walikota Jakarta Barat sebelah Kampus terkemuka disana,12 Juli 2004
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Ayatullah Nurjati
Jeruji Malu

Gersang jiwaku terbalut keinginan sosial
Baki hijau terselubung fakta—terhanyak kekalutan hati
Keindahan terpasung oleh keranda aral
Geram bergemeretak selaksa belati

Pagi datang semesta beranjak menanggalkan mentari usang
Siang benderang kalut mengayuh segala kepeningan awan jingga
Malam gemerlap malu bersindir dalam kemegahan lampu-lampu bohlam warna-warni

Fatamorgana dalam ransum cerai-berai
Metamorfosis dalam dawai kepenatan
Jeruji malu mencercap dalam kasak-kusuk air tawar
Ikan bertamasya ke ruang kehidupan yang kosong

Sudah saatnya menuai kebebasan dalam belenggu kehidupan
Telah tiba untuk mengganyang iblis laknat yang membuat penjara interaksi
Mahluk yang terpasung dalam jeruji malu dialah mahluk berkerah
Hewan yang tertambat dalam penjara interaksi dialah raja laknat

Ciputat 01/07/04
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Ayatullah Nurjati
Aku Bukanlah Engkau

Aku adalah aku yang ambigu
Engkau adalah engkau yang bisu
Aku adalah aku yang kaku
Sebab aku bukanlah Engkau yang syahdu
Aku bergejolak dengan tabir senja

Engkau, kalian semua adalah jiwa yang mendesah lagi riang oleh sepatu kepastian
Sementara aku adalah diriku yang sirna oleh ketamakan kalian
....., karena kalian adalah binatang cemerlang
Lantas aku bertanya ...?
Siapa aku...?
Aku adalah insan belang

Tanjung Duren,30 Agustus 03 Jam 12.20

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Ayatullah Nurjati
Love Come And Go Everything

This longing is shackled by desires and thoughts that are time and space
Love doesn't have to belonging
Space and time that block the desire to meet into nothingness
Love also can't choose

Without meeting love can also stay attached to this heart
Only she I don't want to go back to with this feeling because I can never be a rotten
Love is present without having to be matched. Desire, lust disappears when I feel its presence even though it is underconsciousness or dream and vice versa. Hope she feels the same
Love comes and goes as it pleases. And hopefully it can be divided between our hearts
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Slipi, May 13rd, 2022. 7: 30 PM

Ayatullah Nurjati
I Don't Care About Her

There is a longing rising from this drained heart
Why doesn't he come over?
she said she loves me
But there is no proof so far

Right now I don't want to care anymore
because there are important things that I have to manage in this life
even though life is getting dark
as twilight my hope for my lovely son

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Ayatullah Nurjati
Love Slave

When you're pulled over, I don't know what you want from me like a cow whose nose is poked, I always do what you ask
I also wonder why I change when you approach me or vice versa
Nothing wrong with the Youth having such a slogan because of the fact that it happened to me
Sometimes my emotions are unstable, my speech is often slurred and I don't love myself even though it seems strange when looking in the mirror that always whispers softly

It's been this old I feel awkward
I don't know what it's called, I don't even know. to hell with Love
Because nothing I get from you is the form of authentic love
He said love is never hope but where is that hope I don't even receive from you

Ayatullah Nurjati
Love Comes Without Permission

Life is simple, as simple as I love you
Life is relative, relative I know you
Life is sometimes universal, universal God gives all of His love to every creature
He wants
Life that exists Love is God who owns, creatures can only continue their nature
by nurturing it with a bandage of affection

When I feel love in the deepest recesses of this heart
It's as simple as those feeling flows
Like the guitar maestro strumming the strings with a graceful melody which,
although it looks difficult, it is easy for him because of habit
Love is also present because of habit, even though in my work room which is
deaf with Conscience's work, but it is always present without permission

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Ayatullah Nurjati
True Lover

Indeed, I want in my heart to become a person who is quite well-off materially and essentially happy. Not grandiose, enough to have a luxury car and house, a beautiful wife, high degrees in the office, have the title of professor, children who study abroad.

That might be my wishes, but maybe if I saw that desire I would consider myself pathological. However, life doesn't need stability anyway. Life can be lived only with happiness. But I will sneer at you with the words 'eat that happiness' because the people who say that are only envious, envious, spiteful people and their friends. Do you know that shirk is a sign of being unable.

I have to look for media that is appropriate, effective and efficient to find that there is indeed a woman who loves to be loved. Regardless of status, stratification, orientation, religion and ethnicity. However I am aware that at this time I am not yet well established materialistically and academically, but if there is, who knows, someone will want to be with me.

Maybe he's the lover I'm looking for. An elegant woman who the fame of true love wants to caress.

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Ayatullah Nurjati
Pantai Cinta, Citeureup, Pandeglang  Banten

Honestly, I would prefer night to day because night always provides shade
Even though I realize this world needs a hot day for the ecosystem to run smoothly
However, this is not the case in my perception of life where I always ride the day for the sake of the void
A night with star grains accompanied by a dim moon becomes solemn and celebrates what is the meaning of life

The expanse of sand with the wind and the waves
As if believing in a certain life
The moon and the sun are a husband and wife pair that are rarely matched
Both are Sunatullah which cannot possibly be side by side but have benefits

Ayatullah Nurjati
Is This Really The Position Of Father Who Is Always Cornered?

Every day there are things that you always bring up about what I always do. What Should I do?
You think I’m always lacking
I’m not a superhero who cans everything. What should I do?
There is a weak side to me and everyone as a man of fading

But if you always reveal weakness, over time this heart will also be angry and angry and how much longer can I endure? What should I do?
I have sacrificed myself for you but there is no positive side that you always lift, for you I am a loosing
Is it always like that of a father or is there something wrong with me? What should I do?
How long do I have to endure as a husband to be treated like this, even though for more than a decade I have tried not to do the same thing as you as only one weakness is raised, then you will feel humiliated and fragile, you know how batteries are often treated like that. Should I leave you guys? Betray maybe if necessary if I want to life changing

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Ayatullah Nurjati
In The Name Of Knowledge That Is Useful For The Fields Of The Hereafter

Every day and time I'm always used by them
Sometimes I'm also bored with this situation
Anyone who knows my sincere nature why always takes advantage of my ability
to do something even if it's not worth paying for it. Ah, that's all bullshit, because
what I'm really looking for is a reward field or a mere image status, I don't know,
only God knows everything
They force me to do something for them from family, closest people, relatives,
close friends or even my patients

I really want to apply the Hadith of the Prophet by practicing useful knowledge,
or indeed my function and status has been from a masseuse, an insurance agent,
a lecturer to a teacher.
I've now started screaming with the occasional disapproval of their wishes. Even
though I strongly refused, but with a feeling of being unable to bear it, I finally
agreed to their request
But surprisingly, this body is getting sucked in by the essence and its energy is
getting more and thicker, I guess

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Ayatullah Nurjati
Feelings That I Can Never Get Away In My Life

This chest feels tight when I remember you
When your shadow is present, it feels like there is very little oxygen pumping the lungs into the bloodstream
I don't know why this feeling is so thick it feels like a hot larva ready to burn you to the bone
This blood seems to be rustling; this heart is racing like a Ferrari racing car on a wild race track

Your face always plays in my mind
I'm honest and don't want to be hypocritical about this feeling
When you are weak and sick, it seems like there is a strong signal that God sends to me and it is more than 5G signals
I don't know if you feel the same as me right now? Only God and you know

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Ayatullah Nurjati
Jamu Medicines For Solace

There is a hum of bitter taste that is never denied
When the tongue tastes a taste that explodes into the corners of the mouth
Every sip informs the brain about the bitter taste
In my country like spices, although it is said that many of its citizens are infected
with the corona virus, but a lot of people use herbal medicine as medicine before
the pandemic hit.

All diseases have a cure
Likewise the feeling of longing that hit my heart
Even though the bitter taste always covers my heart When I want to enjoy the
beauty with You
Bitter that never wants to compromise with sweetness but is very useful and
treats a dry heart that will be another reforestation

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Palmerah, March 4th, 2022.10: 30 Am

Ayatullah Nurjati
A Father's Gait

It's not easy being a father
You suck this blood and bone marrow every day
Naturally, that's how it is
But I wonder why instead of reducing the load it looks like it's overloaded

The most difficult thing about being a father is not only presenting the material but providing the teaching of reason
It turns out that being a father who acts according to the nuances of essence and essence is very difficult
It needs an understanding of religion and various complementary elements such as philosophy, psychology and facts in the real world
That's my father's gait, what is the power of this world without my father's presence

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Slipi. February, 27th 2022. 07: 37 AM (GMT +7)

Ayatullah Nurjati
Bound Born In The Mazy

My surroundings are flanked by tiered iron mountains
The clouds are dark as if flanking him
The river water is cloudy and black
It said that it was a victim of urbanization

The city that is always throbbing for 24 hours
But something was missing when the second tsunami hit the covid 19 pandemic
Many have died and seem a bit lonely with interactions
The activity has been tied up in the labyrinth

Modernity shows the face of emptiness
I who live there is very difficult to meet, interact and chat with honesty
It's only natural that I look for a community that uses such idealism
It's just a matter of how actions wrapped in norms and religion create synergy in the joints of life. My life is simple

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Jakarta. February 17th, 2022. 4:55 PM (GMT +7)

Ayatullah Nurjati
Taste That Never Gives Up

I was silent when you came to the side
Even though this heartbeat is rumbling
I'm not a hypocrite decades ago that feeling died
But what sparked it so that you emerged after all this time this feeling has been buried neatly

7 years ago When my analogy has long been suppressed for that taste
The feeling that was gone is now back
I don't know if I'm too confident about that feeling by abandoning existing ratios and thoughts and various opinions from family and colleagues.
I want to leave this feeling with a body that is not in its position but this feeling never goes away

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Ayatullah Nurjati
Let Love Act

I was thrown back into an atmosphere where I was still chatting in a tender love with her, 20 years I was intimate with her, even though I realized that our age was still ripe, the fruit of mangoes in my boarding house garden in Yogya. I was still in love with her because love never looks at age, social status, religion, ethnicity. And don't care about those who sneer at me with monkey love words. Because I am a human, not a monkey, how can a monkey know love mankind? Love only exists in humans.
Utari is a woman and I am a man, men and women must love and be loved, it is human if there are two human beings who are in love. Love is a sacred part of human life and it is an essential gift from God.
Indeed, Utari was not the incarnation of an angel who has no sin, she is an ordinary human, but Utari is the incarnation of a savior, she is the one who saved me from the brink of destruction, Utari is an adult human who taught me how to behave and live life. My lost life has been planted with the flower of a certain life after the loss of my beloved Sophie. She is a motivator for me. She once suggested that I want to do theater at my school, so that I would forget Sophie's death.
Once during college holidays I visited her her house, her mother immediately asked me not to have any more contact with her, she said that Utari was too young to know love, Utari had to be highly educated, and Utari didn't suit me because of degrees and stratification. Ratri and Raden Ayu or Raden are just helpers from mental confusion who want to seek social status. Honestly, I'm not a noble family, from my name alone I don't use the Raden appendage even though my name is kejawen, while he has the Raden Ayu appendage in front of her name.

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Ayatullah Nurjati
Sungai Yang Tertikam
(Indonesian Version From Translated Poem Entitled 'the Pierced River')

Gemercik air seakan sarat dengan cinta, - katanya
Sebuah kail menopang malam yang kelam
Ikan tersedak oleh umpan-umpan dedaunan
Pagi berbisik dengan riang gemilang
Cacing tertikam oleh perahu terkembang
Sungai yang merah kelam berubah menjadi hitam legam
Konstruksi dan pagar memadukan konsepsi alam
Sabun, deterjen dan oli pekat menjadi sahabat ikan sapu-sapu
Ikan sapu-sapu yang tak pernah luluh lantah dengan pekerjaan
Getek bisu seakan-akan menjadi saksi kehancuran ini
Lumpur menangis karena diperkosa
Udang-udang menjadi lurus-kurus
Batu kali, semen, pasir dan beton seakan menjadi raja yang diktatoris
Seringkali air menjadi pragmatis-oportunis
Hanyalah kotoran manusia yang menjadi makanan, - sahabat ikan
Sawah-sawah ditumbuhi oleh bunga tulip kelabu
Tikus dermawan membawakan lagu kematian
Dan tumbuhan enggan menghasilkan buah kuldi

Slipi.3 September 2021 Jam 9.25 malam

Ayatullah Nurjati
Life Building

I collect the scattered dots in my life
Everything became clear after the commotion
The building of life that we have made together is destroyed because of your hatred, envy and greed
I couldn't contain my anger and finally had to give up because they destroyed the building

I believe that life goes on even when the building is destroyed
We have to rebuild the building with a philosophical foundation and a more flexible view of life
When the restoration has strengthened and pierced the ground and props up to the sky with a humanistic paradigm and diversity
All human beings have the same rights and obligations to interact with each other and consider differences as a living unit in a living building where each line has a single function and purpose, namely providing mutual benefits and synergizing with one another.

If everyone wants to be the foundation and doesn't want to be a wall, window or roof, and all ornaments of its building so that it's clear that a living building won't form
Everyone has a different role and it is precisely with that we can build a magnificent and strong building from the threat of disintegration
The point in the sketch of the building that has been applied, hopefully it can provide benefits
I will paint the walls later with various synergistic colors and I want you to be a part of that, my societies

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Jakarta, February 10th, 2022.7:16 PM (GMT +7: Bangkok, Hanoi, Jakarta)

Ayatullah Nurjati
Itching With Missing Feelings

This feeling of longing comes and goes
Right now, I feel longing emanating from this heart
The ratio is thinking how to get rid of this longing
But this heart is reluctant to deny it

A lump of taste bursts out and is digested by the liver with itching spread to the brain through feelings
I don't know if I'm too confident about this longing or whatever it's called
I don't want this heart to cover this longing
Is what I feel the same as what she feels
Because I don't find that feeling for her

The drizzle of nature is always a sign of nature, it is never hypocritical to command god to water the arid earth with water of life.
Clouds are never hypocritical
The cycle of life on earth has always been a marker of the life that God has given
All creatures that God created always obey His orders, including me and her

Ayatullah Nurjati
Santigi Coral

The plant is indeed a family of shrubs that grows into the rock
Even though it rarely struggles with the ground, it is strong enough to pierce
down in the Tip of Java island and surrounding
This plant is strong in the waves, always absorbs salt water but strangely it can live with such extreme conditions
Even if the delicious ration in the form of fresh water is found from the rain, the snacks are mostly seawater

The weather is getting warmer every year in the coastal area, it doesn't slow it down to stay alive and benefit the surrounding area
In the howling wind, still humble and always remembering His Name
His suffering is special and commensurate. When he grows up, he remains consistent and never demonstrates with God
But look at how we are fellow creatures of God that He created is clearly inconsistent, it is clear that he is different to us. And we should feel ashamed

Ayatullah Nurjati
Cat Fish Philosophy

There is a moustachioed animal that lives in water
His appearance seems funny but gives a frightening impression
It's still a fish
Life in its harsh habitat forges it into a strong and tough fish

The cat fish with its ugly appearance wanders into a river until it enters a muddy area with little water
There was found a lot of food trapped in it
The cat fish is happily happy even though the scorching heat has drowned its body and all that's left is its head
He prayed to God so that he could give rain accompanied by a fish, namely a snakehead fish

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Slipi. February 3rd,2022.7: 45 PM

Ayatullah Nurjati
Stone Is Not Soil

Although it is not very beneficial compared to soil, stone with the hard nature of plants and anything that sticks to it will be difficult to adapt
But even so, in my nature, Indonesia, you can find plants or any kind of animal attached to them, they are always friendly, whether on land or at sea
Stone can also be eroded because of its hardness with water droplets that consistently perforate it
Rocks are always hit by waves and even though they are eroded, they are still rocks
Likewise, even though the rock is hit by the weather, it remains a rock
All of that disappeared because of human activity. We humans have never visited nature
All kinds of stones are stones and will always be stones
Parasites attached to it such as moss or perennials or marine animals give the impression that the stone gives the impression that he remains consistent and he always remembers Him and he has a spirit that benefits anyone who inhabits it, including humans.

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Slipi. February 3rd,2022 6: 20 PM

Ayatullah Nurjati
Life As Simple As Sea Waves

Sea waves always go by wind  
Sometimes they flow by moon gravity  
They are not blind  
Because the rock and sea creatures as need as clarity

When I saw them I feel in life in respectability  
The big waves hit the land because they want expand and grow their live like the wind  
They help sea's creature reproducibility  
All creature in sea life survive by them. And I want my life flows like thousands dividen

Ayatullah Nurjati
I often find today, many people including myself and most people are not happy because they are not given, happy because they are given, hate because they are hated, love because they are loved, hit because they are beaten because it all smells of materialistic and profanity.

The phase where I and most like to love what we want, namely women, children, many treasures of the type of gold, silver and so on. So the Word of God contained in the Qur'an

It is because of worldly activities and various worldly desires that forget us to the true journey and fulfil our aspirations to the world alone. This is the essence of the world, whose excessive love for him is the root of every ugliness or error.

The best deeds are love for the sake of Allah and hate for the sake of Allah, meeting for the sake of Allah and also parting for the sake of Allah, so the Imam Jaffar Sadiq explained

I want this heart to be busy knowing Allah, love Him, daydream and love wholeheartedly to the Creator of this Nature. However, this heaven's path is very difficult to realize without a sharpness of character and a capable device.

Human relations will bear fruit. Human actions and intentions to the Creator are a form of love for creatures who are in love with their Lord, either secretly or openly.

With dhikr that is a form of boasting of the weak creature to his Lord. And this boasting will not disappear from him unless he negates the testimony against his dhikr.

Ayatullah Nurjati
Pure Love Without Many Demands

The man's eyes are clearly closed, there is a feeling of awareness and it's as if this thought is about to format his beautiful dream once more.
However, it is very difficult to format the figure of the woman you love.
Luckily the man didn't fall in love anymore.
Even though at the beginning of the explosion of love, it is very clearly felt that love.

True love comes from the heart, stops to the mind accommodated by ratio and logic, more and more.
If there is a lover there is hope in love.
It is Desire for millionaire.
That's not called fake love.

Bandung Bondowoso also had felt in love with Roro Jonggrang no more.
Likewise Sangkuriang who felt his mother in love.
Because pure love is love that never asks for similar to a genie with a magic teapot that always grants the owner's wishes more and more.
If there is a woman like the ones above then she is not a lover—fake love.

Prayer is indeed a request from creatures to the Creator more and more.
When it's said it's clearly different in love.
It means that the creature's love for the Creator is a lie in counterculture.
Or that's the fact. When God gives without expecting back what He has given in love.

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Jakarta. January 24th, 2022. 10:04 PM (GMT +7)

Ayatullah Nurjati
Nusantara Chocolate Philosophy

It is an undeniable fact that my country is the 3rd chocolate producer in the world after Ivory Coast and Cameroon
Back then when I was a child and until now there is pleasure and a sense of calm when I consume it
From the cheap one to the expensive one, I still enjoy it like my life which is sometimes above or below
There are commensurate when served with coffee because they are side by side with each other in the fields in Sulawesi, Sumatra, NTT and Papua and other areas in the archipelagos

There is a sense of relaxation when I drink it when paired with coffee
Although the processing of Cocoa beans has not been maximized in my country which is known as the 'Nusantara' but many producers pack it with local flavours that are capable of taste
No longer when Valentine's Day is given or consumed, but at every time I find it in local to international cafes where coffee connoisseurs are engrossed in joking and enjoying it no longer as a lifestyle but an addiction.
When chocolate is chewed or drunk there is an extraordinary taste that bursts from the throat and radiates a sense of relaxation to various brain cells like I become chocolate that always adorns your life, my companion.

Ayatullah Nurjati
A text consisting of allomorphs, morphs, morpheme, lexemes, and words does not necessarily just get published. It appears because of creativity, work and initiative. But sometimes he flows like water that just flows from upstream to downstream. Words in a text sometimes have a letter lux or implied meaning.

My life, your life is a piece of text. And it has a spirit that is balanced and in synergy with the body parts. Texts, whether structured, deconstructive or postmodernism, or the others theory define but still present the text itself, only human reason can understand the text itself. The spirit of the text is actually a manifestation of the existence of the text itself without denying the existing idealism.

Let the text be its own part, there is no need to argue about its content. We readers are welcome to interpret each other's definitions without blaming the interpretation. Let the texts that I make later be a legacy for my children and grandchildren later. That his father or grandfather once wrote a text about the fact that the world was shocked at a materialistic system and readers have the right to define it.

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Jakarta, January 22nd, 2022. 11:01 AM

Ayatullah Nurjati
Desire That Is Difficult To Achieve

Didn’t realize the day was getting late
Didn’t realize this hair was getting whiter
And come back unconscious, there are too many desires to be achieved
Again not aware that life is a causality of conscience

This age is too attached in the sequence of days, months and years
This age is always turbulent between the two sides
Two sides between this world and the hereafter
Sometimes I also show a lot of different faces of roles that I myself who
surprised that I'm doing various hypocrisy looks

It’s really difficult to be an honest person doing something in the name of image
Because indeed we are always struggling with each other
All sincere and sincere kindness should be done without human judgment
However, it is difficult to achieve because human being relationships are a sign of
goodness for them to connect with God

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Jakarta, January 22nd, 2022. 9:04 AM

Ayatullah Nurjati
The Pen Will Not Be Replaced By A Smart Phone Or A Computer

Supposedly the pen has a spirit to provide information through feelings, intuition and ratios and all aspects of the teaching of human beings on this earth. Through the pen, we produce Scripture, Essays, Notes, Theory and Practice from the Phases of Prophets, Philosophers, Writers, and various aspects of life from Religion, Philosophy, Literature, and Anthropology to the world of health and we can still enjoy it until now.

Although the discovery phase was in 953 AD, an Egyptian named Ma'd al-Mu'izz made a pen that was equipped with ink storage, but it can still be found that its function is more elegant than before.

Even though they have to beat the inscriptions and symbols of the megalithic phase, but in fact it is a fantastic discovery for humans in a literate culture.

Although the pen that always danced between the slender fingers when side by side with queens and concubines or indeed the strong hands of famous male philosophers and writers and poets, to be honest at this time I also started to rarely use it in my work.

But now it ranks higher among my works as a marker of human identity in his signature

Sometimes even though a smart phone or computer is smarter than a pen, due to its neutral nature it makes the pen a tool in carrying out literacy-making activities.

I want to be a pen that is always neutral in creating a work supported by ink which is a form of identity and entity making it an important tool that is always the first choice accompanied by blank paper that has always played in all my past works.

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Slipi. January 19th, 2022. 10: 18 PM

Ayatullah Nurjati
Love—when Her Name Is Called Always Says In The Name Of God

There is a grandfather who is a widower whose wife died
She longs for a loyal companion who is a widow and her husband has died
Hope never fades even though it's been rejected
But what is the power there is an age gap between the two sides

He always chatted that it was God's love that gave
But God never forces both parties to love each other
And as if always lecturing on the meaning of the philosophy of love, sometimes I get confused which one is love for beings and which one is love for the Creator
Wherever the rejection is, it is natural because it is human because loving creatures is relative, like philosopher of the owner of the relativism law of Love that is Bonaventure who is based on conscience.

Ah stupid sometimes I think about that but because of compassion, sometimes I feel like giving advice to him
However, because he is stubborn, let his feelings, soul and body always live because of his love for the woman
Instead of when the woman is always mentioned, it's still in the name of God
God is fair to give him love, but he is not fair with his feelings. That love can't be forced and doesn't have to have each other

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Palmerah. January 19th, 2022.9:47 PM

Ayatullah Nurjati
To The Greatest Woman Ever Present On This Earth—she Is A Widow

There is a window for seeing a widow
A widow is who always being a single fighter
She struggles to raise her children even though sometimes in the deepest side sorrow
She is never tired to keep trying to provide for his life and his children as a single fighter

She always takes a bow
With her effort and prayer God seems to always give what he asks for in optimizer
The dual function as father and mother can be carried out in workflow
The mother promised not to remarry and when her children grew up they would not forget the services of her mother who united as a widow of revolutionizer

Ayatullah Nurjati
I was confused tonight, for some reason my eyes were hard to close, even though it's 3 in the morning. I have just stared at my deafening boarding house in silence, while occasionally looking at the pale white wall that stood firm. I turned to the other side of the room. To relieve my fatigue I went out of the room for relaxation. I went out through the living room, there I found a chair and table lying silent. If only they could talk, they would sue the owner for not being treated like a tyrant. I looked back. I've been boarding in this crowded place for two years, even though it's a bit far from campus civilization, but I have a reason that I don't want my privacy to be disturbed by anyone without exception. If anyone needs it, just come to my boarding house. Even though it is not suitable to live in, sometimes I am quite comfortable with the private conditions of my study. Mother, boarding house father and their children do live with me, but they can respect my privacy as a student. I don't have to think about eating out, the food ration is a plus for me, all of that includes my boarding facilities and I just have to pay one hundred and thirty-five thousand rupiah per month, even though my room is only 4 X 4 meters. It is this quiet place that creates its own image so that I can galvanize myself with scientific substance. In every spare time I always swallow books by monumental world writers, from philosophers of language to writers at home and abroad. The atmosphere was very quiet, the only sound was the whimper of the rambutan tree branches in the wind. I left the house while leaning on the bamboo hall where I usually read a book at night. Why am I like this, what happened to me, I asked myself. I went back to my room and took out a piece of paper and a pen. As is my habit when I am restless and reflecting I always write poetry, maybe poetry is a part of my life and poetry is a diary for me. It's as if the pen follows the strains of my hand and the paper wants to compromise to be used as a medium. I didn't realize what I had written, I tucked the paper in my desk drawer. Maybe because the fatigue that bubbled up in my mind made it a form of poetry abstraction. While preparing the material for tomorrow's literary discussion. Sometimes it's strange, it's like I'm thrown into an atmosphere where writers speak through their writings. No doubt if their work is good, ideas, recounts, fiction or any kind, it's easy for me to sometimes be sublimated to agree and believe in what they write without having to chew deeper on what they want.
It was Edi Benkidz that used to call it because he was a student who was concerned with exploring texts in depth—'Great Canonist' I called him because he was my old colleague because of him always could say motivated me to study more deeply about the text. Sometimes I have to go to The National Library, whenever there are specific words that are not in the dictionaries circulating in general, sometimes I cheat too, have to look for these words by visiting a fairly well-known bookstore in the early 2000s phase. The Thesaurus was indeed the most complete dictionary at that time, the price was quite fantastic at that time, namely in the range of 3 million rupiah, a number that was quite fantastic for me, a student who was not well off, clearly different from today's googling, 'Everything is going to be fine'. He is also my student and partner in studying the spirit of the text, which always has a different discussion every 2 weeks. 'Calm down Card*, the problem of photocopying the money my parents gave me is very abundant, you don't have to think about your lunch ration, you don't have to care. It has become my responsibility, ' he always said when he brought a new book from his lecture at the Driyakara Philosophy College and it was always given to me free of charge.
It's a completely different phase and time. But honestly I really miss his existence. My friend that one is indeed extraordinary. Unfortunately, it is the distance that separates us as we say in our hearts when we will hold the study again together with classical texts.
I'll miss you, my friend. Bang Edi Benkidz

*he always calls me by the name Icard

Jakarta, January 17th,2022
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Ayatullah Nurjati
In Love With The Universe Of Love

Love is real from God
God created humans because of the form of love for creatures called humans
Because the previous creatures were not found to have a sense of love
Human love is full of intrigue like the first time Adam was created he felt lonely
and needed a companion and he asked God to create Eve

Even if it's thrown into the world. There is always love even though sometimes
the rhythm is always changing
Love that is spiced by Lust, Desire is sometimes jealous and excessive sense of
belonging is what humans have.
That's Love Part of Human Feelings that God Created
Different from other creatures such as, devils, genie, devils, and angels.

Genie is also alleged to have feelings of love, but it is not strong with what
humans feel, even more strange things come, he said Gennie cheated on humans
and felt both of them love each other so that there was a marriage between the
two
Why Prophets and Apostles were created from the most perfect form, namely
Humans. Because of the Mind and Morals
Unlike the angels who are always obedient and dhikr to Him
Let it be an anthropology and philosophy of love that maybe only a little has
been revealed in this world and Only God Knows. Wallahu Alam Bissoap

Slipi, January 16th,2022.10: 37 PM (GMT +7, Bangkok, Hanoi, Jakarta)
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Ayatullah Nurjati
The Deepest Love

This longing is bubbling spread to various lines of winds
I don’t know why I haven’t felt this in a long time
Almost 2.5 decades have passed and it’s only now why my longing for him is getting stronger and I wonder why this happened to me
Is this really the nature that God gave me or what? I don’t know, I just agree with that feeling right now and don’t want to rely on my ratio and my limited reasoning—Blinds

My logic and reason can’t accommodate my longing desire for her in love
Feelings like the petty romance I felt when I was younger and it was memorable
This love God owns and my love for her may be indescribable
I have to transfer that feeling to the Owner of Love

Slipi. January 16th 2022. 10:08 PM
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Ayatullah Nurjati
I Devote To A Big Name—George Orwell

I see what George Orwell mentioned in his 1984 novel to be realistic. Telescreen has become a factual thing, where a lot of camera or CCTV monitoring sounds were born long before the 21st century, where he created the novel.

Big brother has transformed into a despotic leader and it's obvious for 32 years the nation has been led by a despot regime. Totalitarianism has been neatly wrapped in the personal joints of the life of the nation, state and society in all lines of life.

Fortunately, the various ministries have not really been realized properly. If that's true then maybe I'll be a living witness of that part.

Ah, it's just a prediction and limited to the imagination of the writer and not necessarily a fact, said my friend who studies and is concerned in the field of philosophy and literature.

That's my friend's opinion. If I have another opinion that George Orwell is a famous astrologer who's all his works became a fact and occurred in the early 21 decades. What do you think?

Ayatullah Nurjati
I Pray To You, O Lord

My nature has terminated in everywhere
The foundation that supports the soil is worn out
The magma chamber has leaked everywhere
When the leak pushes in various directions, the mountains become reactive
because the clogs have just been released out

I don't know if this is human or God's design of His Oneness
God still loves every human being on this nature
This planet often pulsates, its pulsation is sometimes a sign of His Oneness
The more often we pulse, the closer we must be to the owner of this nature

Larvae that plunge into the sky will make the surrounding land ecosystem fertile
But why does it happen so often?
The keys on earth are pious people whom God is calling more and more to His
presence whom human being always circumscissile
We hope that God doesn't call them all, if that happens, what is the world
without them, why they are called by You so often?

You are the one who can pacify the contents of this Universe
A world that has been chaotic because of our tyranny as caliphs on earth
O Lord, You are the owner of the breath, body, spirit and the whole universe
Please don't beat us with trials that we can't bear who live in this earth

SUNDAY, January 16th, 2022. 10:41 AM
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Ayatullah Nurjati
In the youth of a young man named Bagas, he did not believe in the concept of love that had been spawned by Aristotle, Erich Fromm, Paul Tillich, Gabriel Marcel or other famous philosophers, according to him it was only a virtual corridor in a maze.

For him love is a frightening picture, like a scary reptile ready to gnaw inch by inch of your body.

After he lost his lover. And the tragic twist of events as if he did not believe in the existence of love. His relationship with Utari ran aground because his orthodox parents, Lala, Indah also betrayed him. What should I do to find the existence of love, is there love on this earth?

Both of his parents had died—he was alone living a strange life, thus making him a pessimist. Until finally I found a woman she was Luisa Indy, a girl he met via 'Chat'. he was the sparkling mooring that awakens me to this life.

Will the girl be able to grow the torn screen of love?

Turns out the answer is not at all. through a long process of searching for identity and love which are connected by two different sides like a coin, giving a nuance of understanding when Bagas grows up, Bagas finds his true love.

He argues that the love presented by humans is pseudo and endless.

Love is a gift, it is a nature for every human being. Every human being has the right to receive that gift, namely the love of Allah and His Messenger.

January 15th, 2022 05: 50 PM
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Ayatullah Nurjati
By The Name Of Love And Beauty

Love ..., somethin' could be going with the wind
Love ..., will be never ending
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 playing in the red flag
'Tis makin' a judgment of mystery
And low blow is like slag

Like Juliet who had been loving Romeo
Like Anthony who had tried to looking for the soul of Cleopatra
Like Siti who has been still loving Tedjo
Or, old lady and old man who had been taking grand for their children in eternal

What a beautiful love dances!
Breath in the green
Flourish in the winter
How a sweat in the cool in 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 death
Like Anthony and Cleopatra

09.20 Am. April 12th, 2003

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Ayatullah Nurjati
Feelings—playing With Logic

Don't ever ask me how her feeling
Because feelings never speak, it has lost
Oral is just a sign of weakness of feeling
Reason and logic always let go of feelings so that feeling is getting lost

The power of speech always plays in every aspect of my daily relationship with her
I don't know why it's such a strange thing like pandemic
Because hope always comes from feelings of her
In contrast to love, which always hopes on the power of feelings, not the power of speech, let alone reason and logic in something. Goodbye reason and logic

Quatrain A B A B, A B A B
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January,14th,2022.7; 34

Ayatullah Nurjati
My Late Father's Message From His Part Time Job As A Masseuse

I was thrown back into my childhood where I was raised and how my parents raised me independently. So all this time, what I studied from elementary school to college was part-time money from the sweat, climbs and screams of their patients or my father's service to the country, indeed at this time my father was no longer working or retiring. However, perhaps because there is the highest award for those who serve the country, the appreciation of the award is reflected through monthly wages, health insurance and child support.

In fact, my parents gave me a meagre amount of money. It is known that my father is only a lowly retired civil servant, in order to meet the needs of my family, he who was old to earn a fortune for the family must be willing to look for odd money by massaging.

I could be proud of that because even though they have such a profession, I was still lucky to be able to get an academic education up to college compared to those who did not get an education at all, let alone go to college.

I remember very well when they always said that life must be based on sincerity and honesty, honesty is worldly gold and sincerity is the main capital in living life, that is my eternal principle. Where I stand is where I have to actualize myself as a sincere and honest person. Even though being honest sometimes hurts, but if we have the backing to be honest then everything will look human.

After my father retired completely, he had to also switch to the same profession as my mother, but the difference is that Dad is still strong when he has to work on his patients if the patient's house is far from my house, until far away cross the city sometimes. Indeed, my father was never involved in serious problems with illness, at most only headaches and colds.

Just imagine at that time he was already 63 years old. A face that is always tough with age that seems to never whine, never reaps gold in his shabby coffers and pockets, Still hopes and hopes that he can ride life, whether it's called Father, Father or Papa who is always strong in storms. Is it really a steep road that is always tread?

Because of my father, I was able to reap the old school bench with the knick-knacks of his greed and because of my father I was able to penetrate the essence of life through education. I am grateful for the old face that seems
tireless to provide peace. Day, night that face always scavenges for diamonds for my family, but look at what I've done who can only think about myself.

The lines on the face that seemed to have faded and the muscles inched rickety, still that face always wore a smile. Now it is clear that what he has ordered I have actually carried out even though I have not been in a totalitarian condition like him. I will always remember his message 'Helping people is very important compared to the results of your hard work in the form of money, later you can reap later in the hereafter' that was his message to me.

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Ayatullah Nurjati
A Little Shadow

After sunset, I said a prayer for my beloved parents. A familiar face flashed out of my mind. What's with her? What happened to her? This mind tells this body to meet But how is that possible? There is a barrier and a hijab that is very difficult to penetrate Is there something wrong with this taste Or is it a feeling that has been surrounded by Desires so that it becomes inconsequential Oh, of course yes. The tears in her eyes seem to be entangled in this drained heart of mine What should I do now? Do I need to cut through space and time to meet her? She is never honest with her feelings If I'm honest, it will look stupid and weird to see Body, soul, brain and ratio seem to be shackled and locked by a jet state If only I was still the clear one, I would have injected her feelings with worldly pleasures, but things are different now. What should I do now? At the crossroads, my feelings are getting more and more uncertain Oh God, give me Your way and guidance So that I don't get lost with this feeling. Because I have left reason and ratio Only Your Oneness all becomes clear. Through Prayer, Worship and all things I ask You to let this momentary bite of feelings disappear

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Ayatullah Nurjati
Communicating With The Body—let God Manages My Fortunes

After Ashar Prayer knitting Twilight, as the light drizzle hit the body that had begun to wobble. Everything I do in the name of service and service because that's all I can do. There are so many passengers on the Train at Mass Rapid Transit. This body seemed to be salty and a little torn apart accompanied by my wife who was willing and sincere to take me to my idol's station, Tanah Abang Station. Currently this mode of transportation is very sophisticated and is the idol of every human being, including myself.

I am also surprised that after teaching I will not be feeling tired when I have to deal with my patients. Sometimes before they call it's obvious that I feel a strange feeling similar to the patients I have to hold onto either today or the day after tomorrow.

Every inch of the body must be smeared with rubbing oil—the bumps ran aground as my hands did the same thing my father and mother did when they entered their bodies, the veins and bones were traced and sometimes the shape of their bodies could not be ascertained because they were basically human bodies. always different. It is not a measure of the patient's tariff problem from the level of their body, but the sincerity to give.

Ayatullah Nurjati
Because Of Your One -One Love

It's hard to reach you because your love is so sweet
Unseen but your existence is so real
Always be a Provider
You exist without making up

Oxygen, Ammonia, Carbon dioxide, Covid, Jinn, Demons, Devils, Angels and others are creatures that Thou create
They are invisible but exist
Moreover, I am who really exists and obvious
May You be able to get rid of these invisible creatures who are useless to us or at least marginalize them from our civilization O Lord

Ayatullah Nurjati
Women And Their Platform Of Life

Often the man is scolded by the woman
As if women dominate the life of the man
Currently the issue of women is no longer the issue of feminism
The fact is that women today are like a very dominating social media platform

It's okay to be exposed to the media, clearly women dominate
Because it had been a fact that from the time of Cleopatra and the queens who led the kingdoms in Java such as Queen Sima managed everything in the joints of life.
I, He, Them absolutely also as a man like female domination, but positive-charged dominance is a form of respect and appreciation
I've always wanted to think of her as queen. But the queen who always teaches the meaning of life

Ayatullah Nurjati
Dear, Back To Your Old Home

Your face takes off my existing idealism
Your words slightly faded my paradigm and my philosophy about this world
It's normal in life to always process like that
I just feel sorry for the fact that happened to you right now

But I can't because I'm blocked by one side
Your innocence has now transformed into something that is off the path of the heavens
It's natural that parents and closest people are always silent and unmoved by this fact—awareness comes later, dear, when the person we love has just gone.
I used to be like you, even worse. It is natural that in the world of philosophy, everything is universal, whether it is Communism, Liberalism to Humanism, Atheism, Religious centric or other isms that are clearly infatuated with being adopted by various groups from commoners to statesmen. I can't deny that when I have to return to my old house where I grew up, you will feel the same way later.
I really can't bear to see you like that, but so am I, in the past I was impressed by a lot of inciting pious people to jointly abandon idealism with me. Now what I found that they Return back to their old home too. There is a strong foundation that must remain in position without having to be eroded by tidal currents of sea water as well as stakes that plunged into the earth.

If I ignore you let alone let you be like that then I will feel guilty but if I act you will feel hurt and think that I am not who you are
I used to be because I swallowed whole what I learned through discourses and practitioners in book texts without digesting and chewing with heavenly teeth and fangs
Profanity is still profanity, hereafter affairs are not as obvious as I used to think like that. But there is a way for me realise to God rein even though it is very difficult this Hijrah path is getting more and more difficult to follow but that is the struggle Back to my old house and I want you do too my dear

Ayatullah Nurjati
Siti Hawa is the initial embodiment of women in the world
Even though it was created from Adam's rib
She was the forerunner of the first woman who gave birth to Adam's children and grandchildren to us today
With ribs that are bent and loose, they are vulnerable to the devil's temptation,
But what is the world without them?

In the past until now, women are easily deceived by the beauty of the world. In fact, it seems hedonism at this time or indeed the weakness of the Companion glorifies them
However, it is different from Siti Maryam who gave birth to a person who has an important influence in this world who even though she is not married, God sent her to give birth to Isa
Did Amzura, who was willing and sincere, follow the Sender to build the Ark? Of course not. With his decadent intellect incited his people to think the Prophet was crazy
It is worth Wa'ila who actually betrayed by inviting Luth's guests to commit immorality or contradictory things happened to Rahmah Bint Afrayim, the wife of Ayub who willingly side by side with Ayub even though he was in poverty and acute illness afflicted him
I really want the woman who is next to me is not in the category of 2 women. I want you, my woman, like Siti Hawa, Rahmah Bint Afrayim, Zulaykha, Maryam binti Imran, Asiyah binti Muzahim, Siti Khadijah, and Fatimah
Pray For Semeru, Lumajang, East Java, Indonesia

My nature is currently coughing and vomiting the contents of its phlegm
The pulse above feels thick on the plains there
An exotic turns into disaster
There were moans of pain and tearful moans visible for the refugees there

Semeru is a mountain located in Lumajang, East Java as if angry without notifying beforehand
Many residents died because of the bright red phlegm that was vomited by volcanic ash
My nature is vulnerable to danger. The detection device is not a guarantee when he gets angry
Mount Exoticism in the range of the island of Java seems to be starting to wake up from a long sleep by giving scary dreams

Or indeed it is natural causality, sometimes friends but sometimes enemies
I entrust my prayers for the refugees so that the nature there will improve soon
Is my nature and the contents of this world become older and older?
Only God knows as we pray to him that nature will soon be friendly to humans

Ayatullah Nurjati
Just Relax—enjoy The Moment

I want to love you as simple as like the moon who is always faithful to the earth
I want to love you simpler like the earth that always orbits the sun
I want to love you the simplest like oxygen that is always and anytime sucked by the creatures that inhabit the earth
I want to always love you awfully the simplest like every inhabitant of the solar system needs the existence of the sun

Simplicity that arises from the heart will not be lost like Adam and Eve were reunited on earth
Don't think about the ratio because love speaks only the heart, the mouth is the intermediary
like plants that always photosynthesize and need the sun
Ratio always abandons the idealism that exists if as a person who loves and is loved like a planet that never rotates or revolves like the earth
Let all that happen and continue to pray that the light will not fade to illuminate the universe in our solar system. Let love be like the sun

Quatrain A B A B A B A B A B

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Ayatullah Nurjati
Kebumen Cried

The shops forging red ignite the irrational race
The road carrying thousands of looters reaps perverted pleasures
Students learn to tear meaning with their hungry monkey-like nature
The pedicab driver tries to pull the most exploited burden, the plunderer whispers

Engko Aming-Mas Parto clashed because of daily customers
They ignite the flames that have been suppressed for so long
Real humans are upset because of the alien invaders, that's what orthodox humans call it, because they have never had sex with education, especially because they are jealous of the gold in their pockets.

Even though the essence of it all is God's creatures, so where was God's intervention, where was God at the time of the incident, was God sleeping at that time, or was God having an affair at the hotel? The God of Stuttering is the God who sows confusion, the God who shakes reason, the God with the rose collar, the God who has the venom of a deadly snake.
While the real God is trying the fortitude of his protégé who is plagued by chaos of character

The transformation realm shakes an absolute belief in the coffin
Kebumen is a global city which he says: glorifies a diversity of existence, whether he is human or alien, but why it can be ignited by rumors that are not clear. Kebumen of Central Java in region of Indonesia cried because it was roasted, iron, steel, bottles and orange utensils and the looters rejoiced

September 1998
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Ayatullah Nurjati
All About Two-Legged Animals, Reptiles And Marine Animal

I am a chicken
You are a snake
We met in some places unmistakable
I seemed to wake up and was amazed like the earth was hit by an earthquake

I met you after heartbroken
you shade me and protect me and sorrow overtake
I seem to wake up from a bad dream and awoken
Even though you were angel but you were blacksnake

Reasons that can't possibly be united if it's in the animal world because it's different between a chicken and a snake
Obviously, a chick will be eaten by a snake if it is a child but the facts are different with me—I am a rooster still in the family of chicken
Clearly in the Chinese zodiac it's undeniable—both animals can protect each other than me who is a chicken must have an affair with a goat or that was a myth and story in a thousand islands of Jakarta that my enemy is mackerel tuna and that's unmistakable
This is real fact is not fake

Slipi, November 14th, 2021 7:25 PM

QUATRAIN A B A B A B A B A B A B

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Ayatullah Nurjati
Bound By Shipwreck In A Maze

The man is afraid to fall in love
Even though it's a true gift from God about love
The definition, theory and practice of love is difficult to realize
The man is just stuck in a love that is confined by a maze

Love for him has sunk along with the desire buried in the very deep cave
Like a trough in the sea that is blown away by the chaos of the wave
Desire that will never happen and hard to understand like haze
Let love die together with dreams that never come true like dove size wings and feathers in characterize

Ayatullah Nurjati
Amoral

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?

Philosophers who have spawned works of love
The answer is at the end of the sky
And Jibril is the one who knows it all
or God who deliberately hides it for him

Ayatullah Nurjati
The Love Of The Prophet—an Indescribable Longing

The love of the Prophet—an indescribable longing
This longing swells, stirs and reverberates throughout the universe and all corners of the world
Longing never ends as if lying stiff in the rotation of ticking time
Longing flows profusely felt by every human being
The longing that is always tethered by the desire to flow is glorified by the poets

Longing is always never blamed with the fact of love phobia, love for the Messenger is like megalomania
Longing to complain to feelings then complain to the heart part of the body organs made from blood, flesh and which has been mixed with ammonia
Longing to get rid of existing ratios and feelings and every human being will feel willing
Those who love him, love his lover, will not expect his love to return, because it is pure until cheerful and cheering

Miss, please define it in theoretical and practical discourse because it is a gift from God and it's indescribable, always happy
The old green longing has been tied up and pulled away from broadcasting a specific and character news
Honey of love in a cup of opium at the mihrab, a love banquet attended by the Angels interspersed with sholawat mania
Until the end of his life he always reflected his love for his people, it was so obvious as if he was present in every sequence of events when we were glorified and recited in congregation through the Nabawiyah Sirah which was summarized in Al Barjanzi while glorifying the Creator as loved and himself as a lover—not far apart

SLIPI,12 RABIUL AWAL 1443 H (October 19,2021) .8: 25 AM

Ayatullah Nurjati
My Heroes

Indonesia
The patter of the struggle that is tethered through the essence of sheen that has been agreed upon by the fighters and the whole nation
The blood that flows signifies a hurricane of beauty, even though it is full of sadness, but that's a struggle
The red flowing blood is your courage, O warrior, even though sometimes many lives are sadistically tied but that is your willingness, O hero.
your family, relatives, friends and friends in arms are willing and ready to give up their lives on the battlefield
Indonesia
Several decades and orders have passed with uncertainty to the point where our present age has matured through that process
However, our task is not heavy compared to those of you who have given up the spirit to separate from the body for the sake of the independence of this nation
Hopefully the unity that has been established will not be obsolete by time
On behalf of the nation and state, I hope your struggle will not be in vain for the sake of the unity and integrity of this nation
May God answer our prayers

Ayatullah Nurjati
Fishing Philosophy

Fishing is not about getting fish
It’s also not a matter of the fishing equipment used
Also not the kind of sharp hook, arsenal and bait used to trick fish
Or a thick and strong fishing line for fishing used

But it becomes a living that must be done for the fulfilment of life for the fishermen of catching fish
For any reason in getting the target fish and their friends throughout the water, both fresh water to sea water where they used
It is clear that fish and pond dwellers to the ocean are very happy if they are hooked with conscience and patience, especially for those anglers and fishermen in tricking fish
Fish will always be sincere and happy to every human who hooks them even though they are not aware they are being tricked slowly rather than hurting them by changing the colour, taste creativity and intention of the water where they lived

Ayatullah Nurjati
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 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 diagungkan 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, mengasihi 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 Malaikat 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 Nabawiyyah 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
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
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.  

going 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 understand 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 she 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 she 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
A Man And A Hoe

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 sekelam 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 bagiku
Yang penting perasaan terpendam itu kembali
Terima kasih sayang, sekali lagi, idealisme saya semakin memudar

Ayatullah Nurjati

Ayatullah Nurjati
Balai Pengobatan
(Translated From Treatment Center)

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

Pasien 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
Kepulan 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 bagai 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
Jakarta, This Is My City. What's About Your City?

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
Dawn In Damn

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
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 vehichles- -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 even though 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
Venus

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 sliver 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
Street Octopus Babies

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
Jati Jajar Cave, Kebumen, Central Java

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
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 distrustment
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 misundrestandin'
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 rein 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