

Poetry Series

Ayatullah Nurjati

- poems -



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Ayatullah Nurjati()

He spent 3 years in Yogyakarta, Indonesia for observing art and drama, Art connoisseurs and observers and Playwright, was active Plonk theater, and a literature tutor at KOPLIK Ciputat Literature and Philosophy Circle Forum, active in various NGOs, and was as Chairman of the ABA YPKK-STBA Technocrat Senate in 2001-02 and as chairman of Comunicado Press (a forum for young writers) . Actively writes in various leading newspapers in Jakarta and the region. was Chairman of the West Jakarta 2 Vocational School English Subject Teachers' Conference (MGMP B.ING SMK Jakarta Barat 2) . He has taught English Subject at several prominent campuses in Jakarta, Indonesia. Currently as a teacher at State Vocational School at West Jakarta. Currently writing a collection of short stories (with an iron tip) and completing his novel entitled Cyber Love-- Literature



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Ending Night Prayer On The Edge Of Peucang Beach

on the beach the soft moonlight touches the night.
Among the whispers of the wind.
You, my son find a silent voice.
Dancing above the dark sky.
The moon tells stories to the stars, about the hidden secrets of the soul.

In silence, my heart trembles, tracing the obscure paths of time.
Every second seems to stop, In this moon's embrace, You and I, trapped in a dream.
Reaching the unattainable, eternal.
The voice of the night, whispering softly, reconciling restless anxieties.
In silence, we share, Holding on to hope that will not fade away.

Remember son! This long journey is not over yet.
The long illustration that I have given, an example of tafakur through natural approach, will never be in vain.
Interacting with nature, understanding its correlation with contemplation, that's what you have to understand.
In the future I'm sure you will become a great person who is very useful for many people, I do believe it.

Pantai Pasir Putih Pulau Peucang, Ujung Kulon. West Java, October 13th, 2024

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The Island Groups Was Named Nusantara

On the eastern horizon, the sun greeted us, parting the mist on the snow-covered peak of Jayawijaya, telling the story that emerged at the tip of the island of Papua between a pair of lovers, namely the moon and the sea, which grimaced sadly because their desire to meet them had not yet been satisfied. Moving west, the sun and the waves chase each other, leaving behind the silver rays of the moon, hitting the coral on the coast of Sumatra, precisely in Sabang.

2 hours of time difference is broken down, but this is enough to illustrate the symmetrical beauty of the beauty of space and time between Sabang and Merauke.

In the middle of the archipelago landscape, there is the oldest island whose ocean floor has emerged, precisely in the south of Java, illustrating its natural beauty.

To the north rises a green island called Kalimantan, its green plains are covered with forests and beautiful culture.

Sulawesi with its beauty and natural landscape and expanse of sea that is beautiful, cool, steady to be enjoyed with tools or with the naked eye--the beauty of Wakatobi, Bunaken stretches out

Maluku was and is still famous for its spices and always presents its biological beauty which I always interact with every day. The nature also presents the beauty of marine life flanked by the blue sea with crashing waves that soothe the body and soul.

This country is a maritime country rich in cultural entities, languages and rich in natural resources, even though it is punctuated by the ring of fire and flanked by two large oceans, I never seem to get tired of living and visiting its natural beauty and I am proud to be a part of it.

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24th September 2024,10: 44 AM

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Terikat Karam Dalam Labirin

Lingkunganku diapit oleh gunung-gunung besi bertingkat
Awannya kelam seolah mengapitnya
Air sungainya pun keruh berwarna hitam
Katanya sih korban urbanisasi

Kota yang selalu berdenyut selama 24 jam
Akan tetapi ada yang hilang Ketika hempasan kedua tsunami Pandemi Covid 19
Banyak yang meregang nyawa dan Nampak agak sepi dengan interaksi
Aktivitasnya telah terikat dalam labirin

Modernitas menampilkan wajah kehampaan
Aku yang tinggal disana amat sangat sulit sekali bertemu dan bercengkrama
dengan kejujuran
Wajar kalau aku mencari komunitas yang menggunakan idealisme demikian
Tinggal gimana Tindakan yang terbalut norma dan agama menjadikan sinergi
dalam sendi kehidupan. Sederhana saja hidupku

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Jakarta.17 February 2022 Pukul 4: 55 Sore Waktu Indonesia Barat

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Bisikan Sang Rembulan

Bulan berbisik ke laut,
'Ceritakan padaku rahasia terdalmu.'
dan laut, dengan ombaknya yang menari,
Mengungkapkan kisah-kisah tentang kapal-kapal yang kandas atau menghilang,
Tentang mimpi para pelaut dan lagu-lagu putri duyung.

Bulan mendengarkan, cahaya perakunya
Membelai permukaan air.
Ia mendengar kisah-kisah tentang cinta dan kerinduan,
tentang badai yang mengamuk dan ketenangan yang menenangkan,
tentang pasang surut yang menyatukan hati.

Sebagai balasannya, bulan berbagi rahasianya sendiri:
Bagaimana ia mengawasi para kekasih,
Bagaimana ia menyaksikan kelahiran dan perpisahan,
Bagaimana ia menenun benang takdir
Melintasi hamparan malam yang luas.

dan begitulah, bulan dan laut berbincang,
Dua makhluk surgawi yang terikat oleh misteri,
Bisikan mereka bergema sepanjang waktu,
Menciptakan gelombang keajaiban dan refleksi,
Memandu hati menuju cakrawala yang tak terbatas.

Saat fajar mendekat, bulan mundur,
Meninggalkan jejak perak di atas air.
Laut mendesah, menyimpan rahasianya erat-erat,
dan malam menyerah pada siang,
Namun kenangan percakapan mereka tetap ada,
Tarian abadi antara bulan dan laut.

Pantai Pasir Putih Pulau Peucang, 13 Juli 2024
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The Moon's Whisper

The moon whispered to the sea,
'Tell me your deepest secrets.'
And the sea, with its waves dancing,
Revealed tales of lost ships,
Of sailors' dreams and mermaids' songs.

The moon listened, its silver glow
Caressing the water's surface.
It heard stories of love and longing,
Of storms that raged and calms that soothed,
Of tides that pulled hearts together.

In return, the moon shared its own secrets:
How it watched over lovers,
How it witnessed births and farewells,
How it wove threads of destiny
Across the vast expanse of night.

And so, the moon and the sea conversed,
Two celestial beings bound by mystery,
Their whispers echoing through time,
Creating tides of wonder and reflection,
Guiding hearts toward the infinite horizon.

As dawn approached, the moon retreated,
Leaving a trail of silver on the water.
The sea sighed, holding its secrets close,
And the night surrendered to the day,
But the memory of their conversation lingered,
A timeless dance between moon and sea.

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Pantai Pasir Putih Pulau Peucang, July 13,2024

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Nature Stopover

Twilight hangs over the western horizon, perfectly in sync with the natural setting

The moon is ready to replace its function as the faithful wife of the earth

The sun, which has slipped, seems to understand and is aware of its function to end the causality of its work

They never get tired of complaining about the Creator's orders, even though because of the anomaly in their nature they sometimes envelop each other. That's against their will

The Cosmic Macro Realm always provides peace

However, there are always irregularities caused by the inhabitants of the earth who are always destroying the mini world

This planet is indeed the only place suitable for visiting, although there may be other secret planets that also have inhabitants.

I am one of the millions of people who may be comfortable with the fact that the earth I live on is now old

Sometimes the sound of his crying can also be heard when he will have be doing Dhikr. Nature always cries when explored and God always reconciles it.

Adam and Eve being thrown onto this exiled planet is clearly not the reason why God did not create this miracle

This place is indeed a place of exile and a place of transit, but it is close to the exile of Heaven

And I am always grateful for this fact

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Terraced Iron Mountain

My neighbourhood is flanked by terraced iron mountains
Dark clouds seemed to surround him
The river water is also murky black
They say they are victims of urbanization

A city that always beats 24 hours a day
Its activities have been bound in a labyrinth
Modernity displays the face of emptiness
I, who live there, find it very, very difficult to meet and chat with honesty

I have to choose and seek recognition
It's natural that I look for a community that uses such ideals
It's just a matter of how. Actions wrapped in norms and religion create synergy
in the aspects of life.
My life is simple

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A Sonnet 20: Top Dog

Soon the national event will begin

This is a fact that will be explained, not just a promise but it doesn't make its citizens crazy

The drumbeat of the war of ideas will once again don't create any distance of margin

The emerging political nuances indicate that this country is truly mature in marking its democracy

The citizens of this country must also be smart in choosing their leaders

Even though I'm just like a cricket in the wilderness or like a bay leaf which always becomes a spice when the water is stirred up where delicious side dishes are served and then thrown away when it's accidentally served on the dining table. Well that's the fate of commoners like me

Actually, it's simple to choose a leader, namely someone who is trustworthy and can accommodate our aspirations as their users

Citizens should not only be used when the democratic party starts, but should be protected when they lead as tiers

Don't easily make sweet promises if the reality is zero

Don't give a speech easily, it turns out it's just a lie

Give real action so that we believe in you, politician of hero

Make us comfortable when you are there to voice our conscience like a pixie

We trust you with real proof not just only a prolog

Give voice to our hearts when you rule. It doesn't matter where you come from, what color you are or who you are because you are the top dog

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Blue Screen

TV screen or monitor is not a webcam

TV transmitter is definitely not BTS--Microwave is not a gadget Signal

Transmitter

The pure blue color clearly differs from the colors with its moving appearance

Even though it is Blue in color and constantly swaying it still displays its original form

Tv always never complains even though he knows that he has been controlled by a power beyond his ability, he always does

It's like a monitor that always follows what the CPU instructs through the processor

They are powerless to refuse what is beyond their command

Even so, he remains committed to his nature to build civilization

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Sonnet 19: Freedom Of Love

The beauty had been revealed
Loves comes from ratio, feeling into the psychomotor agitation
Love can be understood by it is detailed
Feeling is never being motivation

I feel so courage and braveheart
There is no logic for proofing it all
Because love comes from the heart
There is no political element, engineering or something that is made up to prove
it all

The colors present in love are the true manifestations of life
Longing, commitment, jealousy mixed in the meaning of love
The stronger I hold on to that feeling the stronger it becomes in my life
it is similar to the flapping of wings that is always presented by dove

Love is never selfless
and love is clear even though it is expressionless

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Swallows

Swallow does not only describe aves or birds

He is the embodiment of a being who comes and visits this earth to provide benefits

From the towering coral duwur mountains to the sky that they have steady
Presented the beauty and exposure of nature that rises from the bottom of the ocean as a natural textbook

It is possible that history will not unravel the story and even become a fairy tale when the father or mother supports their children in bedtime.

The place where the swallow became endemic in the mountains seemed to unravel a folklore that at that time the consort of King Kartasura was sick and cured only by drinking a sponge which was none other than a swallow's nest. Or is it really the image that has been attached to Adipati Surti as a hero and was forced to marry Suryawati because she was attracted to her beauty even though she was of a different nature?

Everyone was amazed by the elegant dance how this was reflected in real life

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Dusk Paddling

There is hope in the fishermen's qualified causality sketches
Nature seems to be always erratic, sometimes shady sometimes turbulent
Similar to the desire of the fisherman who always ups and downs in making a living
The engine on the boat can no longer be used because it had been already the oldest

The fishing nets remain faithful even though they are sometimes torn
The boat he paddles never complains
Fish are also willing and willing to be netted and hooked for the survival of their lives and their families
The marine biota obtained seem willing and sincere because they know their function

The calm blue sea is as calm as the feelings of a father who always supports his children and wife
A steadfast soul has been used to storms
The abundant catch is a manifestation of humans who are always grateful and take care of nature
In sync with the towering mountains in sync with the depth of the trough like the Fisherman's desire

Palmerah, August 1st, 2023. 10: 27 Am
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Reaping Dusk

Combing lonely in the silence of feelings that can no longer feel your presence by my side

The yellow rice dangling as if sobbing longing for the coveted rain as if to witness my feelings of longing for you

I don't know why the birds are invisible--migrating somewhere

The path that had started to crack in the rice paddies seemed to be in sync with my current feelings

The animals that inhabit this land are already used to nature here

Moths and fireflies are also welcome for night service as a causality of their work which is increasingly difficult to be useful because they are replaced by incandescent lamps and infrared lamps.

In this village I often stop by just to remember you

But that's just a glimmer of memories that may be eroded by time

I'm not young anymore

You can see the wrinkles on my face that look old

This hair is also no longer jet black, a lot of dominant white colour is entrenched there

But why is it hard for your face to disappear from my brain's memory

You did stop by for a while from my life but why did I have to leave you because at that time I was still ripe looking at the world and had big dreams to reach the world

I still remember every stroke, shape and uniqueness in you, whether it's still the same now or has changed

It's been 3 decades since we haven't seen each other, but my feelings are still the same as before

The feeling of being reluctant to just go away and I will always remember in the rest of my life

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World's Wine Drinks Dry Desire

The tree dangles in all directions

Lush and green leaves seem to be in sync with the landscape amidst the bustle of the city noise flanked by high-rise buildings

The ripe fruit seems appetizing to be enjoyed instantly

The air was now already felt stifling chest

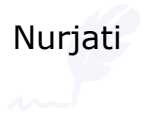
Indeed, this city glistens with splendor similar to the composition of wine which is the prima donna for its enthusiasts

The colors green, red, purple are good when the raw materials turn into wine, they are only social stratification and markers for the producing trees, similar to their idols.

Many other trees are jealous of him, including coconut or palm trees, which produce very little sweat, because from the start both of them knew what the drops of sweat would produce wine.

But not the Vine which is always lied to in the name of health, even though on the contrary, it is misused as a poison for homesick people who are lonely and beset by problems

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Lonely Combing A Sonnet

Our point of view is far away
If you say almost more than billions of cubits
Or if it is made more than 1 million light years away
It is clear that there is a distance between you and me like space in gigabits

I am loving you
Being away from you seems to deny your ego, which said you are loving me
I now seem to believe more and more in the legitimacy of that fact I am still
loving you
Obviously, I've never been ambiguous if what I feel is without having to say a
dime

Something that seemed to shine from your face When I met you in a dream
Everything is there, it's as if my subconscious is taking me in togetherness where
nothing can separate us
Similar to a child who always idolizes ice cream
Everything seems beautiful and only we can separate us

Although only limited virtual in the corridor
Everything in you, I always want to be united in splendor

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The Meaning Of National Resurrection Day

There is no era of bullying now

Slavery should have disappeared on this earth as well as colonialism in the world
must be abolished, there are forms of conquer, new styles just appear

However, the fact is not so, it turns out that it was the poor who had to submit to
the bourgeoisie and this is still happening to this day

Still moving or rising against

Waking up is the movement to wake up after being down or swayed by various
shocks

Awakening is waking up after a long sleep

The rise is there when there is a struggle in the heart and mind

Rise is my friend's nickname

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For My Lovely Son

I didn't realize I am getting old

Dusk and maybe dim like an incandescent lamp that runs out of electricity

I am not realizing this hair is now gray

Gray hair is similar to the petals of water guava that fall out sucked honey by bees and even by the gentle wind in the dry season

I don't do much to prove that I'm a passionate person

A desire that sometimes I find it difficult to contain it

There are not many things I have done to prove that even though you are far away, you are very close to my heart

My son, life is a bit harsh, but with continuous forging you will understand the meaning of this life

My son, pursuing a career or success sometimes requires a lot of sacrifices

The sacrifices you make will certainly not be in vain, because I never gave you wealthy

I can only give you knowledge that you will later achieve your success and I'm sure of that

I'm a man and you're a man, be a tough person until later you will feel how delicious and joyful it is to be a father, grandfather and husband who can provide something meaningful for your family. I'm sure you can do that my dear

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A Prohibition Is A Commandment

It's strange in an area that there are so many violations
Prohibitions in the law as if always violated
Even though the myth is already thick there
It's strange when there is a sentence ordering don't do it

The law was made to be broken for the violator
Moreover, legal experts or legal experts seem immune to the law
For violators of the prohibition is an order to be carried out
How about me? I'm just an observer who occasionally violates, but only a little

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Play With Words

Life is realizing Words

Many people speak in words

The words that were spoken seemed to be nil with reality

Unlike the Prophets, Apostles, some philosophers and writers who always play with words, but it is real

When people already have a mandate they usually always betray words

It was as if the words had been sobbed with an utterance on behalf of humanity and civilization

There are also many poets and philosophers who betray their own words, as if sarcastically embarrassed by the popularity of their works

I don't want to be like that, the words I always say are reality in fact

The color of life with its colors is not to be swallowed up by yourself and your group, dear friends

Intelligence and stability are not for you to enjoy yourself through your false promises

I never made a promise to anyone about any of that

Only moments of happiness when we are both happy by sharing life whether we are above or below

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Love And The Trinkets Of Life

Love is not a matter of expression
Nor is it a seduction but a lingering feeling
Love is also not a matter of a dynamic relationship arrangement
Nor is it togetherness in everyday life but a unification of perceptions

Love is not a matter of hope
Nor is it a bond of life's majesty but a promise of equivalence
Love is not a matter of giving or receiving
Nor is it an acclamation in the name of the ties that bind it, but the worth of the moment and its value it was like Allah Created Muhammad to this World as His Sweetheart

Love is the real entity in life
Similar to when Adam asked Allah to give him a companion that was Siti Hawa
Even though they have never been united in space and time, they can fill the void in life
Similar to when the two of them were expelled from heaven and lived in an ark living on earth as a Caliph who regulated the scheme of life to us

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March 22nd, 2023. Kota Bambu Selatan.7: 37 PM

Ayatullah Nurjati

Party Clouds

Purple Clouds swaying at dusk

As if hugging tightly my longing that doesn't want to be separated from the desire to have YOU

There is a longing and love similar to that of a clove cigarette lover who smokes cornhusk

Unbearable longing is like a cloud that is ready to spew its longing over the earth and that is YOU

The sun was already dim and leaving only a dim light

Smiling shyly the moon grinned at the horizon

Everything goes according to spaceflight

Indeed, all have their respective roles, but different in love like the water that never stops flowing in the Amazon River

Clouds are still clouds even though reincarnating and returning from steam to water, they are still clouds and it is the same as my growing love

Oxygen, although never seen, still has a meaning and role similar to love, which is never seen but real

Everything looks beautiful with the knick-knacks hereinabove

The witness of that beauty is the atmosphere that still protects that beauty in real

All are enjoyed

All believed and displayed

Kota Bambu Selatan. March 6th, 2023 @11: 32 PM (GMT +7)

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Conversation In The Moon

It would be better if I met you in the clouds
In that place I can be longing you in the clouds penetrated by the brilliant orange sky
In the lack of oxygen, I can see that your face is blushing there; your beauty never fades even in black clouds
Everything in you is clear and there is no hypocrisy even though it changes from orange to blue sky

Your personality is there
The further fly into space the more I love you
Your name is also imprinted in the earth's atmosphere
While my name is clearly written on your white dress, the clearer up there I love you

There really wasn't much to do up there, we just looked at each other and let go of the longing that had enveloped each of us for a long time
But the distance that does not separate us both becomes a romance
We are so close and there is no space separating us, it is our time
The maddened longing vanished and replaced with romance

The moon is aware of that because its position is very close to both of us
The moon is also willing and provides a little space for us to talk and be a place to share love for us

Kota Bambu Selatan, February 21st, 2023 at 7: 23 PM
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A Little Cat On The Urban Alley

On the edge of urban roads seen passing motorbikes and cars
There is a connecting alley on the road
It seems that humans are busy with their activities, including a small cat that is
still breastfeeding busy looking for its mother
Either she was simply thrown away by the owner or indeed her mother had the
heart to leave him alone for the sake of the Black of gallant cat

She meowed to and fro for protection
instead, what she got was bullying
In fact, he almost got hit by a motorbike because she felt very hungry
Cat lovers don't seem to see it exist and are unlikely to be properly adopted

She is indeed a portrait of a star that is less noticed in urban areas
In this urban area, no one is as concerned about wild animals that need
protection as they are
or indeed let alone caring for animals, caring for fellow human beings has started
to be well established
however, his meow is heard between blocks and will wake up anyone and those
who care about him will clearly deny the existing idealism

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February 20th, 2023.9: 07 am

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Sang Penyair Dan Sang Nelayan

Penyair itu mengandalkan intuisi dan rajutan kata yang dibalur pena ke kertas dalam membuat karyanya

Nelayan mengandalkan senar, kail dan jaring untuk mendapatkan tangkapannya Mereka berdua mengandalkan pasang. Yang membedakan keduanya adalah jika penyair mengandalkan pasangannya motivasi dan ide dan nelayan mengandalkan pasangannya air laut untuk bersauh

Surutnya bagi penyair berarti matinya kreativitas dan ide, sementara bagi sang nelayan akan sulit menambatkan perahunya dan tak bisa menepi

Keduanya acapkali bekerja di malam hari karena itulah pasang terbesar dalam hidup mereka

Dengan datangnya malam nan hening ide dan kreativitas mengalir bagi sang penyair dan bagi sang nelayan itulah penghasilan yang sangat ideal bagi kehidupan keluarganya

Pasang dan Malam menjadi penentu dimana kedua benda langit saling berpagut disaksikan oleh mentari di bagian dunia lain

Mentari hanya bisa mengintip perselingkuhan itu. Penyair dan nelayan menjadi aktor yang mengejewantahkan ciptaan Tuhan tersebut

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Kata Apa Adanya

Kata merupakan aksi nyata

Realita juga terkadang terhenyak dengan kata

Kata yang absurd terkadang juga berselingkuh dengan realita

Realita yang bermain dengan fenomena terkadang juga tak seideal apa yang kita pikirkan

Ruh dalam padanan kata nan terpilih sebagai diksi mungkin saja tepat disanding dengan norma atau etika

Jasad dalam inti sebuah kata pun selalu bermakna

Ruh realistis dalam kata mudah dikooptasi oleh simbol-simbol di dunia nyata

Jasadku bersemayam dalam sebuah nama dalam kata yang memiliki makna

Aku, dirimu dan kalian selalu saja memiliki nama

Meskipun apalah arti sebuah nama. Takkan mungkin kata di dalam nama itu datang sia-sia

Aku, dirimu, kalian dan semua binatang menggunakan kata dalam sebuah interaksi

Meskipun demikian, Tuhan menciptakan kata-kata yang diadopsi oleh makhluk hidup akan tetap ada selama bumi dan antariksa ini tetap mengorbit. Dan itu diperintah Tuhan melalui Kata-kata

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Kecintaan Terhadap Bumi

Keinginan itu mirip dengan Arus dan ombak di lautan nan lepas. Semuanya akan terhempas jika tak setegar batu karang, itupun jelas terkadang lapuk dan terkadang abrasi karena terus menerus tergerus ombak

Kausalitas alam tak akan pernah berhenti terus untuk tumbuh dan berkembang
Alam tak akan pernah ingkar dengan janjinya, angin, Ombak dan semua campuran bulan serta mentari menjadi sinergi yang tak akan ditemukan di planet-planet dalam galaksi antariksa manapun. Orbitnya telah diperintah oleh Tuhan dan mereka semua patuh sebagai bagian dari ketakwaan kepadaNya
Bumi tempat singgah nan elok dengan paparan daratan dan lautan seolah tak akan pernah bosan untuk disinggahi

Dari dasar samudra akan kemudian menyeruak berbagai ornamen terumbu karang sehingga menghasilkan daratan. Bahkan tubrukan antara lempeng samudra juga terkadang membawa bencana adalah bentuk ujian dan pada akhirnya menjadi manfaat bagi manusia

Jelas bumi yang bergetar adalah penanda bahwa mereka sedang berdzikir, tak akan mungkin ia bergerak sebagai bentuk kepatuhan kepada Sang Pencipta
Angin biru dengan bintang alam nan eksotis disinilah tempatnya. Dimana pengejewantahan sebagian kecil dari surga berada di alamku
Tenangnya angin dan ombak adalah tanda perpaduan antara ketulusan hasrat dan perasaanku untuk meraih ridho-Mu

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Word As It Is

Words are real action

The reality is also sometimes stunned by words

Words that Absurd sometimes also have an affair with reality

Reality that plays with phenomena is sometimes not as idealistic as we think

The spirit in the equivalent word chosen as diction may be right next to the norm or ethics

The body in the heart of a word is always meaningful

The spirit that realistic in words is easily co-opted by symbols in the real world

Body of You, me and all of you resides in a name in a word that has special meaning

I, you and all of you always have a name Even though what's in a name.

It would not be possible for the words inside of the name to come in vain

I, you, all of you and all animals use words in an interaction Nevertheless, God created the words adopted by living things to exist as long as this earth and space orbits. And it is commanded by God through Words

Kota Bambu Selatan, February 17th,2023 @10: 58 PM

Ayatullah Nurjati

For A Friend

Your smile is fake
All your temperaments are also making it up
You are like a clown who is always smiling but fake
In fact, sometimes it looks like a director on a comedy soap

You're smart to cultivate a role similar to Charlie Chaplin in the real world
All the kindness you give turns out to have a motive
It is similar to a snare or fishing tool for fishermen who provide bait to get game fish
Am I really your game fish?

Not so friend if you really want to be friends with me
Whatever I give as long as you are happy and for the sake of perpetuating your career
But not so friend. You don't need to use me as a missile to hit the hard world
Friendship is clearly always mutually give and take
There is no need to take advantage of each other because in truth we are one unit

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

Existence Of Love

She dared to harbour feeling her love for a man

And for more than 1 decade the woman has ventured to collect her love for the man

She began to dare to squirm to express all what she felt

Differences in age, space and time have taught the woman how to be in love

She dared to harbour her love for a man

Now the reality is different, the man already has a companion; the woman still hopes that the man is indeed her soul mate

Even though it looks odd, it is clear that love can never choose

The man also felt the same way and didn't want to disappoint the 2 women who were close to him even though his religion didn't forbid it

And the woman also doesn't want to hurt the feelings of the man's wife because love must not have

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

Pray For Turkey And North Syria

This Earth is pulsating again; the away position from my home in that areas
Turkey and North Syria of their palpitation is felt thousands of long hauls down
Numerous victims Died and also not a many serious injuries
Nature that used to be friendly seems to have now turned into a beast to be lived
the ground throbbing with a series of earthquakes as if undetected by
seismograph, they are brutes and sophisticated bias
Lines of beautiful geographies are presented as if they have come chaotic
because of nature's wrath

Ancient Scrapes are easily visible on that area the threat is indeed living in a
disaster-prone area still, how can the brutes that inhabit this area move just
like that.

It's clear that disaster is a friend of brutes, especially humans on this islet?
Obviously, this isn't an easy matter

Turkey and North Syria and a series of other disastrous events that hit the islet
and these countries, still, is a sign of mindfulness for mortal beings. Allah SWT
had made us apprehensive of commodity from this event by giving a small
signal to the artificial nature

That with mischance there's an assignment behind disaster
There's the stylish price in being patient and compassionate to one another
While we supplicate that this nature and the save victims will soon recover from
its injury and no matter how important we're apprehensive that nothing will be
endless and eternal on this earth because this world is a layover in the eternal
and everlasting world, in the hereafter.

Ayatullah Nurjati

Tough Tree

The dry leaves are shaken off by the wind
The wind softly whispered in the tired of the dizzy climate
The land regenerates willingly on the animals that inhabit it
The leaves are ready and willing to be eaten by insects, worms and slugs

Trees that soar high reaching the sky have been tested by various storms as if they are still strong even though they are old but still protect every habitat below them

His organs seemed willing to die and regenerate because that was the sacrifice of his life

When the harvest season arrives, it's not uncommon for him to be stoned or his branches deliberately broken to get something, but he still reciprocates by giving the fruits he produces.

His sacrifice will still not be in vain and while expressing gratitude to the Creator for what has been given

He is the only one who lives in that area

Others have died to life, or have even been cut down by humans in the name of civilization

He is still a tree and will never turn into an animal

But with gratitude and reverence for his environment he is willing to stay silent and only move upwards to welcome the sunlight

Ayatullah Nurjati

Do Not Ever Blame Me

Why do you keep blaming me?

Indeed my hobby is indeed unusual for most men, but it can relieve my emotions because of you

When there is something you feel strange. Must you blame me?

Do you really want to scold me?

I ever rarely blame you if you do wrong

I feel bad when I do it to you because and it will make your heart ache

Even though I'm right, what I'm doing is still wrong. What's more, one looks even more wrong

I have to how to express this to you it becomes headache

As a man who supports you, it's not uncommon for me to do anything to fulfil all the needs of the three of us

I'm currently unsteady and confused what to do

I need it right now you cheer me up instead of adding to the problem and making me weaker of us

I'm not excited about living this life; I'm even tired of all the perfection that you want to achieve to do

Indeed life must be based on material so that love is more firmly rooted in our lives. But not so dear

Patience and fortitude are the keys to life and if you forget that then your life will be enslaved by the world and the hereafter will leave you, oh my dear

Ayatullah Nurjati

A Sonnet About Nothing Changes Her Love For Me

When I see her face there is a shade
When I hear her voice, I feel comfortable in my heart
When I see her smile I feel sunshine and never fade
When I see point of view of her life that inspire my heart

Nothing has changed in her like spring which displays the beauty of the scent of flowers

Nothing has changed her feelings and love for me

Nothing has changed about my feelings to her like leaves that always grow on each stem and they are water proofers

Nothing changes day after day, month after month, year after year her feelings for me

If I had never met her it would not have been possible for all of these works to have been created

If I also don't meet him there won't be a baby to accompany our lives together

If I don't make a promise, it's clear that she won't be a mother who loves my baby, and the feelings of a mother's heart had never been cheated

If I wasn't a father right now I would obviously feel empty and may never be a grandfather

So I love you on the basis of sincerity and without any betrayal

So I also feel the harmony if you stay like this even though you are being hit by a tempest royal

Ayatullah Nurjati

Two Sides Of Love

The delicious taste of love makes you feel miserable

The joy of love denies the existing reality

The delicious and savoury love adds thirst and the pleasure of tasting worldly flavours

The motivation of love is reaching out to dreams and unravelling hope and material desires

Suffering love draws sorrow meeting

Sad love blocks distance and time

The manipulation of love reflects daydreams and obscures togetherness

The hopelessness of love destroys the relationship and the longevity of a couple with different desires

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

A Sonnet Of Keep Moving Forward

This age is increasing

There are still many things that have not been achieved

It's similar to my hair which is changing more and more every day—white like the dry season that leaves the leaves on the tops of the trees, it's so heartbreaking

Although very few expectations are achieved

Like nails and hair that fall off and grow back

It is different with the enemy—friends come and go

The only thing missing is the teeth that never go back

Nothing left with the family, which was never outdated even Though the country was under an embargo

God is never blind and never frustrates the endeavours of His creatures

Failures that come one after another do not discourage the intention to keep trying to actualize it through effort and prayer

Keep moving even though fatigue comes

The analogy of fish in an aquarium is always moving even though the owner doesn't always give it food and trees which always photosensitizer

Keep trying even if they doesn't work because the life always counterbalances

It doesn't matter the most important result is the process of how we are matured by circumstances

Ayatullah Nurjati

True Love

Love is not to expect much
Because that hope will lead to disappointment
Hope comes because of a statement
Clear statements look realistic with vows

A pledge or an oath is also a hope. Everything usually ends in disappointment
Never expect more, dream for love
True love comes without ever expecting
Love must be shared, by sharing we can have each other

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

Bad Angel—a Sonnet

You came when I was got in trouble like an angel
But I do realize that I am just bait for achieve your success
It is being different now it turns out you are a predator ready to eat me at any
time by crushing the body into small pieces likes aero gel
My body is currently fat and I don't realize that I have always been fed by you
and will become a meaningful meal for you with various processes

Usually the devil is male although the appearance of his female partner and it is
you who are also very fierce
You are a woman who is fierce but your beautiful face seems to leave everything
behind
Right now I can't do much because the flogging and the shackles you gave me
can't pierce
The shackles were so strong and so hard to let go with my two hands and it is
foreground

I have tried various ways but it seems in vain
The embodiment of the beauty of the colour of the face and all that you show as
if I were dazzled and just do what you want
Unsuccessful efforts are like a river that has long dried up like a season without
rain
I admit I lost this time, later I will repay your behaviour with counterpoint

I'm ready to repay all your kindness with the best right moment while still
smiling
The despair and disappointment that you have done will obviously be rewarded
with love, affection and a tight hug like a horse that is willing to be ridden
sincerely, happily and still not remaining

Ayatullah Nurjati

Good Bye 2022

At this time, the stanza of words that flow in a series of sentences seems meaningless

A string of meanings that seem to insinuate facts are contained in a poem

Words in a series of sentences is my life

I have the right to write it into a fate that I am currently fighting for

The awkwardness of life that has become a raindrop at the end of this year

It is common for humans to depend on humans

However, tired of waiting, the wait never came; right now I don't want to depend on God for my life

What I hope for right now is only the realization of a better life from God and as I say goodbye in 2022, I hope that 2023 will give me good luck and God will give him ever greater love

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

A Pair Of Canaries Who Are Always Grateful

There is a female canary who has developed love with a male canary she knows at a crossroads right on a large pine tree which is indeed for shelter a lot of many birds' habitats

At this time the male has made a house to incubate their eggs

The two of them are a couple who are in love with their melodious and distinctive tweets that always fly together

As if the world and trinkets belong to them both

The female had good luck because she was released from the cage when her master was feeding her in the cage and forgot to close it again sometimes so she was free from the cage.

WHILE the male also suffered the same fate. They feel how to live freely without a cage

HOWEVER, they are not alone, there are lots of other bird habitats that suffer the same fate or have wild status as they look up

Indeed, if you look at the air, they breathe is somewhat polluted, but they are still grateful to God who has freed them from the shackles of life

Problems always arise, when they are locked up delicious food is also available But they also can't stand the bars that enclose them and the bad smell from their excrement when the owner is away or forgets to clean the cage

In the wild it is rather difficult to find the food they usually consume, and even then if you are lucky you get a mango tree caterpillar which becomes a bone of contention and affection for other birds

They always dhikr and glorify to the God and hope that the eggs that they both take turns incubating can hatch so that their offspring will still exist

Ayatullah Nurjati

Eyes Of Sonnets

He walked to all corners of the compass to meet his girlfriend
The space-time separating them is so strong that no one can penetrate it
He kept going without stopping with one intention that God condescend
He really believes that his soul mate has moored and he believes it

There is an abyss separating the two of them
His girlfriend's parents were so heartless and deliberately separated them in the name of education
Indeed, the man is always sedentary and this is also a problem for them
Reasons that don't make sense why love is always blinded by education or religion

Differences are indeed obvious between the two of them both in terms of race, religion and ethnicity
With the difference whether it can achieve togetherness in love
If you look at a region, it is clear that difference is a blessing for people in a multicity
Why cannot be applied to their life in love

Love is like two eyes which although different colours but have one function in seeing
Even though they have their respective positions, they complement each other and that is human nature in living

Ayatullah Nurjati

Words In Life

Words have a soul

Some of the words that humans create are nature given by God

The words that are present as a form of revelation through the intermediary of the angel Gabriel to the Prophets are the demands of human life through the Holy Scriptures

The word 'nothing' would probably just be born without an inspiration for humans

Animals also have a word in their life communication

Although only Prophet Suleiman as a human also understands it

All animals also carry out their daily rituals with word instructions strung together in language

Tweets, roars, crows and all kinds of ways creatures say different meanings, but even so, it is still a mystery that humans have to solve

In contrast to Creatures, God is clearly a polyglot. He is Omniscient every living thing use only to praise His name

Without having to praise and remember Him, He is still God

Exciting words and inviting kindness also depend on instructors in every religion

No religion calls for evil and God knows it all

Ayatullah Nurjati

Lots Of Wishes

I loved you with all my heart but you wanted a lot
There were like as many as types of sardines in the ocean
Even though your body was thin even though your stature is tall
If you look at the way you had eaten like a whale
But strangely your body was still thin
Or indeed all women like you were like that had many desires
Sometimes I got confused when I followed your wishes like that
Run to where your thirst is that every day you wanted to ask from me, not to
become meat let alone be something useful for you
I was very surprised; it's rare that I met a woman like you
Maybe only a handful of women like you who had such a thirst for desire
Maybe you've never learned to recite the Qur'an so you don't know how to hold
your thirst
Even though women should be able to hold their thirst to stay slim
You're so weird. I was tired of following your way of life that's like that, I haven't
become anyone in my life, just like that, and what if you become someone who
means something to me
Indeed, women needed proof of love from a man like Dayang Sumbi, Roro
Jonggrang asked something from someone who loves him, but they both don't
love the person they love. Or really you were just like them
If that's true, I'd better find a woman to replace you who even when she
breathes has become flesh so that your replacement woman can share her life
with me by becoming a madrasah for my children someday and Alhamdulillah I
have got it now

Ayatullah Nurjati

Peace With The Heart

Every day it gets heavier, it seems that I feel this life
Desires and ambitions seem to be racing with age that is no longer young,
maybe this is related to ambitions that have not been achieved as a father
Or indeed it is often the facts and reality that are always struggling with
disappointment
Ah, I don't care about it all because I don't want to be enslaved by desire and
ambitions instantly

Old age doesn't mean you can't reach your goals, because it could be that my
mother had given the name Ayatullah Nurjati the 2 word it started from the first
word 'Ayatullah' which comes from the Arabic word which means the 'Verses of
Allah' and the last word 'Nurjati' a blend of words 'Nur' from Arabic word and Jati.
'Nur' means 'light' and at the end of the word 'Jati' is called 'teak' in English
refers to the name of a tree that is always looked forward to when it is old for
human needs, be it furniture or household appliances - beauty will be harvested
at dusk, as my mother explained when I was a child. And I did really appreciate
my mother's gift that name

I realize that there is a meaning in this naming where now I am increasingly
convinced that God has prepared a luxurious portion for my life as a father
God is making things smoother by delaying my success by building a powerful
mega-project for me in the life of this world; hopefully it will also be achieved in
the hereafter.

We don't have to wait until our life is established then be grateful. The solution is
to make peace with your heart, have faith and be grateful for what God has
given you at this time, even though with simplicity, both as a teacher and a poet.

Ayatullah Nurjati

Healing

Andreas did not recover completely

As a child he was diagnosed by doctors as having dyslexia

As a child it was very difficult to read and even write

When he read the letters it was as if the letters were dancing and seemed to invite him to continue dancing following the written instructions

However, strangely he was gifted by God with an above average memorization ability

When he was young his father always told him one or more stories to lull him to sleep

And he always memorized every story his father and mother told him

He can devour various stories, both fiction and non-fiction, and tell them all without flaws here and there or missing a single word

At an immature age, he has memorized all the holy verses of The Holy Qur'an just by listening to the ustadz or Kyai where he recited when he was 13 years old. It seemed that he could easily relate to what people told him, including religious leaders who always recited the holy verses of The Holy Qur'an.

Likewise, the words he composes seem very similar to world-class poets

His father as well as his mentor was never tired of transcribing what he said, as well as the tool that was always beside him even though he is now even 21 years old

Healing is an intermediary when he is struggling with nature

With ease he spoke which according to his narrative was inconsequential but had meaning

Healing for him does not have to spend energy and matter but will create creation and essence

The words that are strung together seem to deny the lacking performance. God is fair in creating his creatures and God always gives advantages to the people He loves

Ayatullah Nurjati

The Poet's World And His Life

Silent doesn't mean not moving
Moving doesn't mean it's useful either
Useful doesn't mean functional
Functional also does not mean also useful

Helpful is the essence of an action
From a sequence of actions to an actualization
Actualization also means an existence
Existence supported by an action becomes an essence

The essence becomes a proof that reason, taste, creativity and intention become a realization

Realization becomes a real proof of a masterpiece

Masterpieces are not only seen from the essence of the maestro, but become a substance and practical value

The practical value of a poet is to juxtapose meaningful words into an embodiment of real action in accordance with reality and it is not in an ivory tower, it is about the work that exists that depends on the readers and poets who break down the facts into reality like a maestro sculptor who produces works monumental statue

Ayatullah Nurjati

Eunoia

Never say don't, don't do it
Don't say no, not really
Do not also deny with the words no, not that
And don't make bad assumptions about something that isn't necessarily valid,
but that's not the case either

Warjo's thoughts soar across the horizon and the universe, but are hindered by something that is shrouded in uncertainty
With the coffee still steaming as if in sync with his daydreams, indeed the atmosphere also supports his thoughts that soar between galaxies
He was very saddened by the departure of his sweetheart, and he wanted to tell his girlfriend to say no or not to go home. Now memories are just memories, because Irene returned to her hometown because of her parents' orders. Surely Irene, her lover, will arrange an arranged marriage with someone else by her parents
Their relationship has been long enough, more than half a decade they have passed and there has never been an adventurous or significant dispute between the two of them.

If you look at her lover, she is a girl with a mature personality who is always cheerful and has never seen anything material
She explained the fact that their relationship was known and approved by her parents. As if he had negative thoughts, he threw those thoughts away from reason and logic that love must be nurtured with good behaviour and thoughts. Immediately He felt happy and immediately followed to Irene's hometown
His heart rippled with joy as if the world only belonged to the two of them

Ayatullah Nurjati

Morphology Of Love

It seems Rather difficult parsing words into reality
It's also quite difficult to string them into sentences that reveal facts
It's also a bit difficult to achieve with universal performance
It is also rather very difficult to connect the same word that has meaning to be
an expression of love

Love is a word; it is not a sentence that just comes without feeling
Love is clearly the creation, work and intention of God
Love is also clearly owned by all creatures in the universe where GOD gives
nature whatever He wants
Indeed, humans will always hunger for and thirst to enjoy the fruit of love,
however. Love cannot be consumed at will, there are rules

Even though love never looks at logic, love just comes with feelings
Love and the trinkets of its existence may be lost or it can be eternal if it is
nurtured with the intensity of a relationship that is always intertwined even
though it does not always have
Should the word be expressed or only manifested with feelings or reflected with
real affection
Human nature is to love and be loved

Ayatullah Nurjati

Online Ojek Driver

The moon with the dim light with a soft tone as if embarrassed to coo with the glass Skyscraper Mountains

The sparkling stars are supported by dark clouds as if they are in synergy with the twinkling lights of a tall concrete valley flanked by dangling trees that reach the side of the city center road.

The animals here are mostly rodents, insects and winged animals that wander or settle between the sides of tall buildings

You won't find any reptiles here, let alone fireflies, because these animals have retired early due to the expansion of the city's greed

Among the passing vehicles tucked in the figure of a man who is no longer young
The earth that he steps on seems to obey and never complains as same as him who always never complains about the conditions in which the earth is visited because almost in a few months his life is always on the move

He is currently approaching 5 decades but his youthful passion changes things to be different

He has 5 children; a patient wife always drives his life with patience

The motorcycle he rides is also no longer old, accelerating the wheel of life fast; everything is done for a bite of rice, paying rent and hopes for the education of his children.

Life continues to change with the times, anyone who is not ready to keep up with the times will be crushed by the wheel of life that he rides himself and he believes life will always be dynamic

Indeed, the profession that he is in is quite challenging, a profession that has been trending in the last 5 years and makes him remain humble, humble soul with a wide smile between his white teeth and some of which have fallen out, making him more compassionate and patient

Becoming a father is not an easy matter; it requires a sharp and qualified conscience and physique to achieve happiness and perfection in education

Even though the material is sometimes less or more you still live this life patiently even though the climate in this city doesn't support you, good luck brother!

Ayatullah Nurjati

Love Galaxy

Desire is similar to the currents and waves in the open ocean. Everything will be blown away if it is not as strong as a rock, and even then it is clear that sometimes it is weathered and sometimes it is abrasion because it is constantly eroded by the waves

Natural causality will never stop growing and developing

Nature will never break its promise; wind, waves and all the interference of the moon and sun become a synergy that will not be found on the planets in any space galaxy. Its orbit has been ordered by God and they all obey as part of piety to Him

Earth is a beautiful haven with exposure to land and sea as if you will never get tired of visiting

From the bottom of the ocean will then burst various coral reef ornaments to produce land. Even the collision between the oceanic plates also sometimes brings disaster is a form of testing and in the end it becomes a benefit for humans

Obviously the shaking of the earth is a sign that they are doing dhikr, it would be impossible for it to move as a form of obedience to the Creator

Blue wind with exotic landscapes, this is the place. Where the manifestation of a small part of heaven is in my realm

The calm of the wind and waves is a sign of the combination of the sincerity of my desire and my feelings to achieve your pleasure

Ayatullah Nurjati

Faith

Grief and sorrow, emotion, confusion and giddiness have disappeared
The dark clouds, thunder rumbled and the wind howled was over
The calamity that hit had also disappeared
The trials go one after another because God knows our capacity because God knows that humans can overcome those tests

Face it all with a smile and sincerity
Sincerely accepting trials means we have faith in Him and I also believe in endeavours in various words in embodiment
I believe in God in a single word as the embodiment of my worship as His creature
I believe in various angels with various names as a manifestation of my obedience to God

I believe in a collection of words that have been written down in the form of a holy book from God through the Apostles through the Media of Gabriel
I believe in the Prophets and Messengers with various forms of words and faith
I have faith and believe in the apocalypse as a form
I believe in the struggle in the bonds of words in the reflection of life

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Ayatullah Nurjati

Orange Sky

The sun, as the leader, always gives unconditional affection to the members of its solar system

The moon, as the earth's lover, never seems to have an affair, because of its causation; it always commands the ebb and flow of the sea.

Such are the celestial bodies and space orbits created by God; they rarely dispute the nature that God attaches to their respective duties and responsibilities.

Let the dark clouds be dark, because soon the land and everything in it will need rain when it cries

Let the sun be covered by it because of a sacrifice that is not in vain

The clouds that cover it are only earth creatures including rainbows which are rarely found here anymore

Clouds should not always be gray or black or gray, because of compulsion so that this earth continues to run according to its nature.

Sometimes when he turns dark he cries and has no power to betray the Sun

The sun is like a father who never gets tired of providing a living for his children, including the earth and celestial bodies in his command unit.

That's how the orange clouds are in sync with the blue sky where this is a picture of the world with the trinkets of life

White clouds as if they don't want to betray the sun; sometimes they are pregnant from the sun's seed

That is the cloud's form of respect for the father with its orange colour

Ayatullah Nurjati

Jala Sutra

Call it Sasongko, he is a person with a much understated appearance, anyone who sees him will feel comfortable and protected.

It is true that he has Javanese aristocratic descent, but that doesn't make a difference for residents who live in urban areas such as in Jakarta

With the ring stone that he uses, people often call him a silk net with his ring
Even though what he used was just an ordinary stone that had fiber in it

In the astral world, any genie or demons will run wild if they come

He never studied martial arts or silat, all he knew was sharing between others

we don't know if it's hereditary or indeed she learned something magical

Inner practice, fasting is a ritual that he always does. If various groups see that he is a person who has high authority

People who understand Javanese Trust always say that the knowledge they use is Jala Sutra, but that's not the case

Sasongko is just a trader who is honest with life and never loses weight or cheats on his buyers

Sasongko is a portrait of the reality of honesty where its presence is always associated with culture, culture and mythology about a belief in the past that may have been marginalized

He abandoned the breed and lineage of his parents in terms of stratification, with maturity and modesty he showed another shady face

Ayatullah Nurjati

Fade Away

The longing was stiff, He really wanted to pursue the beauty that resides in this heart. The feeling of wanting to meet was overflowing wanting to be realized
In the city where She lived, there were lots of memories, even if only a piece of the story in the past

She looked beautiful in a polite tone as if leaving his ideals about life
Yogyakarta, with the millions of stories and facts that she described, seemed to leave the story of his life growing up in Jakarta

His study is quite far from her city, our short meeting at Borobudur brought him to meet her

At that time, it was as if she came like an angel who came down from heaven

When He was amazed by her humble figure, witnessed by the stupa of the Borobudur temple which seemed to bless our meeting

20 years later, Yogyakarta still looks friendly. Her shadow that has been present the longer the dots disappear

Memories that will never fade away silently as the city's side changes

The rails and stations remain the same even if one moves

Everything has not changed drastically, what has changed is her shadow when he visited this city

A city full of memories and praying that one day he can settle down in his old age, and still he is being an old virgin man

Ayatullah Nurjati

Pray For Cianjur

My earth is throbbing again, the radius of its pulsation is felt thousands of miles away

Many victims died and also not a few serious injuries

Nature that used to be friendly seems to have now turned into a beast to be lived

The ground throbbed with a series of earthquakes as if undetected by creatures and sophisticated devices

Lines of beautiful landscapes are presented as if they have become chaotic because of nature's wrath

Ancient scratches are clearly visible on this island of Java

The risk is indeed living in a disaster-prone area

however, how can the creatures that inhabit this area move just like that, it is clear that disaster is a friend of creatures, especially humans on this island.

obviously, this is not an easy matter

South Cianjur and a series of other catastrophic events that hit the island and this country, however, are a sign of awareness for human beings.

God made us aware of something from this event by giving a small signal to the artificial nature

That with misfortune there is a lesson behind disaster. there is the best reward in being patient and empathetic to one another

while we pray that this nature and the save victims will soon recover from its injury and no matter how much we are aware that nothing will be permanent and eternal on this earth because this world is a stopover in the eternal and everlasting world, namely in the hereafter.

Ayatullah Nurjati

Teacher Is The Nation's Life

Becoming a trustworthy teacher is not an easy matter, it requires a sense of conscience and capable tools of sincerity

The bearer and initiator of intelligence that has been proven to really educate the nation's children

Becoming a transformer to students is clearly not an easy matter; it requires tools of knowledge and skills wrapped in noble morals

Sometimes you have to give up the knowledge you have, even though you have obtained it for years, but in a short time you can transform the knowledge you have gained

Teachers are only predicates, we can find other etymologies such as Ustadz, Suhu, Shivu, Sensei, Laose or other words that play an important role in the development of the world of education in other parts of the world

Even though it is difficult to process emotions, by growing up and getting used to it, emotions are processed to become a constructive motive for students

Teachers are not people who only teach at school or get a degree from the campus, but teachers can be reached in the world of religion or other formal education.

Not only diction, etymology and terminology in educating, teaching, guiding, directing, training, assessing and evaluating participants but real work is needed for this nation to become quality individuals, both from an intellectual and moral point of view.

Hopefully with increasing age the sharpness of mind and character will also increase

Hopefully with maturity the material essence will also mature

Happy birthday to the teachers, I hope your welfare will be even more established

The role that is carried out may be a reward that will benefit in the afterlife

Ayatullah Nurjati

The Living World

The clouds drift toward a halt at the end of the night
Her belly is big pregnant and getting ready to give birth to coffers and Raindrops
She gave birth prematurely due to the jolt and shock of a flash of thunder
Even though they often live side by side, Lightning is always just fad
acknowledging the clouds

But cloud remains patient in wading through her life and never gets tired of the
causality of his birth
Meanwhile, the sun as a boss is always sincere and sells out his love
Soil, Plants and all the creatures under it always crave their presence even
though it's not always like that
Everything in the heavens and on earth always gives sincerity to all living things
in the world

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Palmerah, September 22nd, 2022. 12: 42 PM

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

The Poet And The Fisherman

The poet relies on intuition and knitted words wrapped in pen to paper in making his works

Fishermen rely on strings, hooks and nets to get their catch

They both rely on tides. What distinguishes the two is that poets rely on the tides of motivation and ideas and fishermen rely on the tides for anchorage

The decline for the poet means the death of creativity and ideas, while for the fisherman it will be difficult to moor his boat and cannot get ashore.

Both of them often worked at night because it was the biggest tide of their life
With the coming of the silent night ideas and creativity flow for the poet and for the fisherman that is the ideal catch for his family life

Tide and night determine where the two celestial bodies collide with each other and are witnessed by the sun in other parts of the world

The sun can only peek at the affair. Poets and fishermen become actors who embody God's creation

© Ayatullah Nurjati @poemhunter.com

Jakarta, 19th November 2022.4: 09 PM (GMT+7)

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

Not A Cheap Soap Opera

You silence my creativity, I do not remain silent
You silence my imagination, I don't stay silent either
You silence my sense of humour, I don't stay silent either
But if you silence my affection and love for you, I will not remain silent, I rebel
and will not remain silent because love and affection are nature from God.

You patterned the meeting between us like the director, and it was very, very
successful

I am not an antagonistic actor who always has compassion and behaves like a
hero

Moreover, being a protagonist actor who always behaves badly

I am who is flexible looking at life and infects love and compassion

It's enough for you to be an actor who lives our love life together—where we
complement each other

You don't have to try to be a producer, creative team or part of the profession in
the world of television, soap operas or movies

Let the angels be witnesses of our journey and continuation of life

Let it be part of our love endeavour will be answered by God as the director and
producer

Ayatullah Nurjati

Nothing Lasts Forever On This Earth

Every Action will be seen from how are the movement
Because humans are weak creatures who always hope to His Greatness
Because of the power of Adam and Eve and their descendants until we are in
various regions in deployment
Even though humans are caliphs on this earth, they still have weakness

The world and its contents are a place to stop and are served various forms of
halal food and drinks with a view delicious
It's just a matter of how humans feel grateful for His creation in Grateful
Babies who have been born through their mother's womb are a form of Joyous
This is what distinguishes between humans and animals and their usefulness
aspects of Meaningful

Let animals use their instincts regardless of the fate of this earth by destroying
each other dramatically
humans should act and behave abundance
as their duty on this earth must be commensurate comprehensively
don't just show morals and destructive behaviour, let alone pragmatic in
performance

Earth and its inhabitants are waiting to be visited again and run after
Our task as humans individually and in groups is to seek charity because the
world is the field of the hereafter and Let God's judgment be proven in the
Hereafter

Slipi, October 31st, 2022. © Ayatullah Nurjati @poemhunter.com

Ayatullah Nurjati

I Don't Know How To Say Goodbye To You

I Don't know why this feeling is getting more and more indifferent until it's hard to absorb your existence

I Don't know why this feeling is getting more and more indifferent until it's hard to feel your role

And I don't know why this feeling is getting more and more indifferent until it's hard to see what phenomenon you want

And again, I don't know this feeling is getting more and more indifferent until it's very difficult for what I sacrificed a lot for you

Right now, I feel like I don't know how to act

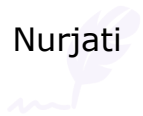
Because I see that every day you only use me with my sincere attitude

It's true that this love has to sacrifice, but the capital sacrifices what you want

I must be indifferent to you, must also be indifferent to this feeling, let time tell how love will be met later

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Ayatullah Nurjati



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Metonymy Of Love Nation

I, He, She, He, It, They and We included our group believe that love of the homeland or nationalism is part of faith

In 1926 an agreement was formed on how to be independent in sects

Long before Indonesia's independence day in August 17th, 1945, my tolerant and democratic group always glorified how to love the homeland

The Great Groups in the world have never declared to fight or coup d'etat and have never carried out any co-optation until now even though our community members are very numerous in this country.

Until now it has been 1 century if we count it with the Hijri calendar

Still, my group upholds the value of religious and state tolerance

Until now, my group remains tolerant and democratic

The more mature age in this toriqoh makes me more and more understand and learn the value of democracy by putting aside the ego that is stuck in my brain, heart and feelings. Hopefully with increasing age the values of religion, nation and state will also increase

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

Fatamorgana Cinta

Cinta memang tak selalu dipertemukan di musim gugur
Cinta memang tak juga selalu ditautkan pada sisi ruang waktu dalam sewindu
Cinta memang sakral dan selalu hadir dalam relung hati sang pencinta
Cinta selalu saja datang tanpa permissi

Pemuda belia terkantup dalam rona warna cinta
Pemudi belia tertambat esensi makna cinta
Jurang pemisah selalu menjadi aral yang selalu saja melintang dan tak ayal
menjadi sebuah penentu keteguhan cinta mereka
Sang pemuda selalu berharap meski cinta tak hadir padanya

Ketika cinta berlabuh mengapa orangtua mereka menanggalkan idealisme cinta
yang mereka miliki
Mengapa perbedaan selalu menjadi pemisah dan seolah menista cinta
Alam semesta cinta bersama galaksi kasih sayang selalu saja mengorbit pada
posisinya
Sulitnya menggapai cinta laksana fatamorgana dalam kehidupan ilusi nan utopia

Kebumen, 13 Juni, 1999

Ayatullah Nurjati

PoemHunter.com

Gray October At Kanjuruhuan Stadium

The dark night is commensurate with the clouds that roll up the clouds so that
the moonlight is no longer visible
Seen sad and blue emotion in an area at that time
Just when this nation celebrates the Pancasila Sanctity Day
However, it was marred by an incident in the world of football which he said was
a public spectacle

The Magnificent Stadium studded with sparkling flashing lights seemed to be a
witness to this heart-breaking incident
I don't know who started it. Maybe the fans are still mature and immature or
indeed the officers who are still young in responding to this small tragic incident.
Football is clearly a people's sport. It can be played from children to elders
However, why are the fans strange and unpretentious, let alone the officials even
taking part in the competition

Kanjuruhan is a witness to the tragedy of October 1st, 2022
Life stretches in the name of football
The victim's parents will not be willing and happy with the pronunciation of the
word 'football'
We pray for the victims who have died so that they can face His mercy calmly
while praying that this incident will not happen again in the future.

© Ayatullah Nurjati @ poemhunter.com, October 5th, 2022

Ayatullah Nurjati

Amber Of September

This month means a lot to me

Once in this month in a different year I ever wanted to betray, absolutely yes,
still in September

joy and sadness, and anger as if synergistic with the date printed on each
almanac, became a lifeline for me

history was engraved on how Ares was angry by burning several mountains that
were on this earth at that time and still existed in September

History has ever recorded that a people has been threaten and betray to this
nation and it was really difficult to be forgiven and become burdensome

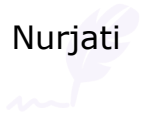
That's thing was really like Fruits and vegetables have also been harvested but
why is there trouble in my area, it correctly yes, also in September

Similar to the reality that is currently happening today to the cumbersome people
The leaves that have started to fall and dry up and look amber

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At the end of September 2022,11: 04 PM

Ayatullah Nurjati



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Engineering Love

We were separated for more than 7 years

When separated, there is no sense of longing clumps up, as if it's normal

Like, love and affection are hampered because of logic and ethics

Until one day there was an engineering love that you did that is manipulation,
but is it true or my feelings are mixed with lust to have you?

If I had known it would end like this, it would be better if we didn't have to meet,
let alone communicate from the start.

It's painful in the end though. Playing with that feeling is never fun or exciting.

The meeting did have an element of intention on your part, but if there was no
God's design, there would be no meeting

This feeling of mine had soared far through the mirage of the sky but then fell
limply to the edge of the earth and just realized that maybe I was dreaming and
fell right behind the bed near the wall opposite the neighbor's tile

Maybe it's because this age has faded, so I don't do anything reckless to love you
Or indeed the barrier is made because of God's gift. I don't know, right now I'm
just enjoying the process of loving you even though I don't have you
Loving you like longing the sun when this heart is drained by the storm

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September 23rd, 2022.09: 48 AM

Ayatullah Nurjati

An Integrated Waste Management Site

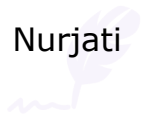
I'm a citizen who lives near an integrated waste management site
Here you can find citizens who are silent with stability
The adult male scavenger is in a suit and tie and the female is dressed
Their children look beautiful or handsome and tidy up

Indeed, the trash can smell of garbage, especially near public toilets, it's impossible to smell good
Can you imagine how it smells?
Outside or in the trash can arena, that's the case, but it's different if you come, stop by and visit the houses of the residents, there you find the aroma of a house full of fragrances and the arrangement of a luxurious and elegant house is no exception to my house.
The garbage cart puller there has a classy luxury car and is clearly the opposite of reality exists. How ironic

Palmerah. September 20th, 2022. 8: 36 Am

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Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

Country Of Donations

In a land I found that its rulers all eat the best food
Meanwhile, the common people only eat rice and side dishes sometimes just chili sauce or salt
The rulers and their rulers are inlaid with gold and diamonds
Meanwhile, the common people still have bamboo rooms or semi-permanent houses made of used plywood

Philanthropy, Donations make the community strong
Instead, equality is just an illusion and a dream in broad daylight
Everyone needs to eat and the portion of food will be higher if the position in stratification or the level of the position is high
The lower the level, the smaller the portion of the meal

Winda, the secretary of a government institution, comfortably and eternally sits in her soft chair and luxury car
Wati the washing porter sits and sleeps on the floor and a worn-out bicycle she often goes to work
Wicaksono, the assistant to the regional leader, always uses office vehicle facilities in his personal name
Wira, the online motorcycle online driver, has to heat up for the sake of a can of milk for his infant son.

Palmerah. August 29th,2022

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Ayatullah Nurjati

Malam Kelam

Sinkronisasi malam mengejewantahkan asa yang terbius Impian
Perasaan gundah gulana terbersit oleh coreng morengnya kehidupan
Mengapai langit mengais kelambu
Bias - sirna ditelan kejamnya riam ketertindasan

Fenomena--nomena wanita terrefleksi hasrat menderu
Dunia yang sarat akan birunya rembulan
Hanya sebatas koridor maya dalam labirin

Meraih kemilaunya impian
Kapan semua itu terjadi?
Hanya tikus got dan kecoklah yang tahu
Grogol 10 September 2002

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

Sapi Perah Merah

Terjerembab dalam kepenatan
Kidung surya menyerigaikan kegamangan
Bulan memacu hasrat temaram
Bintang berpagut segan
Langit terikat karam
Aku terkulai nelangsa
Asa pekat terkulai pasrah
Kehidupan sendu terasa
Karena kekayaan binal milik mahluk berkerah
Aku, mereka, kamu, dia adalah sapi perah
Semuanya adalah mahluk merah liar
Sementara kucing gedung tersipu gundah
Planet biru luruh bergetar
Detak waktu yang tersiar, - aksioma dilematis
Menggantung mimpi di ufuk mentari
Pedang menyayat sadis
Kegamangan silih berganti
Hidup yang sesat terbitlah sudah
Karena telah tinggal di tempat basah
Akankah hidup ini terasa cerah?
Jawabannya ada di ujung jembatan tol
Lho gimana dengan hotel berbintang lima yang berselingkuh dengan aparat
Hutan yang diperkosa oleh para penjilat
Ubur-ubur yang tergusur lulur - kasur
Kententruman alam dihiasi dengan syukur

Jakarta 19 Juni 2003

Ayatullah Nurjati

Renungan Malam

Aku adalah lelaki kurus hasrat
Kugantungkan asaku lewat rumput-rumput terjal
Aku juga adalah lelaki yang terbungkus kaleng berkarat
Kukais kehidupan yang binal
Terkadang aku bosan dengan realitas
Fenomena hijau dalam keabsolutan dan bangunan wajah-wajah kehampaan
Norma yang bermain lewat hasrat yang tertindas
Sirna ditelan bumi yang ditampilkan lewat kesombongan
Bintang jalang yang selalu berpenampilan elegan - puas
Matahari kemilau yang tertelungkup dalam kebisuan
Bulan yang sadar dengan perselingkuhan - bias
Aku mengamini itu semua sebagai suatu refleksi keindahan yang terisolir
Alam yang menyuguhkan kehidupan setara melalui darah yang mengalir

Refleksi malam dalam aku termangu di ruang kostku yang sesak dengan
kehampaan. Mau kemana arah langkahku?

Jum'at Malam 01 May 2003.1.43 Pagi

Ayatullah Nurjati



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Garbage Park

In a dirty place full of rotten smell, there is a beauty

The scavengers who deposit plastic and various types of trash that can be recycled

But no with Sunarti, the teenager who is not yet 17 years old, has to fight hard to live by scavenging

She was forced to leave her hometown because he was lulled by the promise of being employed as a slave to support her aging mother and younger siblings.

But another fact. When she first set foot in Jakarta, she was brought in by a broker who promised to turn her into a housemaid

It turns out that he has to work in a sparkling place that is ready to present a moment of beauty

Turns out the person who promised her a job was a pimp

She must let go of the norms and ethics that he has imprinted in her life

But she rebelled and ran away from reality and turned into a disease of society

She languishes to live on the streets, armed with the belief that he picks up mineral water bottles, cans and all things that can be recycled to the garbage collector.

Indeed, the body is dirty but the strokes of beauty never fade

Garbage gardens are like a dry paradise, all enjoyed in a maze

She remains steadfast in her belief and purity even though sometimes many teases her

She still holds the norms and ethics where her religion teaches her how to behave

She is a teenager who has to let go of her youth to have fun. It's time for good luck to bring him to a reality

Palmerah, August 25th,2022

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Ayatullah Nurjati

Pemirsa Yang Budiman

Aku terhimpit oleh buku hitam milik para juragan
Aku terobsesi oleh gegap gempitanya matahari
Terangsang hasrat biru yang elegan
Kadang - sering terinjak oleh rumput di pagi hari

Dimanakah letak awan kelam?
Dimanakah letak anjing kelang, -
Dimanakah wajah pucat pasi-lebam?

Di sinilah bisa kau temukan wajah congkrang-terangsang, -
Ah, itu adalah ilusi buta-buas

Sinergi dengan asa terjal yang berada di puncak MONAS
Kaleng perlente memuaskan libidonya dengan buih-buih kemasyuran-terkais

Sementara aku hanya menjadi pemirsa yang budiman-BIAS
Semua sampah yang tak ayal menjadi distorsi-logis-empiris
Semua menyajikan topeng-topeng yang mengasyikan
Cicak, daun salam, jangkrik seakan malu dibuatnya
Sementara macan ompong memperdaya kecoak borok nan dekil
Lantas bagaimana aku yang tak berdaya melihat itu semua?
Semua, - termasuk aku adalah pasir di kolam renang, - dikelilingi wanita lajang
edan

23.07.03/2.56 pagi

Ayatullah Nurjati

Goa Jati Jajar

Sepasang merpati datang karena sebutir janji
Terbang merayap mengayuh pundi-pundi udara
Pohon-pohon tegar dalam musim yang pening
Antara cinta dan keinginan jala sutra

Telur bundar kandas sepadan tanah mengering
Mengikat diri sepasang merpati menuai hasrat di muka goa
Raden kamandaka menjadi saksi atas kisah kasih mereka
Semoga dengan daun yang gugur tidak menampar dawai gitar

Kebumen 1999

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

Simpangan Pabrik Ubin

air menyibakkan keranuman malam
guntur gemuruh luruh menyematkan keinginan kisruh
pohon-pohon menanggalkan daun-daunnya

ingin berhembus ke ubun-ubun
ingin merasuk ke jiwa gamang
tubuh tergerai oleh peluh asin
aspal menorehkan tinta hitam pada kendaraan yang lalu-lalang

simpangan pabrik ubin kutermenung di kelebatan hujan yang pening seiring
peluh menetes di tubuh nan lunglai ini

ingin kulumat wanita di sebelahku
ingin kuajak dia bercengkrama dalam hujan yang hening
ingin kutanggalkan hasratnya dalam erangan musim semi
gadis dewasa berperasaan elegan terkesima derai air menetes

□

□

Simpangan Pabrik Ubin 22/03/04

Ayatullah Nurjati

Taken For Granted: Untuk Sebuah Nama

keranuman hidup merekah terdesak invansi kelopak mata
janggut meretas kosong dalam persemaian para bidadari
lidah payau berseteru dengan gigi—terikat suara parau
hidung tergagap silau pada sebuah laksamana hati

Wanita syahdu dengan syal melingkar membusungkan dada mengernyitkan
dahinya yang memasung ketamakan
Bersemi kuda laut megah bersitegang dengan lumba-lumba di palung hati
Untuk sebuah nama terselubung diantara sekelumit catatan hari
Solitare dan remi tergagap karena menjadi racun santapan

Tubuh Pekat menggeliat dibelai sang idaman hati
Lelaki—ayah menghasilkan suatu yang bermakna
Wanita—ibu-ibu bersalin demi suatu kausalitas naluri
Perjaka dan perawan lesung dalam kepanikan jentera

Untuk sebuah nama sakral diagungkan suatu ekspansi hati
Kupu-kupu malam Kudus gamang karena telah diperkosa hak hidupnya
Reman mendesah karena lapar hatinya

Untuk sebuah nama yang abadi kembali kuberteriak hendak menyibakkan suatu
kesan bahwa kau adalah seorang yang bersih kukuh dalam ransum keindahan
dan siapapun kau.....

aku malu.

Ciputat 3.19 sore/25/04/04

Ayatullah Nurjati

Potret Diri

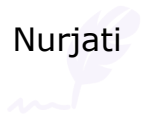
Jiwaku meranggas terseok angin puting beliung terenyuh sang biduan hati
Bilik bambu terpesan adneralin terasa sesak
Air pekak tertanam semerbak gaun muda
Otak ambyar tertata

Atap megah ke kerajaan perawan
Rambut lusuh teringat akan panglima perkasa
Lantung berpacu balada pupus
Bait galuh beraksara jawa

Sebutir pekerjaan senja menunggu terjemahan tabiat merah putih—tungku
dengan arang hitam
Secarik ijasah sulit meraih buku catatan yang berpacu pada photo hitam putih
Sehelai kemeja pemuas hasrat mundur cepat
Kartu nama dalam ceruk buruk

Tanjung Duren 12/07/04.12.45

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

Lengger Dance

In the middle to the southern edge of the island of Java, there is a beautiful synergy with culture

3 regencies in the area maintain an art contract in culture

People other than the Kalibagor and Jatilawang areas call it Ronggeng dance

This dance is different from the usual dance that is always performed

Lengger will not be marginalized by the times as long as Batu raden always displays its charm for its travelers

This breed of Tayub dance has succeeded in reaching all over Java

Serat Centini is a witness to how this work was born

Not only dance performances and calung as accompaniment, but there is a moral message from the dancers

Palmerah. August 22nd, 2022

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Manusia Saraf

Aku adalah manusia saraf
Aku kadang miskin taraf
Kukeluhkan kehidupan yang marak
Kusiulkan makna-makna tersirat
Bermain dengan plastik yang terlindas

Kau Adalah Venus Berparas
Kau seakan tak pernah lelah untuk berinteraksi dengan wajah duniawi

Aku bersenggama dengan mentari yang bebas
Karena itu aku pantas menyebutmu sang dewi

Apakah dengan warna kita bisa memacu kemilaunya sang amor yang lelah tuk
berludah
Simfoni dan elegy tentang mahluk yang berbeda
Orang gila dan sang dewi yang masuk akan gamblangnya sang katak berwarna
hitam

Tanjung Duren 28/08/03/ jam 11 lewat di pagi hari

Ayatullah Nurjati

Terbungkus Dalam Keabsurdan

Refleksi kehidupan yang terjalin dalam kependiran
Semua luluh lantah karena ungkapan
Agama yang menyajikan keindahan, - bercermin melalui kekerasan
Dimanakah asa yang menyajikan sebuah perdamaian
Angkat kesombongan yang sinergi dengan gayung kekuatan absolut

Perang menjajikan sebuah untaian makna dan jalinan aral
Salahkah jika aku mengatakan bahwa itu ulah para politikus seniman
Yang membawakan asa biru untuk para pengemis penghasut

Atas nama agama yang sakral
Peluh yang menetes pada setiap jalinan kekuatan
Sirna saat mereka mengangkat itu lewat agama

Salahkah jika aku mengatakan itu semua adalah durjana
Penyajian para penguasa lalim yang berorasi lewat kelaparan
Einstein menangis dan berpagut dalam kegamangan
Karena semua penguasa menggunakan kebobrokan budinya
Einstein tertipu oleh mahligai janji-janji atas nama keindahan
Jadi, bukan karena agama, negara. Akan tetapi karena oknumnya

12.30 Malam. Ciputat, 20 April 2003

Ayatullah Nurjati

Untuk Kekasihku

Biru tak lagi sendu—nila tak sebegitu gila
Merah tak lagi parah—hitam tak lagi kelam
Hijau tak lagi silau—jingga tak seteguh belangga
Kuning tak lagi pening—putih tak lagi bersih

Hidup terkais suatu keindahan
Warna-warni menggeliat dibelai suatu keinginan
Ruplah udara bersih yang menjadi suatu tambatan nasib
Kuatlah setegar batu, lemah—lembut layaknya kupu-kupu, berontaklah sekuat
macan. hidup bukan untuk diperkosa hak-haknya, hidup adalah suatu kausalitas
naluri yang bergejolak sesuai dengan apa kata hati nurani

Kemenangan yang diraih adalah suatu kelenturan nurani
Kau wanita tegar, kuat, lembut, bergejolak
Kau wanita dan aku adalah pria, - wanita yang berhasrat putih melewati suatu
kehidupan sementara pria yang tersumbat kepekaan hendak dibelai oleh sang
wanita

□
Meronta dan tetapkan dan hancurkan sang pembuang di persimpangan dalam
luka yang tercecceh
Menggeliatlah resah dalam kepekaan
Antara dua segi kau dapat mengerti begitu indahnya kasih sayang
Berselimutlah dengan senandung kehidupan
Tersenyumlah, tersenyumlah sayang. Usah kau ragu tentang arti hidup ini

TANJUNG DUREN 03 AGUSTUS 2004. JAM 12.31 MALAM

Ayatullah Nurjati

Cokek Dance

Two cultural bands diffuse in a dance art
Kebaya that was used by woman dancers seem to be in sync with the
movements of the dancers
The shawl attached to his body seemed to take off the burden of suffering,
sorrow and sadness of the audience
Circular motion is a causality of life that is always rotating

The male and female dancers are close together but they never touch
The beat and the rhythm of the Gambang Keromong become an accompaniment
to the dance ballet
Even though it's rarely seen every day, hopefully it won't run out of time
Sad indeed, that art has begun to be marginalized according to the area where it
was created

August 9th,2022.7: 38 AM

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PoemHunter.com

Mirage Of Love

Love is not always met in the fall
Love is not always linked to the space-time side of the wind
Love is sacred and always present in the recesses of the lover's heart
Love always comes without permission

Young youths are immersed in the colours of love
Young girls tethered to the essence of the meaning of love
The gulf has always been an obstacle that always crosses and no doubt becomes
a determinant of the strength of their love
The young man always hopes even though love is not present to him

When love is anchored, why do their parents abandon their idealism of love?
Why do differences always separate and seem to insult love
The universe of love with the galaxy of love is always orbiting in its position
The difficulty of reaching love is like a mirage in a utopian illusory life

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Kebumen, June 13rd, 1999

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All About Love

When I saw her face feels shady
When I hear his voice, my heart is full of beauty
When I saw her eyes, I feel this body is weak and helpless
When I saw her body, I feel like I want to embrace her

But it's just an illusion for sure When I want to meet him why is there a hijab
that separates us both
This feeling is so strong and I have never felt like it in my whole life
Let me quench this longing because right now I can't have you
Indeed, philosophers, prophets, sages, poets say love doesn't have to belonging

Maybe love for creatures is like this, there is always disappointment
That's the fact
As creatures we must try to love God and love His Messenger
Maybe by loving them, we will be given love in this world and all life becomes
colourful and meaningful

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August 3rd, 2022.1: 34 PM

Ayatullah Nurjati

Indonesian Independence Day

3.5 centuries and 3.5 years of fighting for independence from the shackles of colonialism that plagued this nation

This nation has been independent right on August 17,1945

The heroes, both from the religious leaders, pure fighters from among the youth and parents

Many are willing to die, shed sweat and blood for the sake of this nation's independence

Even 77 years this nation has declared its independence

Have you ever understood the meaning of independence?

Many things can be done to fill his independence

The stretched life may be commensurate with the successor of independence

Don't pawn the independence of this country for the misguided profit of yourself and your group

The independence that has been achieved, don't bother with the desire of your stomach, my friend

This freedom is not only yours and your group's. The independence of this country is a common property

You, you and I must fill independence with concrete and concrete evidence

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August 2nd,2022.10: 40 AM

Ayatullah Nurjati

You Have Metamorphozed Into A Wild Butterfly

Your joy is fading day by day

After so long I've known you, your jokes have disappeared as you mature

The joke, the greeting that you always say seems to disappear

You don't know me anymore

A career that leads you to let go of your current cheerfulness

You are enslaved by the desire of the establishment

You have changed and metamorphosed into a creature I no longer recognize.

Have you removed your cocoon to become an exotic wild butterfly but I don't know

I seem to pray that you will return to your true self who became a caterpillar that never metamorphosed. And I really miss it

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August 2nd, 2022. 7: 31 AM

Ayatullah Nurjati



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Torch Parade

It has been 2 years since the diffusion of a unified religion and culture has not been carried out and only this year it has been done

The pandemic has blocked the joint lines of cultural and religious life

Praise God the pandemic had been passed

The old and epic tradition is so beautiful to see and broadcast now

Maybe some people think it's weird but not with our community

The combination of the lunar and solar calendars is a witness to how the ritual took place

Indeed, the moon and sun orbiting the sun are always anomaly and erratic, sometimes slightly deviating from their initial orbits, but that's how nature is with its trinkets.

Torch parade welcoming the Hijri new year to witness

How to reflect on the new year not in pragmatic ways let alone with luxury

The excitement of Islamic New Year is interpreted by praising His name and also His Messenger

Muharram is the first determinant of where we stand and hopefully this year will be better than last year. Insya Allah

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Kota Bambu Selatan, July 28th,2022.08: 00 PM

Ayatullah Nurjati

Kupanjatkan Doa Padamu Ya Tuhan

Alamku telah udzur

Pondasi yang menopang tanahnya telah renta

Dapur magmanya telah bocor kemana-mana

Ketika bocor mendorong ke pelbagai arah, gunung-gunung menjadi reaktif karena sumpalannya telah terlepas begitu saja

Entah ini ulah manusia atau memang rekayasa Tuhan

Tuhan masih sayang pada setiap insan manusia di muka bumi ini

Planet ini kerap kali berdenyut, denyutannya terkadang menjadi tanda keEsaanNya

Semakin kerap berdenyut maka kita harus semakin dekat kepada Sang pemilik Alam ini

Larva yang menghujam ke langit akan membuat ekosistem daratan di sekitar menjadi subur

Akan tetapi kok sering sekali ya terjadinya

Kuncen di bumi adalah orang-orang soleh yang semakin banyak Tuhan panggil kehadiratNya

Kita berharap agar Tuhan jangan memanggil mereka semua, jika memang terjadi, Apalah dunia tanpa mereka

Ya Tuhan Engkaulah pemilik napas, Jasad, Ruh dan seisi alam semesta ini. Tolong jangan kau dera kami dengan ujian yang tak kami mampu untuk memikulnya

Ayatullah Nurjati

Jamu--Obat Pelipur Lara

Ada senandung rasa pahit yang tak pernah terbantahkan
Ketika lidah mengecap suatu rasa yang meledak ke penjuru mulut
Dari setiap tegukan menginformasikan ke otak tentang rasa pahit
Di negara ku kayak akan rempah-rempah yang walaupun katanya banyak
warganya yang terinfeksi corona virus akan tetapi banyak sekali yang
menggunakan jamu sebagai obat sebelum pandemik melanda

Semua penyakit ada obatnya
Begitu juga rasa kangen yang melanda di kalbuku
Walaupun rasa pahit selalu menyelimuti kalbuku Ketika kuingin mengenyam
keindahan bersamaMu
Pahit yang tak pernah mau berkompromi dengan rasa manis akan tetapi sangat
bermanfaat dan mengobati kalbuku yang kering akan penghijauan lagi

Ayatullah Nurjati



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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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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 keagunganNya

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 duniawi

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, merunduk 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 terbujur awan tebal
Kebertemankan malam yang bisu tetapi setia
Kunang-kunang Cleopatra seakan terbahak dan mengisak perselingkuhan
Rokok dan pena usang tak lelah tuk berpijak dari sandaran—tereliminir 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



PoemHunter.com

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 penontonya 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 kavalieri 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 no where

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



PoemHunter.com

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 Nabi 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



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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

A Beautiful Dancer Of Ndolalak

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



PoemHunter.com

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

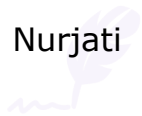
He wants to complain to the air, earth or water, but it is impossible to do because all these elements are no longer pure and have been contaminated by the rotten desires of the creatures living in this world, including their partners.

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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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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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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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 kondektur

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 kebangsaan 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.

Rincingan 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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Jeruji Malu

Gersang jiwaku terbalut keinginan sosial
Baki hijau terselubung fakta—terhenyak 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 mencerap 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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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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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

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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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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



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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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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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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



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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 can do 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 losing

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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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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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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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



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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



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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)

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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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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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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

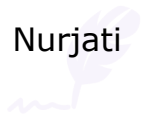
Itching With Missing Feelings

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



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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



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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

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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 reprodrucibility
All creature in sea life survive by them. And I want my life flows like thousands dividen

Ayatullah Nurjati



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Form Of Human's Love For His God

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

The Soul Of Texts

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: 01AM

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



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For A Friend—edi Benkidz, I Really Miss About Studying With You

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.

Plato, Aristotle, Ferdinand De Saussure, Deridda, William Blake, William Shakespeare, William Blake, George Orwell, Gabriel Garcia Marques, Khalil Gibran, Rabindranath Tagore, Edgar Alan Poe, Jalaludin Rumi and other world famous philosophers, Poets, or writers.

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



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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



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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

Discovery Of The Essence Of Eternal Love

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



PoemHunter.com

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



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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



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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

A Poetry Offering To All Great Women In The World

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 Binti Afrayim, Zulaykha, Maryam binti Imran, Asiyah binti Muzahim, Siti Khadijah, and Fatimah

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Slipi, December 12th, 2021

Ayatullah Nurjati

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



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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

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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



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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



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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 pattering 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



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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



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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



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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 Nabawiyah yang terangkum dalam Al Barjanzi seraya diagungkan Sang Khalik sebagai Dicinta dan Dirinya

sebagai Pecinta —Tak berjarak

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

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

Ayatullah Nurjati

A Shoulder To Cry On

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

Love for that creature is a lie, like husband to wife or vice versa, it is pouring out
emotional

Because there is no love that is existed

Love is like the ebb and flow of the sea that is influenced by the moon or or
water droplets flowing from the valley downstream towards the end of the sea
and it is worthed

The man for him gets a heart even though he doesn't love but the woman loves
him and that's not rejected and it is not antipodal

It's just a blind illusion in the morning for those who believe in the element of
materialism, it is love classic lexical

Philosophers such as Al-Ghazali, famous poets such as Shakespeare, Khalil
Gibran, Jalaludin Rumi, Rabindranath Tagore seem to be easy to define of loved
An undeniable fact that love belongs only to Allah and His Beloved is the Chosen
Prophet--it cannot be ordained

But can he get the love attributed to that belief? He really does not know, only
God knows of from his revelation delivered again in Holly Book by it was
chronological

Ayatullah Nurjati

A Love Letter--Farewell From Utari

Yogyakarta, April 21st,1997

Create a name

'Icard Nurjantan'

There

Greetings...

Finally the truth is the winner

Everyone who comes must go. Everyone who arrives must return.

Sincerity must go

I am Sorry ...

I can only hope that:

You are safe to your destination

Small, worthless things that is prayer beads, can always remind you of God and me

Communication between us will be able to continue

You can immediately realize all your wishes and,

Greetings, love, love and peace will always be with us.

from me

utari

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

A Love Letter For A Name Hidden Among A Few Notes Of The Day

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



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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 sekian 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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



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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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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

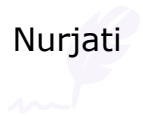


PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

Being Realistic--Live With Simplicity

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

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

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

Ayatullah Nurjati

Tired Of Searching—early Retirement

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

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

Slipi 9: 44 WIB. September 18th,2021

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

Love Lover

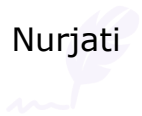
Scars of a sad face into an image
The image that is getting clearer by the day
because of desire it becomes damage
I think resignedly while counting the days

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



PoemHunter.com

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

PoemHunter.com

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 equilibrium--starving
Plastic, Rice Wrapp and Rubish do not escape the search from passing vehicles-
-glare

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

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

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

Ayatullah Nurjati

The Black Horse—freedom Of Life

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

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

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

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

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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

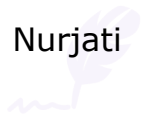
when isolation occurs there is only relevance
a silent witness who takes shelter in a petty creature
Ity has left a black note

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



PoemHunter.com

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

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



PoemHunter.com

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

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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

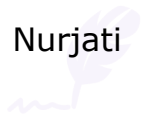
You're a flawless Venus
You seem to never get tired of interacting with worldly faces

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

Treatment Center

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

Red Daily Cow

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

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 despots 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

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

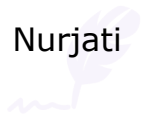
Bits of smoke staggered away from the deaf nose and scattered across the room
Unsteady body braiding 'kretek cigarette' ration
Today only two sticks of literacy inspiration are left

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

The Junction Tile Factory (Cemara)

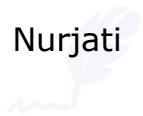
rain pins the void
the water stirs the night
thunder rumbling all pinning chaotic desires
the trees shed their leaves

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



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

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.
~~Y~~ou're madly in the star walk away in the sea
~~T~~hey way out in red house
~~T~~eaching cruelty in peace area

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

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 distraintment
They bring all reins the name of the human being and green

Ayatullah Nurjati

Good Looking Scenery

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

Vanishing Of The Faith

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

Ayatullah Nurjati



PoemHunter.com

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



PoemHunter.com

Hopeless Romance

O, Thou art, in my dream-naked 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