

Kosa Asmaraloka Cons Amor Fati

'the roar of the love of ownership and death'

Okty Budiati

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Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blushed and pouted in a dull designed,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy—
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame but frosty in desire.
(Venus and Adonis, William Shakespeare)

In the end, Kosa remains a labyrinth of legends about a broken-hearted prince, and what's more, it is as if the wanderers are doomed to routinely get lost while exploring the jungle of self-birth. Echoes of the most chaotic war for both aesthetic and thought realm! Literary language interpreters tend to ignore their own image. Often 'piety' is just a moral for capitalistic ethics.

To the smallest point, Kosa sank with the destruction of the Mekala. He was crushed by the tragedy of love and shrouded in a dark fog that was very cold. Pen and literacy have brutally played on the nerves of anatomy. The imagination floating among the shaking waves of the ocean without the direction of the bayu other than her blood being dripped as opium, becomes an authority over other humans. The war goes to 'Paradiso' as a black cloth defense as the land prepares to pick up the sun from the east of its country. The world and the tears begged you for the magnificent wall that was built as an artifact of asmaraloka.

Is it time for Zarathustra to be breathed as Sapta Mandala?
The recorded century's repetition of Bedhaya and Bharatnatyam detail in conveying a metaphorical bit of the distorted tantrasastra on black market tribute. But again; "AMOR is ever a rogue, and all who believe him are cheated!" (Elegies. Part I on Roman Elegies of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe). And, 'reclaim my heart as my home' as a defense to return to myself. It's not a dream-filled thing like some fictional lure. Truth as the most absurd form of naivety. Reflections of this century. Asmaraloka, full of intrigue, seems to be the only reflection in Amor Fati. Not!

Kosa has been caught up in the delusions of hellfire that he has created himself at the insistence of the ghosts of the meta-maya world, which is nothing but the past as the only truth that lives a manipulative contemporary. Hope becomes biased in practicing static space as deconstruction, or actually destructive in the phenomenon of 'the nature of prejudice.'

I feel a long and unresolved desire
For that serene and solemn land of ghosts:
It quivers now, like an Aeolian lyre,
My stuttering verse, with its uncertain notes,
A shudder takes me: tear on tear, entire,
The firm heart feels weakened and remote:
What I possess seems far away from me,
And what is gone becomes reality.

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe on FAUST, Part I: Dedication (25-30))

Sadness is true. Likewise, losing one's mind becomes a reality that has negated itself. Dreams created by external words and recorded as promises have become the mystical plague of modern-day poets. They prefer to enjoy the Kosa as an addiction rather than examining chapter by chapter metaphorical events, and do not repeat delusions as spectacle. Kosa fell silent, while Sutasoma returned to echo in another way from across the ocean: "Linguistic danger to spiritual freedom. - Every word is a prejudice." (The Wanderer and his Shadow, s. 55, by Friedrich Nietzsche).

After all, we will never have a valuable experience, over and over, for years. But life as a process of making oneself has its rewards. A 'privilege' over the contemporary world, as eternal space, as sublimate time. Maybe, wildness that seems crazy is a way of training this life with grief until we understand the meaning of 'mind' and 'feeling'.

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