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# Burning Ideas

Five poems of Rifki Syarani Fachry

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someone who is introduced to the night as someone  
else  
to the secrets of foreigners, as a ravine  
as a power that throws itself away  
: corpse without love on his face

2019–2020

## EMPTY HOUSE

rise six suns  
light broke the jar  
copper jars in the cupboard  
on the dust table  
two thousand morning  
gathered in a line of names  
in the old phone book  
*who is faithful to call him?*  
sky frame asked  
from an always open window  
to the lost shadow  
His body

2020

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**Rifki Syarani Fachry**, a poet and visual artist born in Ciamis, West Java-INA. Her first book of poetry, *Hantu adalah Kenangan* (Kentja Press, 2018). Currently pursuing a Masters education at the University of Indonesia.

## ABHINAYA CILPACASTRA

all angels commit suicide today  
heaven goes crazy, hell goes out  
flour world, love cannot be recognized  
hate being crushed by a stone hug  
an angel dies at the foot of a cliff  
the devil is dead contemplating the sun  
You were born, when God was absent

2014–2020

## THEN HE DIE WITH

a pair of eyes without prose, two eyebrows without  
wind  
nose perfectly rubbing or yellow bells  
pale lips of the rain, fingers trapped in the hair  
and tapered lost in two poor cheeks  
has shed the splendor of light  
while the dark shut himself in his eyes  
for a long time, like poetry that was stabbed to death,  
wounded  
neck: silver cliff that traps the breath of stone  
and therefore life does not reach the cleavage  
the events of the revolt have been pus, divide  
those who die of their own free will  
the look on the face, the threat seen in the deputy's  
mirror  
as air shadows, and fog  
he is not a servant, not master, he is just either

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## BURNING IDEAS

sun, dust gowns, charcoal eyes  
big fire slipped like poetry  
embracing stone bodies; carcass for all that is cracked  
: destruction will be silent as dust  
from the debris of the world, like the pain that is pasted  
by time  
from inaudible crying, to deaf ears  
for a hungry stomach, for your mouth  
from a head that can't sleep  
when the meaning of life is empty for his return  
so a stray bride holding a torn wound  
I memorize the baby in his head like a prayer and multiplication  
like the events of the year that I didn't experience  
and here (to the forehead), regardless of interpretation,  
there is no more  
me, the body is burning, awareness melts away smart  
words  
dead clouds breathe at the bottom of a cliff looking for  
an edge

2018–2020

## POSTULATE

God experienced nothing  
God never studied

2019–2020