Three Poems for Klungkung (Bali)

Sri Wintala Achmad

BATU KLOTOK BEACH
- Mpu Kuturan

He goes along the edge of beach no footwear
Leaving his tread of age that is similar fate
With poem created by poet, before
The wave of time abolishes it
In once wiping

When the sun moves to west sky
He looks at an old wooden boat to be anchored
In which the twilight as a beginning of nightmare
About the wind dance turning around
No notations from sea’s fragrance

For the umpteenth time step, he looks up
Not to stare at the clouded firmament
Being appear as a frame of black canvas
There’s no colors there’s no drawings
But the dark heart is smeared by tears

Klungkung (Bali Island), 2016

KERTAGHOSA GARDEN

On the crown of lotus, the butterfly alights
With his wings that are vibrated
Until a couple of his tentacles is shut
In the worship of asmaradana

A sigh of butterfly a mooing of lotus
: My breath your breath
Being going to embody as fresh wind
For one thousand one suns
After the butterfly leaves lotus
Say girl for the people visiting the garden
If your boyfriend who will go to come back
Nursing for the flower by his language of wings

Klungkung (Bali Island), 2016

EL KABRON CAFE

Cups on the table only leave coffee’s residue
Cigarette buts are dispersed on the floor of cafe
Your tongue is dried your mouth has no words
Up to the tablet you make as a latest affair
Enticing more than a cutest hostess

The deep yearning has been shared
But the cave you haven’t left yet
For coming back to home
Having changed to be a problem shed
An arena of enmity

After the tables have been empty, you
Leave cafe being as desolate as an old grave
: The place of your cadaver will be entombed
No sowed flowers no smoking incenses
Together with dead people side of the fight arena

Klungkung (Bali Island), 2016