

1976

# A Package of Love to an Indonesian Lady in Jakarta from an Indonesian Gentleman in Iowa City USA

Sutardji Calzoum Bachri

Harry Aveling

Follow this and additional works at: <https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview>

Part of the [Creative Commons](#)

---

## Recommended Citation

Bachri, Sutardji Calzoum and Harry Aveling. "A Package of Love to an Indonesian Lady in Jakarta from an Indonesian Gentleman in Iowa City USA." *The Iowa Review* 7.2 (1976): 60-61. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.2047>

This Contents is brought to you for free and open access by Iowa Research Online. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Iowa Review by an authorized administrator of Iowa Research Online. For more information, please contact [lib-ir@uiowa.edu](mailto:lib-ir@uiowa.edu).

a juniper bush and a mallow.  
A few thin voles. Australian  
ostrich, one. One Vertol helicopter  
and a river-boat, punted,  
from former French Dahomey.  
He with his hand still quiescent  
on her belly, she all the while  
with her hand on his knee.  
Corned Beef from Argentina,  
Vodka-Wyborowa. Attaché,  
pride of peasants from rice village,  
spectacular supernumeraries,  
soaked in oil, from a Persian  
film. Some mothers. One Bolivian.  
Cannabis and lingonberry, rape, ricin.  
Round about, in darkness,  
Aland's Baltic cliffs.

*Translated by the author with Elliott Anderson*

---

SUTARDJI CALZOOM BACHRI / INDONESIA

---

## A Package of Love to an Indonesian Lady in Jakarta from an Indonesian Gentleman in Iowa City USA

some people send a package of flowers for love  
some people send a package of blood for love  
some people send a package of tears for love  
and I send my penis to my love

so let my penis grow longer and longer  
so it can reach thirteen thousands miles  
between you and me without any help from the postal system  
since the United States Mail doesn't carry any packages more than three and  
half feet in length

well my lady my dear my love don't cry take it easy  
open your soul and mind and be naked  
and let us hope that my almighty penis  
can stand erect long and long and great  
like the flagpole of United Nations in New York City  
soaring and reaching peace to you  
amen

*Translated by the author and Harry Aveling*

---

REZA BARAHENI / IRAN

---

## Cemetery

The criminal prison autumn  
has arrived outside without  
us seeing its signs  
If we were  
in Darakeh now  
we could see  
the cemetery of yellow leaves  
And now that we are not there  
we had better put  
our heads on the cold tiles of the cell  
and sleep until  
the sound of shooting startles us  
and we rush  
to the hole in the cell's iron door  
and if the windowlet is open  
watch the silent caravan of the innocent  
like Ardaviraf who saw  
pre-Islamic hell dwellers  
like Mohammed  
who saw post-Islamic hell dwellers  
The identity of the caravan of the innocent  
will not be proven in the course of time  
Future archaeologists