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

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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 CALZOUM 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

60
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_

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_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 Ardashir 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