

Kinga Fabó

RACUN

(POISON)

Penyair Hongaria



TB



Buku puisi ini patut untuk dibaca. Narudin, melalui terjemahannya, telah berhasil dengan baik menangkap lapisan-lapisan makna yang tersembunyi dalam sajak-sajak Kinga Fabó, penyair Hongaria yang memiliki banyak penggemar di Indonesia.

(Cecep Syamsul Hari, penyair dan penerjemah buku Perajin Kaca: Seratus Puisi Hongaria)

This poetry book is great to read. Narudin, through his translation, has already succeeded in catching the hidden meaning points in Kinga Fabó's poems, a Hungarian poet who has many fans in Indonesia.

(Cecep Syamsul Hari, Indonesian poet and translator of the book Glass Craftsmen: 100 Hungarian Poems)



Kinga Fabó **K** **A** **C** **U** **N** (Poisson) Penyair Hongaria **A**

Kinga Fabó

RACUN

(*POISON*)

Penyair Hongaria



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Penyair Hongaria
Penulis:
Kinga Fabó
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KATA PENGANTAR

Oleh Ewith Bahar

BEBERAPA tahun lalu saya sempat membaca di sebuah media massa tentang peluncuran—edisi spesial—sebuah majalah sastra Hongaria yang bernama *Magyar Napló*. Di majalah tersebut antara lain dimuat puisi dan cerpen karya sastrawan-sastrawan terkenal Indonesia seperti Mochtar Lubis, Chairil Anwar, Taufiq Ismail, dan WS Rendra. Wow... saya senang sekali karena mengerti bahwa itu adalah sebuah kabar menggembirakan tentang jalinan keakraban antara sastra Indonesia dan sastra Hongaria. Tak dinyana di penghujung tahun ini saya terlibat sebuah pekerjaan sastra dengan seorang penyair, penulis esai, dan pakar bahasa asal Hongaria, Kinga Fabó (KF). Penyair ini ingin puisi-puisinya dapat dikenal di Indonesia dan sekaligus mengenal puisi-puisi Indonesia.

Setulusnya, paling tidak, langkah ini saya anggap sebagai kelanjutan dari apa yang telah dilakukan mantan Mendikbud Fuad Hassan yang pernah menerjemahkan karya novelis Hongaria Árpád Göncz (pernah menjadi presiden Hongaria) dalam mengeratkan hubungan Indonesia-Hongaria, terutama di bidang sastra. Akhirnya dalam waktu relatif singkat, dua hari, saya berusaha mengunyah puisi-puisi KF dan menyimak biografinya. Lalu berketetapan hati menerima tawaran penyair Narudin, yang piawai menerjemahkan puisi-puisi berbahasa asing, untuk merealisasikan rencana penerbitan buku ini.

Puisi-puisi KF yang bercerita tentang perempuan, seks, dan ketelanjangan, dituturkan dengan balutan-balutan filosofis, sehingga “selamat” dari kesan vulgar. Sepintas, akan muncul kesan apatis, sinis, dan perasaan-perasaan negatif lain, tapi begitulah puisinya lahir. Merupakan suara kejujuran yang muncul dari dalam dirinya. Kelembutan seorang perempuan yang terkadang menyimpan “keliaran”. Karena medium karya KF adalah puisi, maka tampil-lah curahan hatinya itu secara mempesona.***

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PREFACE

By: Ewith Bahar

Several years ago I once read about the launching of—a special edition—a Hungarian literary magazine named *Magyar Napló*. In addition to many Hungarian literary works, in that magazine, I also found poems and short-stories written by the great Indonesian writers, such as Mochtar Lubis, Chairil Anwar, Taufiq Ismail, and WS Rendra. Wow... I was so delighted to know about that good news, because it showed a closer and more fruitful relationship between Indonesian and Hungarian literature. Surprisingly, at the end of 2014, I had another contact with Hungary. I met a poet, essayist, and linguist from Budapest, Kinga Fabó (KF). She told me about her eagerness both to get acquainted with Indonesian poetry and make her own poetry get acquainted in Indonesia.

I sincerely encouraged her, at least to me, to continue what Mr. Fuad Hasan (the former Indonesian Minister of Education and Culture) did several years ago when translating works of a Hungarian novelist, Árpád Göncz (the former President of Hungary) and some others who once did the other things for strengthening the relationship between Indonesia and Hungary for such literary world. I meant I wanted to take part in it as well. Therefore, I hoped that the KF's works had a chance to be released here. Regarding the plan of publishing her poetry book, I rushed myself to prepare everything, reading her biography, and learning her works thoroughly. I only had two days to absorb all information about KF before accepting Narudin's offering in doing KF's project in Indonesia.

KF's poems, which often talk about women's life, sexuality, and nudity, are artistically portrayed in a philosophical approach. Thus, she succeeds in avoiding a lascivious impression in her readers' mind. In a jiffy, we can capture apathy, cynism, and other

gloomy emotions in her lines. That's the way KF communicates her honesty. Moreover, we can find tenderness and femininity entwined with lust and prurience. Because her medium in literature is poetry, we all can look into her heart.***

UCAPAN TERIMA KASIH PENULIS (Kinga Fabó)

Narudin adalah seorang pengarang yang rendah hati. Ia tak menyebutkan fakta bahwa saya-lah yang telah menulis Kata Pengantar (sebuah esai ringkas) untuk buku puisi *But God and Other Poems* hebatnya, terbit dalam bahasa Inggris.—Saya sangat berterima kasih kepadamu dan Anda sekalian teman-teman Indonesia yang budiman serta rekan-rekan penyair atas dorongan yang tak henti-hentinya, inspirasi. Merupakan kesempatan saya dapat berhubungan dengan Anda sekalian...

Cecep Syamsul Hari adalah penyair Indonesia pertama yang mengirim permintaan berteman beberapa waktu silam yang saya terima. Ia menulis kepada saya bahwa saya termasuk salah satu penyair favoritnya. Ia ingin menerjemahkan puisi-puisi saya... dimuat 2 di antaranya („Telinga”, „Perubahan Warna Kata”) di *Sastra Digital* dalam bahasa Inggris.... Mungkin ini sebuah pemantik dan alasan fakta bahwa banyak orang yang mulai tertarik pada kepribadian dan puisi-puisi saya, serta telah terus-menerus menerjemahkan puisi-puisi saya: Pungkit Wijaya, Bunyamin Fasya, DA, Satrio Hadi Wicaksono, Nurul Why dan kau, Narudin. Cukup menarik, Anda sekalian telah menerjemahkan puisi saya „*The Ears*” („Telinga”). Pungkit Wijaya pun telah menerjemahkan puisi-puisi selanjutnya dan hendak menerbitkannya pula, tapi sayang ia gagal menyelenggarakannya. Lainnya juga berkehendak menerjemahkan sekaligus menerbitkan puisi-puisi saya.... Seiring waktu berlalu, Chairil Gibran Ramadhan dan Laora Arkeman juga menjadi teman-teman dekat saya. Begitu pun Bundo Free, dan beberapa hari belakangan Ewith Bahar.... Kini, saya diundang oleh Bundo ke sebuah

acara sastra, sebuah pembacaan puisi yang diadakan di Bandung.... Saya adalah anggota dari banyak grup puisi karena saya diminta bergabung. Saya semakin punya banyak teman, penggemar, dan undangan. Banyak teman antusias menanggapi puisi-puisi saya. (Mungkin banyak orang lainnya tidak...). Permintaan berteman terus berdatangan. Sayangnya, saya tak dapat menyebutkannya satu per satu...

Ada hal menyangkut judul buku puisi saya. Pilihan judulnya benar-benar disengaja disebabkan oleh ambiguitasnya. Seperti halnya puisi-puisi saya. Racun membunuh. Pada saat yang sama, „Racun” adalah sebuah cap, nama parfum. Sebagai „wangian”, ia menguap, menghilang ke dalam ketiadaan. Namun, ia tak dapat dilihat, kehadiran mengancamnya dirasakan di mana pun.—Penyelamatan sensoris melalui macam-macam bahaya dan sebaliknya. Bahaya merupakan bagian penting dari puisi-puisi (saya). Puisi biasa-biasa saja tak tahan lama/membosankan.

Walaupun begitu, jangan takut, hai Teman-teman. Bacalah diri saya dan bergembiralah! Terima kasih atas segalanya kepada semua.

Kinga Fabó

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

(Kinga Fabó)

Narudin is a humble author. He does not mention the fact that it was me who wrote a Preface (actually a short essay) to his excellent poetry book *But God and Other Poems* published in English.—I'm very grateful to you and all of you my dear Indonesian friends and fellow-poets for your continuous stimulation, inspiration. It's a mere chance that I've got into touch with you...

Cecep Syamsul Hari was the first Indonesian poet who sent me a friend request long ago that I had accepted. He wrote me that I belonged to his favourites. He wanted to translate my poems... posted 2 of them („The Ears”, „The Word's Color Change”) to *Sastra Digital* in English.... Perhaps this was an impetus to and a reason of the fact that a lot of people had begun to be interested in my personality and poetry, and had continuously been translating my poems: Pungkit Wijaya, Bunyamin Fasya, DA, Satrio Hadi Wicaksono, Nurul Why and you, Narudin. Interestingly enough, all of you have translated my poem „The Ears” („*Telinga*”). Pungkit Wijaya has also translated further poems by me as well and wanted to publish them, but unfortunately he failed of its purpose.

Others also intended to translate and publish poems by me....

As time went by, Chairil Gibran Ramadhan and Laora Arkeman also became my very close friends. So did Bundo Free, and some days ago Ewith Bahar as well.... Now I've been invited by Bundo to a literary event, a poetry reading held in Bandung.... I am a member in a lot of Indonesian poetry groups because I was asked to join. I've got more and more friends and fans, invitations. A lot of people are enthusiastic about my poetry. (Maybe a lot of people are not...). Friend requests have come to me continuously. Unfortunately I cannot list all of you...

Something about the title of my poetry book. This choice of mine was very conscious, because of its ambiguities. Just like my poems. Poison is murderous. At the same time „Poison” is a brand, the name of a perfume. As a scent it evaporates, disappears into nothingness. However it cannot be seen, its threatening presence is felt everywhere.—Sensory salvation by different kinds of danger and vice-versa. Danger is an important part of (my) poetry. A sober poem is dull.

But don't be afraid, dear friends. Read me and cheers! Thank you everybody for everything. *Terima kasih!*

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TARIAN ISADORA DUNCAN

Bagai patung mulanya.
Kemudian, seolah matahari terbit dari gerak lama-nya.
Senyum kecil; terus begitu.

Keindahan
Ritus bersinar; berputaran.

Ia berputar senantiasa,
Menyala-nyala.
Hanya tubuh yang bicara. Tubuh itu membawa

Bahasanya.

Tariannya mantra,
Menggulung udara, bagai pilinan ia

Kemudian

Selendangnya, setengah melingkupinya,
Ceruk pantai dan
Perempuan,

Penari dan tarian mengucapkan selamat jalan...

ISADORA DUNCAN DANCING

Like sculpture at first. Then, as if the sun rose in her, long
gesture.

A small smile; then very much so.

The beauty
of the rite shone; whirling.

She whirled and whirled,
flaming.
Only the body spoke. The body carried her

language.

Her dance a spell
swirling the air, a spiral she was

and

her shawl, the half circle around her,
the curve of the sea-shore and
girl,

the dancer and the dance apart...

(Trascreated by *Cathy Strisik* and *Veronica Golos* based on
Katalin N. Ullrich's translation)

DI ANTARA SANDARAN PANGGUNG BERDEBU

Sekali lagi kutatap diriku
di cermin.

Sekali lagi aku dikuasai
sedih diri.

Di mana sikap keras yang kupinta
dari diriku?

Kupegang cerminku
dan berlalu.

AMONG DUSTY STAGE-PROPS

Once again I looked at myself
in the mirror.

Once again I was overcome by
self-pity.
Where are the hard manners I demand
from myself?
I take hold of my mirror
and leave.

(Translated by *Katalin N. Ullrich*)

PUTRI SALJU RAJA SALJU

Ketika aku masih cantik berselubung kebencian dan, ya,
begitulah/
Ketika aku masih cantik berselimut kebencian dan, ya,
cangkok jantung Putri Salju,
Dan aku masih bukan miliknya/ Ketika aku masih cantik
terliputi suka cita
Dan, ya, begitulah aku tidak takut atau sangat takut/ Dia punya
Suara pirang dan rambut merdu/ Putih, gurih,
Sedap, kita berkedip-kedip di atas pesta seks lengket
memerah, tak terkendali/
Diam-diam berbaring, lewat tubuh-tubuh lekat memerah
kita,
Dan aku rasa betapa peri-peri yang terjalin terurai
Sendiri di rambutku, terbang mengitari ruangan/
Bahwa dari luar aku rasa aku tak tampak hidup/ Dengan
Kepercayaan diri yang luhur, terlintas di benak, aku hendak
Menjalani Koan Zen Salinger/ betapa bunga matahari
berubah di malam hari/
Kekakuannya memancarkan kelembutan yang tak terukur
dalam diriku
Dan kehalusannya menyemburkan kekikukan yang tak
tertakar/ Aku tahu
Bahwa dia mencintaiku, tubuhku dipenuhi tubuhku, matak
dipadati
Matak, dan seketika aku menangis di dalam pun di bawah,
tapi tak kudapati
Air mata berlinang/ Ia menjelma kilauan tetes-tetes cermin
jahat seperti es-es
Sinis, mengancam, seperti mulut bungkam sang pembunuh/
Tak terucapkan, namun berpengalaman, riang gembira,

penyerahan diri terakhir
Yang keras lagi mentah, menjerit pelan dalam diriku/ Aku
rasa kekuatannya
Tebersit lewat puisinya, lewat tubuhnya, tapi bukanlah
kenyataan belaka,
Kubayangkan, selain kekosongan di dalam membawa mesin
yang bergerak
Tak putus-putusnya, tak terlepas/ yang memikatku
gerakannya semata/
Ingin kukatakan bahwa.../
Ya, tapi mustahil.

SNOW QUEEN SNOW KING

When I was beautiful with hate and around-around / When I was beautiful with hate and the implanted heart of the Snowqueen and I still wasn't absolutely his / When I was beautiful with joy and around-around then I wasn't scared or I was very scared / He had a blonde voice and melodic hair / white, tasteful, unscented we flickered out above our unrestrained red-sticky orgy / Quietly marched through our own red-sticky bodies and I felt how the braided fairies untied themselves in my hair, flew around and filled the room / I felt that from the outside I didn't look alive / With superior confidence I thought that now I should live and a Salingerish Zen koan came to mind / this / Which way do the sunflowers turn in the night / His stiffness reflected an unmeasurable tenderness in me and his tenderness reflected unmeasurable stiffness / I knew that I loved him and my body filled up with body and my eyes with eyes, and at the same time I was crying inside and downward but I couldn't find tears / They transformed into evil mirror-drops gleaming like icicles sarcastically, threateningly, with the silence of killers / not expressed but experienced, joyful and raw hard final devotion screaming laying low inside me / I felt his intensity radiating through his poetry, radiating through his body, but it didn't have, couldn't have realism only I imagined but an internal emptiness bringing the machinery in motion that was impossible to unplug / I was interested only in his motion and I would want to say that / . . . But already it wasn't possible.

(Translated by *Michael Castro* and *Gábor G. Gyukics*)

SEMUANYA MUNCUL DALAM KEKOSONGAN TIBA-TIBA

**Aku mulai
Merasa lunglai,
ketika telepon**

**mulai berdering.
Aku tidak berani**

**menyentuhnya. Alamat buruk
kesepian sebelum liburan.**

EVERYTHING ARISES IN THE SUDDEN EMPTINESS

I was getting down
to basics,
when the telephone

began to ring.
I didn't dare

touch it. Ominous
silence before the holiday.

(Translated by *Michael Castro* and *Gábor G. Gyukics*)

MENUJU KUBURAN BERSAMA PEMBAWA RAHASIA, KETIKA SEGALA GERAK MEMBEKU DI KEDALAMAN TUBUHNYA

Seolah-olah mengalir dari tepi
celah-celah.

Tidak kuasa melampaui noda.

Duduk di taman teduh, setengah lingkaran.

Di celah-celah sempit antara kebenaran
dan kepalsuan.

**GOES TO THE GRAVE WITH THE BEARER OF
THE SECRET,
WHILE MOTIONS FREEZE IN THE DEPTHS
OF HIS BODY**

As if oozing from the the edges of
fissures.

Couldn't get beyond the stains.

Sitting in a soft garden, in a semi-circle.
In the tiny crack between truth
and falsity.

(Translated by *Michael Castro* and *Gábor G. Gyukics*)

SIPIR

Setiap musim memiliki gilirannya.
Ia datang, datang, datang, kuat sekali.
Ia membunuhku seperti biasa.
Ia tidak pernah mengubah urutannya.
Ia tidak memintaku izin.

Setiap musim menyiksaku.
Ia tiba, tiba, tiba, bengis sekali.
Aku tergililing, tergililing, tergililing
seperti komidi putar
oleh energi tiada henti—

menjagaku di jalurnya. Rusak
rodanya, maka ditinggalkan
—semakin mati semakin hidup—
Aku terus berputar
dengannya di kedalaman waktu.

JAILER

Every season has its turn.
They come, come, come, it's so stern.
It kills me it's always the same.
They never change their order.
They don't ask my permission.

Every season tortures me.
They come, come, come, no mercy.
I'm ground, ground, and ground
like a merry-go-round
by this unceasing energy -

keeping me on path. Broken
on the wheel so forsaken
- more and more dead more alive -
I keep spinning around
with them in the depth of time.

(Translated by *Katalin N. Ullrich*)

SEPERTI BIASA

Seperti tubuh robek dari jiwa.

Seperti jiwa keluar dari tubuh.

Seperti rasa suka cita, kesenangan mendalam.

Seperti dua jiwa, dua tubuh berjumpa.

Seperti keluar dariku ke dalam diriku lainnya.

Cinta ialah cerita lama seperti biasa.

LIKE IT USED TO BE

As the body is torn out of the soul.

As the soul out of the body.

As it feels rejoicing, deep pleasure.

As two souls, two bodies meet.

As straight out of me into the other me.

Love is what long ago used to be.

(Translated by *Katalin N. Ullrich*)

BUKAN KARENA INI GAYA

Di sini aku punya tempat
di mana aku boleh bersedih.
Aku suka. Aku suka.

Aku ada hanya dalam peran.
Aku ingin warna! Warna!
Seperti di atas diriku, langit biru selalu.

Bukan karena ini gaya. Bukan karena itu

: NOT BECAUSE IT'S CHIC

Here I have a place
where I can be sad.
I adore it. I adore it.

I exist only in roles.
I want colors! Colors!
Just as above me the sky is always blue.

Not because it's chic. Not because of that.

(Translated by *Michael Castro* and *Gábor G. Gyukics*)

ATAU YA

Agar jadi vas bunga kosong menyedihkan
Agar jadi kuntum layu dalam vas bunga
Agar jadi mikrofon kecil
Agar jadi gerayang di atas bahu
Agar jadi sentuhan rahasia seseorang
Agar jadi aroma tubuhnya
Agar jadi diam dan tetap di sana
Agar jadi emongan di atas telapak tangan
Agar jadi mikrofon dalam tubuh
Agar jadi rahasia
lamban, tandas lagi senang
Agar jadi putih dan dungu
Agar jadi... agar kabur
Agar tak jadi apa-apa... tidak terlacak

♥

OR YES

To be a sad empty vase
to be a withered flowergirl in a vase
to be a tiny microphone
to be a crawl upon a shoulder
to be a touch of one's secret
to be become scent his body
to be silent and to remain there
to be a cuddle on a palm
to be a microphone in a body
to be a secret
slow, final and joyous
to be white and foolish
to be and to flee
to be nothing and undetected

(Translated by *Michael Castro* and *Gábor G. Gyukics*)

JIWA YANG TELAH LAMA KUCARI

Jiwa yang telah lama kucari,
darinya sering kutulis,
yang banyak kuseru,
apa kau tak di mana pun, tak di dalam siapa pun?

Kau berada di sini dalam diriku, tapi salah tempat.
Dari tempat persembunyianmu kautuangkan
seluruh sel-sel terlahir sendiri itu.
Maka tak di mana pun kau kutemukan—

Kau, yang tak ada sama sekali,
beri aku satu tanda, cukup sekali.
Andai aku masih hidup—kabari aku.

Inti sel mungkin juga berpikir
jiwa itu telah mengusirnya
dari dirinya sendiri—terlalu dipenuhiku.

SOUL I'VE BEEN SEEKING SO LONG

Soul I've been seeking so long,
of whom I've been writing so oft,
who I've called so much,
are you nowhere, in no one?

You're here in me, but misplaced.
From your hiding place you pour
all those self-begetting cells.
So that I'd find you nowhere-

You, who don't exist at all,
send me a sign, one and no more.
If I still live on - let me know.

The nucleus might also think
the soul has ejected it
from itself - had too much of me.

(Translated by *Katalin N. Ullrich*)

TELINGA

Seakan-akan telingaku sakramen-sakramen, kerumunan
Muncul, muncul di depan mereka. Untunglah
Aku punya telinga besar yang indah.
Dalam dan berongga.
Ukuran pinggul dan payudara tersembul.

Di sinilah muncul orang kesepian. Dia menginginkan suaminya.
Di sinilah muncul ibu rumah tangga. Dia telah menikah, beku.
Ketika dia tak muncul, dia belajar bahasa,
Jalan-jalan.
Lesbian? Sama sekali tak muncul. Walaupun

Aku bisa saja bercinta dengannya. Jika tidak terjadi,
Telingaku senang sendiri. (Besar juga sih).
Perempuan feminin sungguh tak kuundang.
Maupun laki-laki.
Kuhampiri mereka.

Tapi yang mereka inginkan hanya telingaku.
Dan mulut? Mulut mencerocos melulu.
Dan telingaku? Telingaku bisu.
Aku cuma mengganti anting-antingku dari waktu ke waktu.
Telingaku milikku.

THE EARS

As if my ears were the sacraments, a crowd
appears, appears before them. Lucky

I have nice big ears.

Deep and hollow.

The hip and breast sizes are coming.

Here comes the lonely one. She wants my husband.

Here comes the housewife. She's married, frigid.

When she doesn't come, she learns languages,
travels.

The lesbian? Doesn't come at all. Though

I would seduce her. If nothing comes of it, my
ears would perk themselves. (Big as they are.)

Feminine women I don't invite on principle.

Nor any men. I go

to them.

But all they want is my ears.

And the mouths? Nonstop talkers.

And my ears? My ears are mute.

I change only my earrings from time to time.

My ears are mine.

(Translated by *Michael Castro* and *Gábor G. Gyukics*)

KALA BERAKSI

Kala beraksi kau tak mengusikku.

Tidur lalu mendengkur.

Kau begitu kasar, Sayang. Dan

Bagai salju: lembut dan licik nian.

Memang: tiga puluh menit perasaan,

Kesepian dungu, omong kosong. Tertembak. Hai perempuan,

Dalam hati bola pingpongku, permainan

Ini istirahat. Kala lain. Ada kemungkinan.

WHILE IN ACTION

While in action you don't disturb
me a bit. Just go to bed and sleep.
You're being so vulgar, hon. And like
snow: soft and sneaky.

Admitted: thirty minutes sentiments, inane
silence, claptrap. Shot. Ladies,
in my ping-pong heart the game is
at rest. Some other time. Perhaps.

(Translated by *Katalin N. Ullrich*)

LAKUKANLAH DENGAN HATI-HATI

Hotel putih. Di mana dosa tak hadir. Dan
begitu juga rasa bersalah.
Kau menyedihkan.

Kau payah.
Selingkuh setiap hari Senin.
Senin.

Aku suka.

DO IT CAREFULLY

White hotel. Where sin is absent. And
so is guilty conscience.
You languish.

You're decadent.
Cheat on me Mondays.
Mondays

I like.

(Translated by *Michael Castro* and *Gábor G. Gyukics*)

TARIAN YESENINA-DUNCAN

Sama seperti patung, patung-patung itu. Dikecup matahari,
gerakan itu-itu saja.

Dia hampir tidak tersenyum. Tapi andai iya, dia akan terus
tersenyum.

Keindahan ritual menembus irama.

Dia berputar, berputar, dan berputar.

Meluncur begitu anggun. Menyala.

Kata-katanya berat. Tapi dia tidak mampu bicara.

Pawang ular itu berputar, selendangnya berputar,

Setengah lingkaran berputar, pantai laut itu, dan gadis itu,

Penari terpisah, tarian menepi...

Ini pesta orang berbeda:

Masa lampau yang tidak sama.

Dia menarik keharuman masa itu.

YESENINA-DUNCAN DANCING

Just like sculptures, the sculptures. Sunkissed, long-drawn motions.

She hardly smiled. But if she did, then very much so.
The beauty of the rite broke through the rhythm.

She only whirled and whirled and whirled.
Gliding so gracefully. Flaming.
Her words carried weight. But she was unable to speak.

The snake-charmer was whirling and the shawl was whirling,
the half circle was whirling and the sea-shore and the girl,
the dancer apart and the dance apart...

It's other people's feast:
a past that didn't get alike.
She was dancing the fragrance to it.

(Translated by *Katalin N. Ullrich*)

SETENGAH LINGKARAN

1.

Wajah kita terpaku.

Wadah hati kita berselubung kesunyian.

Nyanyian yang terlukis di dinding berjatuhan.

2.

Wajahku digali kepedihan.

Urat-urat tanganku menyusut.

Susu terasa hijau dalam mulut.

3.

Dunia dingin.

Kepingannya telah runtuh.

Buluh manusia gemetar di dinding.

HALF CIRCLES

1.

Our face is nailed down.

Our heart's place is enshrouded by silence.

The song painted on the wall falls down.

2.

My face is dug up by sorrow.

The vein in my arm gets thin.

Milk tastes green in my mouth.

3.

The earth is cold:

Its patches have fallen off.

Human-knot shivers on its wall.

(Translated by *Katalin N. Ullrich*)

DIA LEMAH DAN PAYAH

Dia coba orgasme, sia-sia.

Dia memasturbasiku

seolah-olah aku

objek pribadi yang letih. Kukhayalkan

sisanya.

Aku ingin orgasme di wajahmu, katanya.

Apa dia ingin mempermalukanku?

Apa yang dia pikirkan?

Setelah itu, dua hari lamanya

mataku meradang.

HE WAS WILTED AND DECADENT

He tries to come, in vain.
He jerks me off
as if I were a tired
personal object. I imagine
the rest.

I'd like to come on your face, he said.
Did he want to humiliate me?
What was he thinking?
After that, for two days
my eyes were inflamed.

(Translated by *Michael Castro* and *Gábor G. Gyukics*)

LIMA HAIKU

Aroma harum,
tanda bebuah ranum—
bulan memendar

Baring di pantai
terkurung hari bebas:
dunia berbatas.

Bulan menjulang
ku tak sanggup menjangkau
alirkan sunyi

Hati tak tinggi
pun bukan ketundukan,
walau tak lumrah

Mutiara palsu
kolam, bukan perigi
air matak

(Diterjemahkan oleh Narudin Pituin dan Ewith Bahar)

FIVE HAIKUS

Ripens sweet fragrance,
makes its fruits grow and gain weight—
as the Moon's mask grows.

I'm forced on the shore
by brackets of holidays:
the world in-between.

Moon's rising upwards,
I can't follow it that high:
drags its solitude.

Neither swaggering,
nor in all submissiveness,
though it's uncommon.

It's throwing fake pearls
- just a fountain not a spring -
tears being stamped out.

(Translated by *Katalin N. Ullrich*)

PERUBAHAN WARNA KATA

Terbuka, laut tampak lelap.
Menggiring ombak-ombaknya.
Sebuah detak di bawah lakon musim dingin terbekap.
Menebar senyuman di pantai sana.

Titik perawan pada tubuh mungil jelita.
Warna pada pecahan kaca.
Sebuah sikap tertutup pemula.
Indah seperti laut istirahat.
Melempar senyuman di pantai sana.

Aku ingin tetap sebagai objek, sebagai benda.
Tapi, tidak, kekekalan bukan milikku.
Aku dapat membela diriku.
Menunggu siksa.

Serentak terjadi bersama.
Diam-diam, aku duduk di kaca.
Hanya titik itu mengembara atas lakon telanjang.
Suara-suara hilang.

Hanya isyarat yang sirna.
Kebahagiaan seperti penari sepi.
Pukulan-pukulan pada tulang rangka.

Dan laut tidak lagi abadi.

: THE WORD'S COLOR CHANGE

Open, the sea appeared asleep.
Carrying its waves.
A pulse under the muted winter scene.
Throwing a smile on the beach.

A nun-spot on the hot little body.
A color on the broken glass.
An early closed gesture.
Lovely as the sea retreated.
Throwing a smile on the beach.

I wanted to remain an object.
But, no, immortality is not mine.
I can defend myself.
Waiting for punishment.

This and the same happened together.
Silently, I sat in the glass.
Only the spot wandered on naked scene.
Sounds did not continue.

Only an omitted gesture.
Happiness like an unmoving dancer.
Beatings on naked boned back.

And the sea no longer immortal.

(Translated by *Zsuzsanna Ozsváth*, and *Martha Satz*)

ABSTRAKSI

Ada sesuatu yang tidak beres di antara kita.
Sesuatu yang tidak pernah ada.
Kenapa begitu diam-diam?
Bahkan hingga aku tidak berarti sama sekali?

Dengan cara serupa. Selalu sama.
Dia baik, dia tidak pernah menimbulkan
luka. Dia lainnya?
Cahaya dirinya membuatnya gemetar.

Jahat, leher bersimpul tali gotik.
Tubuh jelek, ketelanjangan apik.
Perempuan mandul. Alangkah membosankan!
Terlalu banyak dan terlalu sedikit pada saat yang sama.

Abstraksi kecil! Sudah kutulis seluruh
dirimu. Tidak terlalu menarik untuk
ditulis. Sebenarnya ini
berlebihan. Seperti cinta.

Dua anak, yang bukan untukku—
sangat menyentuhku. Tentu saja,
aku tidak menunjukkannya. Karena ingin lebih baik,
aku rawat kepunyaan perempuan cantik.

ABSTRACTIONS

Something's gone wrong between us.
Something that's never existed.
How come so insidiously?
So that I wasn't even there at all?

The same way. It's always the same
way. He's good, he never inflicts
wounds. The other him? His own
light makes him shiver.

Wicked, gothic lace-trimmed neck. Ugly
posture, hopeful-cautious nakedness.
Infertile woman. How trite!
Too much and too little at the same time.

Little abstractions! I've composed
you all. It's not very funny to
compose this way. It's in fact like a
great big overstatement. Like love.

The two children, who not for me -
touched me deeply. Of course,
I didn't show it. For want of better I
lived the part of the beautiful woman.

(Translated by *Katalin N. Ullrich*)

RACUN

Tak kutahu apa,
Tapi tak disangka. Perempuan pasti merasakannya.
Seperti senda gurau saja.

Kuputar kota ini padaku,
Memutar kecantikanku. Cuma itu!
Banyak kunci, lubang-lubang kunci kecil menggigil.

Tatapan masih tertanggungkah. Sedangkan sahatan?
Alangkah menyebalkan!
Vas bunga mendekapku, membunuh, kian menyesakkan.

Kini wajahku—walau dicantik-cantikkan—
Tak lagi disebut kecantikan.
Dan ia? Perempuan itu? Parfum melenakan-

Nya ialah racun. Kuanggap racun sungguhan.
Dan vas bunga?
Dekapannya membuatku tak berdaya.

Namun, tanpanya, mau apa coba?

POISON

I don't know what it is but very ill-
intended. Sure a woman belongs.
And something like a laughter.

I am rotating the city on me,
rotating my beauty. That's that!
Many keys, small keyholes whirling.

Gazes cannot be all in vain. And the answer?
Merely a jeer.
The vase hugs me, killing, can't breathe.

Now my features - even with the best intentions -
cannot be claimed as a beauty.
And she? The girl? Her smarty perfume

is Poison. For me a real poison indeed.
And the vase?
His hugging kills me.

But what am I to do without?

(Translated by *Kinga Fabó*)

KANKER

Yang fana jiwa atau raga?
Atau keduanya seketika itu juga?
Atau kematian keduanya
Datang silih berganti, menimpa?

Kuyakin tak semestinya.
Tak seharusnya memberi tanda.
Biarlah tetap rahasia.
Biarlah tetap di luar sana.

Ia merasuki nafsuku.
Kutahan tak lagi kuasa.
Sumpah, ia tak tahu.
Kenapa ia tetap memaksa?

Akankah aku binasa?
Tidak akankah aku binasa? Aku sekarat, tapi tetap ber-rasa.
Kukira ia melihatku.
Kukira ia punya mata.

Apa aku menuju binasa? Telah binasakah aku?
Haruskah aku sendiri yang menentukannya?
Kuduga ia mendengarku.
Kuduga ia hendak memberi tanda.

Ia mampu berbuat begitu—aku punya empat telinga.
Empat, semacam androgin, bermuka pria dan wanita.
Bila punya empat telinga,
Takkan terjadi malapetaka.

CANCER

Soul would perish or body?
Or both simultaneously?
Or would two different deaths
come separately and catch?

I thought to myself it shouldn't.
It should send no warning signs.
Let it yet remain a secret.
Let it remain outside.

It has occupied my ego.
I can see out no more.
No secret, it doesn't know.
Why should it from me withhold?

Will I die? Won't I die?
I am dying but still alive.
I thought it would perceive me.
I thought it would have an insight.

Have I died? Am I dying?
Should I myself decide?
I thought it would listen to me.
I thought it would send warning signs.

It could do so -- I've got four ears.
Four, just like a prime-androgyne.
When four ears prick themselves,
there will happen no tragedy.
(Translated by *Katalin N. Ullrich*)

PESONA YANG LUPUT

Kuning cerah—tujuh sinar.
Menusuk mata berbinar.
Bau amis. Sedang dihajar.

„Bersikaplah wajar!”
Baju bekas berjajar
Di seberang pasar

Cina, dan di bawah, dipandu aneka bau kemelaratan.
Kondom-kondom kegagalan.
Digunakan, dibuang, lalu diabaikan

Tengik cairan kelamin. Kekayaan—
ialah gilanya kesenangan.
Mengulurkan pelbagai ukuran.

Rok sempit nian—mungkin. Tapi kala penglihatan
Turun ke paha, transparan
Celana ketat kubeli tahun silam.

Ada jenjang di atas kain. Seakan-akan
merek dagang. Ada noda bungkam,
bekasnya terkuak pandangan.

CHARMS, DISCOUNTED

Pungent, yellow – seven rays.
Hits the eyes.
Piercing stench. It is being sterilized.

„Act natural!” Secondhand clothes
by the kilo.
Across the Chinese market and below

led by the coloured smell of poverty.
The rubber. A condom failure.
Use, toss, and let there be

heady odorous-orgy.
Wealth – is in unconscious pleasure.
Holding out another measure.

A flashy skirt – perhaps. But as the eye
runs down the thighs it's clear,
my tights were bought last year.

A ladder in the fabric. As though
it were the brand. A streak remains,
a stitch unravelled by your gaze.

(Translated by *Owen Good*, finishing
touches by *Kinga Fabó*)

PEREMPUAN JALANG TUA MUSIM PANAS

(Demi dirinya:) *furioso*

Balas dendamnya ialah pilinan panjang.
Serangan bertubinya tak terhalang pedang
Berlumur darah agar menghadang-
Ku. Tamasya menikam: mengundang pandang.

Ia melagakkan berahinya agar membutakanku,
Hendak menghanyutkanku.
Perempuan jalang tua ngap-ngap. Di belakang semua itu
Sekawanan jalang megap-megap, tak kuat begitu.

Ia berhasil mengatasinya. Kala beraksi kepadaku.
Mantra memilukan tak pernah berhasil, tentu.
Panji-panji dengan angkuhnya itu
Mempersiapkan penghinaan penuh dendam-tipu,

Demi apa? Demi badai memekak telinga?
Tak seorang pun memborgol nafsunya?
Alangkah melimpah empedu pahitnya.
Si jalang dan si jalang saling benci sebegitunya.

Waktu memamerkan kecongkakannya.
Hanya jika bermain adil—sekali saja!
Dengan histeris meneriaki angin di sana.
Kotoran dalam tenggorokannya.

Waktu balas dendam sukar nian.
Meluluh-lantakkan siasatnya, gertakan!
Waktu dibatalkan.

Ia merenggutku. Buas luar biasa!
Persoalannya sepele, tegukannya cepat saja.
Haus balas dendam ialah ketamakannya.

Balas dendamnya perlu dicermati.
Cukup kiranya kemarahan demikian ini.
Hancurkan dan jangan hiraukan ini.

Meruncingkan sengatannya,
Racunnya tumpah kulitku tertimpa.
Getah balas dendam mengalir senantiasa.

Dalam menembus, bagai musim semi ke musim bunga.
Disimpan diam-diam di tempat yang ada.

Tergelantung di leherku: tidak untuk jalannya.
Lidahny menasuknya hingga binasa.

Seraya berkeliling menyeretnya.
Menjeratku terus—menghidupkan kawanannya jalangnya.

Mendetikkan saat demi saat, si perempuan jalang tua.
Tangkap aku di mana pun berada.

OLD BITCH OF A SUMMER

(For her sake:) *furioso*

Her revenge is a long wrench. Her
blood-drenched sword will not deter
her drummed up horde to pester me.
A stabbing tour: a feast to see!

She flaunts her lust to hurl me blind,
wanting to carry me beyond.
The old bitch pants away. Behind
the panting horde, with her up front.

She outpants it. As she does me.
Plays pathetic spells ne'er to be.
The banner proudly swells on
preparing a vengeful affront,

for what? For her earsplitting squall?
No one for her lust to clutch?
Abundant is her bitter gall.
Bitches hate bitches this much.

The watch prods a conceited cusp.
If only for fair play - just once!
Hysterically howls the wind.
In her throat the dust.

The watch for revenge is tough.
It breaks up the goal-event; bluff !
The match is called off.

She hurls down. Enraged beast!
Matter is thin, swig is short.
Thirst for revenge is her gloat.

Her revenge has more to see.
She has had it to a tee.
Breaks down and lets it be.

Sharpening her caustic sting,
its poison spills on my skin.
Sap for revenge flows,

penetrates deeply, as summer into fall.
Illicitly lodges where no one should stall.

Hangs on my neck: not for her path.
Her tongue daggers itself to death.

Drags it in circles. Lassoes me
'round. – Drums up her clan.

Ticking away, the old bitch is.
Catch me she will, where'er I am.

(Translated by *Katarina Peters*, finishing touches by *Kinga Fabó*)

KATA PENGANTAR PENERJEMAH
(THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE):
BY NARUDIN

KATA PENGANTAR PENERJEMAH

Kinga Fabó, Penyair yang Bergelora
Diterjemahkan ke dalam bahasa Indonesia oleh: Narudin

Tak ayal lagi, akan terdengar jenaka apabila kita hidup dalam gua tanpa mengenal puisi-puisi Kinga Fabó. Puisi-puisinya secara linguistik-feminin kaya—seakan-akan berasal dari kegelapan. Gua itu gelap, bukan?

Puisi-puisi Kinga pada derajat tertentu dapatlah digolongkan sebagai resiprokasi, kontemplasi, dan destruksi-diri.

Resiprokasi

Resiprokasi dalam istilah Erich Fromm barangkali diucapkan sebagai „kenangan timbal-balik”. Lelaki dan perempuan di atas perahu „cinta” atau „nafsu” yang serupa. Yang disebut setelahnya menguasai yang disebut sebelumnya! Jenis nafsu demikian melukiskan semacam quasi-ekualitas—saya tak mengistilahkannya sebagai „mendominasi”, melainkan „mengatasi” suatu keadaan buruk dalam hal „sebuah hubungan” antara [keduanya] lelaki dan perempuan. Preposisi „antara keduanya” bukan „di antara banyaknya” saya gunakan di sini menunjukkan bahwa keduanya secara alamiah cenderung menjadi entitas dualistik.

Mari kita baca puisi di bawah ini, „Lakukanlah dengan Hati-hati”:

Dua bait pertama menandakan kecacatan kaum perempuan, seperti lazimnya diselingkuhi oleh ketakcacatan kaum lelaki (?)—distribusi kekuasaan lelakinya di sini begitu kentara.

LAKUKANLAH DENGAN HATI-HATI

Hotel putih. Di mana dosa tak hadir. Dan
begitu juga rasa bersalah.
Kau menyedihkan.

Kau payah.
Selingkuh setiap hari Senin.
Senin.
Aku suka.

Baris terakhir Aku suka melawan gagasan Aristoteles „Cinta terdiri dari satu jiwa dalam dua tubuh.” karena jiwa dirobek-robek disebabkan oleh kepayahan lelaki. Pemahaman ini bertambah kuat tatkala kita membaca puisi berjudul „Dia Lemah dan Payah”:

Namun, tunggu dulu, saya heran bagaimana bisa dosa tak hadir, dan begitu juga rasa bersalah...

DIA LEMAH DAN PAYAH

Dia coba orgasme, sia-sia.
Dia memasturbasiku
seolah-olah aku
objek pribadi yang letih. Kukhayalkan
sisanya.

Aku ingin orgasme di wajahmu, katanya.
Apa dia ingin memperlukanku?
Apa yang dia pikirkan?

Setelah itu, dua hari lamanya
mataku meradang.

Apa yang harus semua perempuan katakan dengan baris-baris berikut Dia memasturbasiku/ seolah-olah aku/ objek pribadi yang letih.//? Apa mereka mewakili resiprositas? Atau malah mereka ingin berujar, „Hai, Tuan sekalian, saya bukanlah objek kalian, tapi saya ialah subjek sejatimu dalam semua aspek kehidupanmu, termasuk dalam cinta sejatimu”? Mampukah kita menangkap maksudnya?

Masalah ini begitu klasik sehingga ia cenderung modern dalam arti memodifikasi yang silam dengan semesta batin perempuan, meminta sesuatu yang “lebih baik” atau “melampaui” atau dalam kata-kata saya” “mengatasi”. Bicara secara harfiah, kita pun boleh jadi menyebutnya sebagai sebuah feminisme radikal, namun ini masih bias perihal kelamin kedua, yang mengingatkan kepada etika ambigu Simone de Beauvoir: suatu hubungan subjek-objek, khususnya stimulasi sebab-akibat.

Bagi saya, saya lebih suka mengatakan bahwa Kinga hanya ingin membagikan semesta batinnya dengan kita, mengingatkan kita kepada apa yang Avicenna (Ibnu Sina) nasihatkan kepada kita agar kita menjaga semesta batin kita sebaik-baiknya dari kontaminasi absurd tak diharapkan (?).

Kontemplasi

Seperti telah kita ketahui, kontaminasi berbeda dengan kontemplasi, bukan? Saya hendak mengatakan bahwa Kinga Fabó adalah seorang filsuf yang bergelora karena ia gemar menggunakan „frasa kompleks” dan „sesuatu yang di luar” atau „di luar metafisika” dalam istilah Heidegger.

Kinga masih meyakini metafisika, tak seperti Nietzsche selama

ia berpegang pada Platonisme terbalik (Wibowo, 2014). Menyangkut isu demikian, marilah kita berbincang mengenai sesuatu yang metafisis, yakni „jiwa”, salah satu dari puisinya berikut ini:

JIWA YANG TELAH LAMA KUCARI

Jiwa yang telah lama kucari,
darinya sering kutulis,
yang banyak kuseru,
apa kau tak di mana pun, tak di dalam siapa pun?

Kau berada di sini dalam diriku, tapi salah tempat.
Dari tempat persembunyianmu kautuangkan
seluruh sel-sel terlahir sendiri itu.
Maka tak di mana pun kau kutemukan—

Kau, yang tak ada sama sekali,
beri aku satu tanda, cukup sekali.
Andai aku masih hidup—kabari aku.

Inti sel mungkin juga berpikir
jiwa itu telah mengusirnya
dari dirinya sendiri—terlalu dipenuhiku.

Dengan mengucapkan Kau berada di sini dalam diriku, tapi salah tempat., Kinga secara tak langsung menyokong metafisika, namun hal ini masih amat dipertanyakan... tapi salah tempat. Sebentuk pertanyaan diperlukan seolah-olah kita ialah anak-anak yang penuh tanya, yang ingin membeli sekotak permen. Dengan mempertanyakan sesuatu hal, kita

boleh jadi memperoleh sebuah jawaban yang memuaskan—mudah-mudahan sebuah solusi yang memuaskan juga.

Perihal penggunaan frasa, Kinga menantang kita agar memerhatikan secara khusus bait-bait terakhir puisi-puisinya, misalnya saja:

...

Dan vas bunga?

Dekapannya membuatku tak berdaya.

(“Racun”)

...

Ia mampu berbuat begitu—aku punya empat telinga.

Empat, semacam androgin, bermuka pria dan wanita.

Bila punya empat telinga,

Takkan terjadi malapetaka.

(“Kanker”)

...

Dunia dingin.

Kepingannya telah runtuh.

Buluh manusia gemetar di dinding.

(“Setengah Lingkaran”)

...

Mutiara palsu

Kolam, bukan perigi

Air mataku

(„Lima Haiku”)

...

Bait-bait di atas tampaknya menjadi sintaks-sintaks yang terhenti yang menggiring kita agar menghirup sebuah nuansa semantik-destruktif. Apabila kita sekalian melirik selayang pandang kepada semua bait tersebut, kita niscaya tak melihat apa pun kecuali baris demi baris—tak lebih!

Dalam kenyataannya, Kinga mencoba berkomunikasi dengan kita, para pembaca, dengan menggunakan pendekatan sensoris lainnya, umpamanya, suatu arus kesadaran sensoris. Ia mengundang kita agar tinggal sesaat dalam sebuah akhir tak terduga yang “gulita”, membiarkan kita berpikir tentangnya terus-menerus berkenaan dengan kemungkinan makna. Dalam hal komunikasi satu-arah, secara pribadi merujuk kepada dirinya sendiri sebagai seorang penyair, ia memanfaatkan “vantage point” (sudut pandang spesifik) dalam perspektif Hallidayan. Walaupun begitu, dalam hal komunikasi dua-arah, berbicara secara pragmatik, ia menyuruh kita, para pembaca, agar mencari-cari labirin makna termaksud—terang saja, semacam pendekatan ekspresif, menurut hemat Abrams.

Destruksi-diri

Bicara soal destruksi-diri mengingatkan kita kepada puisi-puisi Emily Dickinson. Namun, menyangkut puisi-puisi Kinga, mereka bukan hanya destruktif-diri, melainkan pula... suatu impresi destruktif. Ia menawarkan (kepada kita) guna mengaktualisasikan pesan dari puisi-puisinya, yang tak sedikit bergantung pada tendensi kesadaran hati nurani kita.

Coba kita simak puisi-puisi berikut ini:

RACUN

Tak kutahu apa,
Tapi tak disangka. Perempuan pasti merasakannya.
Seperti senda gurau saja.

Kuputar kota ini padaku,
Memutar kecantikanku. Cuma itu!
Banyak kunci, lubang-lubang kunci kecil menggigil.

Tatapan masih tertanggungkan. Sedangkan sahatan?
Alangkah menyebalkan!
Vas bunga mendekapku, membunuh, kian
menyesakkan.

Kini wajahku—walau dicantik-cantikkan—
Tak lagi disebut kecantikan.
Dan ia? Perempuan itu? Parfum melenakan-Nya ialah
racun.
Kuanggap racun sungguhan.
Dan vas bunga?
Dekapannya membuatku tak berdaya.
Namun, tanpanya, mau apa coba?

DI ANTARA SANDARAN PANGGUNG BERDEBU

Sekali lagi kutatap diriku
di cermin.
Sekali lagi aku dikuasai
sedih diri.
Di mana sikap keras yang kupinta

dari diriku?
Kupegang cerminku
dan berlalu.

Apa yang hendak terjadi kemudian dengan memaklumi baris-baris ini: Kupegang cerminku/ dan berlalu.// serta Dan vas bunga?/ Dekapannya membuatku tak berdaya./ Namun, tanpanya, mau apa coba?//?

Seandainya semua perempuan menumpahkan isi hatinya ke dalam situasi memilukan, melankolinya akan serta-merta melukai dan memorak-porandakan jiwa seseorang. Sama halnya, secara tak langsung, ia mengutarakan bahwa inferioritas perempuan tengah dikuak. Pada titik inilah, kaum perempuan tampaknya objek-objek menyedihkan atau “mangsa-mangsa maskulin” belaka—diburu lalu dibunuh...

Duhai sekalian, banyak yang ingin disampaikan, tapi waktu menghentikan saya hanya agar Anda sendiri-lah yang masuk ke dalam kerajaan puisi Kinga! Terima kasih.

THE TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

Kinga Fabó, A Vibrant Philosopher

It will no doubt sound funny if we live in a cave without knowing Kinga Fabó's poems. Her poems are linguistically-femininely rich—as if coming from the darkness. The cave is dark, isn't it? Kinga's poems can to a certain extent be classified as reciprocation, contemplation, and self-destruction.

Reciprocation

Reciprocation in Erich Fromm's term may be said as „mutual joyfulness”. Men and women are at the same boat of „love” or „passion”. The latter has more power over the former! This sort of passion depicts a kind of quasi-equality—I do not call it as „dominating” but „overcoming” a bad condition in such so-called „a relationship” between men and women. The preposition „between” not „among” I use here points out that both of them tend to become dual entities in nature.

Let us read this poem below, „Do It Carefully”:

The first two stanzas signify a female flaw, as always being cheated by male flawlessness (?)—the distribution of the male power in here is so clear.

DO IT CAREFULLY

White hotel. Where sin is absent. And
so is guilty conscience.
You languish.

You're decadent.
Cheat on me Mondays.
Mondays

I like.

(Translated from Hungarian into English by Michael Castro and Gábor G. Gyukics)

The last line I like goes against Aristotle's idea "Love has one soul in two bodies." because the soul is torn apart due to the male decadence. This understanding gets a lot stronger when we read the poem entitled „He Was Wilted and Decadent”:
But, wait a moment, I wonder how come the sin is absent, and so is guilty conscience...

HE WAS WILTED AND DECADENT

He tries to come, in vain.
He jerks me off
as if I were a tired
personal object. I imagine
the rest.

I'd like to come on your face, he said.
Did he want to humiliate me?
What was he thinking?
After that, for two days
my eyes were inflamed.

(Translated by Michael Castro and Gábor G. Gyukics)

What do all women have to say with these lines He jerks me off/ as if I were a tired/ personal object.//? Do they represent reciprocation? Or do they want to say, “Hi, Gentlemen, I’m not your object, but I’m your true subject in all aspects of your life, including in love of your life”? Can we catch that?

This problem is so classical that it tends to be modern in a state of modifying the past with a female inner-universe, asking for something “better off” or “surpassing” or in my term: “overcoming”. Literally speaking, we might also call it as a radical feminism, but it is still biased towards the second sex, which reminds us of Simone de Beauvoir’s ambiguous ethics: a complex subject-object relationship, especially cause-effect stimulation.

To me, I prefer to say that Kinga just wants to share her female inner-world with us, reminding us of what Avicenna (Ibu Sina) tells us to protect our inner-universe so well from unexpected absurd contamination (?).

Contemplation

As we already know, contamination is different from contemplation, isn’t it? I would like to say that Kinga Fabó is a vibrant philosopher since she loves to use „complex phrasing” and „something beyond” or „beyond metaphysics” in Martin Heidegger’s words.

Kinga still believes in metaphysics unlike Nietzsche as long as he holds reversed Platonism. In coping with this issue, let us talk about something metaphysical, that is „soul”, in one of her poems as follows:

SOUL I'VE BEEN SEEKING SO LONG

Soul I've been seeking so long,
of whom I've been writing so oft,
who I've called so much,
are you nowhere, in no one?

You're here in me, but misplaced.
From your hiding place you pour
all those self-begetting cells.
So that I'd find you nowhere.

You, who don't exist at all,
send me a sign, one and no more.
If I still live on – let me know.

The nucleus might also think
the soul has ejected it
from itself – had too much of me.

(Translated by Katalin N. Ullrich)

By saying *You're here in me, but misplaced.*, Kinga is indirectly in favor of metaphysics, but it is still highly questionable... but misplaced. An inquiry is necessary as though we were inquisitive children wanting to buy a box of candy. By questioning a thing, we may presumably get a satisfactory answer—hopefully a satisfactory solution.

Regarding the use of phrasing, Kinga challenges us to pay special attention to the last stanzas of her poems, for instance:

And the vase?
His hugging kills me
("Poison")

...

It could do so - I've got four ears.
Four, just like a prime-androgyne.
When four ears prick themselves,
there will happen no tragedy.
("Cancer")

...

The earth is cold:
Its patches have fallen off.
Human-knot shivers on its wall.
("Half Circles")

...

It's throwing fake pearls
-just a fountain not a spring-
tears being stamped out.
("Five Haikus")

Those stanzas seem to be the paused syntaxes that get us to exhale a destructive-semantic nuance. If we all have a look at them at a glance, we will certainly have seen nothing but lines by lines—that is all!

In fact, Kinga attempts to communicate with us, the readers, with another sensory approach, e.g. a sensory stream of consciousness. She invites us to stay for a while in a "dark" twist, letting us think about them repeatedly in terms of the meaning possibility. In a one-way communication, personally

referring to herself as a poet, she uses “vantage point” in Hallidayan perspectives. Nevertheless, in a two-way communication, pragmatically speaking, she makes us, the readers, search for such semantic labyrinths—obviously, a sort of expressive approach, according to Abrams.

Self-destruction

Speaking about self-destruction reminds me of Emily Dickinson's poems. However, as to Kinga's poems, they are not merely self-destructive, but also... a destructive impression. She offers [us] to actualize the messages of her poems depending much on our inner-conscious tendencies.

Let us read the following poems:

POISON

I don't know what it is but very ill-
intended. Sure a woman belongs.
And something like a laughter.

I am rotating the city on me,
rotating my beauty. That's that!
Many keys, small keyholes whirling.

Gazes cannot be all in vain. And the answer?
Merely a jeer.
The vase hugs me, killing, can't breathe.
Now my features - even with the best intentions -
cannot be claimed as a beauty.
And she? The girl?

Her smarty perfume is Poison.
For me a real poison indeed.
And the vase?
His hugging kills me.

But what am I to do without?

(Translated by Kinga Fabó)

AMONG DUSTY STAGE-PROPS

Once again I looked at myself
in the mirror.

Once again I was overcome by
self-pity.

Where are the hard manners I demand
from myself?

I take hold of my mirror
and leave.

(Translated by Katalin N. Ullrich)

What will happen later by comprehending these last lines: I
take hold of my mirror/ and leave.// and And the vase?/ His
hugging kills me./ But what am I to do without?//?

If all women pour their heart into a sad situation, the
melancholy will simultaneously be hurting and destroying

one's soul. Likewise, indirectly, it tells us that such female inferiority is being unraveled. At this very point, the women are seemingly the pathetic objects or “the masculine preys”—hunted and killed...

Dear everyone, I have many things to say, but the time stops me only to let you yourselves enter Kinga's poetic kingdom! Thank you.

