

A Selection of Poems

By Chatty Indrawan

ALTITUDE

Wind sighs, chatter fades, moon gazes.

And then, I was left in the dark,

To ponder against the gentle breeze,

Ere the instant of realization.

It was at this altitude,

the tributary of water that slithers along the valley,

the ocular maze of edifice that stands as an army,

And the breathing wind that cantillates its lullaby,

Are at once conspicuous.

For at high altitudes, my ubiquity abides.

Reflection

I remember when I was four years old, boarding an airplane for the first time. That's when I had a realization which Da Vinci describes as: "once you have tasted flight, you will walk the earth with your eyes turned skyward." I enjoy flying because I get to see how different things are from different angles. Sometimes, the tollways and rivers resemble patterns that one can perceive only at a high altitude. It's interesting to understand the planet through a wider perspective.

While strolling along an empty path at Calton Hill in Scotland, I discovered the hidden and austere grandeur of the highlands scenery. It's funny how looking too much at the details makes us forget the bigger picture that valleys, rivers, mountains and buildings can stand side by side in the late postmodern era. To vividly remember this, I decided to write a poem. Writing poetry is my way of communicating the truths and expressing my thoughts. As an artist, I perceive poetry as simple and straightforward sketches. This poem thus hopes to invite the dreamers to hold hands with the world and redefine it.

T I M E - L A P S E

A grey blanket overcast the city

Of past, of present, of future.

The waves hailed,

A cadence consigned to oblivion.

Where automobiles hauled,

Redolence of decaying green foliage filled the void air at a distance.

And I wonder, are we approaching dystopia?

Reflection

Dystopia is an important genre to me. It is part of how I understand the world and the future in addition to physics and economics. Similarly, it teaches me that even in the darkest of times, hope still exists. The beauty of dystopia enables us to visualize the extreme end of the future world while we are still able to change it. I like to analyse how the current specialization in a standardized education system will affect the world over time or how initiatives like the Kyoto Protocol can alleviate global warming. And so, *Time-lapse* represents how I have seen the world in recent years.

Time-lapse encapsulates my thoughts about the current era of the world, which theorists call “metamodernism”. I agree with these ideas to a certain extent. My inspiration for this poem came while I strolled in a restricted area of Igidae Park in Busan, South Korea. The coast was so serene that the congested harbour bridge far to my right and the distant dense city opposite it imposed such an irony. The sky was a blue-grey gradient closer to the city while the trees grew chlorophyll-deficient pale and orange nearby the bridge. As I wrote, I thought that this was a close encounter with “dystopia”.

U N F I N I S H E D

How could silence scream the loudest?

How could we be constantly at war?

For, I think that maybe I was designed, to be

A paradox which the world knows not.

Am I just misunderstood?

I breathed the words into the air,

They fell into the fog I knew not where,

For I am a mess of unfinished thoughts,

Whose desire to encounter myself from someone else's perspective has yet remained.

Reflection

As an introvert with logic dominance, I am passionately curious about the world, and I enjoy questioning theories. I value respect, deep communication and abstract thinking, which is why I am often detached from reality. I am also weak at compliance, whether it is to rules or obligations, but I enjoy discussing something unconfirmed because I get to explore more directions while testing my ideas about the subject. This is probably the excitement of being in the grey area in a discussion. So, with these and my weakness in emotional interpretation and daily socialization, I might be what people and mathematics call "the outlier".

As a business student at university, conforming to the industry norms and structure is not an option. My differences protrude in the relatively standardized business world, which can lead to arguments. Sometimes, I wonder if I am a paradox or if people just simply misunderstand me. Often, I rebel in silence and end up with a pile of unfinished thoughts. But there is one thing that I have always wished to do; that is, to meet myself from another's perspective.