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Aporia

Five poems of Thaman Mohamed

Thaman Mohamed



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Contents

Aporia	3
The Sin of Becoming a Man	3
Sofa	4
A Club on Adityawarman	5
Waiting for You in hell	5
Thaman Mohamed	6

Waiting
in vain.

The country
handed down
sin.

And we grew
into children
of sins
never
forgiven.

Thaman Mohamed lives in Bandung, Indonesia. He writes poetry and is part of Maison Aidos, a micro press. These poems are English translations selected from his forthcoming manuscript, *Semoga Lulus Ya*.

Aporia

I fell asleep
beneath
my own sweat

and my God.

Woke.

Wiping
my face
full of blood.

Undone.

Feeling
for
my body.
Marred.

My virginity;
my death;
my birth.

For Isa al-Masih—

be one
with God the Father.

I am
the true
Jesus.

The Sin of Becoming a Man

My body
inherited
the family.

A prayer
to become a man.

Mutiny
against masculinity.

My body
only cishet.
Half queer.

I hope
I pass.

I hope
my body breaks
with lips gone dry.

My tongue dances.
My eyes run.
Divorce.
Prayer rots in my mouth.

God,
I have never finished
becoming
a man.

Sofa

Sing me.
Wet my body.
Before I fall asleep.

Seeing you
for the last
time.

Rain and sweat
become blood.

Then
dry
on the sofa.

A Club on Adityawarman

A Winston
and a pint of Guinness.

He said to me,
Death is eternal life.

Waiting for You in hell

These days
have been hard.
I still
cannot
fall asleep
again.

Falling
from one side
of my eye.

Every day
against
sleep,
hunger,
and thirst.

Life
feels
miserable.
Filled
with guilt.