



Before Dawn: The Poetry of Sapardi Djoko Damono

Sapardi Djoko Damono , John H. McGlynn (Translator) , Jeihan Sukmantoro (Illustrator)

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Before Dawn - Suddenly the Night, Lontar first publication, was released in 1987. Before Dawn, a completely revised and expanded version of this work, contains an additional thirty poems by Sapardi Djoko Damono, one of Indonesia's most prominent poets. The writer, through the language of his poetry and its meaning, sound and rhythm, proves himself capable of depicting a highly imaginative awareness of experience.

Before Dawn: The Poetry of Sapardi Djoko Damono Details

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Author : Sapardi Djoko Damono , John H. McGlynn (Translator) , Jeihan Sukmantoro (Illustrator)

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Rosi Simamora says

Tulisan Sapardi menurut saya abadi, selalu baru setiap kali saya menjenguknya. Padahal sudah puluhan kali saya membacanya.

Anastasia Eugenia says

(one of my favorites)

The day will come
When my body no longer exists
But in the lines of this poem
I will never let you be alone

The day will come
When my voice is no longer heard
But within the words of this poem
I will continue to watch over you

The day will come
When my dreams are no longer known
But in the spaces found in the letters of this poem
I will never tired of looking for you
(The Day Will Come-Sapardi Djoko Damono)

Famega Putri says

i love this book so much, read it over and over again. Even the too-much-quoted poem of Sapardi (aku ingin mencintaimu dengan sederhana) feels like brand new.

Date i finish? No i never finished read it :D

Indah Threez Lestari says

495 - 2013

Irwan says

Thanks to Lita for the kind gift :-)

p.169

SHOES

you didn't feel it when your shoes trod on
the pebbles and old leaves on the footpath;
you didn't hear the insightful comments
of the leaves and the pebbles about your shoes

p.142

I WANT

I want to love you simply,
in words not spoken:
tinder to the flame which transforms it to ash

I want to love you simply,
in signs not expressed:
clouds to the rain which make them evanesce

Sherinesky Suryanegara says

"Walking Westward in the Morning"

walking westward in the morning the sun follows me from behind
walking, I follow my drawn-out shadow before me
the sun and I don't argue about which one of us creates the shadow
the shadow and I don't argue about which one of us must lead the way..

one of my fave!

Manik Sukoco says

Sapardi's poems are humble like the man who wrote them. Every time I read his poems, I am always reminded of my first date, when I was in college. The poems are grammatically and semantically complete. They didn't speak loud like (political) pamphlets, but slow and beautiful, wants to mend the morals of society. I will pick two of my favorite poems:

"I WANT"

I want to love you simply, in words not spoken: tinder to the flame which transforms it to ash
I want to love you simply, in signs not expressed: clouds to the rain which make them evanescent

"RAIN SPELL"

Rain knows well the tree, the road
the gutter too-their voices can be distinguished:
and you can hear them too, even when you close the door
and window. Even when you dim the light.
Rain, who really can distinguished between them,
has fallen on the tree, the road and the gutter-
casting a spell so that you have no chance at all to protest
when you find the revelation that you may not reveal

Rohman Muhamad says

Selalu kagum dari karya - karya seorang Sapardi Djoko, terkesan lawas, berisi dan tidak lebay seperti buku - buku jaman sekarang.

Dania Syarwan says

amazing words ..

gieb says

nemu di periplus juanda. belum sempat dibuka. sudah berpindah tangan ke orang lain. hehe.

Astri Kusuma says

Kumpulan puisi yang indah. Kualitas bukunya bagus, kertasnya juga bagus.

Alfian says

kumpulan puisi sapardi yang ditranslasikan ke dalam bahasa inggris. banyak puisi bagus di dalamnya.

Theresia says

(Reread) The only book of mine that has touched four continents with me. I'm a crappy poetry reader, but when it comes to poetry translation, I definitely pick John McGlynn (whom I met once--great man and scholar) over Harry Aveling.

SDD:

Tuan Tuhan, bukan? Tunggu sebentar,
saya sedang ke luar.

McGlynn:

It's Mister God, is it not? Wait a moment, will you?
I'm out.

Aveling:

Mister mystery, aren't you? Just a moment,
I'm out to lunch.

Both are a great miss, in terms of lyricism and wittiness, but Aveling's translation made me go all 'What the hell?' In the wise words of SDD himself, to translate a poem one must be a poet oneself. Indeed. If I could trade a career, I'd rather die a happy SDD translator than anything. Sadly, the first urge I have whenever I'm thinking of translating a poem is to Leipzig gloss it. Crappy, I told you.

Helix says

The book that inspires me to write poetry and be a poet. I remembered sneaking to the bookshelf in the living room to read this, the copy belongs to my dad. I still yet to find it after we moved houses and after all these years.

Thank you, Mr Sapardi, for always inspiring me. We true poets know that yang fana adalah waktu. Kita abadi.
