

CORPSE OF LOVE

short story by @yani_srikandi

An unpleasant odor filled the nose facing each other in the narrow space of the house. The scent was nothing compared to the cold air carried by the dry season. Like a pair of eyes running here and there to monitor the condition of the house in the corner of Sosentri village. Those eyes are mine and yours too, who are frightened, see a terrible situation

Your smile softens my heart, the life that ends is ultimately useless, I hope you forgive me. You who are still lying next to me seem to be trying to gather the intention to start a conversation, breaking the silence that has been running from hour to hour.

"Please tell me something." You ask, with requests that save a lot of anxiety.

"Bird can fly."

"Not really, if a bird born has broken wings, it can't fly." You insist, don't want to lose, hate what I'm saying.

You left me, then sat down and gently wanted to stand firm as if you were fine.

"Basically birds can fly, I'm talking about talent, no matter how it is."

You walk around a room full of neatly arranged books, take a book and read it just one sheet then close it, take another book and close it again.

My eyes, your eyes might just glaze over, repeatedly returning to see blood dripping, then look up to apologize.

"Birds can fly is just a paradigm, flying is just an effect, wings as a tool. Even though they have wings, birds must be willing to move them so they can fly. If that happens, you could say flying is not a talent."

With confidence you answer, using logic, which is no different and different, but forgetting that destiny is destiny.

"If you were on a plane during a picnic, how would you feel?" My usual question, while looking at your wavy beautiful hair across the southern ocean.

"What do I feel? I fly. Like I said, the plane as a tool, it acts like a wing." If not ashamed, I want to congratulate, you have tried to argue about what is really very basic, Your answer makes me swallow.

"If you want to analyze something trivial, you have to be willing to analyze other trivial things, not just analyze what you like." It's kinda silly I'm trying to confuse your mind.

"But I flew by plane." fierce, hatred has grown in your heart, I'm just trying to be patient. My hand tried to reach for a cigarette that I could no longer enjoy.

"Then, in my opinion, I emphasize that this is my opinion. If you get on a plane during a picnic, what you feel is a picnic. A trivial thing that you don't need to philosophically analyze, something that flies is a plane, not you."

The sound of the door knocking loudly, two people calling out your name and mine. your heart is shrinking, your body is stiff.

You remember tonight you called your friends to a meeting, but now you are not able to open the door of the house. The sound of legs disappearing, changing the sound of crows that do not want to be silent.

Your lips twitch, I'm waiting for your answer.

"Enough, enough. I admit my defeat, it is true what you say, there are times when it must be realistic or philosophical." Your answer makes your face gloomy, I look very bad when you answer it that way.

"If only I could order a placard now, Obviously I immediately started the motorbike, and immediately ordered it, because this is what I've been waiting for, a confession. This is worthy of appreciation, it's been a long time we always argue and this is the first time you want to admit defeat."

Slowly, I say slowly because I don't dare look at your tears who are ready to run a marathon on your cheek.

Your friend must have arrived. not just two, it looks like more than ten. The sound of shoes climbing the wooden stairs was clearly heard. This hermitage is actually made of wood and bamboo, so it looks fresh and comfortable for anyone who comes. Not only that, but the bookshelf also seems to be a wall, though you and I haven't read it all, just for aesthetics.

"This afternoon she sent me a piece of paper and I was told to pass it on, Sir, she said tonight there would be a meeting at her house, but when we got here the house was closed, I called out but no one answered," Seta explains the chronology.

"Wait ... Wait, don't rush to judge, she might forget that she has invited all of you." Jarwo calms Seta and his crew. His hand patted Seta's shoulder but Seta pushed him away.

The others only dare to whisper, all asking if this is just your game. Some friends are sorry and some are angry, some are squeezing plastic food wrappers, praying that this problem will end soon.

"What an unimportant problem and you dare to call me, it is really not very important. Even if this meeting is successful, I will arrest you all." Jarwo suits, inviting his partner to return to the office.

"Please leave, damn police, even though we are considered troublemakers we are still citizens who need to be protected, here we still pay taxes even though workers' salaries are only mediocre and not enough to live every day." Seta's shout cursed both the police who have disappeared.

Is this the time for us to get out, but we are the key here, can't go out or give a sign that this meeting is no longer needed.

I hope your friends, Seta, and others, will go home, approach their children and wives who are waiting behind the door, who are waiting for their father's return by praying that they will return to bring food.

"gosh, STUPIIIIIID!"

You scream, swear, but who can hear it. The more the night gets colder, until when they can withstand the cold, no, it will not affect, because the heat of each head that comes, destroys the cold. Those who sat near the tree only watched when the others discussed something in front of the house.

"Come on, Set, just go home maybe we are really manipulated, Poor my child who might not want to sleep waiting for my arrival." Basuki's request to Seta, a gentle and spoiled request did not match his posture.

"Don't, it can't be Bas, tomorrow must be a big day, it doesn't matter if our wife and child are starving tonight, but tomorrow and the next it won't be anymore. Think, if we go home now, what will happen tomorrow until we die, wife and our children will live in misery "

Seta spoke harshly, his hand slammed into the bamboo steps I made with my own energy and expense.

"Okay, alright, just like this, so that it doesn't become a bigger dispute, what if we force open the door. If there really isn't anyone at home, we should go home to see our respective families. Isn't that fair?" Yatmo stood up from sitting down and walked towards Seta, gave a solution but was immediately opposed by Seta.

"You will ruin other people's homes, this is our own friend's house, who always gives free advice, provides books that we can read for free."

Basuki who could not stand had walked closer and took a large stone that was on the edge of the house, with the preparation of Basuki running from the road to the door of the house.

"Don't! Don't do that," Seta shouted, driving Basuki away. Basuki's face, which is like *Buta*, has improved because he is being watched by many eyes, the eyes of his friends.

The dispute was not over, they all voiced their own opinions. Those who should have been one camp but had been divided, Seta was confused. The commotion caused the villagers to call Jarwo who was smoking at the post to disperse the crowd.

One by one people complained to Jarwo, some complained about his stomach feeling hungry, and some complained about his life.

"I agree with Basuki, let us open the door by force. This is none of my business, I have told you all, if your meeting happens eventually you will all be arrested. Let's immediately open it, but after that, you must go back home." Jarwa, trying to break up the dispute.

"I am sure, she is going out. Try you guys think, she is a good person, she who makes us a new family, a family that feels equally equal, teaches us to use technology, there is no way she will cheat us. By breaking down the door, that there's no meaning. Let's just wait and see. I'm sure she will meet us soon." Seta's voice was a little weak because he felt the situation was out of control.

"Well, you yourself know that she is a good person. So it is not wrong for us to break the door. This is only because I am already upset enough. Why does she ask us to gather if she does not come or go out? You want to invite us to wait for her until the hour. How much is Set? It's late at night. Sucks."

Basuki was still angry, he was usually a shield for his friends if they were hit by a problem because his posture was really big.

Jarwo secretly called his friends to come. When Seta and the others are busy fighting, Jarwo and his friends have broken the door. Breaking the door was only for one purpose, namely to disperse those who disputed things that were not important, and the dispute had caused a riot in the village.

"Heh, Crow! Shut up fuck up! Asshole!" Yatma who had been dwelling suddenly cursed at the crow who had no sin, the crow who had been surrounding the village in a loud voice.

The one in the front immediately enters the house with a bit of a hurry, the back rushes in, then they succumb by stepping back one by one, making a queue, and entering one by one too. Luckily they were willing to budge if everyone insisted in one time this house might collapse.

"Please open CCTV, Sir, the screen is in the room." Seta was nervous, sweating even though the cold night air must have receded. All were silent, like watching a movie screen.

BLACK OUT

"No! I said no!" I begged slowly.

"It's all for equality, equality, people like you don't understand what life is difficult and terrible." Your answer by yelling, your eyes sharp, as if you have become lucifer, a fire blazing in your head.

"Think about who you hurt if you do what you planned, think about it!"

"The only losers will be you, bitch! and your friends, and anyone who has never struggled to eat or has never felt misery." Indeed, what I have faced has turned into *Banaspati*, your fire, your screams, your voice, from within your mind, You force everything to agree with what you want.

"Let's make a deal, if you want to cancel your plans, I guarantee your life with your friends will be better than before."

"What is your guarantee, you can guarantee my life with my friends, but what about the lives of others?" Wow, wow, your question is rhythmic like a late hero.

"I will sign a memorandum of understanding that will make your life and your friend's life better, how?"

"No! I will not take bribes!" enough, I can't gently hear your answer, *Betharakala* in my body wants to wake up.

"You? Think again, just because you and your friends, how many people will forget that they are waiting at home. Do you feel that you represent many people? You are selfish, not all of them agree with you and not all of them want to be represented by you. Not everyone likes you. Some of them only think of ways to make money to feed their wives and children. Some people think about how to make trees around their house immediately bear fruit." Gosh, I cannot stand it.

"No ... No.. No. You just want to manipulate me, do you forget that I also go to school like you, don't make me angry! Even though you are the maker of this house, it does not mean

I invite you to harass or oppose what is my belief. and what I want! And... I won't be afraid if I have to ..." **kreesss.**

I took your hand, your hand turned into a devil, you are me, your eyes are mine, but now your brain is no longer mine, your heart is not mine, and with trembling hands, your hand has turned into a devil, truly a devil.

What is this, my hand can hurt someone I love just because of disapproval.

"How dare you?!" You cry, but your tears are still my tears, your blood is still my blood, your sword in my stomach has changed in your veins.

"I hope your friends come soon ... come ... soon..." I give up, it feels like the soul has asked for a farewell.

"I'm sure they will come, but it's still in three hours when your factory closes."

Your voice whimpered, I can't see your face anymore, but your voice has pierced my chest.

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