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Enigmatic Elegance of The Artistry of English Poetry and Creative Expression

Farah Rustom - Bryant Bennet D. Atencia - Luis Miguel Cardoso - Saidna Zulfiqar Bin Tahir - FX.
Risang Baskara - Michael Baron - Zaldy Carreon De Leon Jr - Nur Fitri - Nur Aeni - Muthmainnah
- Ahmad Al Yakin - Eka Apriani - Farida Esmianti - Jumatul Hidayah - Dadan Supardan - Paidi
Gusmuliana - Sarwo Edy - Seruni Wardani - Fibrianti Sulistiya N - Astria Sari - Elsia Tri Novianti
- Mona Safitri - Yunita Dwi Cahyani - Ummi Hidayati - Suci Permata Sari - Rizki Paringga - Nofri
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FOREWORD

Alhamdulillah, all praise and gratitude to God because this book entitled "*Enigmatic Elegance of The Artistry of English Poetry and Creative Expression*" has been completed on time. This book is one of the creative writing books collaborate with authors from other countries.

This book contains a collection of the best poems by lecturers, academics and students. In writing this book, the author would like to thank those who have helped materially and immaterially.

The author realizes that the preparation of this book still has shortcomings, so criticism and suggestions from readers are very useful for future writers. Hopefully this book can be useful for all readers.

Bengkulu, 02 January 2024

Authors

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Title Page	ii
Foreword	iv
Table Of Contents	v
Choose Kindness	1
Be Grateful	2
Peace Everywhere	3
You Matter	4
Keep Going	5
Child of the Sun Returning	6
Body Art	8
Shadows of White	10
The Unveiled Rose	11
The Last Messenger	12
Calypso Calling	13
Memories Remain	14
Never Ending	15
Not a Spring Chicken	16
Monsoon Tears in the Halls of Knowledge	20
I've Fallen From the Sky	21
Two Shadows	22
Sampan on the Sea of Knowledge	24
Lanterns of Dusk in the Classroom	25
Duality of the Learning Dream	26
Songs of Learning Beneath the Banana Fronds	27
Feathers Out of Stones	28
A Day with the Divines	30
Teachers' Eyes	32
Book or E-book???	33
Shout	34
Tears Under the Black Sky	35
Lord's Hands	36
Night in Kanjuruhan	37
Kanjuruhan Lamenting Bitterly	38
Visible Memory	39

Dark Sky under the Kanjuruhan	40
Condolences Kanjuruhan	41
Lost	42
Scream and Die	43
Loser	44
Don't Cry, Kanjuruhan	45
Torn Heart	46
Clear Night	47
Kanjuruhan Tears	48
No Poem Today	49
More Valuable	50
Cries All Around	51
People's Tears	52
Kanjuruhan and That Day	53
Kanjuruhan Grieving	54
Condolences for the Tragedy of Kanjuruhan	55
That Day in Kanjuruhan	57
I'm Not Crying ⁵⁸	
Stop War	60
Monsoon Tears in the Halls of Knowledge	62
Sampan on the Sea of Knowledge	63
Lanterns of Dusk in the Classroom	64
Duality of the Learning Dream	65
Songs of Learning Beneath the Banana Fronds	66
Authors Biodata	67

Choose Kindness

"Dr. (HC). Farah Rustom"

*Yes! Choose kindness, it's the way to go,
A true path that leads to joy and flow.
It starts with tiny acts every day,
A smile, a hug, or a kind word to say.*

*In a world that can be so mean,
Choosing kindness is like a balm for the heart.
It spreads like challenging ripples in a pond,
Touching spirits and lives beyond.*

*It's not always easy, definitely we know,
Sometimes we're sad and feeling low.
But choosing kindness is always the best,
It awakens the soul and makes us reach for more.*

*So let's make kindness our daily mode,
And let its gentle power give us a voice.
To spread peace and light wherever we go,
And transform this world a better place to grow.*

Be Grateful

"Dr. (HC). Farah Rustom"

*Be grateful for the shiny sun,
And for the falling rain,
For the sweetest songs of the singing birds,
And for the trees so tall.*

*Be grateful for the love you gain,
And for the friends you hold dear,
For the memories that warm your soul,
And for each new day, so bright.*

*Be grateful for the tiny daily things,
That often goes unnoticed,
For they are what make life so valuable,
And leave us feeling with showers of blessings.*

*So take a moment to say thank you,
For all that you have received,
And let your heart be filled with happiness,
And your soul be truly pleased.*

Peace Everywhere

"Dr. (HC). Farah Rustom"

*Let's spread peace everywhere,
In the world, in the air, in the water
In our hearts, in our minds, in our souls
Let's leave all the chaos behind.*

*With peace as our guide,
We can make a difference worldwide,
From the top of the mountains to the bottom of the seas,
Let's create a world of peace.*

*No more war, no more hate, no more blood,
Just love and peace to celebrate.
Let's hold hands and unite all together,
And make this world a brighter life.*

*With every morning twilight, with every step we take,
Let's spread the love for humanity's sake,
And let peace be our legacy,
For generations to come, for eternity everlasting.*

You Matter

"Dr. (HC). Farah Rustom"

*You matter, my dear, more than ever you know,
Your presence in this world helps us all to grow.
Your unique way, your shiny laughter,
Brightens up our lives all the way to go.*

*Remember my friend, you matter in so many ways,
Your kindness and love fills our hearts with praise.
Your encouragement and support,
Help us through the tough times we all in need.*

*You matter, my friend, with every beat of your heart,
Your generosity and grace sets us all apart.
Your wisdom and resilience inspires us all,
To stand tall and never fall.*

*So keep in mind, my dear one so true,
That you matter to me and to others too.
Your light shines bright for all to see,
And we are indeed grateful for the gift of thee.*

Keep Going

"Dr. (HC) Farah Rustom"

*Keep going, my dear, no place to stop,
For every major obstacle you face, you'll come out on top.
The road may be long and the journey harsh,
But with each step forward, you'll find your way tough.*

*Don't let fear or doubt cloud your mind,
For within you lies the progress to prevent.
Believe in yourself and trust your potential,
And soon enough, success will be your full part.*

*The world may throw black balls at you,
But keep going, and you'll see it through.
With every bizarre challenge comes a lesson learned,
And with each weird experience, a new page turned.*

*So keep going, my dear, with hope and confidence in your heart,
And know that wherever life takes you, you'll always play a
fruitful part.
For in this journey called life, we all have a unique role to play,
And with each step forward, we pave the way.*

Child of the Sun Returning

“Bryant Bennet D. Atencia”

*Woke up to an ordinary morning,
I 'm like an eagle yawning.
Craving for a better change,
Yet this world is fed with strange.*

*Feel like living in chains
I can clearly see how this place stains;
Disgusted and got my mind twisted
Nearly, I 'm dead.*

*The reality has been slapping me over a million times
Asking them as an innocent child
Is this what I truly deserve?
O where did you get that nerve?*

*Days had passed as fast as light
Where is my knight so I can hold on tight?
Loudness of noise;
Neglecting me is what they enjoys.*

*Thousands of red f lags
Voices is a broken radio
Incompetency is never to brag
How can you f ix this stereo?*

*Getting numb as ice
Solid but cold.
Needed a plan that is precise
For I know ice is difficult to hold.*

*Once again, they ignored me
My hope and faith is barely hanging
Living is definitely maybe
Or am I still precious worth fighting?*

*Acceptance is hard to accept
Except for the fact that;
It must always be kept
How many times were my attempts?*

*Shall I face my reality?
Put my ducks in a row?
Truth is, I created fantasy
Wishful thinking one day they'll know.*

*I must confess this is both nightmare;
A day dream
I couldn't bare,
This shameful mainstream.*

*If one day, light works against the dark
My longing for a change is about to spark.
Beasts inside me will be dead,
Nightmares will be gone in my head.*

*I must admit it will take a long time.
But with my love, I 'm keen to stand by;
I will never stop believing
For you, Land of the Morning.*

Body Art

“Bryant Bennet D. Atencia”

*My body, my rules is what we usually say.
Starts when we entered that teenage day.
Our heads as hard as rocks.
And going at it in flocks.*

*Back when we were kids, we tend to stare
To people we see whose skin isn't bare
Our folks scold and told us that it's not nice.
So, we just shut our mouth and looked at the skies.*

*Curious creatures is what we are,
What tickles our brains is what we think is unique by far.
Anything new to the eye,
Will never let our inquiring minds die.*

*This will keep our brain whirring
Disregarding whether it's a good or bad thing.
Society dictates something different
But we believe that this is not maleficent.*

*Some say it is a form of rebellion
from authorities that perceive you as a felon.
It was negatively seen and viewed
Which often times is the start of feuds.*

*Way back in our history
Having tattoos was a sign of chivalry
But as time goes by,
Different meanings arise.
What are the different forms of body art, they ask?*

*There are a lot, for under the sizzling sun they bask.
Some are permanent, some are temporary
Some are pretty, but some are scary.*

*Awesome tattoos on their skin as vivid as a movie.
Would probably cost a whole lot if you ask me.
Some are intricate, some are simple
But it would sure mean something for those people.*

*Body piercings are catching on popularity
But some deem it as a look of monstrosity.
We may not understand their reasons fully,
For there are no two minds alike exactly.*

*We don't have to go to extremes to do body art,
For we can just do exquisite make-up for a start.
It does not have to be over the edge,
In the end just make sure you don't look like a sedge.*

*We express ourselves in different ways.
We could go as loud as we could be for days.
But we sometimes could be a minimalist.
Sometimes it seems as the shushing sound of the mist.*

*We can't really judge the book by its cover,
Before we really get to know it before it's all over.
We just need to have mutual respect for our fellow
So that we could keep everything in a mellow bellow.*

Shadows of White

“Luís Miguel Cardoso”

*As the sundown draws near,
And the cherry blossoms sway,
I ponder on golden ponds ,
While shadowing a narrow day.
Yet in the midst of twists of fate,
Whispering a glimpse of light,
Hope burns within our heart,
Still slashes fear, oh might.
So rise when cherry blossoms bloom,
And sundown fades away,
Paths of green will follow soon,
Shadows of white become your day.*

The Unveiled Rose

“Luís Miguel Cardoso”

*Tell me, oh rose unseen,
If red petals cross your dreams
While a veil of silk hide your eyes,
And no one knows what it means.
As this long day never dies,
By echoes of tides to come,
Breeze of gardens yet to be,
Castles and bridges still undone,
Oh gentle rose, can you see,
These rowing wings leading me?
Rain within, within the sun,
By lands of mystery to be sung,
Will this tale stay undone,
Will the seas become one,
In smoothing thunder,
Rose and wonder...*

The Last Messenger

“Luís Miguel Cardoso”

*Why cherish forgotten memories
Breathing dust from our skies
If falling angels breaking wings
Create a mist among all things.
If thoughts of treasures meant to last
Are sands forgotten by the past,
Thus no empire breathes forever,
And unsung heroes may say never.
Battles lost in nameless gorges,
Burn the ashes in old forges,
And tired whispers say: no more.*

Calypso Calling

“Luís Miguel Cardoso”

*The light dances on the sea,
Singing poems of odyssey,
Breathing storms the sailor goes,
Undaunted he, who seldom knows,
Beguiled and strong through the night,
Hands of hope, hands of might.
May your journey keep the light,
(Raging winds will give a fight)
So listen, lost, inside the mist,
The sweet songs that insist
On calling ballads with no bard,
Hear them still but be on guard.*

Memories Remain

“Luís Miguel Cardoso”

*The sun sets on another day,
Winds are silent in a winding way.
The sound of silence without voices,
Fading fights of past choices,
Hopes and oaths all are fair,
If heart and mind always dare.
Thus reminder of the end,
Things to come, things to mend,
Hope in blue, shades of peace,
Sibling reds our souls release.
Now colors set on sun to gain
So lasting memories may remain.*

Never Ending

“Saidna Zulfiqar bin Tahir”

*I traced the pitch-black sand colony without a shield
I allow my body to be stung by the emperor of the day with
passion
I caress the poison thorny cactus that weakens my being
I release my thirst from the mirage of my senses
I let myself melt in the fire of sad hope
I lost my soul in a gloomy blurry path
Oh God, has my mind flown to paradise?
Which makes me unable to taste the bitter and sweet despair
Oh Creator, has my soul resided in the sky?
What dared me not to know the meaning of a meaning
I don't feel like my shadow
I feel like I'm in endless indecision
I have clouded my purity
I have lied to my conscience
I let myself drown in the sea of cutting
Even though I realize my spirit has been deprived of no mercy
I let myself swallow the poison of melancholy
Even though I realized that I had weakened my limp blue body
I have accepted the oppression of this heart
From the deepest dark point of my pain
I have surrendered myself to the tiring conditions of life's stories
Will it all end?
Yes, it all ends with a splinter of the heart
Will all go?
Yes, all have left a trail of wounds
Only myself I live in a circle
Darkness that shouldn't exist
Relaxing circle
Never ending*

Not a Spring Chicken

“Bryant Bennet D. Atencia”

*I was born looking familiarity
I was born missing important piece
I was born incomplete
And born to act one's age.*

*Like a little chick born never seen her father
Hated to feel envious to other
Though my mom did all the work
I still always feel broke.*

*I dream when I hold him
I'm so happy like I won a lottery
Once again I got to say “papa”
And never feel anything from him.*

*The dream was so good to be true
Everything is so ideal.
In a flash I found my darkness
The desolation eats me.*

*I once choose to stay
I face the music
I tried get the picture
And realize it's time to be awake.*

*My sense of sight open
Couldn't see anyone
Scared to feel the darkness
Too scared to know that I'm all alone.*

*I walk endlessly to find my mama
I cannot stop crying
Shouting "where are you mama?"
Clearly she is not nearby.*

*Once again I walk, I tried,
I hold my chest
Practicing my wings
Building up my legs.*

*Again, I tried
I never lose hope
To be found
I always believe I will be found.*

*Myself see blurred vision of the future
It's not easy to figure out everything
To bear the scars and pain
Is it meant to be deserved by me?*

*I never found her
I found her in me
I firmly need to stand
To protect what I still can.*

*I am not a spring chicken
I am now a fighter chicken
To move up in the world
I should be ready for battle.*

*DEJA VU This rain makes me think about you
Every sip of coffee reminded me of us*

*I can still remember how it all started
And how bittersweet it ended*

*It was indeed a sweet serendipity
You and I, seeing each other's eye
Feeling each other's warm
Touching each other's soul*

*In the midst of chaos
We found each other
At the bottom of the abyss
We save each other*

*After believing you undoubtedly
After hoping in us vigorously
After loving you unconditionally
I choose to write, endlessly*

*I choose to write about you
You who pulled me out from the dark
You whom I have found when I'm at the edge
You who come my home no matter what*

*After writing about you tirelessly
I decided to write about us
Us who believe in "You and I against the world"
Us who love each other to the moon and back*

*Together we try to fly high
But as we go higher
The harder to catch our breath
The harder to feel each other's warm*

*Together we try to go farther
But as we go farther
The farther you go
The farther to reach each other*

*I guess I write way too ambiguous
I didn't for see the irony of the world
I didn't expect the cruelty of love
I didn't realize the brutality of reality*

Monsoon Tears in the Halls of Knowledge

“Risang Baskara”

*"In the class of many minds, love unfolds,
A teacher plants knowledge, from wisdom old,
How can a student love more than her own sphere?
She cherishes the lessons, in her heart they hold.*

*"A guru, a guide, like the ancient banyan tree,
Nurturing the young mind, setting spirits free,
The students, like koi fish, gain strength in the flow,
In the river of wisdom, they thrive, they grow.*

*The Headmaster watches, with furrowed brow,
"Look, a revolution brews here now,
Knowledge empowers, reason becomes the queen,
Challenging our traditions, pulling them down."*

*The crying child, her pleas unheard,
Parents weep, echo every word.
Stripped of innocence, bound by rote,
The ancient methods, now absurd.*

*They mark her mind with symbols old,
In hallowed halls where thoughts are sold.
Parents' tears fall like monsoon rain,
Does such truth in our lands hold?"*

I've Fallen From the Sky

“Dr. Michael Baron”

Its time to say good-bye without saying hello.

Its such a lonely sky.

With no place to go.

I'm stumbling in the crowd,

On road to nowhere.

Please save me, little cloud.

From sky of my despair.

I do not know why,

And do not know when.

I've fallen from your sky,

I've fallen once again!

Two Shadows

“Dr. Michael Baron”

*The window is open, its dark
Two shadows emerging from the night
The Shadow of Never Coming Luck
And Shadow of Years Left Behind.*

*They were together clinching to the past
Together bring memories of loss
The shadows that are not meant to last
The shadows that have no age or force.*

*I closed the window and pulled the curtain down
I wonder if its happening for real.
But shadows like wicked spoiled clowns
Refuse to budge and do not disappear.*

*So looks like I have no other choice
But open my window and mind
Come in, the Shadow of Never Coming Luck.
Please enter, Shadow of Years Left Behind.*

*Lets party, lets recall the glory days
The days of hopes for wishes coming true.
Recall all weird and intriguing ways
In which I have been let down by you.*

*You, Shadow of Never Coming Luck
Why did you always strive to break my heart?
I never got the girls I seemed to like
And never got the jobs appearing smart.*

*You, Shadow of Years Left Behind
Why did you always slow down my drive?
You've never been considerate and kind
And made my life a struggle to survive.*

*You tricked me from beginning to the end
You pulled the wool all over my eyes.
You've always been my enemies, not friends.
And never even cared to sympathize...*

*The shadows gave mystifying look,
Produced electrifying string of light.
And closed another chapter of my book.
By disappearing in the steams of night.*

*And I was gazing at the pool of stars
And wondered, Why I've always been so blind?
To Shadow of Never Coming Luck
And Shadow of Years Left Behind!*

Sampan on the Sea of Knowledge

“Risang Baskara”

*Upon the restless sea of knowledge sails,
A sampan frail, the night's chill winds assail.
Teacher, guide my journey through the gales,
But, lo, the dawn peeks over mountain trails,
And the chatter of jungle fowl derides
Our fears, the day's new light provides.*

*See, to the dome of star-mosaic skies,
My questions, ripe with longing, ever rise.
They prick the silence of the night,
Summon tears from daylight's sight,
They whip the trade winds into frenzy,
Dance with storms in tempest's symphony.*

*Like a demon shrouded in monsoon's shroud,
With mourning cries, so loud,
I press into the depths of night,
With night, I take my flight.
I turn my face from the east's warm glow,
From whence the comforting answers flow,
For the light of truth does grip my mind,
In a rapture, unconfined.*

Lanterns of Dusk in the Classroom

“Risang Baskara”

*Quiet, quiet dusk,
Extinguish the sacred gleam,
Of your lanterns, in the gloam;*

*For taken by Daylight's reach,
Thousand minds wander and preach,
In search of truths to teach.*

*Why should wisdom be profound,
Cloaked in mystery, tightly bound,
In silence, does it resound?*

*But a wisdom, pure and true,
In its transparency, eschews
The seductress of misconstrue.*

Duality of the Learning Dream

“Risang Baskara”

*You don't comprehend—I won't strive to enlighten,
You're in slumber—I won't labor to awaken.
Rest on, rest on! in your pleasing dreams,
Quench your thirst from wisdom's tranquil streams.
Intuition and Science, like two different songs;
As the peacock's display differs from the pigeon's throngs.*

*Intuition whispers `Marvel': Science suggests `Question.'
Indeed, that's how we decipher Nature's grand equation.
`Question, question, and don't accept without testing':
This echoes the sage's ancient blessing,
When he declared `Have faith! believe and explore!
Explore, explore, and question the lore!'*

Songs of Learning Beneath the Banana Fronds

“Risang Baskara”

*Cheerful, cheerful cucakrowo!
Underneath the banana fronds so green,
A joyous jasmine flower
Watches you, fast as the wind's blow,
Find your woven cradle's glow,
Close to my heart's bower.
Sweet, sweet jalak!
Underneath the banana fronds so green,
A joyous jasmine flower
Hears your song, pure and clear,
Sweet, sweet jalak, my dear,
Close to my heart's bower.*

Feathers Out of Stones

“Zaldy Carreon de Leon Jr”

*While the bridge dances with the wind,
stand still, keeping balance on a beam Yet,
some were old, would they ever stay,
And some new ones had nothing yet to say.*

*While woven silk into one's skin flows
As if the wind caresses their suffering toes,
But not for hours when the jaws hang low
Only a soft pillow relieves their morrow,*

*While flowers grow into its bed of soil,
Their grandiose end ends up too the toil,
Its fragrance sweet,
their memories stop,
But in their names ascribed a heroic champ.*

*While cakes are neat,
and ice cold the drinks, Laughter, fun, and talks,
absorb no inks,
Yet it is here where, converted to words,
Memory stays like a tattoo in this world.
While papers are white, and inks are black,
These only are useful when they are back,
But in these papers, though blank, written wise,
They already thought of, melting in the ice.*

*While they stand there before the learners
See no children, but future mams and sirs,
Perhaps, another teacher buds in a seed,
A priest or a minister, or someone who'll lead.*

*While days and nights seem the same,
One or many stars around, engraved them no name,
They rest when many dreamt of fame and fortune,
Their dreams rest for others, without return.*

*While they are still on the bridge, with fluent mind,
See how they lightened the burden when you were blind,
To the new ones around, with stronger bones,
Keeping the story light, made feathers out of stones.*

A Day with the Divines

“Zaldy Carreon De Leon Jr”

*A day so profound, no worry a-fritz Bound inseparable to a
joyous abbacy,*

*Comets anon, but only ethereal dox
Did this heaven's personnel, a smile's bedew.*

*Err nay astound a simple boy or his shiv,
Flaunt no victory over yet the height of Anyu!
Go forth, and see how far the heavens apart,
Heights and lengths, of time, of darkness,
In a roaring sound, in a silent race of Aesir,
Jest not a moment, for every divine's a suq:
Kindly buy what they say, or you offer them sap, Listen to their
words,
But remember the agio.*

*Mantra or a virtud, an amulet or things aboon,
Nights of spectacles with the stars like barm,
Over the vexes, and the smooth cloth ethereal
Put another wings to fly, and a heavy anurak,*

*Question not their ways, or swift is one's kilij,
Risk not the peace between, tie the ambari: Stitched with love,
from words aleph, to cherish the glass with fermented agog,*

*Under such circumstance when I barf,
Vex not unto my cling, but hold tightly me
When the night is over, and the divine's fed, Xanthan gum, xacuthi
and xigua, they'll hic,*

*You only start to realize the blurb: Zaldy, your poetry is a
complicated abecedaria.*

Teachers' Eyes

“Nur Fitri”

*From Paper to Email
A chalk become chat
From Real to Virtual
A book become notes*

*Nothing change...
All the things are same
the Challenge stay still
to make Students understand*

*From the teachers's eyes
Day by day teaching become difficult
but teachers never give up
because teachers are Fighters*

Book or E-book???

“Nur Aeni”

*A piece of paper become faded
A screen become the media
Students Motivation is now being Questioning?
Are they really miss the learning process???*

*Class is everywhere
schedule is everytime
Should we stay in this class???
or we should find a better place to learn together???*

Book or E- Book???
*no matter what, students need teachers to guide the right way
to find the best path in life*

Shout

“Eka Apriani & Seruni Wardani”

*The Weaves are come off
The wind make me shut up*

*The shout that usually brings happiness
Now, the shout brings painfulness
Where? Where is the soul of the winner?
If all you give is just anger*

*Winner, you don't have to be win
If all you gain is just pain*

Tears Under the Black Sky

“Fibrianti Sulistiya N”

*We were amazed
On a gloomy night
The cheers of joy instantly turned to pain
Sobs spread everywhere*

*Didn't see who passed
Wondering aimlessly
Hurt or event kill a sea of people
Overlapping groans
This is our sorrow*

Lord's Hands

“Astria Sari”

*How funny is my country
Until death you make it as a joke
Every laugh with sorrow
But there is no funny above the death
The victory you promised
But death i face
Cheers filled the city
But i bring tears to my parents
The night will never forgotten
Always hidden in the chest
Accompanying the death of the young generation
Who is at fault for this tragedy?
No one will admit
Life is so worthless in this country
Even seeking entertainment can lead to death
Where is your hands sir?
Why do you close your eyes?
Have you ever tried to fix it?
Lets fix it together sir.*

Night in Kanjuruhan

“Elsia Tri Novianti”

*The breadth of the Kanjuruhan
Brings wreaths
The night cheer becomes
Poor cry
Take a look!!
There is night entertainment
Which makes the wave into a fist
Leaving the rain in the eyelids
Which never subsides
Now the sound of the night is silent
This story is not fantasy
Large area is made into a pedestal
This is not your place to breathe
Wake up!!
This is not the time for a long sleep*

Kanjuruhan Lamenting Bitterly

“Mona Safitri”

*Craying in the gray night
The moon is gloomy too
Dense smoke has swallowed the soul
Trembling in the chaotic space
I don't know where the way out
Where the screams of anger resound
This is the face of a country that lightens life*

*Kanjuruhan lamenting bitterly
Tears squeezed from blind eyes
Breath is pulled from the choked throat
Heart forced to stop by crazy legs
The air is too tight to breathe
The roars and moans are everywhere
Swearings and curses are thrown
The price of a life has been pawned
Will there be any responsibility from a lied obligation
This country mourns the excitement of football which has become
an angel of death*

Visible Memory

“Yunita Dwi Cahyani”

*Stunning eyes on you
Grey that covers the body
Like a shimpony
I looking at you
A boisterous rich shout from the heart
Driven by a strong fate
The soul and body that feel it
you leave it with hate
What is above you?
What is heard in the ear?
irregular movement in your eyes
Making you disappear
now you feel light
while watching the body perish
You are enlightened
Back to your god*

Dark Sky under the Kanjuruhan

“ Paidi Gusmuliana & Ummi Hidayati”

*Flaming day
Afternoon with its cool
And nights of joy
Waiting for waiting
Match from favorite club*

*But what happened
Dark sky
Scorching hot atmosphere
People scatter
Running and falling*

*It was really gray that night
A night full of miscarriages*

*Dense smoke wipes the nose, the dense crowd suffocates the chest
But always pray
May everything always be in His protection*

Condolences Kanjuruhan

“Jumatul Hidayah & Suci Permata Sari”

*Hundreds of faces that were about to leave the house
Spread hope for your favorite club with joy
Grief in Kanjuruhan,
In life there are always failures
Struggle is a million challenges
Stadium turned into a grave
put the noise in the grave
Those voices never come again
Really gone
now all that remains is a sad story
There's nothing left between the bursts of tear gas
If you look at this a human tragedy
For whom the tragedy of life must be lost
In the midst of thunderous cheers of soccer sports
The roar of the audience is replaced by the quiet air of the smell
of death
Goodbye kanjuruhan....
May you rest in peace*

Lost

“ Sarwo Edy & Rizki Paringga”

*My heart is still aching
Remembering that incident
My sky is turning gray
Sadness on my face*

*Even though you know all the destiny of the divine
There are tears that must be suppressed
Prayer strings accompany
Thousands of unspoken words
They disappeared without a warning
There is and nothing feels empty
Silently silent
Commemorating a heartwarming departure
Now it's just a memory
No more time together
Different distance and space
Makes me understand the meaning of losing someone*

Scream and Die

“Eka Apriani & Nofri Ario Diansi”

*We don't know you
The voice waves in savanna cage
We shoot in one voice
Supporter is supporting
But, Our soul is separated
Suddenly, we are lost control
Run ! save yourself !!*

*We are screaming like a thunder
Explode gas like disaster hunting situation*

*My children, my wife, my friend, and I
My chest was pressed by gas
My head was hit by the sun
And I hug the bloody grass
Look ! My family was died !!
And All people in ash !
Oh god, open the gate!!
Like prisioner and bring lily bloom
I'm coming home*

Loser

“Nesa Salsabila”

*The world seems to be turning inside
Turn your back like an enemy
All turned away,
Get away at the same time without caring
Here, just need a little sympathy
Directions to the light
But the darkness withdrew
Sink to the bottom endlessly
Destruction right before your eyes
Waiting to embrace
The word loser becomes a true friend
And finally in eternity*

Don't Cry, Kanjuruhan

“ Dadan Supardan & Mikael Janeri ”

*The land is already cold
Stiff, no shape
They are gone, turned to dust
As the black weeds blow*

*The darkness of the night is getting worse
Nobody, No people
But when the wind plays,
Cheers were heard around the stands
I don't know why the door is screaming
The roof sings for Kanjuruhan's grief
The Iron Fence dances non-stop
Like a big feast happened then
Gray Sky
My heart is sad
Homecoming sad song
A Tragedy Full of Mysteries
In the sky, the angels coming
The dust flies up
Back to his presence
Wish you happiness*

Torn Heart

“Farida Esmianti & Kiki Widyawati”

*It's a disaster when you come
Bringing thousands of flowers
Holy blood gushing
Wriggle before God*

*They have finished bathing
Tear gas is like fire
When many bodies are destroyed
Hit by panic to melt
Intention to encourage*

*It turns out that the wound is approaching
No more mutual understanding
No more giving
Everything's out of control*

Kanjuruhan tore the hearts of the inhabitants of the earth

Clear Night

“Isna Sukraina”

*On a clear night by the glow of the moon
You are like a star who always invites
The cheers of the fans who broke the silence
Time after time the cold night turns to heat
Like the thunder of lightning I see it
I didn't expect happiness to be sad to remember the times
Run to the place back
But what's the urge to surround all over the place?
It's not easy to come back in an atmosphere of tears
Kanjuruhan your place becomes a deep sorrow for the deepest
lover
All sounds wrong, what's the cause? no one knows all that*

Kanjuruhan Tears

“Habib Hakim”

*By filling the sky with prayers
For those who are victims of the Kanjuruhan tragedy that brings
tears of sorrow
When the pillars of breath are only inches away from the necks of
those who are injured
I saw tears flood the land of football lovers*

*When tears and lives have been broken in the middle of the
Kanjuruhan stadium
I stare at the sadness mixed with the air full of tear gas
But now all that is left is a story of sorrow that is not left in the
overflow of tear gas
If you look at this a human tragedy
For whom the tragedy of life must be lost in the roar of the cheers
of the sport of football
The roar of the audience is replaced by the quiet air of the smell
of death
Why should tragedy happen in the midst of the joy of football
Only tears of sorrow are now the remains of the Kanjuruhan
tragedy
Between tears and wounds become one color in the sky of sorrow*

No Poem Today

“Dadan Supardan & Farenz Sukma Arnanda”

*No Poems Today
no poetry today
Or tomorrow
words are going sightseeing
lined up in the kanjuruhan tribune line
kilometers to the Peak*

*BRI holds league 1
he said, it was fun visiting the city of Malang how enthusiastic we
were*

*But why does it end in death?
Nothing is right, everything is wrong
no poetry today
Or the day after tomorrow
because we are busy celebrating sorrow.*

More Valuable

“Miftah Farid”

*The gloomy sky drips revenge
Painful foaming neighing kalam
Unstoppable cloudy tears
Please sow mourning
The heartless mute lamentation
I see the parents cry
His daughter and son who became victims
On recklessness
Power holder
On that day the motherland shed tears
The sad faces of mothers sing with pity
Nothing is more valuable than life
When compared to the world intermezzo alone*

Cries All Around

“Dilla Maya Sari”

*Sad cries are heard from all around
Hundreds of human souls lost their lives
Arema who is worshiped
Failed to deliver the winning goal
Emotions of the soul explode in disappointment
Prayers are held everywhere
The institution of taste is returned to Him*

*The cage itself becomes bloody
Aremania is really sad
A tense atmosphere on a dark Saturday
The souls are restless in the noise
Unravel fear by running for a way out
Humanity is at stake
For you Arema greetings one soul
Almost can't believe it
Arema met the conditions
The fate of sorrow has been recorded in His destiny*

People's Tears

“Della Puspita Sari”

Mother Earth's Tears

For the hundreds of lives that went to Kanjuruhan in the morning

Let this sorrow turn blue

The life is in the air

Witness to God

(Gas) apparatus tears

Clogging the right to breathe Until it dies souls

According to the procedure, he said.

Kanjuruhan and That Day

“Farida Esmianti & Cica Kristama”

*Kanjuruhan and that day Complete the minutes of time travel
October One right on Saturday Life
humans are taken away one by one
I don't know which devil enters the heart
until you forget instead of greeting each other Choosing emotions
that make wounds
Kanjuruhan and that day Dunno for
How long does it take to leave a mark on our memories for a long
time?
Will be immortalized there
Sir...
There were hundreds of people who died. Even today, there are
still many who mourn the loss of loved ones
And the raindrops have washed away the tears and blood as if
they want to refract the sadness
But do you know.. There is such a stinging feeling when you
remember it..
A frenzied scream in the hall of the room Full of footsteps and
footsteps passing by
Whining and complaining about who is fighting, pushing each
other to the point of choking, body pressed, arms and legs
pinched
Screaming at each other, cursing at each other as if filled in a
wide space because of ego and revenge
Sobbing, puffy cheeks and blurred vision due to smoke thrown in
the corner of the room
Panic until you scream, squint your eyes, say rebuke
Kanjuruhan and that day will be a blue sad history...*

Kanjuruhan Grieving

“Betty Nurtiati”

*The match is over
A never-ending gray cloud
A competition that doesn't wish to be executed
Slavery is like entertainment
It never once made enemies
The plaintive cry came from all over
Desperate screams
Hundreds of lives lost
Mental emotions explode in disappointment
Taste institution returned to him
His grim fortune is recorded in his destiny*

Condolences for the Tragedy of Kanjuruhan

“Adesia”

*The match is over
The stadium was quiet, the people who shouting is quiet
Leaving wisps of smoke fly nostalgia in the names
Recording a corner, where a child, father, mother, sister, brother,
face down
Their eyes sting and close in the dark
From Kanjuruhan, lives simultaneously climb the horizon
The match is over
Victory disappeared into the screams heart-wrenching pain
The stadium turned into a graveyard put the noise in the grave
The voices never come back
Really go
End completely
Hundreds of ready faces leave home
Letting go of hope for the club beloved with joy
Step by step invites destiny blackest
Gaining a roar throughout the dark memory
Catching the balls kicked towards the goal of eternity
Condolences flowing long, wander around the world
Record history as the most wound gaping and bleeding While
outside the stadium
The Stakeholders are throwing responsibilities at each other, as
well as words
In fact, every soul that floats delivers a collection of stories
That nothing is in vain, if Indonesia
want to clean up
Making it the most solemn message for a nation that often forgets
The match is over*

*In the corner of Kanjuruhan Stadium, a pair of wickets face each
other*

in silence

*Saving hundreds of souls to the unfinished arena
Because there is no victory whatsoever engraved there
Beyond justice over lives man.*

That Day in Kanjuruhan

“Adelah Oktalisa”

*That morning the sun was beautiful shining on this earth
Until the twilight that I will have arrived
In the dark night, I'm allowed to go walking with my friends
We feel good and enjoy, but....at the same time
Mother...
Instantly my eyes sting, this chest cavity feels sore and narrow
I feel like I'm short of breath and irregular.
I'm tossed about, among the many crowds of people
My body is getting weak, my legs feel stiff
I fell, until my chest felt like there were several footprints
As if running around in this body
Smoke starts to billow around this place
Only shadows I think fly with him*

I'm Not Crying

"Muthmainnah"

*It's raining today
Prayer barnacles
contemplating the meaning of peace
Happiness
Joy and tears
Endure pain without revenge
Holding back without a smile
Look with confidence
Even though
I know
You are not feeling well
Tired
Angry
Feeling neglected
Deceiving yourself.
Trust me.....
God will send a good and loving friend
Because you are so precious.
God is healing your wounds
I was once like you.
Wounded
Angry
Cry
Destroyed
Crushed.
Accept the fact that life is not always beautiful
and come true according to dreams
Accept changes every day,
Every heart and commitment
Acknowledging heartache patiently
stay strong
and*

calm
Enjoy happiness from the smallest nooks
Crannies in your heart
you deserve to be happy in your own way
You deserve to enjoy your life with laughter
like heavy rain today.

Stop War

“Ahmad Al Yakin”

*What is the true meaning of war?
The war against heart, conscience, and reason
Fighting yourself
Against conscience
Liver
Desire
Soul
Stuck in Misery.
When will this war end?
when you cry you don't need tears
when the wound no longer bleeds
when the soul is not uniform
Am I not a bringer of happiness and peace?
I'm breathing
Crying
Laughing
Wounded
Happy
I'm growing
I stand tall
because I believe
peace of mind
will arrive
and it carries the energy of the universe
do not be quiet
Smile
Make peace
Tough
Strong
Receive peace
Love
I know the war with my mind will kill me*

*I will accept everything that happened and come back to peace
it will be ok!*

Monsoon Tears in the Halls of Knowledge

“FX. Risang Baskara”

*"In the class of many minds, love unfolds,
A teacher plants knowledge, from wisdom old,
How can a student love more than her own sphere?
She cherishes the lessons, in her heart they hold.*

*"A guru, a guide, like the ancient banyan tree,
Nurturing the young mind, setting spirits free,
The students, like koi fish, gain strength in the flow,
In the river of wisdom, they thrive, they grow.*

*The Headmaster watches, with furrowed brow,
"Look, a revolution brews here now,
Knowledge empowers, reason becomes the queen,
Challenging our traditions, pulling them down."*

*The crying child, her pleas unheard,
Parents weep, echo every word.
Stripped of innocence, bound by rote,
The ancient methods, now absurd.*

*They mark her mind with symbols old,
In hallowed halls where thoughts are sold.
Parents' tears fall like monsoon rain,
Does such truth in our lands hold?"*

Sampan on the Sea of Knowledge

“FX. Risang Baskara”

*Upon the restless sea of knowledge sails,
A sampan frail, the night's chill winds assail.
Teacher, guide my journey through the gales,
But, lo, the dawn peeks over mountain trails,
And the chatter of jungle fowl derides
Our fears, the day's new light provides.*

*See, to the dome of star-mosaic skies,
My questions, ripe with longing, ever rise.
They prick the silence of the night,
Summon tears from daylight's sight,
They whip the trade winds into frenzy,
Dance with storms in tempest's symphony.*

*Like a demon shrouded in monsoon's shroud,
With mourning cries, so loud,
I press into the depths of night,
With night, I take my flight.
I turn my face from the east's warm glow,
From whence the comforting answers flow,
For the light of truth does grip my mind,
In a rapture, unconfined.*

Lanterns of Dusk in the Classroom

“FX. Risang Baskara”

*Quiet, quiet dusk,
Extinguish the sacred gleam,
Of your lanterns, in the gloam;*

*For taken by Daylight's reach,
Thousand minds wander and preach,
In search of truths to teach.*

*Why should wisdom be profound,
Cloaked in mystery, tightly bound,
In silence, does it resound?*

*But a wisdom, pure and true,
In its transparency, eschews
The seductress of misconstrue.*

Duality of the Learning Dream

“FX. Risang Baskara”

*You don't comprehend—I won't strive to enlighten,
You're in slumber—I won't labor to awaken.
Rest on, rest on! in your pleasing dreams,
Quench your thirst from wisdom's tranquil streams.
Intuition and Science, like two different songs;
As the peacock's display differs from the pigeon's throngs.*

*Intuition whispers `Marvel': Science suggests `Question.'
Indeed, that's how we decipher Nature's grand equation.
`Question, question, and don't accept without testing':
This echoes the sage's ancient blessing,
When he declared `Have faith! believe and explore!
Explore, explore, and question the lore!'*

Songs of Learning Beneath the Banana Fronds

“FX. Risang Baskara”

Cheerful, cheerful cucakrowo!
Underneath the banana fronds so green,
A joyous jasmine flower
Watches you, fast as the wind's blow,
Find your woven cradle's glow,
Close to my heart's bower.
Sweet, sweet jalak!
Underneath the banana fronds so green,
A joyous jasmine flower
Hears your song, pure and clear,
Sweet, sweet jalak, my dear,
Close to my heart's bower.

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Michael Baron



Dr Michael Baron was born in Moscow, Russia and moved to Australia (where he is currently residing) at the age of 15. In 1991, He collaborated with his mother to Translate Roald Dahl's "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory" book from English into Russian (the very first of the Roald Dahl's books to be translated into Russian).

When not writing poetry – Michael shares his time between his Academic Work (Associate Professor of Digital Transformation) and running his IT Consulting Company.

Dr (HC) Farah Rustom



With her diverse background, Rustom is able to provide unique insights and perspectives in her training sessions and speeches. Her expertise in administrative and HR management allows her to effectively train individuals and teams on best practices for employee relations, conflict resolution, and performance management. As a computer specialist, she is able to offer training on various software programs and technology tools that are essential in today's digital age. Rustom's passion for teaching and helping others has led her to also become a mentor for young professionals seeking guidance in their careers. Her dedication to continuous learning and development is evident in her pursuit of advanced certifications and degrees. Overall, Rustom's experience, knowledge, and passion make her a valuable asset to any organization or individual seeking professional growth and development.

Zaldy Carreon De Leon Jr.



Bro. Zaldy Carreon De Leon Jr. Brother Zaldy, alias as Mark, is a licensed professional teacher who aced his board exam in 2018 in one take. He has a bachelor's degree in education (PLP and BPSU)

and theology at Grace Institute. He also had a masters in theology from the same institution, another masters in divinity at FBST Texas Bible College, USA. He continues his postgrad studies in Philosophy, another one in Christian Literature, and currently taking MA in Peace Studies. He is a young scholar, a registered author, editor and translator from National Nook Development Board. He has written over 40 books, and has been a published creative and technical writer with over a hundred publications in various themes and subjects. He is currently a public school teacher, a researcher, and a higher education supervisor at one of the most critical and exegetical seminaries of biblical and fundamental theology. He has been awarded several honorary doctorate in literature, humanities, and theology by American and European institutions He is an Ybarra Scholar and Fellow and one of the most prolific brains in the accomplishment of Ybarra University, Library, and Musuem. He resides at Bataan, Philippines.

Bryant Bennet D. Atencia



A strongly focused educator with a license in teaching under the Professional Regulation Commission. A certified TESOL and TEYL educator by TEACH Australia. A dependable volunteer facilitator for the Regional English Language Office for the U.S. Embassy in the Philippines for 4 years. An active coordinator for the International English Language Teachers Association under the Learner's Department. Capable of completing multiple tasks accurately in a fast-paced environment and has expertise in leading both government and private school teachers. Cooperative team player with a positive attitude.

Luís Miguel Cardoso



In Modern Languages and Literatures, in the speciality of Comparative Literature from the Faculty of Letters of the University of Coimbra, Portugal. He was Dean of the School of Education and Social Sciences of the Polytechnic Institute of

Portalegre, Portugal, between 2010 and 2018 and Deputy Director of the Master in Media and Society. He was President of ARIPESE, Association of Reflection and Intervention in the Educational Policy of Higher Education Schools in Portugal (2015 – 2018).

Adjunct Professor at the Department of Language and Communication Sciences at the School of Education and Social Sciences of the Polytechnic Institute of Portalegre, Portugal, he is a professor of Higher Education since 1995.

He is a researcher at the Centre for Comparative Studies at the University of Lisbon. He was the Coordinator of the Communication Bureau of the Polytechnic Institute of Portalegre (2013 – 2017). His main areas of teaching and research are Sciences of Language and Communication, Pedagogical Innovation, Literacies, Education, Higher Education and Social Responsibility, and Literature and Cinema, under which published articles and book chapters, and made presentations in Portugal and several countries, including Brazil, Spain, Luxembourg, France, Switzerland, United Kingdom, Italy, Greece, Hungary, Bulgaria, Poland, Canada, Thailand, Turkey, Colombia, Ukraine, Philippines, Indonesia, United Arab Emirates, Australia, Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, Mozambique, China and India. In 2016, he published the book *Literature and Cinema. The Look Of Janus. Vergílio Ferreira and the space of the unspeakable*, by Editions 70, Portugal.

He is a member of several international organizations and associations, as well as a member of the editorial board of international journals in the areas of Language and Communication Sciences, Comparative Literature, Literature and Cinema, Literacies and Education.

Muthmainnah



Muthmainnah is a highly accomplished Assistant Professor at Universitas Al Asyariah Mandar in West Sulawesi, Indonesia. She has extensive experience as a lecturer, global speaker, and international leader. Muthmainnah has held

numerous positions at her university, including Chairman of the Indonesian Language Department, Public Relations Officer, Director of Women's Centre Studies, Deputy Director of Quality Assurance Unit, and currently, Deputy Director of the Language and Character Development Institute. Muthmainnah is also an accomplished author, having written 57 national and International books, published by esteemed publishers such as Springer, Emerald, Taylor and Francis <https://sinta.kemdikbud.go.id/profile/books> She serves as an international board member for various scientific innovation research groups and is a member of the United Nations Volunteers roster.

Muthmainnah has won over 100 international awards, including Outstanding Professor, Outstanding Leadership, Best International Influencer, Best Emerging Professor of the Year, International Award for Working Women, and SDGs Warrior. She is also an honorary doctorate degree holder from Layahe University and the recipient of the Doctor of Excellence award from the Philippines. Moreover, Muthmainnah is a member of the United Nations volunteers' roster and the advisory board of Indonesian education share to care volunteers.

Her research interests include developing literary work, instructional teaching material, assurance of learning (Assure), TESOL (Teaching English to Speakers of Other Languages), ICT in education, digital education, and cybergogy. Muthmainnah is an outstanding scholar with a Sinta (Indonesian

Ministry of education and culture) score overall of 2052 and h-index 15 and External examiner for PhD students at 3 A+ accredited campuses in India and Australia. She is a strong believer in international collaboration and teamwork, making her an ideal candidate for various academic and leadership roles. With her extensive experience and outstanding track record, Muthmainnah is open to international collaborations and teamwork. Her Scopus id is 57200720707,

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<https://scholar.google.co.id/citations?user=6oeh6qmaaaaj>,

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<https://www.researchgate.net/profile/muthmainnah>

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<https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1z5Us2riHGBk5jZPaa1XncePSBCmSqaLB?usp=sharing>

Profile Dr. Ahmad Al Yakin



Ahmad Al-Yakin, He is an assistant professor at Universitas Al Asyariah Mandar in West Sulawesi, Indonesia. He is a lecturer, a national speaker, international guest and a leader in politics. He was the chairman of the civic education department at the teacher training and education faculty, and he was

Assistant Dean at her university, to name a few of her accomplishments at her university. He is now the Head of the Bureau of Academic, Student Affairs, and Information Systems. In the current year, he is active as a lecturer, researcher, and national coordinator of *Merdeka Belajar Kampus Merdeka* from Ministry of Education and Culture Indonesia, on the advisory boards of Language, Character Institution, and Women's Centre Studies, and on the advisory board of the Students Association at his university. He is also active as a member of the Indonesian Association of Pancasila and the Civic Education Profession. He is also as board member of national and International Journal.

He also has excellent experience as a visiting professor at Celebrification and lectures on research methods, smart digital classroom and education management, and many other topics relevant to sociology research and teacher development, SDGS for quality education, and quality enhancement in higher education. His interests

and her doctorate areas are celebrity, politics, and hyperreality. He is ready for national and international collaboration and teamwork

FX. Risang Baskara



FX. Risang Baskara is a full-time lecturer at the English Letters Department of the Faculty of Letters at Sanata Dharma University in Yogyakarta, Indonesia. With a strong background in Technology-Enhanced Language Learning, Blended and Flipped Learning, he has dedicated himself to advancing language teaching through innovative methods.

FX. Risang Baskara earned his Bachelor's degree and Master's degree from Sanata Dharma University's English Letters Department and Graduate Program in English Language Studies, respectively, and has recently earned his Doctor of Philosophy in Education and Technology from Swinburne University of Technology, Sarawak Campus, Malaysia.

Apart from his academic pursuits, FX. Risang Baskara is also an active presence on social media, where he shares his experiences and insights into teaching tools, personal development, and self-improvement. He has also participated in personal and professional development by posting videos about generative AI, language technologies and digital tools on his YouTube channel.

Dr. Eka Apriani., M.Pd



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