UNHEARD OF!

A 10-part series introducing threatened literatures from around the world

Part I: INDONESIA

$10 admission
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Batavia 1846 Dansmeid (Oebroek)

Sunday, Sept. 29, 1 - 3 pm
Bowery Poetry
308 Bowery, New York, NY

presented by: Endangered Language Alliance
www.elalliance.org
in conjunction with: Bowery Arts + Science
www.boweryartsandscience.org
Indonesia

• A country of roughly 719 languages, many of which are only spoken in very small areas.

• Austronesian throughout and non-Austronesian languages in the east.

• Several alphabets developed from Indian models but few languages have a written tradition.
Indonesia

- The success of the national language, Bahasa Indonesia, came at the expense of many local languages.

- In cities, young people typically only speak varieties of Malay. As the country becomes more urbanized, more and more languages are in danger of not being transmitted.
Indonesia

• With every language, there exists a wealth of literary traditions, most of which have never been committed to writing.

• Today we present some of the lesser known (as well as one well known) verbal art forms found among the regional languages.
I planted sweet-basil in mid-field
Grown, it swarmed with ants,
I loved but am not loved,
I am all confused and helpless.
Betawi

Corin D Asmara
"Jambu klutuk dari pasar minggu
Warnenye mere udeh pasti mateng
Mate ane ngantuk lame menunggu
Ane kire saudare ngga jadi dateng.

A guava from Pasar Minggu
its color is already red, surely ripe
I’m dying of sleepiness waiting so long
I figure you’re not coming after all
Beli paye pilih yang mateng  
Kalo ngga ade buah kiwi  
Kalo kite ngga jadi dateng  
Ntar ngga ade orang betawi

When buying papaya, choose a ripe one  
If there aren’t any, a kiwi fruit instead  
If we don’t show up  
There won’t be a single Betawi
Ayam bangkok dibawa Atun
Tiap pagi dimandiin
Kalo iseng nyok kite bepantun
Ampe pagi Ane layanin

A bangkok rooster, brought by Atun
Every morning he showers him
If you have free time, let’s recite pantun
I can serve ‘em up until mornin’
Kupi diseduh air mendidih
Tampe gule diaduk rate
Biar ati nggak tambe sedih
Kite bepantun ale Jakarte

Coffee is mixed with boiling water
without sugar, mix it well
To relieve your depression
we’ll recite pantun ala Jakarta
Masih orok kudu dibedong
Ude gede ngelebok sebakul
kalo bole ikutan mantun dong
Bikin bete cume modal dengkul

A baby must be wrapped in a blanket
Once big, he’ll eat a basketfull
If you can, join the pantun!
It comforts you with whatever’s available
Bunge anggrek bunge seroje
Ikan salmon ikan tune
Nyang nyaut itu-itu aje
Emangnye pade kemane

Orchid flower, lotus flower
Salmon fish, tuna fish
It’s just these who answer
Truly, where has everyone gone?
Bangun kesiangan ngga pake kasur
duren yg dikasih ude bonyok
Tinggal di bangunan ane digusur
Terpakse deh ngungsi ke new york

Woke up late, without a mattress
the durian they gave me is already rotten
living in a building, I was evicted
forced to flee and take refuge in New York
A child elephant under a wooden bed
excitedly eating stink beans
I ask pardon for everything
a wrong attitude and a misunderstanding
There’s a fish whose name is *Tanggiri*

A fish is brought to the mouth of Kaman river

Preserving national culture

is not just the job of artists
Udeh lame ngga ketemuan
Nyok kite peste semaleman
Ketawe-ketiwi penuh jamuan
Ane permisi mau duluan.

We haven’t met in a long time
Let’s party all night long
Laughing and carrying on with a full table
Permit me, I want to go home first
Lantaran kite orang Betawi, nih pantun Ane yang bontot:
Buaye mencari makan
Melate di waktu pagi
Budaye mesti kite pertahankan
Kalo bukan kite siape lagi

Because I’m the Betawi, my pantun will be last:
A crocodile looks for food
crawling around in the morning
we must maintain culture
If not us, who else?
Kite–kite ke Tanah Abang
Kenape ngga ke rume nyonye
Bener juge kate si Abang
Tapi jangan lupe ame tariannya

Let’s all go to Tanah Abang
Why not go to the lady’s house
Sounds good, big brother said
But don’t forget about the rest of Betawi culture
for instance, Dance!
Buah manggis enak rasenye pepaye mangge jato item manis sapa orangnye aye nyang paling botoh

Mangosteen fruit, its taste is delicious a papaya, a manggo, drop to the ground. That dark skinned woman, who is she? I am the sexiest one!
Salted smoked fish, cucumber salad, tembang fish, vegetables with coconut milk. Instead of just staring into space, I’m better off dancing ganjen.
Tontemboansche Teksten (1907)

Johannes Albert Traugott Schwarz

Rosa & Alfrits Monintja

“The story of Lumimuut and Toar as told by W. Mondow”

Tontemboansche Teksten (1907)

Johannes Albert Traugott Schwarz
According to the story of the story tellers, there was a hard stone in the middle of the sea. That hard rock was as big as a big house. That hard rock was washed over by waves and became a bird named a crow.

That hard rock sweat and sweat and became a human. The name of that human was Lumimuut (sweating) because she was born from the sweat of the stone.
Lumimuut now went up to stand on top of that hard rock, while she was standing on that hard rock she saw the crow flying by with a dry twig. She asked him,
“Hey crow, where did you get that dry stick?”
The crow answered,
“I got it over there at Tawere.”
When Lumimuut heard that, she said, “If you don’t mind, please take me to that land.”
The crow answered, “Just follow me.”
So they both went to that piece of land. The land rose from the middle sea. Once they were both there, the crow said to *Lumimuut*,
“This is the land where I got the dry twig I had with me. Its name is *Tawere*.”
When the crow had spoken, *Lumimuut* flew away and left crow over there. After that *Lumimuut* took dirt in both hands and came back to the hard rock from which she arose.
When she arrived there she let go of the earth she had gotten with both hands. When she looked carefully at the place where she let go of the earth it was about 10 cubits.

The next morning the size of that land had grown and the morning after, it had grown even further and it kept growing. After nine full days, the land stopped growing because it got too close to the sky in the north, the west, the east and the south.
Lumimuut now saw that the whole surface of the earth was barren. So she returned to the land where she got dirt with both hands and got more dirt. She spread the earth on the whole surface of the land and it became trees. When Lumimuut saw this all, she made a mountain in the south on the origin of Rano i Apo named Wulur Maatus. Lumimuut now climbed the mountain and stood on top of it. When she was there she turned her face to the western wind.
She felt that her body had been blessed and she became pregnant. Therefore, the wind that comes from the west is called *awa’at* because the wind made *Lumimuut* pregnant. After that she gave birth to a son and *Lumimuut* named that child *Toar*. *Toar* grew up very quickly. When *Toar* was already big, his mother said to him. “*Toar*, you have to go and find a wife.” *Toar* agreed and went on a trip around the world.
Toar came back to his mother and said, “I couldn’t find a wife.”
Lumimuut answered, “Toar, cut off that goloba. Cut the bottom and the top. Measure the goloba to my size and go around the earth again. Go to the right and I will go the left. When you find a wife whose outer beauty is like mine go meet her with that goloba. When you measure her, and the goloba is longer, then it’s not me. It’s her who should be your wife.”
Then they both went in opposite directions. *Lumimuut* went to the left and *Toar* went to the right. *Toar* walked and walked and met a woman. He saw that the woman, from her outer beauty, was like his mother. But when he measured her with the *goloba* that he carried with him, the goloba was longer. This woman was in fact *Lumimuut* but the *goloba* was longer than her because it was growing during the journey although he cut it off.
So when Toar met the woman, Toar said, you are indeed the woman who my mother said I should take as a wife, because the goloba is longer than you. So on that day they became married. They returned to Wulur Maatus and there they had 3 times 9 children. Lumimuut and Toar divided among each of the children the place where they would go and live and the work they would do.
“Weweletan”
(divination)
Tontemboansche Teksten (1907)
Johanes Albert Traugott Schwarz
Come eat, O mighty Gods! Lady, who has cultivated the earth, make life even longer and let other people’s goods come into our place without our effort.

Come eat, O mighty Gods! Make life longer and our bodies healthier and let the field be grown more densely with rice, so they should distinguish themselves more and more from those of neighboring and non-neighboring fields.
Come eat, O mighty Gods! Make us even healthier of body and our children, chickens and pigs, too.

Come eat, O mighty ones! Give a healthy body to those who are traveling, and give blessings on the way.
Come eat, O mighty Gods! Lady, who has cultivated the earth, let the rice take its time anyway, it’s only the liver of the fattened pig at home that’s waiting for it.

Come eat, O mighty Gods, Tenteres and Lengkokan!
There, eat meat, gods, *rorot* and forest gods, and let us progress in that way.

O mighty ones! Give me happiness when I’m walking in the forest or in the village, wherever I will go.
Eat meat there, *rorot*. Let us progress like that.

There's your part, *rorot*. Let our meat already obtained last long and help us catch more such game and give us fat, wild boar.
There is your part, it is equally distributed.

Eat meat there, you who are entitled to it, and make the palmwine flask drip even more so that the palmwine tapper is constantly attached to the tree.
Drink, Gods! Increase even this palm wine.

Drink mighty Gods! Make our body healthier, and make our lives even longer.
Let the open fields become cleaner, O mighty Gods, and let the machete be even sharper.

O mighty Gods! let the rice lengthen, so that by plucking once, the hand already is full.
O mighty Gods! let the rice be long!

O mighty Gods! Let the harvested rice last a long time. Let it be as if we’re just filling the shell of a pinang nut.
O mighty Gods! Give us prosperity. Let it be as if we’re just bringing it in from our reserves.

O mighty Gods, Toar and Ramangasin! Make the salt still even harder.

Seleng, if the wood falls off, bring it here to the village, but if it’s made into a house, may he who has brought it, as of that day, not leave from his home.
Well, surprising, how favorable the gall is! From now on there will be longevity and wealth, goods will be brought to the house without the trouble of having to buy them.

O mighty Gods! Come here quickly to let this dam take root in the ground, so that until the end of time it will not break.
Keep bringing more goods and therewith pray always to the Gods, and it could be that you obtain a lot!

O mighty Gods! Prolong the life of our grandchildren!

O mighty Gods! Give me prosperity in all respects, so that to those to whom I ply my merchandise, it seems like langsat fruits.
O my child, my child! Give a long life to our father and child, mother and child, and extend it over that of our contemporaries and non-contemporaries, O mighty Gods!

O Mighty! Let the harmful spirits flow to the borders of an unknown country.
O Mighty ones! Let the disease flow to the land’s borders and instead give us a healthy body.

O Mighty ones! Let the disease spirits and the deceptive promises flow away to the borders of the land and if somebody behind my back bothers me, I hope he chokes!
O Mighty ones! If life is still with us, then lighten the disease, if it is already the hour of death, only then take the last breath away.

O Mighty ones! Lighten the disease and here is the sacrifice if he gets better.
What shall we do with you yet? you are already at the end of your life. Do we have only little love left? But what to do? To rebel, against they who created us?

Oh my, or: oh my, poor me!

Let what is spread, be shaken out, and let it be shaken out well!
Palanduk & Haramaung

Ngaju Dayak

read by Ben Abel
Once upon time there was a mousedeer walking looking for a river that has water because he was thirsty and wanted to drink.
Wayah te pandang panjang.
Kare sungei lepah teah danume.

It was a long dry season
Most of the river dried out and was without water.
Kejau tutu Palanduk mananjung andau te. Salenga tarahininge, auh taluh je gutu-gutuk bahalap auhe.

Palanduk walked for the whole day
Suddenly, he heard a beautiful humming sound.
Palanduk approached it walking
Looking for the source of the sound
Nyenehe ngambu, auh te hung ngiwa.
Nyenehe ngiwa, auh te hung ngambu.

He listened up towards the sky, and heard the sound below.
He listened down towards the ground and heard the sound above!
He approached slowly while creeping
He saw something a big mound on the base of a tree. It looked like an earth mound but also there was also something flying in and out of the mound.
Then palanduk sat down, hiding himself inside a bush. What on earth is that, said Palanduk to himself. It was very noisy, as those things were going in and out.
Palanduk was thinking and looking at those things.

“Oh,” Palanduk said to himself, “This is probably the hornet’s nest that my grandpa told me about long ago.”
Ewen tuh tau manuntut tuntang mangarubut, kuan Palanduk huang ateie. Taliau bueku bihin puji inyasah kawan naning te sampai ie sahewu akan danum.

“The hornet can follow you and attack you wherever you go,” said Palanduk to himself. “My late grandpa was chased and attacked by these hornets until he was forced to jump in the river.”

But Palanduk liked to listen to the humming sound of the hornets, it sounded to him like a kacapi, like a rabab, like the sound of drums and gongs. Palanduk got carried away until he became sleepy.
At that moment, *Haramaung* (giant jungle cat) was looking for something to eat. He was also thirsty and wanted to drink. The whole day he was walking about but couldn’t find any animals.
Sampai ie tukep hete, tarahininge auh je gutu-gutuk te.
En tuh guhup andau ujan, atawae guhup danum mahasur bara batu, kuan Haramaung hung ateie.

He arrived nearby, and heard that humming sound too.
“Is that the sound of rain or water flowing over stones?” said the Haramaung to himself.

He approached closer to that place, creeping, and smelled another animal. This is it, said Haramaung. I am eating this time. My stomach is starving!
Haramaung jadi tukep tutu, tapi ie hindai mite Palanduk te, awi ekae puna huang padang ruwut. Haya-hayal Haramaung manyelek, tahunjeke edan kayu matei, palus krak auh edan te bapelek.

*Haramaung* got very close but still he couldn’t see *Palanduk*, because Palanduk was hiding in the bushes. *Haramaung*’s mind was wandering but he continued stalking. Accidentally he stepped on a dead branch on the ground, KRAK was the sound of the branch breaking.
Palanduk was jolted and looked towards the sound. He saw Haramaung already very close. “Goodness! I’m dead meat this time!” said Palanduk to himself. But Palanduk is always smart and clever.
Te ie pura-pura dia mikeh dengan Haramaung te, awi jadi sundaue akal mampahumung Haramaung te.

He pretended that he was so afraid of *Haramaung*, and got an idea to fool him.
He called *Haramaung* and said, “My goodness brother, I miss you so much! Yesterday, I really wanted to meet with you, Now what a good coincidence to meet you here today!”
Harumaung te nampaliau akan hila auh te, taragitae Palanduk te munduk manungket ijangge, sambil manampayah eka taluh ije gutu-gutuk te.

_Harumaung_ turned to the voice, and saw _Palanduk_ sitting with his chin in his hand, while looking at the earthen mound.
Palus tabalang ih Haramaung je handak manangkarap Palanduk te, sana ie auh Palanduk ije kalute.
Narai gawim hetuh? Kuan Haramaung. Tuntang narai je kuam dengangku te?

Then *Haramaung* ended up not wanting to pounce on *Palanduk* because of what he said. “What are you looking at?”’, said *Haramaung*. “And what’s all that about missing me?”
Anu...anu...Kuan Palanduk.
Aku tuh sundau sahukan panatau taliau bue itah bihin. Te ie hung upun kayu te. Cuba ikau mahininge, kuan Palanduk.

“Uhh..uhh...”, said Palanduk.
I have found our grandfather’s treasure that he hid. It’s in the bottom of that tree. Just try and listen to it, said Palanduk. 

Kalutuh, kuan palanduk. Uju nyelu tuh limbahe, aku tege hanupi sundau dengan taliau bue itah bihin. Ie mansanan akangku, sahukan panatau te ingkese hung upun kayu hai.

“Like this,” said Palanduk. “Seven years after he died, I dreamt I met with our late grandfather. He told me, that he buried a hidden treasure under a big tree.”
Inutup’e hapan butup petak. Akan tanda, are ampin taluh ije tarawang tame balua, sambil tege auh gandang garantung tuntang kacapi rabab.

“He covered it with dry earth. As a mark, there are so many little things going in and out while making the sounds of drums, gongs, kacapi and rabab.”
Dan tinai nyuhue aku manggau ikau akan kawalku mungkar manduae, tuntang bagim ayum are bara bagin ayungku, awi ikau esue ije bakas.

“And also he asked me to look for you to be my partner in digging out this treasure. Your part is going to be bigger than mine, because you are the senior.”
Sahelu bara ikau mambungkare, nyuhue aku manduan danum bara rumbak batu ije dia kejau bara he te, hapan kue manjaup baun kue bele kue batulah.

“Before you dig it, he ordered me to fetch water from the stone hole that’s not far away from here, to be used to wash our faces so we don’t incur a taboo.”
Ikau kareh mahining auhku manukiu mansanan eka danum te, hayak te palus mambungkar manduan panatau te, dan aku manalih ikau mimbit danum te hapan kue hajaup. Iyuh ih amun kute kuan Haramaung.

“You will hear my voice yelling to let you know where the water is, then you can go ahead and dig the treasure, and I will come back to you bringing the water for us to wash our face.”

“Alright, if it’s like that.” said Haramaung.
Limbah te, Palanduk batulak pura-pura je manggau danum, padahal ie hanjak tutu jadi salamat bara pampatei. Bahancap Palanduk hadari bara hete, jadi sadang kakejaue, harue ie manukiu.

After that, *Palanduk* left and pretended to look for water, but actually he was very joyful to have saved himself from a certain death. Quickly, *Palanduk* ran from there. Then at a certain distance, he yelled loudly.
Listening to the shout, *Haranaung* approached the hornet’s nest, and started to dig. What happened then? A swarm of hornets attacked and bit *Haranaung*. He was shouting and swearing at *Palanduk* for lying to him.
Hadari ie ngaju ngawa malapas arepe bara puntut maning te. Sampai tantatarang kare upun kayu, padang duhi, tatap ih kea naning te manyasah mamuntut ie.

He ran upriver and downriver to escape from the hornets, bumping into so many trees and thorns, but the hornets kept chasing him and stinging him.
By the end, because it was such a long distance that he ran, the hornets finally stopped chasing him and returned to their nest at the base of the tree.
When the hornets stopped biting him, *Haramaung* lay down on the ground and nursed his stings. While howling, he swore at *Palanduk* who tricked him. “I’ll get him one day”, said *Haramaung*. 
“He tricked me too badly. Now my children and grandchildren and all those of Palanduk’s clan will be enemies,” said Haramaung.
Biti bereng Haramaung te kembang muau awi puntut naning te. Le dia ulih miar kanih kate manggau panginae, tuntang kanai sasar bala’u, kajariae, Haramaung matei.

Haramaung’s body was swollen and enlarged because of the hornet stings. He could barely move or look for food and his stomach became very hungry. In the end Haramaung passed away.
Hanjak tutu atei Palanduk, awi ie jadi lapas bara bahaya pampatei. Tapi limbah te ie paham batawat tutu miar, awi ie dia katawan Haramaung te jadi matei.

Palanduk was very happy because he escaped from such lethal danger. After that, he was always conscious about where we went, because he didn’t know that Haramaung was dead.
Saritan Bapa Awi Manjual Bajuku

Ngaju Dayak

read by Ben Abel
One day Awi’s father went to see his fishtrap. The fishtrap that he set downriver from his mooring spot. Awi’s father went by with his boat. When he got in there, he dove under the water and brought up the fishtrap to the riverbank.

Suddenly he saw inside the fishtrap something black and it looked flat, and it had hands and legs and was crawling. Wow...said Awi’s father, what is this? Is this a rock or what? But why is it moving? Awi’s father wasn’t brave enough to take it out of the fishtrap so he just put the trap on his boat and rowed it back home.
Sampai hung batang tapian, te ie mantehau Awi ewendue indue. Ite ketun due. narai metu je buah buwuku tuh. Awi ewendue indue muhun akan batang nampayah taluh je buah buwuku te.

By then, he got to the mooring place, he called Awi and her mother. Look, both of you. What kind of animal got inside my fishtrap? Awi and her mother went down to the mooring place looking at the fishtrap.

Oh...Awi’s mother said. *Bajuku* (a big turtle) is the name of this animal. So can we eat this animal? We can, said Awi’s mother. But it is better for us to sell it, or exchange it for salt that we use for cooking bamboo shoots and *bajei* (vegetable). You bring it by boat to sell it to the people in the downriver village. Then Awi’s father took out the *bajuku* from the fishtrap and put down on his boat.
Before he went away, he went to Awi’s mother asking for the name of the animal again. “Bajuku”, Awi’s mother said.
Sambil mabesei masuh, te Bapa Awi mahapal aran metu te, bele ie kalapean. Bajuku...bajuku... bajuku...kuan bapa Awi sambil mambesei. Haya-hayal ie mahapal aran bajuku te, salenga jukunge tantarang dengan kayu bahantung. Palus kalapean bapa Awi aran metu te. Akui kuae, narai aran metu te nah.

While rowing the boat down the river, Awi’s father was muttering “bajuku...bajuku...bajuku” so he would memorize it. So he could carried away with memorizing it when suddenly the boat hit a big log floating on the river. Damn it!...What’s the name of that animal?
So he rowed back home to ask Awi’s mother what the name of the animal was again. “Bajuku”, said Awi’s mother.
Iyuh, bajuku...bajuku...bajuku...kuan bapa Awi sambil mambesei masuh. Ije, due, katanjung tinai mabesei, kalapeae tinai aran metu te. Narai aran metu te nah, kuan bapa Awi. Gitae matan metu te pite–pitep. Pitep hirah arae, kuan bapa Awi. Te ie mahapale, pitep ... pitep...pitep...kuan bapa Awi hante hante.

Yes, bajuku, bajuku, bajuku...said Awi’s father while he rowed the boat downriver. After one, then two, hours of rowing, he forgot the name of that animal again. What’s that animal’s name, said Awi’s father?
He saw the animal’s eyes open and close, *pitep*. “Maybe *pitep* is the name of this animal?”, Awi’s father said. Then he began to memorize: *pitep...pitep...pitep...* said Awi’s father all the way to the village.
He arrived and stopped at the mooring place. At that moment, so many people were standing looking down from the land. “What are you bringing, Awi’s father?”, asked many people. “Pitep!” answered Awi’s father.
Wow, said the people, “What does an animal which such a name look like?”. The people came down closer to look at it. “Oh…”, said the people. “That’s not the name of this animal.” “Bajuku”, they said. “Oh yes, bajuku. I forgot it.” “I am here”, Awi’s father said, “to sell this bajuku and exchange it with salt for cooking with bamboo shoots and bajei.”
So people gave him much salt in exchange for the animal. After that, Awi’s father rowed his boat up the river back home.
He arrived at some *bajie* plants on the river bank, and stopped to throw the salt on them. After that, he found a bamboo forest and again stopped to throw the rest on the bamboo shoots until all the salt he received was gone.
Bara hete ie murik palus sampai akan batang taliane, palus buli huma. Kueh ie uyah je dinum nah, kuan indu Awi. Maka jadi lepah hapaku muyah pulau ujau bajei kilau kuam dengangku enah, kuan bapa Awi.

From there, he went up the river to his mooring place and then continued home. “Where is the salt you got?”, asked Awi’s mother. “All gone. I used it to salt all the *bajei* and bamboo shoots, just as you told me to do.”, Awi’s father said.
Leha-lehan kahumungmu ikau tuh bapa Awi. Dia je hapa muyah pulaue je kuangku dengam te, tapi hapa itah muyah juhu ujau, atawa juhu bajei.

“What on earth? You are so stupid! I said it was for salting the vegetables but I didn’t mean for salting the jungle!”
She took a piece of firewood from the top of the stove, and she smacked Awi’s father right on the head. You could see the stupidity stone, as big as a chopping block, flying out. After that, cleverness and intelligence returned to Awi’s father. He wasn’t stupid anymore and he could organize his life again.
Acehnese Pantun

Yusra Zaini
Assalamualaikum I begin with a greeting to all my friends on this day.

We begin to open Acehnese culture with a show in America.
Because in Aceh, as it is known, reciting *pantun* is an ordinary thing. We trade *pantun* with friends, not because we must, but as part of our culture.
We recite *pantun* not because we’re so proud
but to strengthen the connection between us.
Other purposes don’t interest me.
I won’t wrap it in cloth!
This is my way.
I speak through *pantun*,
Send me a good pantun
and I’ll send you back another one
Saweub geutanjoe wahe e tungku, galak that laku bak pegah haba, jarak pih jioh han troh ta tuju, laen hai Tungku tamita cara

Because we, sir, we love to speak.
We are far and cannot reach one another so we look for another path
Panton ta balah lewat tulisan peulapek lisan meutuka haba geulanto lang kah yang han troh keunan han mungken taduek bak jam bo jaga

We trade pantun through writing, we recite pantun orally.
Change the step that won’t reach, there’s no way we’ll get to sit in the hall!
On this day, my friends,
I recite pantun in America
take note, sir,
a beautiful country is impossible to forget.
Panton lon rawi uroe ngen malam, 
bak saboh jan di Aceh jaya, 
meukemat gaseh ngen sidro insane, 
tebayang-bayang si umu masa

I wrote pantun day and night 
once upon a time in Aceh 
I fell in love with someone 
who was always on my mind
I am here now across the ocean
even if I shout, you cannot hear me
if I send a letter, I’m afraid it won’t arrive
If I send a package, I’m afraid it will be exchanged with another one.
Cut bang ka neujak 10 ge meugoe, hantom neu wo saweu adinda, bijeh dalam krong ka tinggai tika, hate lon meu chen keudeh keu kanda

My beloved has already harvested ten times but has never visited me a seed inside a barn, all that’s left are straw mats How I miss my beloved
Ulon disinoe lon duek bak rinyeun ulon meujangeun lam ayoun cinta cut bang bagi lon cahaya buleun trang uroe ngeun malam sabe lon bungka.

I am here sitting on the steps humming on the swing of love
Beloved, for me, is the light of the moon, day and night, forever melancholy.
Cinta yang lon bri kon wayang–wayang
cinta lon tuan puteh ban mega
uroe han rusak ujeun han leukang
hate yang tho krang perele peunawa

The love I give is no joke
My love is as white as a cloud
Heat cannot destroy it
Rain cannot make it crack
A dry heart needs to be watered!
Bak bineh laout lon duk meujageun
bak bineh uteun geutanjo meucinta
teingat baksaboh masa
wate Tapajoh bu saboh pinggan-pinggan

On the water’s edge, I promise,
at the edge of the forest, we fall in love
remembering the time
when we ate from the same plate
Ateuk puncak gle di tebit bintang
oh jula malam indah meucahaya
rindu lon yang theun uroe ngen malam
pajan keuh lekang rindy lon rasa

on top of the mountain, a star emerges
late at night, it shines beautifully
the yearning I contain day and night
when will this longing I feel leave me?
Kru seumangat rahmat meujandreng, mirah pati teng na di Amerika, maksud hate keuneuk meujandreng, tapi kanda jioh di mata.

How fantastic! Mercy comes together with a multi-colored pigeon my heart wants to come together but beloved is far from the eyes
The jasmine flower is white not as white as the snow of New York.
If you want to succeed, sir wake up early and start working.
Kamoe dinioe na diranto sigogo tawo beuteubai beulan ja wareh ngon kawom adun ngon adoe, tamumat-tamumat tamu wa wa wa.

Here we are in the diaspora, only able to return occasionally, we need plenty of money to see friends and family, we greet each other and embrace.
Njo keuh dile panton nibak lon meunyo han muphom enteuk tapeugah haba lon lake meuah lahe ngon baten bek na meu teng mandum syedara.

This is where my pantun comes to an end
If you don’t understand, we can talk later
I ask forgiveness
lest there should be ill feelings
In front of the door

Aceh

Yusra Zaini
Dibalah Pinto sue meualoun
In front of the door, a voice floats
Dara meupanton ngeun hate luka
a girl recites pantun with a broken heart
Wahe cut abang pakon neutinggai lon
“Oh my, loved one, why do you leave me?”
Neujak ka neutroun ulon hau neuba
We used to live together happily.

Hate lon seudah saket di dalam
my heart is broken inside and out

You gave me no news.

We used to live together happily.