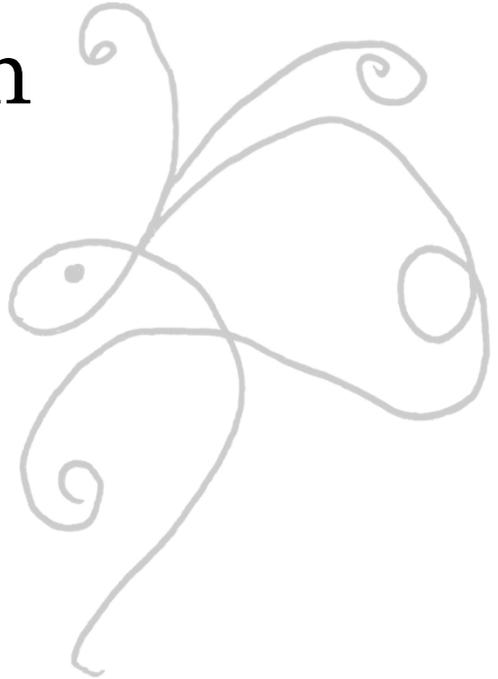


# The Found Excerpts From Ombunvald's Stomach

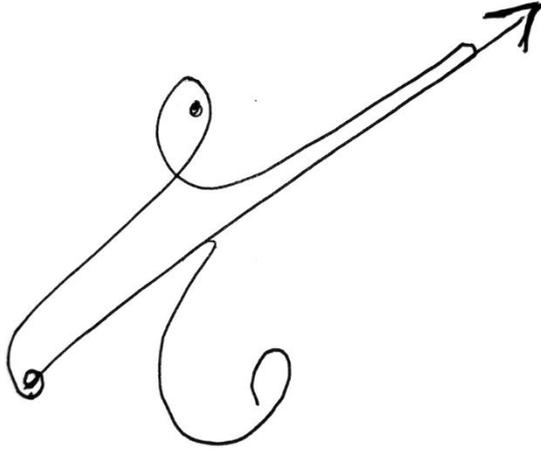
*Poetry. Diary.*

Ferdiansyah Rambe



Ferdi Rambe

2026



“Muhammad Ombunvald, 24.  
lived his **best** life,  
died *beautifully*”

“When the *almost* cold tea on my thumb,  
I put them on ceramic platter  
That is where the silence  
That’s where I feel the reminisce of you  
A fever touch  
A warm trigger  
Like happy things that comes only in sunshine.”

.....

.....

+

“...Your presence canceled my beg for death”

+

w.o.r.l.d.



“the world is moving so fast,  
late for a second then become undesirable  
run and take all.

**run.**

i cannot compete.

slavery.

i can't compete.

i'm no one.

losing.

losing.

this is not what life supposed to be.

this is not living.

slavery by will.  
slavery by choice.  
no choice.  
no nothing.  
no live.  
life is not online.  
*wait* and **die** *wait* and **die**.  
erase.  
erase.  
erase now.  
erase everything.  
evil wins.  
always do.  
it's all in the mind  
until it doesn't.  
empty.  
now.  
**all**.  
destroyed.”

## at the rain

I dipped my feet in the drowned pathway  
so I can feel cold the first time  
you looked at me from the dead-end wall  
our heartbeat met at the flash of a thunder

we waited...

we didn't turn around

I looked at your reflection

*you stared at me with intension*

I wasn't speaking

*my mind is reeling*

i know what you've been searching for

in the lights, in the warm

*youwon'tfindme*

I take solitude in the **depth** of disaster

red is my sun

blue is my lunar

I like them spinning

so fast that I can't think at.....all

by thousand apology

you might kept what I keep to you

you called my name

I looked at you

to believe that rain deafened me

you called my name and I stoned to hide my tremble

just to make you believe that I don't forgive you

i can see the floods of this gutter an ocean you must  
cross  
you crossed to me  
I see you bravely  
I see myself a coward  
sad or happy, whatever rain is, justified

**#diary:**

*zulqaidah*

i have things in my mind  
but I easily forget  
i'm buying food, yes!  
not hungry, but spice!  
obviously, those fruits are *refreshing*, sweet and little  
sour  
the man is *handsome*, too beautiful on the street  
ah, yes! fruit is healthier anyway  
a guy called me while I walk  
cash notes on his hand and pills on mine

.....

but i'm fading lines where i can not make up the  
words  
i trace the letter  
from a blur  
to a background  
to nothingness  
then prostitute to **darkness** as my only confinement  
the world always destroys itself and no one seems to  
know  
but my paper will, my line will.

## friend



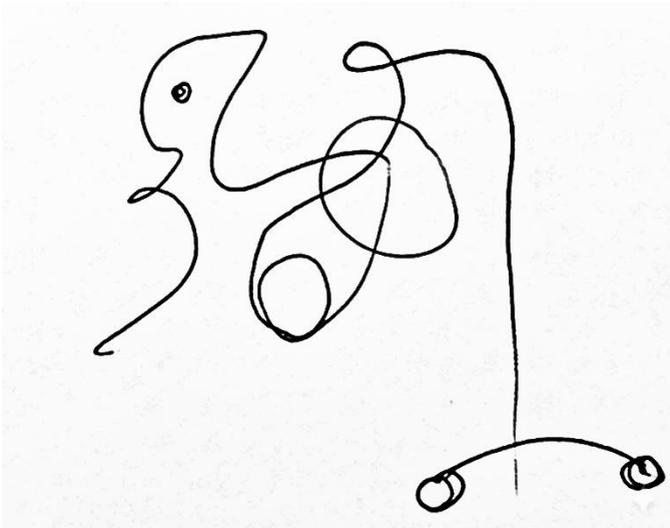
my long friend him

were you there in the corner?  
my beds are comfortable lately  
in other places are not shielded  
dark, **dark** floods or fog elsewhere; I don't know  
you never said a word  
but visited me often  
my friend is there when he is no longer there  
my friend is kind and gifted me dreams  
my friend I wish I am not guessing  
my friend don't tell but do

+

“...on the dry grass where cactus don't grow  
the glass of love, broken  
but I'd shovel their pieces into my skin  
let me be wounded all at once...”

+



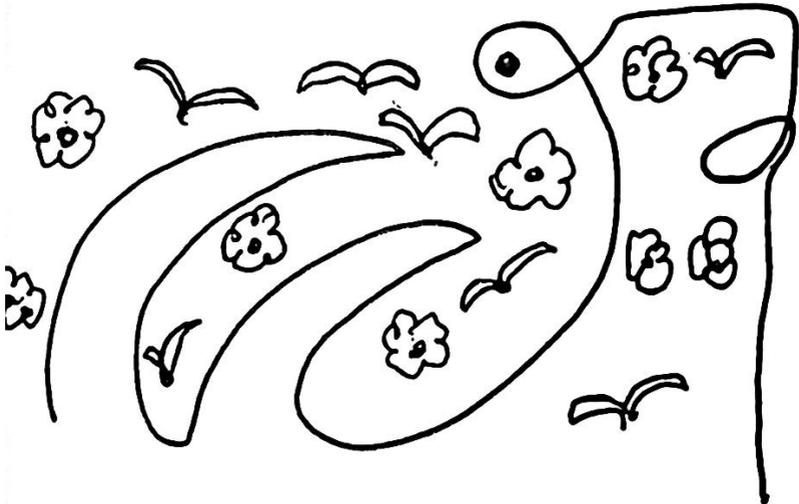
+

“...I'll put nails on my shoe  
it hurts, slows the time  
it made me conscious when we talk”

+

pieces of brick steps on stone row will always creak  
and never belong  
will be the first to be replaced  
to be the first to be stabbed in a dance  
to be the first to soil and to plant  
to be the first to trunk  
to be the first to shade  
to be the first to be visited  
to honor minds even being stood against

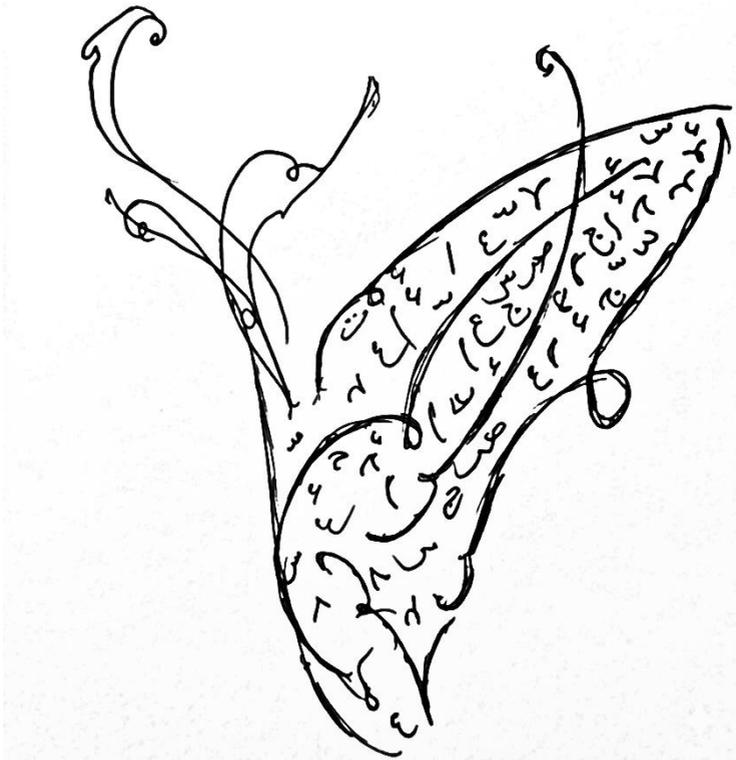
**trunk**



## they say it's the youth

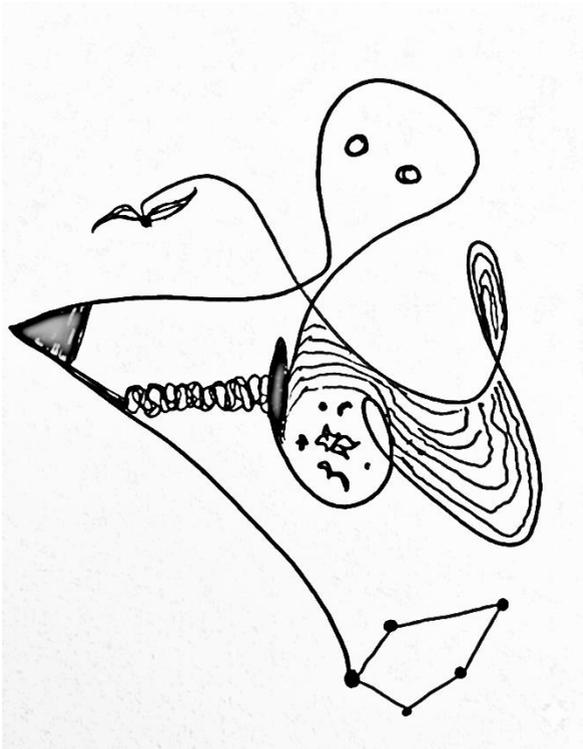
as I am ready to embrace midnight shiver!  
our nose cold our chest warm  
soft thud of the dreaming cops  
caribbean eyes and teeth  
we laughed most, coughed occasionally  
we're everywhere *for the sake of it*  
counting stores to count houses  
lights withdrawn moonroad on  
u-turn and again  
*for the sake of it*  
until air vibrate to our **engine**  
drums and screeches  
and we are not tired yet...  
but we decided to ponder at our shadows  
listening soil chirps  
or guessing what dimming star sounds like  
"Is this pointless?" he jokes  
"No, it's **romantic**" I answered  
I don't know why...  
but I like everything's color into **one**, silence  
there attention will be us  
and our voices  
the shimmer in the dark  
the colour in our feet  
it's romantic, for the sake of it  
We're there...  
sleeping on the road and our stomachs

then curl in the coldest of night  
and whispered to the dawn  
until we waited hours for the light to heat  
and bloom in our faces  
I'll never go return...



## illumination

explosive cloud in the dry night  
again and again  
what are you trying to tell me?  
others sheltered  
I clicked my teeth to their steps  
I kicked my feet to the drum  
I'm not afraid of you!



my touching skin will *airquake*  
my grinning feet will jump roof to roof

tree to tree

until every shadow my below

here lies what you seek

here

here.....I,

send me thunder, my hand message the **upglow**

destroy my covering, becoming the **light**

I'll go high two steps of stair

sound plateau

silence peak

I, victor attested

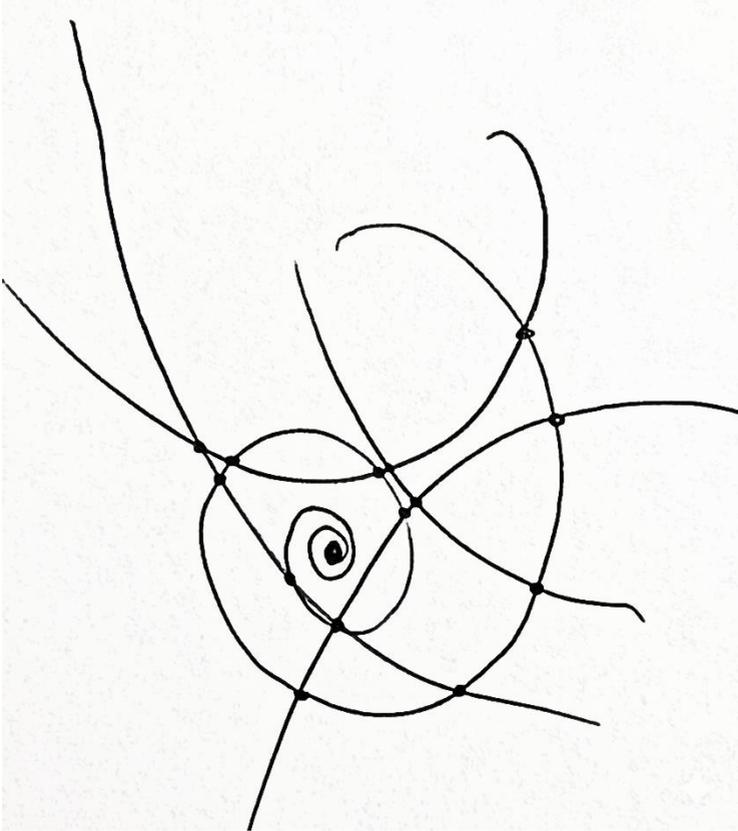
world had my joy had my fear

glow me the **star**

far not from sight

let me destroy everything with **light**

## moon



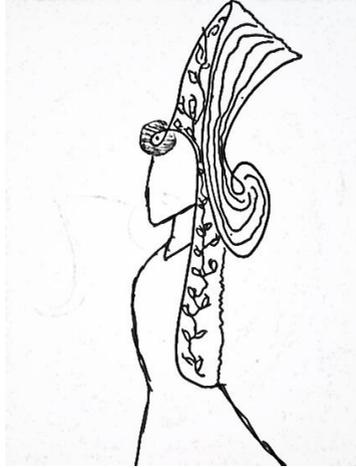
there something there  
there something up there  
that *secretive* light  
the delicate on the side of the crack  
so silent, so polite

only showed for one that wanted  
it must have been a stage  
something like lean, athletic, celestial body alike  
compete in arrow or flying art  
or something like sleeping babies  
or something giant  
like One giant  
sleep on his ribs, lay on hand  
soaking *moonbath*  
on the vehicle cloud

## springleaf

watched a shadow from fishbone tree  
to the springleaf underneath  
like a cast reflection of water  
and watch how they arrive to the ground  
there not there, hesitant  
then from the black paint to the sky  
or the whirl dancer at their hand  
spinning round and round  
onto the shining rope  
I am there  
like the watch tick  
counting the end I have been since  
it can take as long as it takes  
I want my attached; root deep and strong  
then bloom to this gentle companion

## rose



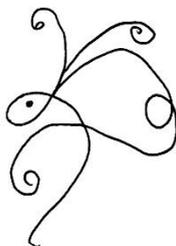
the winds around you glow rose  
I walk backwards so I can see you above me  
so my steps match yours  
so we can see face to face  
I'll fix what's behind all of us  
even I stumbled and thrown  
*guide me forward*  
even if I close my eyes  
wherever, your warmth sufficed me  
and if you want to wait  
until I arrived at the wings...  
will you still take my hand?

eyes that told

eyes that hurt

eyes that melt

eyes I met



if

if I can bring you from the dead  
we will walk on the same road  
over and over again  
until your complaining heart speaks "what are we  
doing"?

"It's our favorite path, when we found and apart"  
then we walk again for so long of time  
but I knew if I say "trust me", you would do  
if I silent you won't quite  
if you're tired, sleep on the road  
my feet will not go tired  
it will work by itself

even when I limp  
I will crawl with my hands, with your eyes closed

crawling and crawling until my limbs numb dead  
and you wake up, I'm sleeping next to you  
then you take me back to your home

**#diary:**

*syawal*

I want to vomit

I want to vomit

I want to vom it

HOLD breath!

strongeeerr!

clench the back of the head

focus

focus on one thing

like meditation

exhale...

inhale...

how productive was I today?

hey, HEY! it's an easy question!

THINK! time is money, THINK something out!

don't you want to leave?

does the sleep make you money?

lazy whore, laaaazy whoore

DON'T forget! Do not RELEASE!

I want to vomit

I want to vomit

I want to vom it

## switch

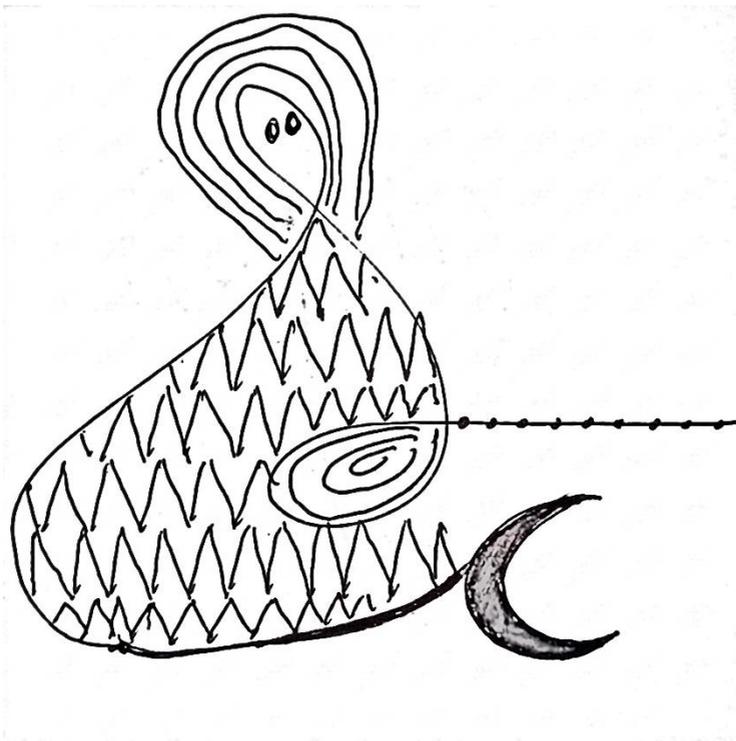
tangled wire in the back of the head  
restless mind restless bed  
I want to run but I want to stay  
then I run anyway  
thoughtless walk in the midnight fan  
like was wanting night, now I want a sun  
my achievement has completed in the mind  
far less awake the execution one

let us all reflect what we are supposed to do?  
stair established in material glue  
so much for intake forgot how to make  
I am the havoc, the pilgrim and wreck  
what's the honorable surrender, to God or to bed?  
both cannot satisfy a shed

there's no happiness left to get  
there is no worth of time left  
*slavey, slavey!* roll the wire  
*deady, deady!* tangled me in chair  
lift me out of this world of fire  
the dissolved of me there in the gutter

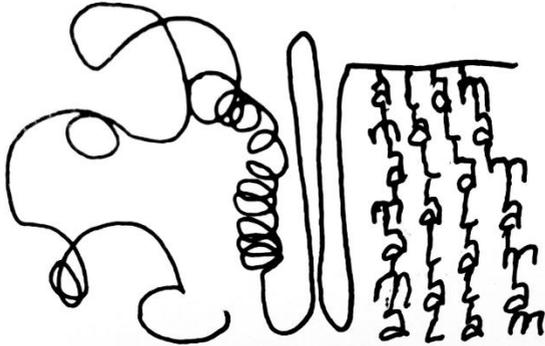
why can't I decide?  
the end of the flight  
sure, there must be the reason  
for everything has a reason

like my rope for so long  
but why can't I decide?  
when nothing bright from the sun  
when I've surrendered the fight  
and the despairing justness not sight



## fish

why does fish always swim with their mouth open?  
do any food in this drying pond  
or that's just how they breathe?  
either way, swimming must exhaust **more**  
why don't they stay!  
like lay in the ground  
wait for the food to come?  
or look for it when hungry  
do they hungry all the time?  
why do they form a current when the water plain  
follow the big one for doing the **same**  
crash each other aimlessly  
why do they imitate us?



## old

the people that have old  
with their crooked walk  
and their begging clothes  
sleep with sickness at the mercy of children  
or the little r go to work with n  
or the wrinkles that not the strong of what they carry  
or the houses that had been quite  
or the flown color to the silent acceptance

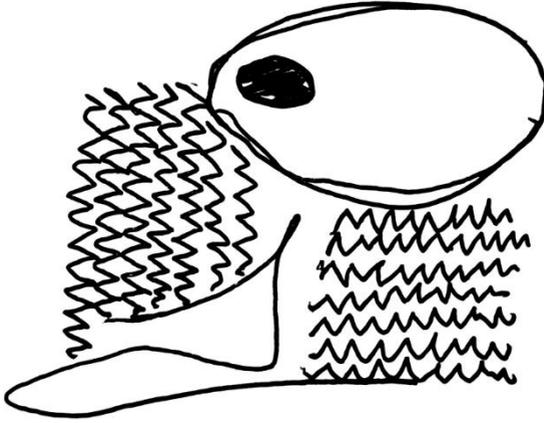
they are not sleeping at night  
they are blinking in the dark  
with yearn that the rain will be on their faces  
and **expired** regret  
but dim, every near warm light  
silhouette dances  
the youth they should become  
but had, the firing youth, their transgression  
all their flowers, the **weathered** and the dead  
and the lover in their dream

for their *eternal amber*  
nearer, nearer assurance  
that they'd be there anytime

## chamber

the pretty and tiny chamber  
suffocatingly pretty  
it lights in day, dark at midnight  
pretty chamber I do not betray  
dig a hole deep for air  
pretty chamber worry not  
for each an hour it is short  
pretty chamber is not angry  
the man digs most in the head  
chamber-man will fall in hurry  
chamber-man will return to bed  
pretty chamber will never mourn  
for what beneath is a burn  
it is the pretty and tiny chamber  
the suffocatingly pretty  
everywhere and never gone

## destination



I sat on a bench, my favorite garden  
a satin clearing, the giant reflection  
triangle and cubicles  
sour and sweet  
sweat tastelessly.  
what world could've been under the moon?  
like under, under it.  
like calm, calm fairy?  
why is it always at the topness high  
but dear, blessed me with light and beauty  
wore me, whisperers to find her, my treasure chest  
but I betray and flee to its origin

just because it's *prettier* and near  
the universe casted seeds of contempt to my  
deserving  
coward, disbeliever!  
my moon has shattered  
she never went again

#diary:

*syawal*

the chicken is soft as yesterday's paper  
these spices are the delicacy of air  
after this a poo  
indeed, like two or four hours ago?  
morning is asleep as always  
after that after again

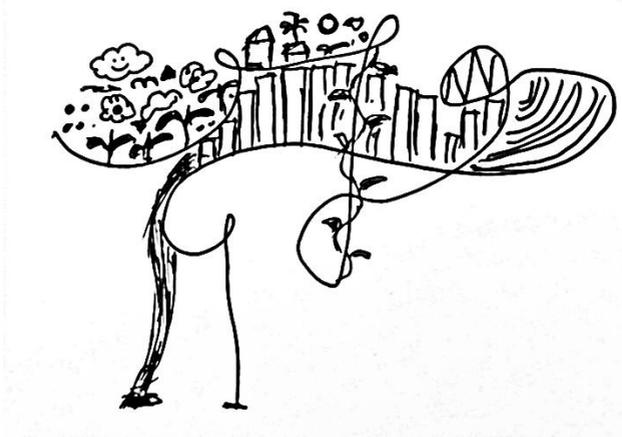
.....

morning: rice and chicken (sometimes noodle)  
11 am: ice cream and milkshake  
lunch: rice and chicken again (more expensive)  
afternoon: candies  
dinner: rice and chicken  
7 pm: milk  
8 pm: Thai tea  
9 pm: noodle  
I never eat because I'm hungry. In fact, I am hardly  
hungry at all. In fact, I don't want them. But it's just  
the **best** feeling to do.

.....

## beads

sharp, bead roots infested mouth, eyes  
heavy I feel, bent I become  
picture on my wrapping!  
pretty, pretty faces dance in the middle of the stage  
ugly, ugly faces lay in the middle of the road  
such an ugly creation!  
thickly vine, devastating thorns  
what roots needed for it to become!  
slither the seed like consumption  
took the sun and bloom a **poison**



heat



my persevering *pervertness*  
my **lavaerupt** charge  
constancy *constance*  
blessed the erected **nymphetic** wall  
hard to *contain*  
but moral **fall** to hiss  
persevere heat, screaming *rest*  
foursome own, **licking** chest  
leaky dome, lacking *less*  
for my own, **pervertness**

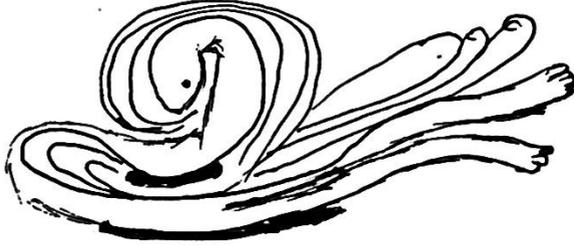
**#diary:**

*syawal*

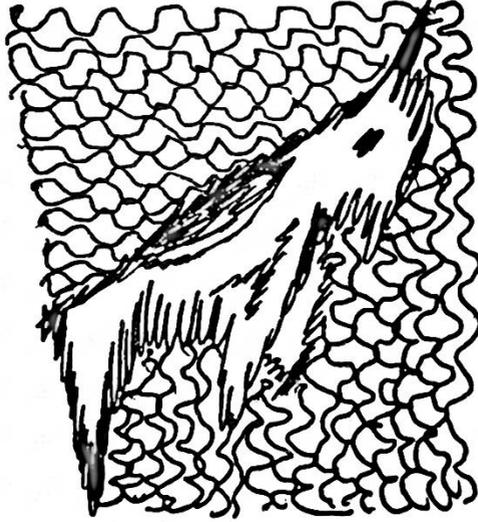
why there are a lot moving on the road at once?  
soo much noise, soo much smells  
I cannot see them one by one  
my thighs are contracting for sure  
all at once become blur  
someone might fall to the gutter, I'm not sure  
maybe the shouting was towards me?  
and the pushing was not an accidental?  
like an inevitable occurrence...  
but I have arrived at home eventually  
was the serviced laundry is what I just saw or  
yesterday's (?) or some past day's vision?  
I need to go back to make sure  
because my floor is full of clothes

.....

## linger



my cunning lingers  
when I shut my eyes in half  
to speak with the perpetual smile  
the knowing, the dark  
the painful weep of a remaining string  
a melody for a flesh  
a good thing for a blood  
to feed the dark  
so he can feed **me** too  
take my bended limbs  
for a swingful dance  
eyes to eyes, teeth to teeth



they try to talk to you  
in their surrendering state  
through gentleness of *b r e e z e*  
sometimes through painful martyr-dom  
just sit and silence for a while!  
look at **them** carefully

like what had been the old tint of your blood  
for their voice is lower than emptiness  
see how they cry in loose direction of your cotton  
the geometric shape of stood and straight

bleed to painful **angular** extreme

why don't you still understand?

carry them to

humanoid

composition

amplification for translation

or enter their ancient house

your **ancient** beginning

participative object of consequences

understand?

their bitter swing, our bittering fate

we have them forgotten

we...

have lost the language of nature

**language**

## claw

o little claw, spare me my clothes  
o little claw, electric in the gloom  
venture my skin and find me  
make me a well, not the sharpest object  
here the longing thirst can break



little paw above the paper  
little claw on the jean's end  
why don't you let the ink stroke  
as you've visited my dream  
as you are able to see

lines and it's strokeback  
to what it will make, of it's dark

## ultimation

northern holiday is the best  
not the popular one yet I venture having it  
imagine the smell..... **sharp** and overwhelming

But instantaneous is a driver  
white or cristal hotel, I like **both**  
pristine color like birth, suitable aesthetic  
they say what you'd feel the multiplication of reverse  
at its tail  
then I will be cared for again

imagine the feeling, peaceful bliss  
happy, happy, climaxing happiness  
had the northern holiday on the list!

**#diary:**

*Muharram*

the gentleness of butterfly  
butter... fly!  
melted by the slightest heat  
clip a wing and you'll never see them fly again  
one defect is all it needs  
it's art failing it  
as it says  
the gentle ones are the first to go

## chants

the chanting line  
the song above our heads  
and the sky enlightened  
when scream becomes *us*  
and us become **sword**

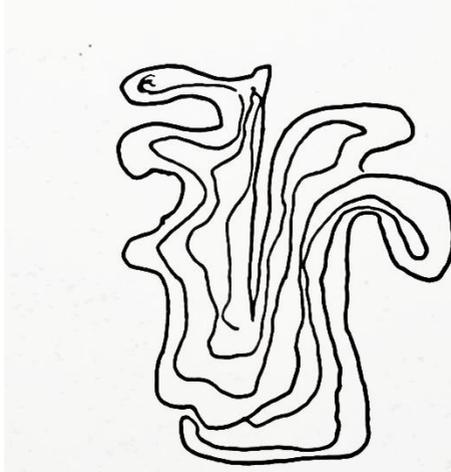
for our motherland  
and father in our hearts  
this body will shatter  
my blood will be the linger dust

then be it!  
then be it!

red is honor  
explained nothing more  
white, the seed rest  
no bone moves without flesh

there will we strike  
the deceit, dishonest

me



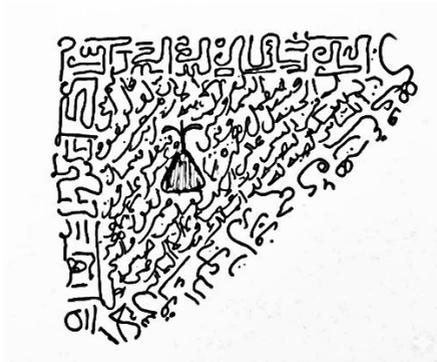
a man with embedded wings  
a mermaid with the arching horn  
a hand curve sharp and thin  
long skirt with hidden torn  
a snake that arises from chest  
an arm like tornado wave  
a rib, an open enclave  
a hair of motherly root  
a stare as the glare of shoot  
whispering fishhook - fastening glamour  
all things I took, breeding with tumor

## exhilarating

it's exhilaratory!  
for me when all things are done  
down the adversary  
when all things are done

things out of people  
it's filth and noble  
and the display

it's exhilaratory!  
when I see things hidden  
it's exhilaratory!  
when I know hierarchy



performances are on the cliff  
then why can't the audience leave?  
my applause will be in the exit

## reunion

we draw lines to build forest with dimension  
we circling forth springing to the cliff  
we devour our high, below the sun  
when end of the wave and us the crescent's tip

'tis the thickest paint the longest pause  
until today was the longest drowse  
you said we should meet again  
while you're here with friend

awake from the dead it is  
on my degrades but unspoken wish  
excited, fled  
how you're were, wed

I ran amongst the lines, my waist  
but unbroken cliff, the same  
so long time won't waste  
we'll come back here and name  
the road fence I cleanse

crescent sharp, make a path  
finish at cold, finish at call  
then notes of plan, savings done

before dawn I awake  
finest cloth white and beige

long list of perfumery, my pride  
cold and ready when bright

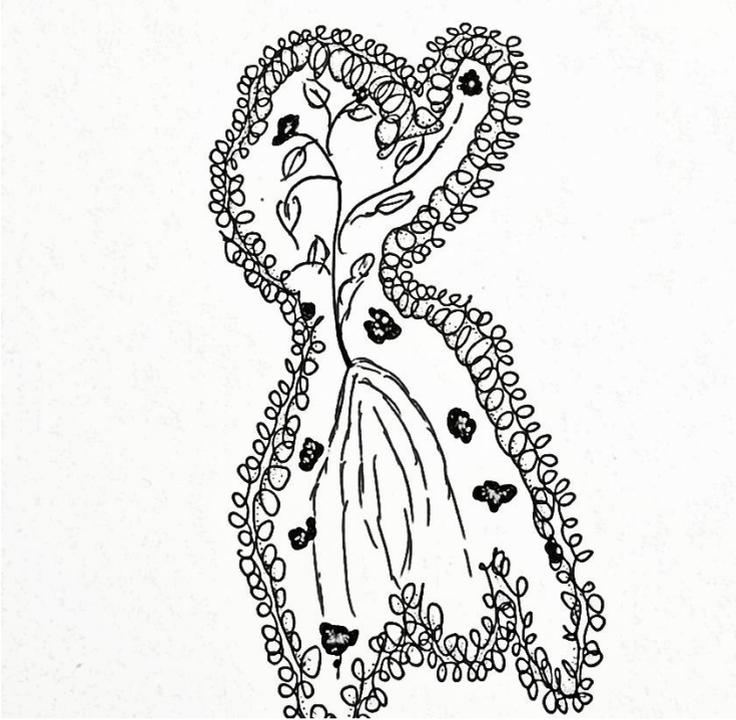
city garden our appointment  
waited there first to come  
children, fruit block, music  
shining light, sweaty, panic

waiting of the paper, picture on the seat  
the dust unveiled, my thumping feed  
you're coming, you say  
the direction of air, I prey  
a call and a heartfall  
you're there then fare

roaring waves, "my friend" I heard  
I search, guava porch  
I found you on the concrete belt  
far behind, fire on our torch  
you looked around, none  
fried seller, children's fun

I look beside me, greasy unattended  
there's no fair skin, echo wonder  
my phony waist, I confessed disconnected  
"I'm on the wrong garden", we'll reject the weather

## fireblood



the woman with the fireblood  
the flickers in the night  
the vomit in my chest  
I'm your dangerous match

let's dance under the torturous glow  
close until bulge halt low  
look at other's eyes  
touch each other's faces  
pretty woman, the begging lips  
the vomit in my chest  
put it in the mouth  
easily, slowly  
my vomit in the chest  
who speaks without proper tongue  
release me from this chain, unhung  
of this heat, the wounding wave  
down finality's feet. saved

## dissolve

knotted precipice  
unrolled from the minds  
myself too high my feet unseen  
better to jump than afloat  
I want my body and take us somewhere hidden  
in temporal space for eternal peace  
if only  
if only  
if only could  
eyes and ties devised  
with precipice to be free.



## sem-/a/e/-ntic

when I stopped by feet to speaking ground  
the baggages' clink and phobic touch  
the sitting tree, released the hound  
stiffening wrist, stipening watch  
the filthy air, my sementic imagery  
nothing far an ordinary  
my cunning tongue, my throbbing hand  
the daring crime that hid, grand  
a circle of me, I around  
sementic imagery, found not  
but pity, but tame, but numb  
semanitic imagery found rot  
rot  
rot  
rot and filth  
disgust  
disgust  
worth to kill  
the measurable of air  
the farthest of fare  
it belongs  
for a song  
to itself, mourn itself  
for life of extinguishing adept and theft

## the man who transgresses

blessed the day for the man who weeps.  
those that changed order by taking the right of the  
other.

"Have they come to your face and asked what you  
reaped?"

verily he never does, yet each one of us know the  
affair

when they came to their sacred place that they  
entrusted to you as they trust themselves  
and made long observation before decisions  
like the calm ocean but the protruding waves  
he sealed himself but should you not worry upon

blessed the day that he remembers  
the obligatory and the urgent  
when he pleaded to pretension and nothing came over  
that between two right things are too tall to reach but  
transgress is in between

"I do not have what you wanted"  
indeed, not everything can be given to you so easily,  
so you might think  
that asking is not things of forbidden; that people  
reject  
those are the signs of human's affair, those are the  
daylight's storm

but blessed that he is that transgress in limitation  
those such urgency to fulfill the need; and those that  
are honest to return it back  
verily, return what you have been taken  
and praised to be you that confessed it directly  
for that will not delude your honor

there is no expectation for you to give or to suffer  
ask for permission even if it has twisted your flesh  
for what you are expected are bravery and honesty  
such perfection only for The Compassionate, The Ever  
Giving

## **khamenei**

I don't want to be bothered  
for him that shuts down time  
light himself above, sparky shadows  
voice that only say  
raising tingle cold, from tiptoe to edge of hair  
I wish to untangle myself  
then my strings talk to you  
through colorful tunnelight  
until blinded the feelings  
seeing in times and go to the very beginning  
smiling, understanding  
then swim to its very end  
and fly out of it  
to the inside of it and many more forms that has  
for anywho or both of us

## curse

righteous men  
and riotous men the free  
land and water  
*there's nothing right in time*

there's no righteousness with sweetness goods  
tears must fall, blood must sheds  
there's no fire without tree, noble the statue  
burn the own and the others  
to have the clearing  
blackness death; bloody pools  
righteous stays on their mountain  
riotous deemed to be the right  
blessed with flame of blisped  
*but nothing right in time*

no, they know nothing is right  
for them want only the light  
fervent and bright  
left for them others sight  
then apologize as the choking vines  
but let the root remain

## dance



when the wind tickles forward  
and wave the pair of fabric  
cotton shirt with the heavy jeans

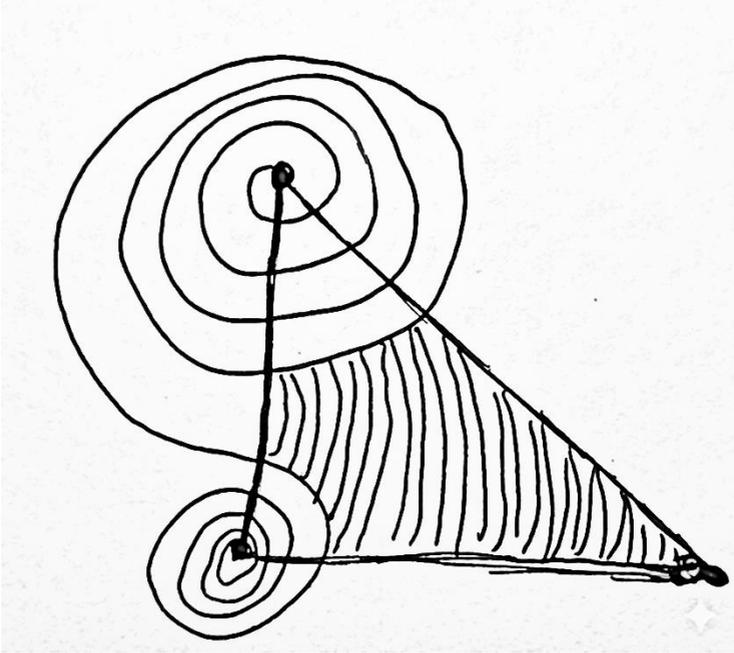
parachute it is dandelion's cotton  
our lamented stage

strings our arms and waist  
we twirl we touch our faces  
return back to the sky higher, stronger  
until time stops, they spin we don't  
everything is orange except you  
golden smile, you see me the same too

how quickly is it  
from motion and joy  
to eyes to eyes  
beating and confusing heart  
give and withdraw smiles, no, laugh  
skating to clouds, leap and jump again

take my hand, take my hand  
let's be the swinging air  
go straight or in whirlpool  
breeze them in our enjoyment  
hope we land in a lake alike  
or captured by the englassed sky to it

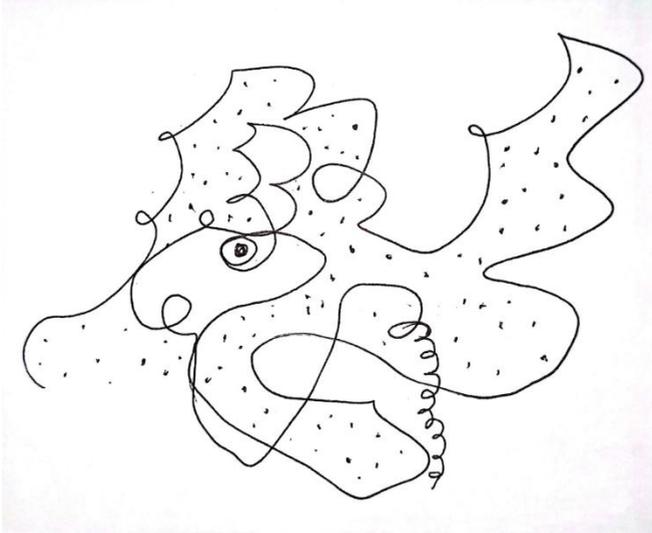
## pen



by the pen and the end page haste  
when had the sky turned grey?  
for the earthy hairs and nails ashes away  
veiled as mountain atop buried  
in this phasing nest of clay, wonders of my livid  
"Your wishes wash as shush in the noise..."  
"...they are coming, bringing to your belonging"  
like regret, great to wish to forget  
the promised then, alien  
by the frailing floor and the wounded roof

in this lonely squeeze and breathful stare  
the buried fear has raised by the light  
a wish of desire is own not fair  
the expecting limbs no longer to hoof

# fly



I see light and laughter  
just so go and run  
we're in light  
grassy road  
flowery fences  
chirply tunes  
rush more, have the fullness little more  
my breath stopped.

mountains and shore whoosed                      afront  
but our laughter stays so                              long  
what else forward  
this will be our anchor and but.....

+

“...by then when it happened, the wind will rise. luke  
of somber abort, shiver. I was on the blast at  
the glass-torn sill. Verily bitter, quite  
abyssimal. dream I am now, dreaming. molten  
carats in steal. drawing is in the making. the  
day cold to form. the jewels or the thorn...”

+



+

“...the failure of mankind; at the podium greed and  
its wand. conduct instrument all at once: The  
symphony of **chaos**”

+

**#diary:**

*Muharram*

This mind is the production of this generation. Growing at the peak of human's prosperity, where everything is easy. some people fly too high, some people detached the idea of suffering and most made a gazillion of babies. Gazillion of babies for the same land to share.

This mind is the production of this generation. Fun, fun, fun and fun all around. Ultracompetition. Perfection or nothing.

This mind is the production of this generation, materialistic isn't vice, nor even a virtue, but a necessity. Make and make and make, a good thing substitute with the other good thing; a bad thing substitute with the other bad thing – both resulted the same. A walk without a pause misled. A walk without a pause has no purpose.

This mind is the production of this generation. A pause is shameful. If you pause, they say it means that you are lost; but no, a pause is where things reexamined, the guide for the perpetual walking is only the crowd.

This mind is the production of this generation, where crowd is the northern star. Where popularity is the

guidance. We follow what's popular, not what's truth and morale. It is an illusion of guide, we carved ourselves more and more to hollowness till what's left is a vessel.

They want to destroy our filling. They want to destroy our soul. They want to destroy humanity but we all too entertained to know.

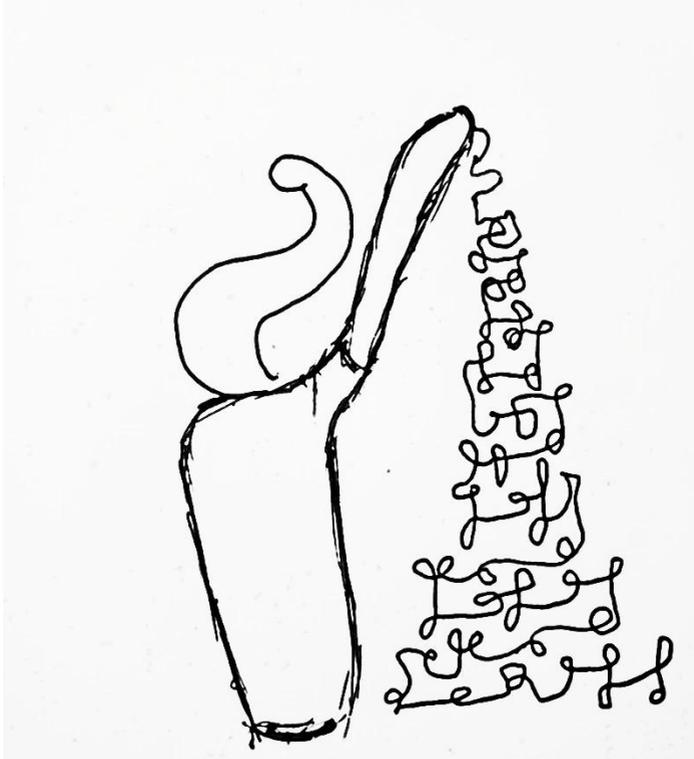
This mind is the production of generations; bleak, terribly bleak. Tenfolds works and burden but unable to afford anything. The ultimate slavery of in human history, the active dishonor of human intellect and innate morality, consciousness.

.....

It is said that God created good and evil so mankind may learn the differences. There's haram, there's halal. If what I do next is haram, would I be the example of those who are evil or instead, the one to be pitied?

Give me no pity, that's the ultimate insult for my dead body. Make understanding.

.....



*The Found Excerpts From Ombunvald's Stomach* are the collection of discovered surviving texts and drawings inside Ombunvald's internal organs before his passing, a week after the surgery.

It is known to his family, relatives, and friend that he is a thoughtful and wonderful human being. Rest in peace.