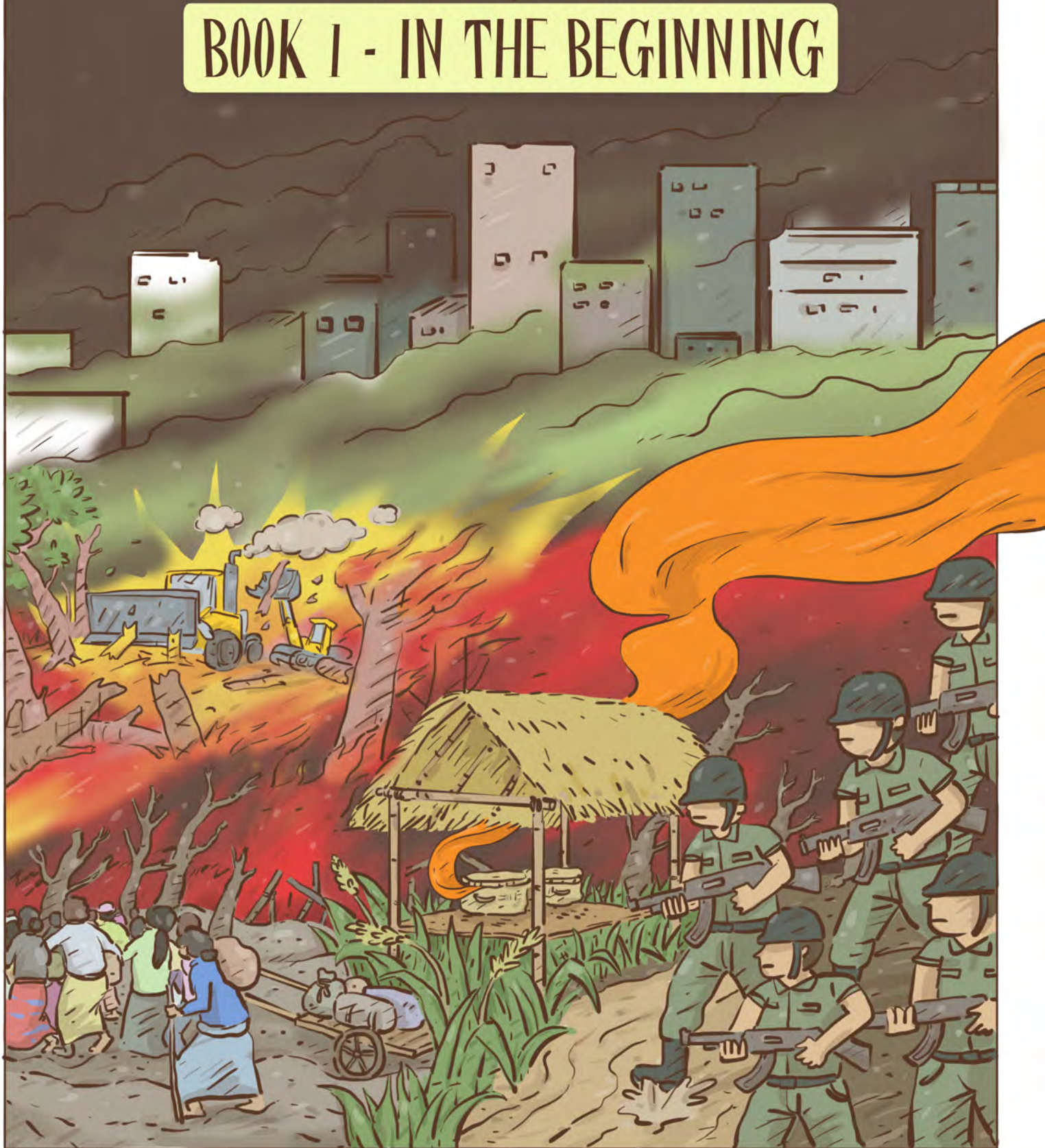


A FLOWERING COUNTRY

BOOK 1 - IN THE BEGINNING



A FLOWERING COUNTRY

Book 1 - In The Beginning

Asia Justice and Rights

2022

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A Flowering Country

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Thunder shaking
the earth

Lighting rips
the dark

Darkness and
brightness in battle

People running
in all directions

Wind charging
into the trees

Uniformed men
attacking the people

Hands tied
behind
their backs

Beaten by wooden
sticks in slow motion

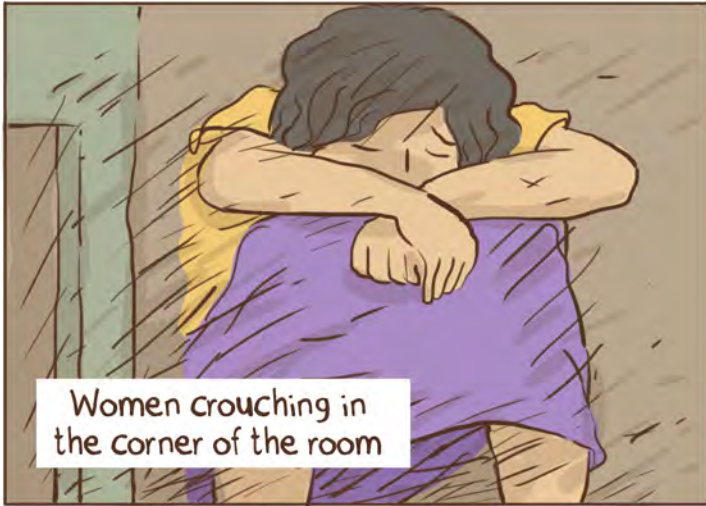
Unknown where they are
being herded. Watched
by others on the street



From a few houses



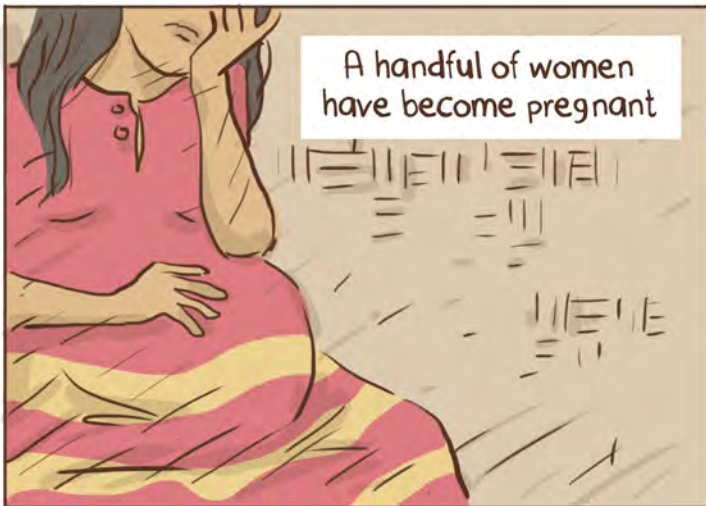
Muffled cries subdued by night



Women crouching in the corner of the room



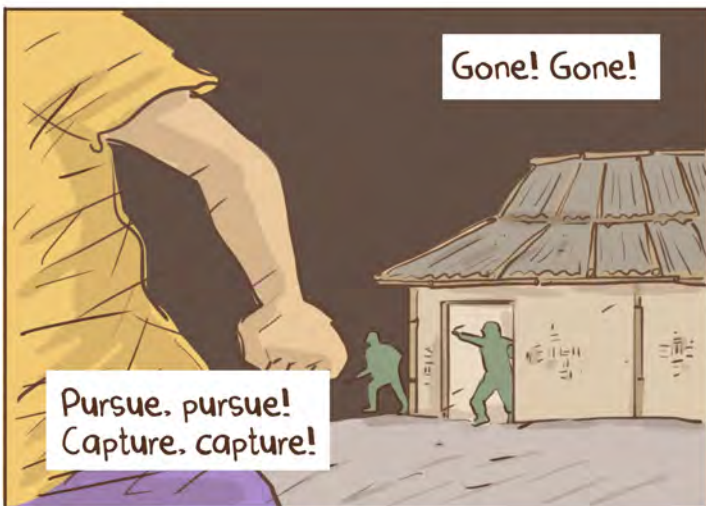
At any time dragged to a quiet place



A handful of women have become pregnant

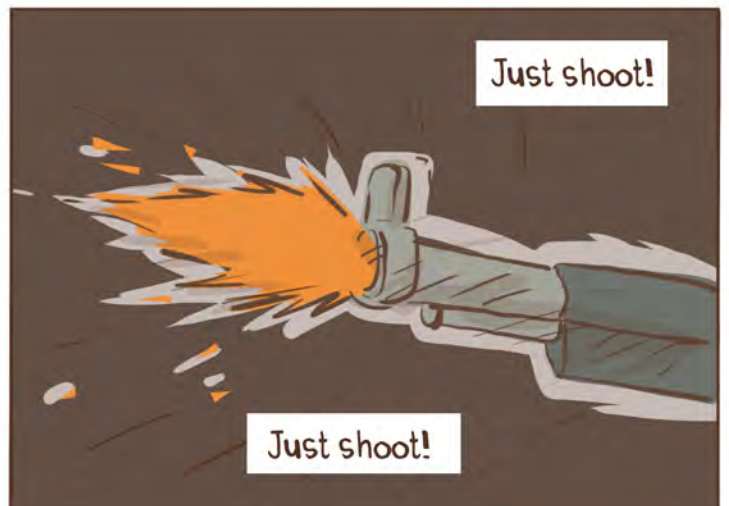


But other have ran away



Gone! Gone!

Pursue, pursue!
Capture, capture!



Just shoot!

Just shoot!

Wind does not die when shoot



It continues to blow



Revealing the forest



And its inhabitants



Opening the way



To two women, sisters



Run run



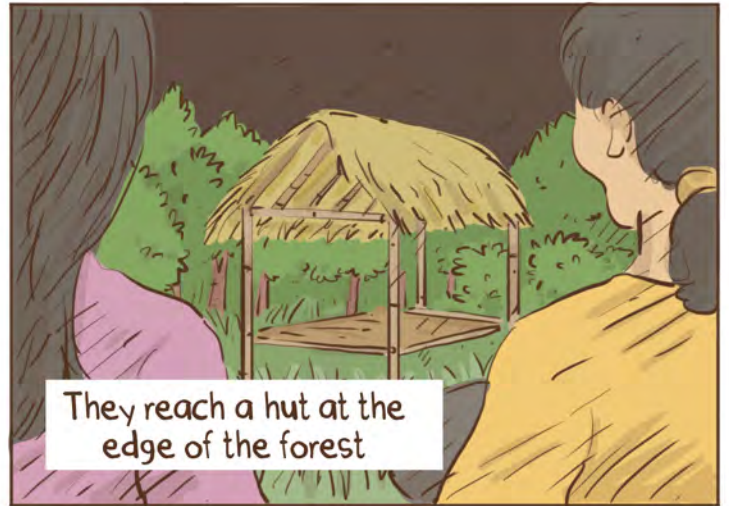
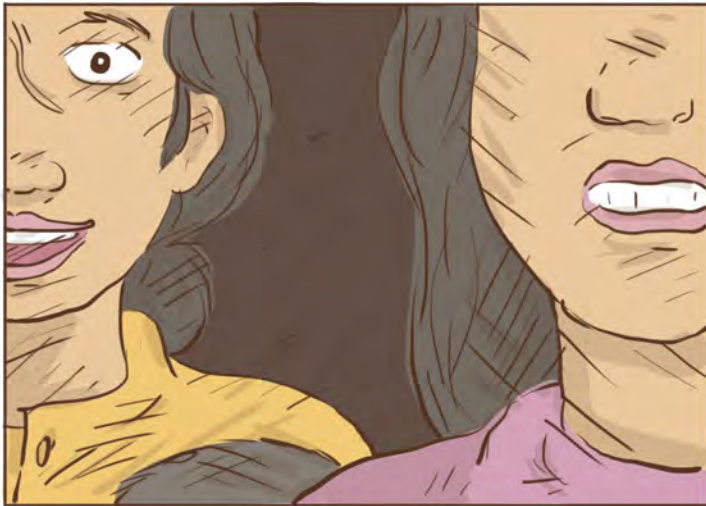
Racing, two women



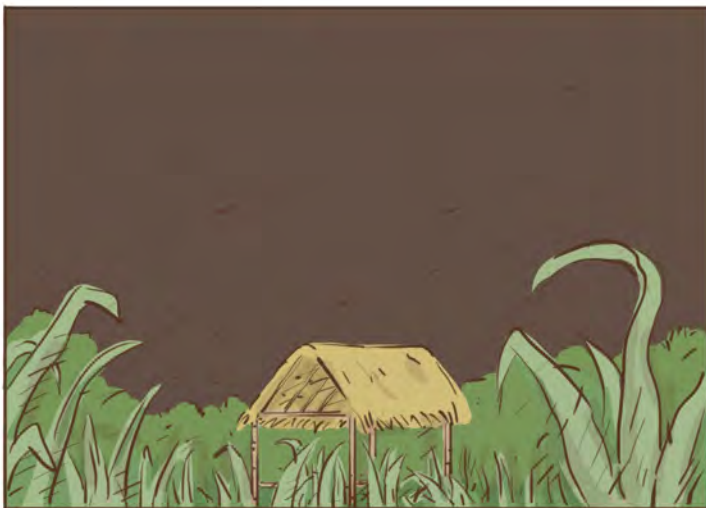
Each carrying their babies



Running



They reach a hut at the edge of the forest



The uniformed men seemed to be blind



They did not see a thing



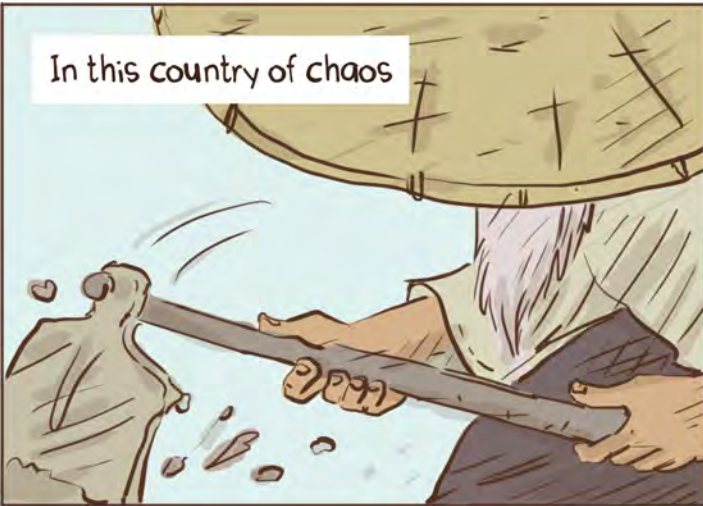
In a faraway, remote village,
behind the mountain



A husband and wife farming the
land. Guardians of the forest



In this country of chaos



Where blood does not
only flow in human bodies



But is splattered everywhere,
changing the colour of the rivers



The couple walk hurriedly
to their garden plot



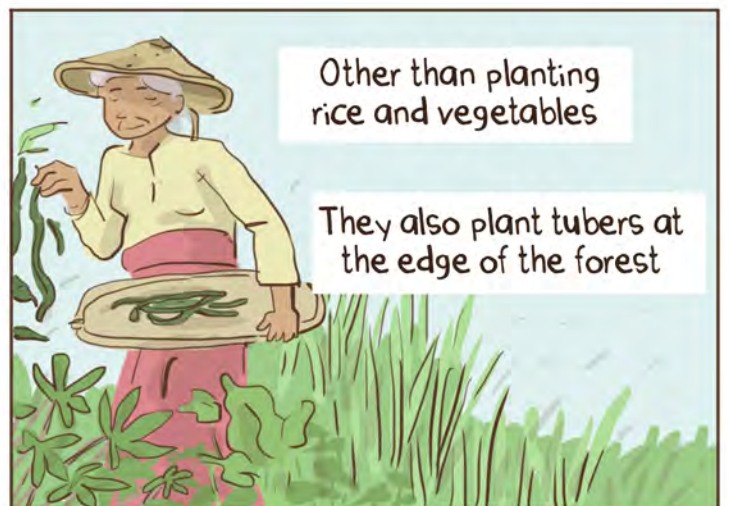
Where their life is sustained

Their health is strong because
they are connected to nature

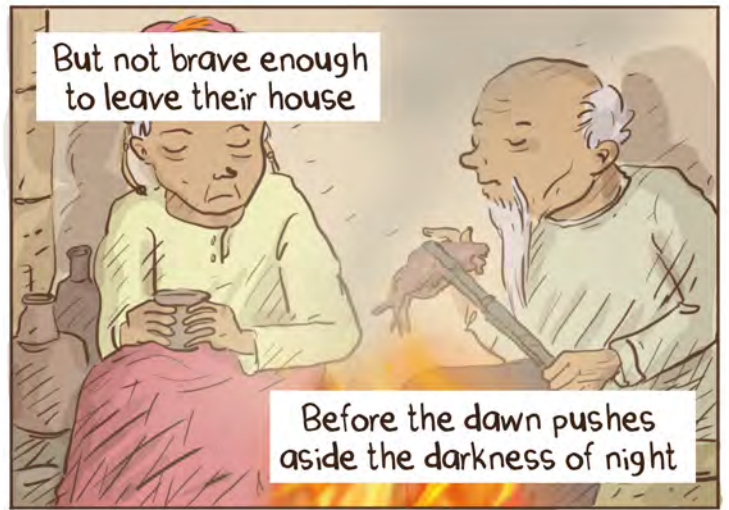


Other than planting
rice and vegetables

They also plant tubers at
the edge of the forest







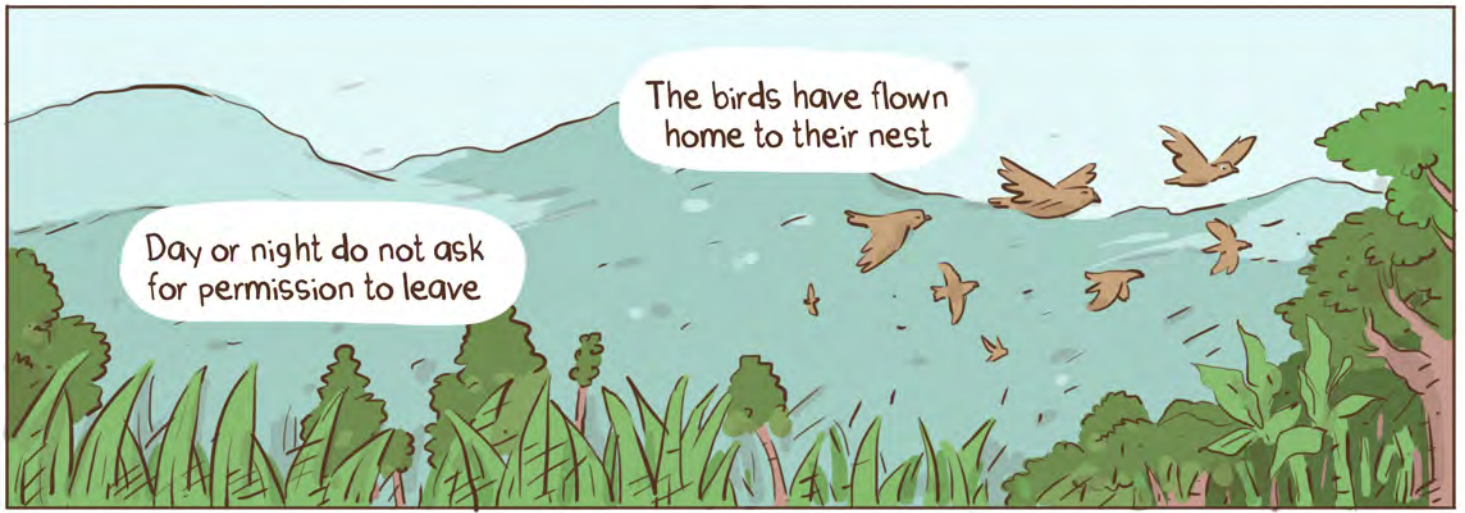


10 years later













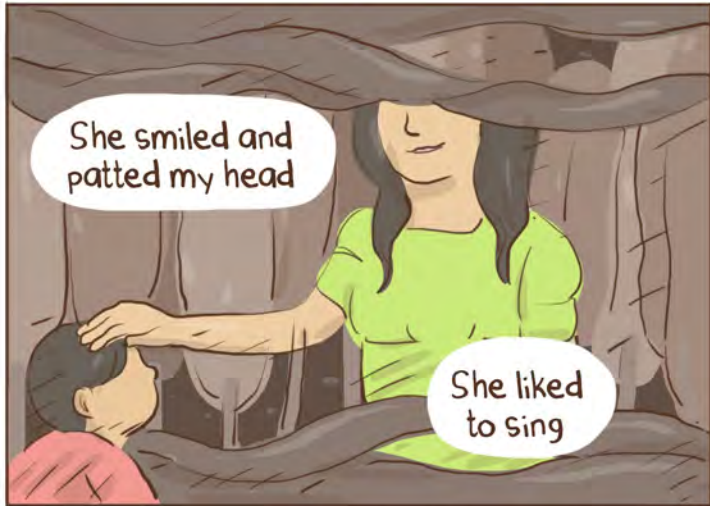
A plume of smoke swinging in the wind



Mother

Last night i dreamed of meeting a woman ..

.. at the edge of the forest



She smiled and patted my head

She liked to sing



She sang a traditional tune. in a whispery voice. She began to dance

Then she flew away



What did the woman say, Anamrin?



She couldn't speak

She wore a beautiful longyi

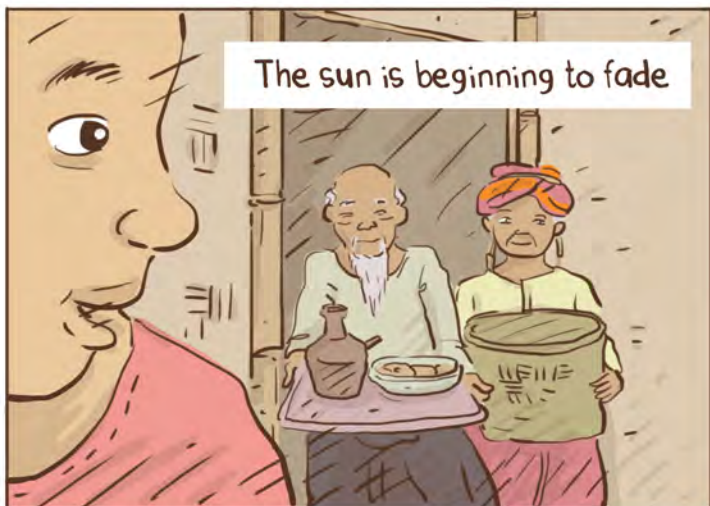
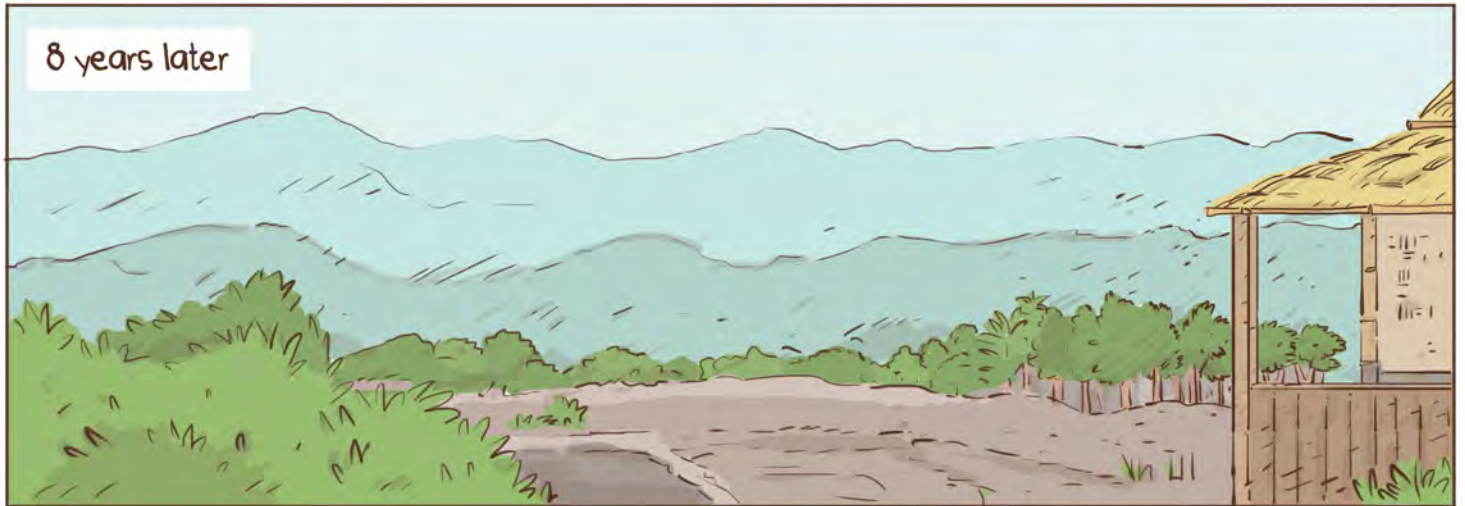


I am dancing

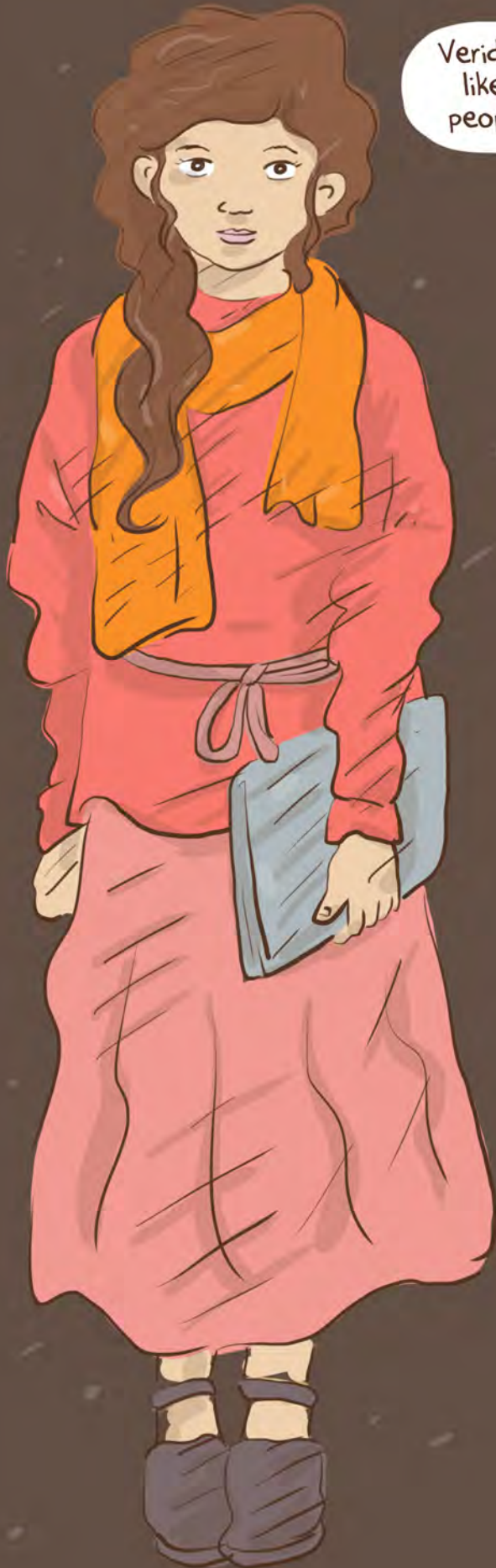












Verida, you always
like to listen to
people's sadness

You can read your
mother's message to you

VERIDA

Verida, watch the twinkle
hovering in the sky,
cascading hair lulled
by a curly mass.

You could ride a stallion
gallop, running to find truth,
sneak your way into the
darkest regions.

Eyes sparkle dissecting
problems. You offer truth,
dare to speak the truth, dare
do what's right.

Your mother, where might I
be. Drowned or destroyed,
but you appear, as I wished,
may you stand for me.

My child, Verida

Adila, you always
defend the weak
from bullies

Your mother
named you Adila
for justice



ADILA

Tears never dry, not from uncertainty but from daily inequities. The stench of the ruler's conduct you come to challenge, offering equality, roots of justice and steps to confirm it.

In the dark, close your eyes. See the stars twinkle, that is hope, secrets buried in holy books.

You voice out, pierce through deafness of those in power. Such is my wish, my child.

Stretch out your hand, summon them to march with you.

Nilay, your mother wished
that you could become
someone who could tend to
the wounds of the world



NILAY


Gaze at the moon, smile, my
welcoming face shines. When trees
dance in synch with the wind, I too
am a dancer, dancing the world.

I roam looking for peace, sowing
seeds of comfort to live side by side,
like flowers of different hues,
blossom next to each other. Diverse,
open hands like flowers blooming.

Greeting you, the lowly, who have
lost strength. Always under
darkness, shriveled, sucked by fear.

I want to become the rain, to
moisten arid fields. Summon seeds
to sprout. Green, spilling with fruit,
to bury hunger.

Nilay, start as light showers.



And you Anamrin, you will
become a person with the
skills to build a new home
that is just for all

ANAMRIN

You spread your arms, greet
your friend. Don't let the
usurpers come again, don't let
go, lest they create havoc.

Again, you build a barricade.
No, no, just once, don't
repeat. Let us be free to
whistle in a soul, to rival
authorities.

Dreaming and creating,
present together in the future.
Humanity of all earth.

