

# Archive Drama

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The stove was lit. It burned green, blue, yellow, and red. I was not boiling archives. Like organizing heat in my drawer. Gossip between the documents, political party field, and my beauty that made of brick. But the fire was not lit like fire or like lit, in the colored stove. The stove still contained the aroma of spices, oil field, between the smell of fire and the smell of fire. Was the weight of fire equal to the weight of my beauty? 2kg of the grammar to re-arrange the Nation's loan.

The rice was cooked. It went green, blue, yellow, and red. Gossip between the documents and a woman who hid the power in memories. But it did not become rice or like a rice. Was the aroma of rice as they cooked the same as my menstruation? 2cc of the perfume temperature to explode ragged political speech. The politics went green, blue, yellow, red and the roar of hundreds of motorcycles in the road, which made the air thick of madness.

Maybe I was a woman, or akin to a pile of clothes that always be worn out after twelve minutes passed. Forgetting thing that went faster than media politics, the obliterating

machine of opinion and memories. What was the importance of woman what was the importance of man. Dividing both of them to the one who was oppressed and the one who oppressed. Election inside the room and outside the room. I became all-I was covered, but also became all-I was undressed.

Who was I when I named my name? The name of the memories that went passed the shadow of death of 7 generations. I clung on to the shadow. As I knew: the memory itself that changed the story. You would know my name in the secret of memories, after the pleasure dragged your neck to the parking area. After your shadow stepped passed my body. The flag of political parties waved before me, spreading the blinding political machine. Leaving the darkness in slick tissues. My body had become the gallery of silence, dissected by the pain of beauty, and the political treaty over bank account. The women had left their homes to steal their own beauty. The beauty color went green, blue, yellow, and red. Inside and outside.

Maybe I lived in a dead neon-sign. In a city, in a gigantic billboard, with a wrecked past. It was me who stole the neon. Traded it with a lamp from the darkness. A shadow with burnt smell. Hands that hid from handshake. Eyes that hid from stare. Light from the darkness still reeked of sperm, like the stench of dead bodies of a president who always died after he was elected. Did not shout, almost screaming. I forgot where I kept the archives on how to whisper and how to scream. The masters knew better, how a monkey wore a crown in an election, paying his political loans to the masters of Nation's authorities. Making election as a dream destroyer. Tunggul Ametung and his obliterating machine. Ah, the man had become a gallery that froze the time. Had to choose between power or fear to accept the silence.

Gods and ghosts, flushed green, blue, yellow, and red, they have to pretend they are humans to possess my body, field darkness with no edge visible. But I can see them, crystal clear. Like the entire burden to become man or to become woman. Should we erase hand from the shadow to be able to work? Is beauty a shadow of all things that went past. Colors go past in cluster of colors. Political parties that go through the roar of motorcycles in the midst of zealous air.

Enough.

Now I said it: Mpu Gandring forged his *keris* in my vagina. The fire from male's sperm burned every crown. The throne without any people, like a dead body stench from a pile of money. Cancer. Commission. Tumor. Car. Cyst. Apartment. Credit Card. You wrapped me for the god of drought. You undressed me for the god of drought. Bare forest. Oil field in your drawer full of the archives of land certificates. My body was *keris* that opened erased history pages. And all the revenges trapped in the eraser.

I could only hang onto the memories when my husband was killed. The books became blurry in the pages, became colorless. I could only share my memories when my son killed my next husband. My clothes obscured in the web of threads, became colorless. I could only persevere the memories when I walked behind your shadow, the shadow of my son's death who was killed by the other son. In this neon sign, the wave of all the madness: electricity, memories, and archives, I chose my own darkness to step back from humans' stench. And closed my vagina with the cement liquid.

Then, no humans were born or died.