

SAKYAMUNI (MUST) DIE TOO

Dance Theater (ECF FILSAFAT UNPAR “concept of beauty/art)

By Cok Sawitri

Prolog : It's not only one but a million. Finish with desires. Finish with daydreams. All finish! Die means finish. Finish with ceremonies. Read. Memorize. Finish with impersonating. About to. Finish with searching. Are you searching for Buddha? Or become? Finish with chanting the Greats. Die too, Sakyamuni dies. Finish. The Mantra finished. Nibanna Finished. The arguments never die. Finish. It should have been finished. Sakyamuni dies. Finish on that day under the trees. Your journey. The pilgrimage. You shall not return. Finish.

Finish with Ahimsa. Ahimsa is finish. I eat everything, and throw up everything. Worry for the things that eventually finish. Death. Die. Die. Finished.

The journey is start on the former graveyard. The former bodies. Former life. Planted. Burned. There was Kalika. Five Durghas. There were seven and eleven. Three want to finish. Seeing the ones whom in the journey. No need to greet them. Equally not knowing. Equally not knowing at all. But also equally knowing. The journey shown from the sweat. Tired faces. Boredom too if it was a searching. Trying to be amazed. On the former graveyard, stinging nettle and thorned leaves. The serpents running away. They're sleep with one eye. The one who stand is Kalika. I never been in to a journey. Then arriving to the death toll. Silent. No wind. Water. Dark as death. The light dies there. Live and die there. There is only sense. There is road. Hardly believed as a direction. Suddenly come. Or not. An old man with a woman stand before her. Looking straight. Deceased body. Deceased mouth. However, he greets, are you searching for Buddha?

Sakyamuni deceased. A fear-spirited said he's not died. I did. I said it in repeat. I said it. Not the god. Not the human. Not the Yaksa. Not the virtue. Kalika has sighted the former graveyard. There were no remnants of a dead. Dead means finish. The journey is finish. Footless. It is not a vacation. Not founded. Indiscoverable. Sakyamuni dies. Yet, I am. Also the fear-spirited. Somebody is offended. Though he died. Finish. The former graveyard expands. There are many graveyards. Those bushes. Kalika familiar with tiresome. Grasping. Being without grasping. I eat everything. Eating live. Eating flesh. Somebody is cynical. Out of manners. Sin. Not rewarded. Are you insulted? Him. Do not mention his title. Dead. Finished. His journey is nowhere. Kalika said. On the former graveyard. Everything is former life. No passion, nor consciousness. To me it is Buddha. Let yourself angry. While repeat reading Sutras. The prolog finishes. The performance starts. The Journey begins. Forget dukkha.

First Eye:

Whoever steps on earth, plants, animal, human. All beings. One's with power. The Holinesses.. Fools. Kind. Evil. Rich. Poor. Authorities. Nobodies. Tell me, if there's anyone immortal? An Avatar? Tell me, is anyone ever finish? Whoever steps on earth. Foot? Pada. Suku. Step. Set foot on. Journey. Where to depart? Disappointment. Broken heart. Unsuccessful dream. Bankruptcy. On the other hand, the other hand, happiness. Full of love. Easiness. Abundance. Journey. Footless. It seems walking. However, it spirals. Front to back. Left to right. Recto verso. How long to reach the top of a mountain? Through ocean by rowing a boat? Flying above hundreds of islands. How long to stay silent? Eat vegetables. Meatless. Your body is tired. Your foot tired. Your heart too. Is it finish?

Sakyamuni. Who? He steps on earth. Recto Verso. Facing front and back. Such a tedious work. Back and forth. Sakyamuni. Who? Stepping earth. Whoever steps on earth will die, eventually. Finish. Kalika was sweet. Was scary. She walked without no movements. Swirl. Until finish. She eats everything. Fruits and flowers. Everything. She said : I eat flesh. As long as my body can take it. Under the trees. On the former graveyard. Under the heaven. Leaves fallen off. They're finish. Tubers turning dry. Crushed. From eggs. It able to find wings. From eggs it able to crawl. It starts from eggs. It finish. Miniscule in the mud. Splitting cell. She said it's breeding. As long as stepping on earth. On sea, and river under the sky. As long as stepping on earth. Sakyamuni dies. Walking towards front and back. Left and right. Kalika said: Durgha was here. Over there. There. One, millions, have been here. Yet the devils. She walked in circle. Not intended to cross of the line. Hesitated to step her foot on earth. The journey. By not walk. By no move. Are you looking for a priest in this mountain or in a forum? You're enough. Walk without foot. No need to explain. Finish. Everything will be finish. What is Buddha? Lotus is always poetic. But the mud underneath has no story. Miniscule builds their palace. They are sacrifice themselves so the lotuses bloom.

Second eye: Those two shadows are abstracts. No lights are needed. One is gazing at Kalika's face. Put a mask on her face. Finish. It's a celebration of birth! Celebration of death. Life is celebrations of sufferings. Who left the palace for that former graveyard? Not me. Who is seem to be fair by saying goodbye? Not me. Finish. Life without life. However, die. Yes, die. Finish. The eeriness. Who beautiful sadness is. Those shadows. Two invisible eyes. Eye of

death and eye of XXX. I know Sakyamuni. He was my little dance partner. Silly and spoiled. Somebody is annoyed. Conceited and about to swear. Do you know my friends name? The ones that dance under the full moon. The ones that running in the rain. He is special. A lotus blooms between grasses. It's impossible. Lotus is supposed to grow in a pond. Everybody is horrified. Therefore, he is dead. The lotus died. Kalika is laughing. The two shadows are fighting. Both are not admitted that they are shadows. XXX thought that she supposed to be quiet. Because it finish. The day is finish Time too. No more longing. Anyone still alive? Who? The universe? The nature? Trees? Ants? Dragons? Giants? Power? Is it on time? The authorities? Their wives? The suckers? The masterpieces? Kalika plays this riddle? Who am i? Who am i? Durgha is gone, left her shadows. Light tells that there are eleven. Look in my head. There is a nature law. There is karma. **However birth can't overcome it. Rebirth as many as you could,** Said Durgha. Finish. Its real. Not shadows. There are eleven. Walking. Heartless. Footless. Against the direction. Towards. Backwards. Circle sometimes. The face of the moon. Face of the sun. The seeker carving the stonewall. A form. A purpose. Abstract. It finish when Sakyamuni meets four dukkhas. Under the rain. The lotus died. On a graveyard. He found the past death. Former bodies. The shadows come closer. Hug each other. Finish. Died. Dark. Light. Silent mantra. Silent prayer. Earth and sky are finish too.

Denpasar, September 2018

SAKYAMUNI ITU SAJA (PERLU MATI!)

Naskah dance teater.

karya : cok. Sawitri

Prolog : bukan cuma satu tetapi sejuta. Selesai pada keinginan. Selesai pada lamunan. Selesai juga. Mati itu selesai. Selesai pada pemujaan. Membaca. Menghapal. Selesai pada peniruan. Kira kira. Selesai mencari. Kau hendak mencari budha? Atau menjadi? selesai sutra. Selesai hapal nama nama agung. Mati juga. Sakyamuni mati. Selesai. Mantra selesai. Nibanna selesai. Perdebatan tak mati mati. Selesai. Harusnya selesai. Sakyamuni mati. Selesai hari itu di bawah pohon pohon rindang. Perjalananmu. Tirtayatra. Tak boleh kembali. Selesai.

Selesai soal himsa. Ahimsa selesai. Aku pemakan segala. Juga memuntahkan segalanya. Yang cemas itu pada yang akan selesai. Kematian. Mati. Mati. Selesai.

Perjalanan itu tiba ditengah bekas kuburan. Bekas tubuh. Bekas hidup. Ditanam. Dibakar. Ada kalika. Ada panca durga. Ada tujuh dan 11 jumlahnya. Ada tiga yang ingin selesai. Memandang yang melakukan perjalanan. Tak perlu menyapa. Sama tidak tahu. Sama tidak tahu menahu. Juga tahu sama tahu. Perjalanan itu bertutur dari keringat. Wajah lelah. Kebosanan juga bila mengira itu pencarian. Berusaha takjub. Di atas bekas kuburan. Jelatang dan rumput berduri. Ular ular menjauh. Tidurnya tak pejamkan mata. Yang berdiri itu kalika. Aku pernah melakukan perjalanan. Hingga di jalan kematian. Sunyi senyap. Tak ada angin. Air. Gelap mati di situ. Cahaya mati disitu. Hidup mati di situ. Hanya rasa. Ada jalan. Sulit diyakini sebagai arah. Datang tiba tiba. Atau tidak. Lelaki tua dengan perempuan berdiri di depannya. Tak menoleh. Tubuh mati. Mulut mati. Tapi menyapa. Kau mencari budha?

Sakyamuni mati. Yang jerih bilang dia tak mati itu. Aku. Berkali bilang. Aku bilang. Bukan dewa. Bukan manusia. Bukan yaksa. Bukan keyakinan. Kalika melihat. Pada bekas kuburan. Tak ada bekas mati. Mati itu selesai. Perjalanan itu selesai. Tak berkaki. Bukan tamasya. Tak bertemu. Tak ditemukan. Sakyamuni itu mati. Aku belum. Juga jerih. Ada yang tersinggung. Tapi dia mati. Selesai. Bekas kuburan itu bertumbuh. Banyak kuburan. Semak belukar itu. Kalika kenali kelelahan. Keinginan. Menjadi tanpa keinginan. Aku pemakan segala. Makan hidup. Pemakan bangkai. Ada yang sinis. Jadi tak santun. Dosa. Tak berpahala. Engkau terhina? Dia. Jangan sebut sebutannya. Mati. Selesai. Perjalananya tak kemana mana. Kalika yang cerita. Di atas bekas kuburan. Semua adalah bekas hidup. Tanpa keinginan dan kesadaran. Itu budha bagiku. Silahkan murka. Sambil baca ulang semua sutra.

Prolog selesai. Pentas dimulai. Perjalanan dimulai. Lupakan duka

Mata pertama : barangsiapa menginjak bumi. Tanaman. Binatang. Manusia. Segala mahluk. Sakti. Suci. Tolol. Baik. Jahat. Kaya. Miskin. Petinggi. Jelata. Mati. Coba sebutkan ada yang tak mati? Awatar? Coba ucapkan ada yang tak selesai? Barangsiapa menginjak bumi. Kaki? Pada. Suku. Menginjak. Menapak. Perjalanan. Berangkat dari mana, kau? Kekecewaan. Patah hati. Cita cita tak sampai. Kebangkrutan. Sebaliknya. Bahagia. Penuh cinta. Mudah. Berlimpah. Perjalanan. Tak berkaki. Seolah melangkah. Hanya berputar. Depan belakang. Kiri kanan. Bolak balik. Berapa lama ke gunung tinggi? Lewati lautan mendayung perahu? Terbang diatas ratusan pulau? Berapa lama diam hening. Makan sayur. Tak berdaging. Tubuhmu lelah. Kakimu lelah. Hatimu lelah. Selesaikah?

Sakyamuni. Siapa? Kakinya menginjak bumi. Bolak balik. Hadap depan.hadap belakang. Menjemukan. Mondar mandir itu. Sakyamuni. Siapa? Menginjak bumi. Barangsiapa menginjak bumi. Pasti mati. Selesai. Kalika pernah jelita. Pernah menyeramkan. Pernah berjalan tanpa melangkah. Berputar. Hingga selesai. memakan segalanya. Buah sampai bunga. Segalanya. Dia bilang: aku pemakan bangkai. Selama tubuhku belum selesai. Di bawah pohon rindang. Di atas bekas kuburan. Di bawah taman surgawi. Daun daun mati. Umbi mengering. Remuk. Dari telur. Bisa mendapatkan sayap. Dari telur bisanya cuma merayap. Dari telur dia. Selesai dia. Renik dalam lumpur. Membagi sel. Dia bilang itu kembang biak. Selama menginjak bumi. Di laut yang tak melayang di angkasa. Sungai juga di bawah langit. Selama kaki menginjak bumi. Sakyamuni mati. Berjalan hadap depan belakang. Kiri kanan. Kalika mengatakan: durga pernah di sini. Juga di situ. Juga di sana. Tapi satu dan sejuta banyaknya pernah lewat di sini. Setan belum. Dia hanya jalan berputar di dalam sana. Tak mau ke luar. Tak mau injakan kaki ke bumi. Perjalanan. Tak melangkah. Tak berpindah. Kau bukan tengah mencari orang suci di pegunungan ataukah di ruang ceramah. Kau cukup. Berjalan tanpa kaki. Tak perlu menjelaskan. Selesai. Semuanya akan selesai. Apakah itu budha? Teratai selalu puitik. Tapi lumpur dibawahnya tak ada narasinya. Ada renik membangun istanan. Dengan ritusnya mengorbkan diri agar teratai bermekaran.

Mata kedua : dua bayangan itu. Sama mayanya. Berpayung terawang tak perlu cahaya. Yang duduk memandang wajah kalika. Memasang maya diwajahnya. Selesai. Kelahiran dirayakan. Kematian dirayakan. Hidup adalah perayaan derita. Siapa yang tinggalkan istana. Menuju bekas kuburan. Bukan aku. Siapa yang seolah adil memilih perpisahan. Bukan aku. Selesai. Hidup yang mati. Tapi mati. Ya mati. Selesai. Keseraman itu. Keharuman kesedihan. Bayangan itu. Dua maya mata. Mata mati dan mata maya. Sakyamuni aku kenal. Teman menari waktu kanak. Usil. Manja. Ada yang kesal. Jumawa. Hendak memaki. Apa kalian tahu semua nama nama temanku? Yang menari di bawah purnama. Yang berlari di bawah hujan. Lalu dia istimewa. Teratai mekar diantara rerumputan. Itu mustahil. Teratai mestinya tumbuh di kolam. Semua nyeri menatapnya. Lalu dia mati. Teratai layu. Kalika tertawa. Dua bayangan itu sama

bertanding. Keduanya mengaku bukan bayangan. Maya bahkan merasa sepatutnya diam. Sebab selesai. Hari selesai. Waktu selesai. Rindu selesai. Ada yang tak mati? Siapa? Semesta jugakah? Alam? Pohon? Semut? Naga? Raksasa? Kekuasaan? Selesai pada waktunya. Pejabat? Istrinya? Para penjilat? Karya agung? Kalika memainkan teka teki ini. Siapa aku. Aku siapa. Durga tiada. Ditinggalnya bayangan. Dihitung oleh cahaya jumlahnya sebelas. Coba lihat isi kepala. Ada hukum alam. Ada buah perbuatan. Tapi kelahiran tak bisa mengalahkan. Berbanyak banyaklah kau kata durga. Selesai. Itu bukan maya. Bukan bayangan. Sebelas jumlahnya. Berjalan. Tanpa hati. Tanpa kaki. Melawan arah. Depan belakang. Berputar sesekali. Wajahnya bulan. Wajahnya matahari. Para pencari memahat di dinding paras. Itu rupa. Itu tujuan. Maya. Selesai ketika sakyamuni temui empat duka. Berpayung hujan. Teratai mati. Pada sebuah kuburan. Ia hanya temukan bekas kematian. Bekas tubuh. Bayangan itu mendekat. Dua duanya berpelukan. Selesai. Mati. Gelap. Terang. Mantra bisu. Doa bungkam. Langit dan bumi juga selesai.

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