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Gunung Bromo
Javant Biaruja

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Javant Biaruja

GUNUNG BROMO

The night breeze is flame fanned by stars over the tops of mountains. The track down to the sea of sand is steep; it is difficult maintaining the saddle—I keep slipping forward in the seat. The track is full of potholes and nuggets which cannot be seen in the dark.

The pony knows its way—blinkered or blind, it could still find its way home, across pyrrhous smoke, black unfurled rocks: back home, toward the rope-lined track where toothless Muslims squat idly by, sucking on clove-crackling *Gudang Garam*. But once across the sediments of sand, I dismount.

It is the coldest of the six seasons and all is still on the crater's lip. The sun rises immarcescible before me; behind, a hot sulphur cloud emanates from an ardent and orotund lake of jade.

Bromo is alive; its hips twist to bring the heat to the alembic. Paired limbs centre gravity; however, it is best to remember love sutras dissembling our semi-civilisation. Sediment floats in the lightening dark; fire bursts through its fumarole; groans are in the catacombs.

Once day has distrained this earthen *krater*, and the lava has begun to crust like semen, and countless pitchers are broken in the absence of anatomy, one hears deserting rutters cry my cry:

Ah! My lungs are on fire.