

APPENDICES

Appendix 1:

TRANSLITERACY

SURAH Ar-ruum 22	TERJEMAH
<p>وَمِنْ آيَاتِهِ خَلْقُ السَّمَوَاتِ وَالْأَرْضِ رُضٍ وَأَخْتَلَفُ السِّنِّكُمْ وَالْوَلْوِكُمْ إِنَّ فِي ذَلِكَ لَآيَاتٍ لِّلْعَالَمِينَ ۝</p>	<p>And of his signs is the creation of heavens and the earth and the diversity of your languages and your colors, indeed in that are signs for those of knowledge</p>

Appendix 2:

Poem 1: *My Life Is My Life Size*

Jane Hirshfield (1953)

My life is the measure of my life.

The rooms are room size,

his soul was the size of a soul.

In the background, the mitochondria hum,

above it sun, clouds, snow,

transit of stars and planets.

It took the elevator, the bullet train,

various planes, a donkey.

It wears its own socks, shirt, ears and nose.

It eats, sleeps, opens

and closed his hand, the window.

Others, I know, have bigger lives.

Others, I know, live shorter lives.

The depth of life is also different.

There are times in my life and I make jokes together.

Sometimes we make bread.

Once, I became moody and distant.

I told my life I wanted some time,

I want to try to see other people.

Within a week, my empty suitcase and I returned.

I'm hungry, then, and my life,
my life is also hungry, we can't keep it
our hands off our clothes
our tongue from

poem 2:

Daisy Cutter

Camille T Dungy

Pause at the flower stall-mom
and gladiolus, purple carnation
dark as my heart. We got engaged
in war, and I want to drag home
any distractions I can bring. Tonight
the children will wake up with a garland of sparks
that will take their breath away. Permanent,
I think about my life. The way you hug me,
sometimes, you can strangle me.
There's no way to protect myself,
except by some brilliant defences. I want to
black irises with their sword blooms.
I want a fire thrower: peonies,
sunflower. I will chop down the beautiful
and let the sweet taste of their nectar bleed
into the reckless air. This is not the world

I wish it could happen. This is terrible,
the way we proceed. Last night, you cataloged
our arsenal. You taught me destruction
is the goal that we announce in a celebration
from shrapnel. Bomb we shower
to anticipate their sign. you say this
is to ensure the damage will be widely distributed.
What terrible genius created our brutal hearts?
When you touch me I'm a green panic rod
and desire. Wait here while I decide which one
from this sprig of broken heart that blooms I can
to bring to my house. Tonight the dream will erupt
in a chaotic bud of fire. This is the world we have
set. This is terrible, this way we continue.

Poem 3: *Homework Stew*

By Kenn Nesbitt

I cooked my math book in a broth
and stirred it to a steaming froth.
I threw in papers-pencils, too
to make a pot of homework stew.
I turned the flame up nice and hot
and tossed my binder in the pot.
I sprinkled in my book report
with colored markers by the quart.

Despite its putrid, noxious gas,
I proudly took my stew to class.
And though the smell was so grotesque,
I set it on my teacher's desk.
My teacher said, "You're quite a chef.
But, still, you're going to get an F.
I didn't ask for 'homework stew,'
I said, 'Tomorrow, homework's due

Appendix 3:

Number of the lines	Lines	Figurative language	Describe
1	My life is the measure of my life.	-	-
2	The rooms are room size	Personification	The room was intend to be explained as the life of that person
3	his soul was the size of a soul	Personification	The soul was intend to be explained as the life of that person.
4	In the background, the mitochondria hum,		
5	above it sun, clouds, snow,		
6	transit of stars and planets.		
7	It rode elevators, bullet trains,	Allegory	It based on the line has a meaning of the said person, as they had rode elevators or even bullet trains
8	Various airplanes, a donkey.		
9	It wore socks, skirts, its own ears and nose		
10	It ate, it slept, it opened		
11	And closed its hands, its windows.		
12	Others, I know, had lives larger		

13	Others, I know, had lives shorter.		
14	The depth of lives, too, is different.	Paradox	It has a meaning that the person in this poetry tries to understand that one's life is different from another.
15	There were times my life and I made jokes together.		
16	There were times we made bread		
17	Once. I grew moody and distant.		
18	I told my life I would like some time.		
19	I would like to try seeing others.		
20	In a week, my empty suitcase and I returned.		
21	I was hungry, then, and my life,		
22	My life, too, was hungry, we could not keep		
23	Our hand off our clothes on		
24	Our tongues from		

Number of the lines	Line	Figurative language	Describe
1	Pause here at the flower stand-mums		
2	and gladiolas, purple carnations		
3	dark as my heart. We are engaged	Simile	Describing the heart's color as of its dark
4	in a war, and I want to drag home		
5	any distraction I can carry. Tonight		
6	children will wake to bouquets of fire	Personification	The fire was described as something like a humanity, for trying to wakes it up.
7	that will take their breath away. Still,		
8	I think of my life. The way you hold me,		
9	sometimes, you could choke me.		
10	There is no way to protect myself,		
11	except by some brilliant defense. I want		
12	the black iris with their sabered blooms.		
13	I want the flame throwers: the peonies,		
14	the sunflowers. I will cut down the beautiful ones	Allegory	Beautiful ones is the description meaning of the said flowers

15	and let their nectared sweetness bleed		
16	into the careless air. This is not the world		
17	I'd hoped it could be. It is horrible,		
18	the way we carry on. Last night, you catalogued		
19	our arsenal. You taught me devastation		
20	is a goal we announce in a celebration		
21	of shrapnel. Our bombs shower		
22	in anticipation of their marks. You said this		
23	is to assure damage will be widely distributed.		
24	What gruesome genius invents our brutal hearts?		
25	When you touch me I am a stalk of green panic		
26	and desire. Wait here while I decide which		
27	of these sprigs of blossoming heartbreak I can afford		
28	to bring into my home. Tonight dreams will erupt	Metaphor	In daily basis, no dream would erupt like a volcano.
29	in chaotic buds of flame. This is the world we have	Paradox	It means that the world changed and managed to be something that the people in it have created.

30	arranged. It is horrible, this way we carry on.		
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Number of the lines	lines	Figurative language	Describe
1	I cooked my math book in a broth		
2	and stirred it to a steaming froth		
3	I threw in papers—pencils, too—		
4	to make a pot of homework stew.	Metonymy	Homework stew is the homework subject that the person in this poet has to do.
5	I turned the flame up nice and hot		
6	and tossed my binder in the pot.		
7	I sprinkled in my book report	Hyperbola	It is near to bizarre of one could sprinkle their own binder to the pot
8	with colored markers by the quart.	Symbol	Quart is the symbol of the colored markers, something that is came of as a brand of the said markers.
9	Despite its putrid, noxious gas,	Paradox	Meaning even though the homework stew smelled so bad, the person insist to bring their homework to the class and submit it like they usually do

10	I proudly took my stew to class.		
11	And though the smell was so grotesque,	Metaphor	A smell cannot usually described as something that out of appearance, for grotesque has a meaning that direct to an ugly appearance. But it tries to describe that the smell is really bad that it became ugly as the metaphor of it.
12	I set it on my teacher's desk.		
13	My teacher said, "You're quite a chef.	Irony	Although the person in the poet managed to shows his capable on creating something creative, they still didn't get the chance to receive a good score at the end of the day.
14	But, still, you're going to get an F.	Irony	Although the person in the poet managed to shows his capable on creating something creative, they still didn't get the chance to receive a good score at the end of the day.
15	I didn't ask for 'homework stew,'	Allegory	The student in this poem supposed to do their homework's for tomorrow's due but instead of

			doing so, they decide to make a homework stew.
16	I said, 'Tomorrow, homework's due.	Allegory	The student in this poem supposed to do their homework's for tomorrow's due but instead of doing so, they decide to make a homework stew.

CURRICULUM VITAE

I. Personal Details

Name : Muhammad Rasyid Ridha
Place and Date of Birth : Birayang, May 10th, 1998
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II. Formal Educational Background

2003 - 2009 : State Elementary School of DDI (SDN DDI)
2009 - 2012 : State Islamic Junior High School Darul Istiqamah
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2012 - 2015 : Vacational Hight School Darul Istiqamah (SMK Darul
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III. Organization Experience

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