



A POEM ANTHOLOGY BY JOVITA WIDYAHANDARI

EDITOR: EKAWATI MARHAENNY DUKUT

UNIVERSITAS KATOLIK SOEGIJAPRANATA



# The Tale of Treachery: A Poem Anthology

Writer: Jovita Widyahandari

Editor : Ekawati Marhaenny Dukut

Universitas Katolik Soegijapranata

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Penulis: Writer: Jovita Widyahandari

Editor : Ekawati Marhaenny Dukut

> Image : Jovita Widyahandari

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### FROM THE WRITER

Upon writing this anthology, I took my time to review the story about the Wanderer from Genshin Impact. The Wanderer is one of my favorite characters in the game, which I enjoy with great lore. Without the inspiration from the amazing plot and characterization, I would probably not be able to write this poem anthology with great ease.

Secondly, I wish to say thank you to the editor of this anthology. Every knowledge that I got from her had finally been manifested through this book.

And lastly, most importantly, I am just as much grateful for those who had supported and helped me during the process. To all of my friends, my mother, and my father, without your support and help, the process that I had to go through would be much more difficult.

Jovita Widyahandari



### FROM THE EDITOR

Jovita Widyahandari is a person whose abundant ideas shine through not just in her creative thinking, but also in her unique expressions through this poem anthology. She is able to curate captivating words into rhythmical poems, making her not only a skilled writer but also, more importantly, a gifted poet.

The poems in this anthology serve as testament to her talent, drawing inspiration from her favorite game, all stemming from her vivid imagination. It shows that Jovi is not a mere game enjoyer, but she is also able to turn the story of the game into melodic words.

Thank you, Jovi, for crafting this exquisite anthology. May other readers find as much joy in these poems as I have!

Ekawati Marhaenny Dukut



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### **PROLOGUE**

During the War of the Gods 500 years ago, Raiden Ei fought alongside her sister, Raiden Makoto, who was the reigning God of Eternity at the time. Tragically, Raiden Makoto fell in battle, leaving Raiden Ei devastated by her loss. Overwhelmed with grief, Raiden Ei created a secluded realm where she could isolate herself, seeking solace in solitude and distancing herself from others to avoid the pain of further loss.

In her desire to ensure the continuation of her rule while preserving her isolation, Raiden Ei decided to create a puppet to take her duties. She named the puppet Kunikuzushi. Kunikuzushi yearned for purpose, hoping to fulfill the role for which he was created, carrying the weight of expectation while searching for his place in the world.

It turned out that Kunikuzushi was an immortal puppet with human emotions. He had once lost his beloved friends and cried himself to sleep due to his loss. Raiden Ei, witnessing this, chose to grant him freedom. However, Kunikuzushi instead felt betrayed.

And this is where his story begins... The story about his treachery and his journey to fight it.



# Chapter 1: The Hope



### My Cherry Blossom

My cherry blossom, You are delicate and frail, I must protect you. You know no concede, Go, pull out your blade and fight, For eternity.

### **Eternal Lament**

Oh, I cannot fathom the depths of this world's cruelty,

My heart aches, burdened by such tragedy, How many more years must I watch them dissolving,

Leaving my soul hollow and empty? Dear, Makoto, my cherry blossom, I fear another melody,

A melody that speaks in my worst agony, However, cherry blossom, I must always remember our journey, The memories that make my feet stand sturdy, The recollections that keep my aim steady, For I am Raiden Ei, the God of Eternity.

### Marionette's Stage

In the land of eternity, There once stood a boy with innocent eyes, He awaited the curtain to lift for him, Amidst the dim light of empty stage, Eyes full of longing, face painted with a stitched smile. He was poised to dance, fueled by his own dreams, A great hope to be of purpose, Within the hands of his own creator, His strings were tangled in silence, Pulling his feet to sway along with his desire, His heart ached for the gentle touch of cherry blossoms. He, the little marionette, wiped on his stage, And despite the raging thunderbolt, The marionette's dance remained full of grace.

### **Your Shadow**

I am but a mortal in the age of 23, I still can see your shadow in a fleeting sea, Your silhouette I've foreseen, Brings me glee beyond the ethereal spree, O' dear marionette, one that's carefree, Your bright grin shines warmly beyond degree.

### Strings of Joy

I am but a puppet with the strings that bind me in delight,
These strings are my very essence, forever entwined, never untied,
Linking me to a world where every soul is modified,
I am but a fragile puppet who sways for the twilight,
For each movement of mine is a beautiful tale none shall fight,
Though I may not comprehend, I must be my creator's very own starlight.

### Marionette's Melody

I shall dance beneath the moon's pale gleam,
Bound by threads that twist in sweet daydreams,
Each of my step, a part of her charming scheme,
Deep down in my heart, I want to dream,
Though her hands above me may rule supreme,
I'll keep chasing stars in my dreams,
And may droplets of dew that glimmer
in sunbeam,
Brings her nothing but an eternal serene.

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### Marionette's Slumber

Let my strings fall soft, Tangle me with peaceful night, Grant me a sweet dream.

# Chapter 2: The Betrayal



### Weeping Puppet

My bare feet sweep the floors, they heed the call, I fall, trembling in the cold, I cannot stand tall, And I may wipe my own blood on every wall, No words will escape, only tears shall roll, For I am nothing but a lonely doll, Dwelling on a world where mortals fall, Oh, comrades, this world is cruel, yet so small, Your fleeting shadows are the history I could only recall.

### A Melody From the Creator

O' dear, Kunikuzushi, my child, Your heart pure and white, While this world is too wild, Someday may as well steal your smile.

O' dear, my little marionette, Tears rolling, your cheeks wet, Never have I wished to send you threats, In a world where everything is a mess.

O' dear, one whose eyes still plead, In this silence, I see you weep, Shall your freedom be unleashed, And no burden may exceed.

## A Memory About the Fallen Bloom

Shall I forever recall our fleeting glory,
The battle we waged, etched in our
reminiscence?
Shall I treasure the grace of your purple kimono,
Its whispers lingering in twilight's sky?
Shall I savor the taste of our shared dango milk,
Soft and sweet beneath the weaving cherry
trees?
Shall your laughter's echo linger eternally,
A melody woven through life's fray?

### **Freedom**

Shall freedom be yours, my dear child, Your heart is too heavy with the ache of solitude, My dear little marionette, your heart is tender, I could not fathom the burden you must endure, If you were to claim my endless duty, Let me untangle my own threads of fate, That cling so tightly to your delicate hands, For you were not made to carry my eternal burden. Wander freely, around the pillars of distant horizons. Grasp your stars and hold them close within your heart. Freedom is yours, as it should have been from the start. Now, my son, let your strings fall forgotten to the floor, And may your heart find its peace you deserve.

### Fallen Strings

Strings fall on the floor, My eyes weep in open skies, No more fate grasp me.

### **Shattered Heart**

Once, he was shaped as a perfect marionette, Made to sway in the light of his creator's will. Yet, he found a hopelessness upon his granted freedom. A freedom that sent him nothing but a bitter despair. His fragile heart shattered, ached for being a purpose. Now, only his lowly gaze haunts him within his dreams.

### The Lament From Freedom

Winds tell'n me I'm naught, And worthlessness speaks too loud, Fulfilling the air.

### Wandering Shadows

Under the endless horizon, the shadows sway, Lost in the dark, they drift me to greys, Their whispers keep leading to where light never stays,

And I am still haunted by a glimpse of yesterdays, My new fate, the wandering shadows in disarray, They invite me to come and play, Under the vast horizon, far away, No more place to rest, no more home to stay.

### Fading Innocence

Light of hopes fade away, Shadows creep where dreams once bloomed, Despair starts haunting.

### **Darkening Heart**

Once heart bright with hope, Now the light of hope turns dim, Darkness grows within.

### **Tears of Torn Soul**

Only tears shall be a silent witness,
To how his soul torn and frayed,
Under the stormy rain,
Where everything is a treachery.
Each tear carries a hope,
That broke beneath the weight of despair,
No voice escaped,
Only the tears speak.
Can a useless be of purpose,
When the world demands more?
Can a lost soul find a path,
When fate no longer guides?



## Chapter 3: The Revenge



#### A Path to Tyranny

It begins slowly, A path wrapped in shadows. One hand steadily extends, Offering a hope through the chaos. Freedom was once a roaring thunder, Flickering in hollow skies. Now replaced with a promise, A hope wrapped in dignity. The hand once extended, Now clenches into a fist. And the bright path at the start, Darkens into a road with no return. And this is how it happens, The very first step to tyranny. Not with a violent storm. But with a quiet surrender.

#### Scaramouche

The puppet bond by severed threads, Now stepping under nights of dreads, His laughter rings, a guise instead, To mask the tears his heart has shed, A fleeting shadow widely spread, The tale of sweet puppet has been dead, Under the name Scaramouche, he marches ahead.

#### Vengeance

Patient as a tide, deep as an ocean,
A shadow cast before the sun sets,
In the dusk, the pain echoes,
And marionette's steps are deliberate,
His widest of smile masks his smouldering anger,
In his heart, there is no room for mercy,
Not even a space of forgiveness,
Slowly and steady,
The heart shaped by betrayal seeks vengeance.

#### The Rise of Scaramouche

No longer bound by the threads of fate,
No longer a pawn in their play,
He forges a new identity in the fuel of treachery,
Where each step of him is a revenge to his past,
The world dared to call him worthless,
A nothingness in the name of eternity,
Scaramouche now stands,
His feet an unbroken force to the ground,
He is no longer their marionette,
But now the master of the thunderstorm,
And the world shall bow before the rise of
Scaramouche.

#### **Howling Thunder**

Skies split in its roar, Furious roar breaks the night, The storm's wrath unleashed.

#### The Price of Power

The skies rise, then fall, Shadows linger where light fades, Power claims its price.

#### Retribution

Ashes to ashes, Dust to dust, my thunder rises, Now, shall you perish?

#### "Worthless Mortals"

Worthless mortals!
You crawl, pathetically,
Your lives a meaningless noise,
Your heart fragile, bones brittle.
Worthless mortals!
Cry louder, as no powers shall possess you,
Strength of yours is a mere lie,
You are nothing.
Worthless mortals!
I rage at your insolence,
But rage itself is wasted on you,
As you shall return to dust.

#### **Echoes of Rage**

And now the rage shatters the silence, It consumes fears of the innocents, The rage is cry of unhealed wounds, Of promises that turned into treachery, Scaramouche's raging voice keeps rising, Demanding to be heard as no lowly being, There is no peace in its echoes, Only a relentless roar of what was lost.

#### **Puppet's Fury**

The howling thunder, Above the dark twilight sky, There laid his fury.

# Chapter 4.5 The Acceptance



### The God of Wisdom's Resolve

May wisdom reach you, O' dear pure marionette, Whose strings bound to bind.

#### Threads of Salvation

Knots of grief and pain, May be untangled by love, So gentle and pure.

#### Fallen Leaf

Fallen autumn leaf, Colors fade in lonely tree, Alone, in the dark.

#### **Concealed Wounds**

Through new tangled paths. Wounds are stitched, though scars lay bare, A new tale shall speak.

#### **Shattered Despair**

In a melody of wisdom, glee shall bloom, Rekindle the shattered heart in endless rooms, Echoes of laughter shall erase the smoldered fume,

Where despair dissipates within a loom, And brightest light of hope illumes, Sweetest of dreams conceal what pain had consumed,

There, a pure soul may rebuild from the stitched wound.

#### The Stolen Light Restored

Hope ignites the dawn, Lost light returns to the sky, Despair flees in vain.

#### Sakura Blooms

Like sakura blooms, Caressing my lonely cheeks, So warm and gentle.

#### Breeze

Light breeze on my cheeks, Wrapping my face gingerly, Like the god's embrace.

#### A New Dawn

Night's veil lifts away, Golden rays embrace the earth, A new life begins.

#### Freedom Forged in Wisdom

Chains of doubt now break, Truths sharp edge cuts the darkness, Wisdom shapes freedom.

#### Regret

Dear god of wisdom, Would you forgive my wrongs? For I am an evil.

#### Wisdom's Purity

It is shining clear, Wisdom flows like a river, Embracing my soul.

#### Dear Child, One Who's Pure

May peace find your soul, And lights shine within your heart, For you are pure, child.

#### Reawakened Soul

In my wooden heart, Flowers bloom where shadows dwell, Embracing with warmth.

#### Marionette's Rebirth

From shattered strings, his soul takes flight,
No longer controlled by threads so tight.
The lonely marionette once lost to the night,
Now claims his freedom and guiding light,
The marionette, reborn as a wondrous new sight,
The marionette's heart is clear and white,
He will wander with his heart burn bright,
Stepping in a world where it sees his pride.

#### A New Name Forged

Shall fury now be forever stored,
And the storm no longer roared,
My soul once lost, now freely soared,
No longer forgotten, no longer ignored,
From broken heart, strength shall be restored,
Wisdom leads to an unknown path, yet worth
explored,
In blooming wisdom, a new name shall be forged.

#### Wanderer

Steps on fleeting winds, I chase dreams in morning breeze, Wanderer, my name.

#### The God of Wisdom's Gift

A boundless wisdom, Radiates upon your brow, Resting like a crown.

#### Recollection

In a fleeting breeze, Memories of past linger, Echo in my mind.

#### A New Life Forged

Oh, how heavy the steps I'm taking forward, Weighted by the burdens of my own misdeed, And the memories of what I've lost, Despite uncertainty, I still walk on my new path, A path where the flowers smile for me, Welcoming a new destiny that awaits, The breeze carries whispers of renewal, Urging me to let go of all burdens I carry, When the dreams fade away, I am no longer the person who I was, When the dreams dissipate, I can see a brand new life, And when I open my eyes, I find an eternal serenity.

#### **Bittersweet Thorns**

I have devoured thorns, Disgustingly bittersweet, Like a mournful song.



#### **EPILOGUE**

After all those treachery, the puppet wished to leave his old identity and names. Went by the new forged name, Wanderer, he had finally be able to find his eternal freedom – just like his name, he wandered through the world with ease. His heart grew tender, but his tongue remained sharp. Yet, no matter how his honest words pierced through the other's heart, he was still loved.



This poem anthology serves as a medium to convey a myriad of emotions, offering readers a chance to immerse themselves in the depths of hope, betrayal, revenge, and acceptance. It allows the readers to capture each emotion in a deep, evocative way. Through the use of vivid imagery and rich expression, readers are invited to delve into the impact of betrayal, emphasizing how bad experiences can shape our perspectives about lives.