

**A JOURNEY BEYOND BORDERS: MY INDONESIAN SOJOURN**



**An Undergraduate thesis**

**Submitted as a partial fulfillment of the requirements**

**For Sarjana Sastra Degree**

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**UNIVERSITAS MUHAMMADIYAH PURWOKERTO**

**2025**

## APPROVAL SHEET

This is to justify that this graduating BOOK entitled "A JOURNEY BEYOND BORDERS: MY INDONESIAN SOJOURN" by Aymen Mouhine has been approved by the advisor and the head of English Department to be examined by the board of examiners.

Purwokerto, January 20<sup>th</sup> 2025

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**VALIDATION SHEET**

**A JOURNEY BEYOND BORDERS: MY INDONESIAN SOJOURN**

**An Undergraduate Thesis**

**By**

**Aymen Mouhine**

**2109010061**

**Has been examined and approved by the Board of Examiners as one of the requirements for Sarjana Sastra degree on 20<sup>th</sup> January 2025**

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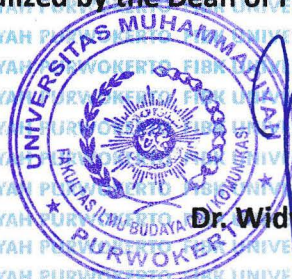
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Purwokerto, January 2025



Aymen Mouhine

## MOTTO

*"Across the sands of Morocco and the islands of Indonesia, I have learned that the journey of knowledge knows no borders, and the beauty of words unites all hearts."*

*-Aymen Mouhine-*

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

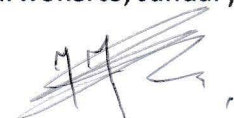
Assalamu'alaikom warahmatullahi wabaeakatuh.

As I reflect on the journey of writing this book over the past six months, I am filled with gratitude for the remarkable individuals who have supported me along the way. First and foremost, I wish to thank my family, whose unwavering belief in me provided the foundation for my educational pursuits. Your sacrifices made my move from Morocco to Indonesia possible, and your constant encouragement has been my anchor through every challenge. To my beloved wife Yayi Intan, your support has been immeasurable. You not only stood by me during the long hours of writing but also brought your artistic vision to life through the illustrations that grace these pages. Your ability to balance creativity with understanding has inspired me daily, and I could not have completed this book without you. I am also deeply grateful to Dr. Widya Nirmalawati, my lecturer, whose guidance was pivotal in shaping this collection. Insights pushed me to explore my thoughts more profoundly and to articulate my feelings with clarity. Thank you for encouraging me to embrace my voice and for helping me turn this project into a reality for my final graduation requirement. I would also like to acknowledge Universitas Muhammadiyah Purwokerto, particularly the Faculty of Science, Culture and Communication (FIBK), for providing an environment that fostered my growth as a writer. The academic community and resources available to me have played a significant role in shaping my work.

To all my friends and fellow writers, your camaraderie and support have made this journey enjoyable and fulfilling. Whether through sharing your own experiences or offering a listening ear, you have enriched my creative process. As Helen Keller once said, "Alone we can do so little; together we can do so much." This book is a testament to the collective encouragement and love I have received, and I am forever grateful.

Thank you all for being a part of this journey. Your belief in me has made all the difference.

Purwokerto, January 2025



Aymen Mouhine

## DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my family, whose love and support have been my guiding light, to my friends who encouraged me to pursue my dreams, and to every moment that inspired these words. May this work stand as a testament to resilience, passion, and the power of storytelling.

**A JOURNEY BEYOND BORDERS:  
MY INDONESIAN SOJOURN**



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# **A JOURNEY BEYOND BORDERS: MY INDONESIAN SOJOURN**

**Aymen Mouhine**



# **A JOURNEY BEYOND BORDERS: MY INDONESIAN SOJOURN**

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## Foreword

Poetry, for me, has always been a means of capturing life's fleeting moments and immortalizing the emotions that accompany them. In this collection, I set out to record the journey I have experienced during my time in Indonesia—each poem a snapshot of the love, joy, and homesickness that I've felt along the way. This book, more than just a personal diary, also serves as my final project for graduation, symbolizing the culmination of both my academic and personal growth during these years abroad.

This collection speaks of love in many forms: the love for my family and my wife, the deep connection to my homeland, and the unexpected bond I have developed with Indonesia, its people, and its culture. Intertwined within these verses are the themes of sharing, the power of human connection, and the unique experiences that living far from home has afforded me. However, at the heart of this collection lies the homesickness that has shadowed my every adventure—the persistent yearning for home, for my family, and for the familiar comfort of my homeland. In this way, these poems reflect a duality, celebrating the beauty of new experiences while acknowledging the constant pull of where I come from.

The writing process was deeply personal and organic. I found myself scribbling lines whenever inspiration struck—whether I was traveling, sitting at a café, or simply reflecting on a quiet moment. It took me around six months to weave together these memories, thoughts, and feelings into a cohesive work. The poems span a range of themes from love to travel, food to homesickness, all drawing from the cultural richness I've been surrounded by in Indonesia.

I deliberately chose not to limit myself to a single style, as each poem demanded a unique form to properly convey its message. The diversity of style mirrors the diversity of my experiences.

Growing up in a different cultural setting, my background has undeniably influenced the way I interpret and express these experiences. I've found that my personal and academic experiences have become intricately linked with the culture I've been immersed in here. From the vibrant streets of Indonesian cities to the tranquil beauty of nature, these poems reflect the vivid contrasts that characterize life in this country.

What makes this collection unique is its authenticity. I've written not just about the joys and wonders of travel, but also the struggles and homesickness that come with it. I wanted to capture the full spectrum of emotions that come with living abroad, and I hope this honesty resonates with those who share a love for travel and poetry. This is not just a travelogue in verse; it's an exploration of identity, belonging, and the search for home—wherever that may be.

I believe this collection holds significance beyond my own personal journey. In a world where travel and exploration are increasingly accessible, we often forget the emotional toll that comes with leaving behind what we know. This book serves as a reminder that while we gain new experiences and broaden our horizons, the longing for home is a fundamental part of the human condition. I hope that readers will see themselves in these poems, and perhaps even discover something about their own journeys, be they physical, emotional, or spiritual.

To me, poetry is more than an art form; it is a way to connect deeply with the world and people around me. It offers a unique space where we can share our most intimate thoughts and emotions, often without the need for

**explanation. In today's fast-paced world, poetry provides a moment of stillness, a chance to reflect on what matters most. This collection is my attempt to do just that—to reflect on what this journey has meant to me and to share it with you, the reader.**

**I hope these poems inspire you to embrace your own experiences, to appreciate the beauty in the world around you, and to find solace in the knowledge that, no matter how far we travel, the longing for home is something we all carry with us.**



## **Acknowledgments**

As I reflect on the journey of writing this book over the past six months, I am filled with gratitude for the remarkable individuals who have supported me along the way.

First and foremost, I wish to thank my family, whose unwavering belief in me provided the foundation for my educational pursuits. Your sacrifices made my move from Morocco to Indonesia possible, and your constant encouragement has been my anchor through every challenge.

To my beloved wife Yayi Intan, your support has been immeasurable. You not only stood by me during the long hours of writing but also brought your artistic vision to life through the illustrations that grace these pages. Your ability to balance creativity with understanding has inspired me daily, and I could not have completed this book without you.

I am also deeply grateful to Dr. Widya, my lecturer, whose guidance was pivotal in shaping this collection. Your insights pushed me to explore my thoughts more profoundly and to articulate my feelings with clarity. Thank you for encouraging me to embrace my voice and for helping me turn this project into a reality for my final graduation requirement.

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To all my friends and fellow writers, your camaraderie and support have made this journey enjoyable and fulfilling. Whether through sharing your own experiences or offering a listening ear, you have enriched my creative process.

As Helen Keller once said, "Alone we can do so little; together we can do so much." This book is a testament to the collective encouragement and love I have received, and I am forever grateful.

Thank you all for being a part of this journey. Your belief in me has made all the difference.

With heartfelt appreciation,  
*Aymen Mouhine*



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# **SECTION 1: CULTURE SHOCK**



## **Bridging Tongues**

**In Indonesia's embrace, I stood,  
From Morocco's lands, where dreams withstood.  
Language barriers, a formidable wall,  
But through perseverance, I stood tall.**

**Lost in translation, words adrift,  
Navigating life, a challenging shift.  
Yet in each struggle, resilience grew,  
Bridging divides, in pursuit of the new.**





## Gentle Hearts of Indonesia

In the heart of Indonesia's grace,  
I found a warmth, a special place.  
Amongst its people, kind and true,  
Their kindness like a morning dew.

With open arms, they welcomed me,  
A foreigner in their land, you see.  
Their smiles bright, their hearts so pure,  
Their kindness, a gift, forever endure.

In every gesture, in every glance,  
I felt their warmth, in a gentle dance.  
They saw me not as stranger, but as a light,  
A star in their sky, shining bright.

Their generosity, like a soothing balm,  
In their embrace, I found my calm.  
For in their kindness, I found my way,  
In love with Indonesia, forever to stay.



## Cultural Echoes: Morocco to Indonesia

In Morocco's realm, shoes we'd wear,  
Inside the house, without a care.  
But in Indonesia, a different grace,  
Where shoes come off, a house's space.

The first time asked, I paused, surprised,  
To leave my shoes by the door, advised.  
A sign of respect, I soon came to learn,  
For the home's sanctity, a cultural turn.

And then the way they sit, so serene,  
Cross-legged, at ease, a graceful scene.  
In Moroccan style, we lounge, recline,  
But in Indonesia, a different design.

And oh, the Batik, a sight to behold,  
In every ceremony, its story told.  
Worn with pride, in patterns bold,  
A cultural emblem, a treasure to hold.

In these differences, I found my awe,  
The beauty of culture, in every flaw.  
Through culture shock, I learned to see,  
The richness of Indonesia, unfolding to me.



## Whispers of Wheels

In the hustle of Indonesian streets,  
A sight that oft my senses greets.  
Motorbikes whirring, a constant hum,  
As if each soul has one to drum.

In Morocco, feet paved their way,  
But here, a motorbike holds sway.  
Even for a mere hundred-meter stride,  
The motorbike becomes one's guide.

Surprise and shock, I can't deny,  
As motorbikes zoom swiftly by.  
A culture shift, a different pace,  
In this land, motorbikes embrace.

Yet in this whirl, I find intrigue,  
The motorbike's role, so unique.  
For in its roar, a rhythm found,  
In Indonesia's bustling ground.





## Street Melodies

In the traffic's halt, a song blooms,  
Notes of a guitar, silver-painted dance,  
A clown's smile beneath the sun's glance,  
Indonesia's streets, a new world in bloom.

Morocco's sands, where beggars ask with eyes,  
No painted faces, no melodies arise,  
Here, they weave art with their plea,  
A spectacle in each corner, astonishing me.

Surprise takes root, blossoms of awe,  
In every strum, in every painted jaw,  
A foreign heart, wide-eyed and still,  
In Indonesia, the streets play their will.



## Threads of surprise

A sarung wraps the life I've found,  
In Indonesia's rhythms, a foreign sound.  
Surprised, I watch as prayers begin,  
In fabric's fold, devotion's hymn.

For sleep, for rest, for family time,  
This woven cloth, a silent chime.  
In ceremonies, dances bright,  
Sarung's presence, day and night.

Culture shock in every thread,  
A foreign heart, amazed, widespread.  
Morocco's ways seem far and few,  
In Indonesia, sarung's view.





## Blossoms of Wonder

Rows of boards adorned with blooms,  
A sight that banishes all gloom.  
Each petal placed with utmost care,  
Intricate designs, beyond compare.

As a foreigner, I stand in awe,  
At this tradition, I never saw.  
Flower boards, a spectacle grand,  
In Indonesia's vibrant land.

Symbolizing love, respect, and more,  
Expressions that my heart adores.  
Each bloom speaks a thousand words,  
In this land of songs of birds.

Culture shock, yet a joy to see,  
In these flower boards, a mystery.  
Indonesia's beauty, rich and deep,  
In floral arrangements, secrets kee





## Sips of Smoke: A Habitual Tale

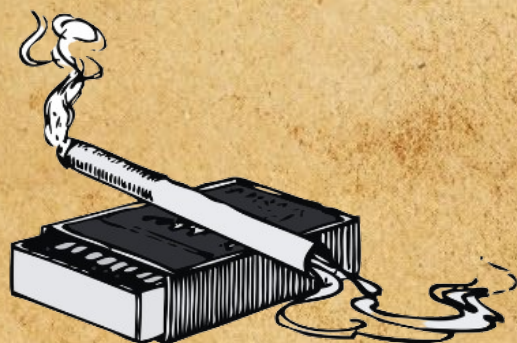
Cigarettes and cups, they hold with glee,  
Their daily ritual, a habit they can't break free.  
Even the young ones, with lives still untold,  
Join the pack, as if they're part of an old fold.

Their lungs and hearts, bear the weight of their vice,  
But still they crave, the nicotine's sweet release.  
Their bodies suffer, but they don't seem to care,  
For the habit's hold, is too strong to share.

In this land of smoke and steam,  
Their addiction's a never-ending dream.  
A dream that clouds their minds and souls,  
And makes them forget, the health they once knew.

But still they puff and sip, with a grin,  
As if they're living life, without a care or sin.  
Their habit's a burden, but they won't let go,  
For it's a part of them, they don't want to know.

So here they'll stay, in this haze of smoke,  
With their cups and cigarettes, their daily joke.  
A habit that binds, but they won't break the spell,  
For it's a tradition, that they can't seem to tell.





## **SECTION 2: MY LOVE STORY**



## Serendipity on the Streets

Across the seas, I ventured far,  
From Morocco's sands to Indonesia's star.  
An international student, dreams in tow,  
At UMP, where my heart would grow.

You saw my face on a billboard high,  
A fleeting glance, a hopeful sigh.  
An artist's charm in a stranger's smile,  
You wished to meet me, just for a while.

Destiny wove our paths so near,  
Two souls to meet, it was clear.  
A silent wish beneath the sky,  
Brought us together, you and I.





## Night of Fated Hearts

In the heart of Purwokerto's light,  
At UMP on a world cup night,  
I, Aymen, from Morocco's sand,  
Stood in a foreign, distant land.

The crowd was buzzing, eyes on the game,  
When she appeared, and spoke her name.  
An Indonesian beauty, warm and bright,  
Our worlds converged in soft moonlight.

Her eyes met mine, a spark, a start,  
Two strangers sharing one beating heart.  
As football roared, a silent fate,  
Bound our souls in a tender state.

Love blossomed under the stars so true,  
In that fleeting moment, I knew,  
Our hearts were destined to entwine,  
In the magic of that night divine.



## Soulmates' Melody

United by birth, a cosmic decree,  
In the same year, the same month, we breathe.  
Kindred spirits in thought and taste,  
A connection profound, not one to waste.

In the dance of dating, before vows were made,  
Our minds intertwined, in sync they stayed.  
With every word, with every glance,  
We found ourselves in a shared romance.

In laughter and silence, our bond grew strong,  
Two hearts in harmony, where we belong.  
In the depths of understanding, we find our bliss,  
Soulmates' melody, sealed with a kiss.  
For in their kindness, I found my way,  
In love with Indonesia, forever to stay.



## A Promise Beneath Purbalingga's Moon

Beneath Purbalingga's moonlit sky,  
I felt the urge, I couldn't deny.  
After a year of love's sweet trance,  
I yearned to seize our destined chance.

With her parents' blessing, I took the lead,  
In their home, where our futures agreed.  
An engagement party, joyous and bright,  
Yayi Intan, my guiding light.

Amongst loved ones, our hearts did sing,  
As we exchanged vows, on love's sweet wing.  
In that moment, as the stars aligned,  
Yayi Intan, forever mine.

Hand in hand, we step into the dawn,  
Our journey together, from this day on.  
In the warmth of our love, forever we'll be,  
A promise sealed, for eternity.



## Love's Tapestry Unfurled

In the tapestry of Indonesia's hues,  
Amidst the jasmine's fragrant muse,  
We stood, united, in a vibrant embrace,  
In a marriage ceremony, blending time and space.

Far from Morocco's sands, my parents old,  
Their absence felt, their blessings told.  
Yet in the joy of our shared vow,  
Their love echoed, eternal somehow.

In this land of spices, dreams took flight,  
As we pledged our love, in love's pure light.  
No distance too great, no obstacle too tall,  
For love conquers all, we stand, enthralled.

Together, we embark on life's grand quest,  
In our hearts, our love finds its nest.  
In our home, our dreams unfurl,  
As we weave our lives, in love's rich swirl.





## **SECTION 3: ACADEMIC EXPERIENCES**

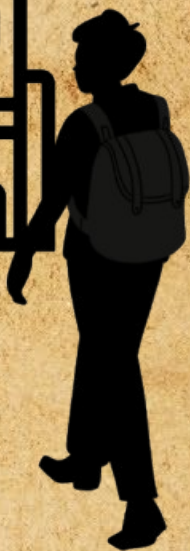
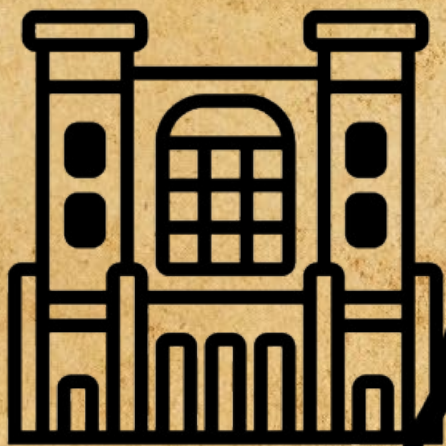


## Muhammadiyah's Welcome

At Muhammadiyah's door, a world unfurls,  
Where Morocco's journey meets Indonesian pearls.  
With campus halls that breathe of care,  
Lecturers and staff, their kindness rare.

In classrooms adorned, with knowledge's light,  
International bonds, forged strong and bright.  
Conferences and ventures, to broaden our scope,  
Muhammadiyah, our beacon of hope.

From well-appointed halls to conferences grand,  
Every need met with a guiding hand.  
In this haven of learning, where cultures blend,  
Muhammadiyah, our steadfast friend.



## **Learning's Path at UMP"**

**Within UMP's realm, I find my stride,  
Where learning's journey takes me far and wide.  
Academic life, a breeze it seems,  
With subjects few, yet rich in dreams.**

**Mid-terms and finals mark the way,  
Each exam a test, come what may.  
In Morocco's land, a different song,  
But here at UMP, I feel I belong.**

**Scholarships offered, a bridge to explore,  
For Indonesian students, seeking more.  
International horizons, they dare to roam,  
Thanks to Muhammadiyah, they find a home.**





## **Moroccan Pride in Indonesia**

**As a guest teacher, knowledge I impart,  
Inspiring minds, igniting their heart.  
Motivational speeches I deliver,  
Empowering souls to reach and deliver.**

**In conferences and summer courses, I stand tall,  
Representing my homeland, answering the call.  
A proud ambassador, in every stride,  
Morocco's spirit, my guiding light, my pride.**



PROUD



## **Echoes of Service: A Mountain Tale"**

**No signal's call, no internet's grace,  
Yet in this solitude, we find our place.  
Promoting, aiding, in daily chores,  
Transforming this village, opening doors.**

**Together we stay, in one humble abode,  
Dreaming of progress, on this winding road.  
Thirty days pass, with each dawn's glow,  
In Wonosobo's embrace, our spirits grow.**

**Through challenges faced, and lessons learned,  
In this mountain haven, our bonds are earned.  
As international students, in community's fold,  
We leave a mark of warmth, in stories told.**



## Home Among Friends

No longer a foreigner, but one of their own,  
In their kindness, a second home grown.  
Through lessons and laughter, we forge our way,  
Together we stand, come what may.

Blessed I feel, with each passing day,  
Their support and care, guiding my way.  
In their presence, I find my place,  
A bond so strong, time can't erase.

Five friends, a gift beyond measure,  
In their company, life's sweetest treasure.  
In this journey, I'm never alone,  
For in their hearts, I've found my home.





## Bridges of Pride

Billboards gleam with my image bright,  
In Indonesia's cities, a proud sight.  
From Moroccan roots, my journey's flight,  
An ambassador's role, filled with light.

Happiness swells, in each public gaze,  
A testament to these vibrant days.  
Family and friends, their pride anew,  
Seeing my dreams and efforts through.

Every photo tells a tale of strive,  
Of crossing cultures, feeling alive.  
In this new land, I stand so free,  
A Moroccan heart, full of glee.







## **SECTION 4: LOCAL TRAVEL EXPERIENCES**



## Island of Dreams

Bali's shores, a paradise found,  
Where the ocean's whisper is a soothing sound.  
From foreign lands, I come to see,  
A tapestry of cultures, wild and free.

Volcanic peaks in morning light,  
Temples grace the hills, a sacred sight.  
In every smile, a story old,  
In Bali's heart, new tales unfold.

Happy feelings, excitement's thrill,  
In every corner, wonders spill.  
A fusion of ethnicities, rich and bright,  
Colors and traditions blend in light.

Island of dreams, where hearts unite,  
In Bali's embrace, my soul takes flight.  
From dawn's first glow to evening's rest,  
In Bali's arms, I am truly blessed.





## **Yogyakarta's Heartbeat: My Eternal Return**

**From Malioboro's hustle to Kraton's grace,  
Yogyakarta's charm, in every space.  
The echoes of history, the whispers of art,  
In this city's embrace, I find my heart.**

**Borobudur's majesty, Prambanan's allure,  
Ancient temples standing strong and pure.  
The warmth of its people, the smiles they share,  
In Yogyakarta's embrace, I find solace rare.**

**Each visit leaves its mark, a treasure to hold,  
Yogyakarta's story, forever told.  
A city so special, it's etched in my soul,  
In Yogyakarta's embrace, I find my whole.**





## Whispers of Jakarta

Skies stitched with wires, streets alive,  
In Jakarta's rhythm, I thrive.  
Markets hum with scents so new,  
Spices, fruits, a vivid hue.

Languages weave a vibrant song,  
In this mosaic, I belong.  
Traffic dances, a chaotic grace,  
In every corner, a new face.

Jakarta's warmth lights up my way,  
Here, every sunrise speaks of hope.  
A land so foreign, yet so near,  
In Jakarta's embrace, I lose my fear.





## Serenity in Purwokerto

Friendly hearts in every street,  
In this small city, I feel complete.  
Adapting fast, feeling free,  
Purwokerto, you're home to me.

Surprised by smiles, so warm and kind,  
In every face, peace I find.  
Life here simple, yet so rich,  
A perfect pace, a seamless switch.

Cheap and cheerful, life unfolds,  
In stories shared and hands I hold.  
From distant lands, yet I belong,  
In Purwokerto's quiet song.



## Surabaya Serenade

Markets hum with life and cheer,  
Vendors' calls ring far and near.  
The scent of satay fills the air,  
In every bite, a story shared.

Historic streets with tales to tell,  
Dutch façades where memories dwell.  
Mosques and temples side by side,  
In this mosaic, worlds collide.

The river flows, a tranquil thread,  
Through city's heart, where dreams are fed.  
Surabaya, where East meets West,  
In your embrace, I find my rest.







# **SECTION 5: SPIRITUALITY AND BELIEF SYSTEM**



## Indonesia's Ghostly Obsession

Kuntilanak in the moon's soft gleam,  
Pontianak's cry, a haunting scream.  
Pocong wanders, wrapped in white,  
A spectral figure in the night.

But more than myths, they hold their sway,  
In minds where fears hold firm their sway.  
Obsessed with spirits, night and day,  
Their spectral presence leads the way.

From whispers heard in village halls,  
To modern cities' towering walls,  
Ghosts linger in the hearts of all,  
Their presence felt, both big and small.

In dreams they roam, in whispers heard,  
Their essence woven in each word.  
Spiritual life, a daily guide,  
In Indonesia, where ghosts abide.



## Wisdom's Touch: Indonesian Healing

Shamans chant their sacred hymns,  
Drawing strength from forest limbs.  
With herbs and incantations old,  
They soothe the body, mend the soul.

Dukuns wield a mystic power,  
In twilight's hour, their skills flower.  
With hands that feel the pulse of life,  
They ease the burden of pain and strife.

In modern halls, where science reigns,  
Their ancient ways, some might disdain.  
Yet in the hearts of those who seek,  
Their healing touch is what they speak.

For in Indonesia's rural scene,  
Where modern meets the ancient dream,  
Traditional healers still hold sway,  
Guiding souls along life's way.



## **Whispers of Belief: Kejawen and Sunda Wiwitan**

**In humble villages, Kejawen thrives,  
In rituals, in offerings, in lives.  
It's not just faith, but a way of life,  
Guiding hearts through joy and strife.**

**Sunda Wiwitan, in West Java's embrace,  
A reverence for nature, a sacred place.  
Mountains echo with their ancient lore,  
In rivers' flow, their spirits soar.**

**These beliefs, though diverse in kind,  
In Indonesian hearts, they're intertwined.  
A homage to ancestors, a nod to the earth,  
In their embrace, a spiritual rebirth.**

**As a foreigner here, I'm humbled by their grace,  
Kejawen's wisdom, Sunda Wiwitan's embrace.  
In Indonesia's soul, these beliefs persist,  
A testament to spirits kissed.**



## Soul's Passage

In the rhythm of grief, the first seven days mark the start,  
A time for family and friends to gather, sharing their heart.

In these days of mourning, prayers and offerings are  
made,  
As the soul of the departed finds solace in their shade.

Then comes the forty days, a period of reflection deep,  
Where memories intertwine, and sorrow finds its keep.  
In quiet contemplation, the family honors their beloved's  
name,  
Seeking peace and understanding in the flickering flame.

And finally, the thousandth day, a milestone on the path,  
Where grief transforms into remembrance, a love that will  
last.

In ceremonies grand, the spirit is celebrated and revered,  
As the family finds comfort in the legacy endeared.

Though I am a foreigner here, in these rituals, I see,  
The timeless bond of family, in grief and memory.  
In Indonesia's embrace, life and death entwine,  
In the rituals of mourning, love continues to shine.



## Spirit Weave

From Java's heart to Bali's shore,  
Diverse religions forever soar.  
Intricately woven, their threads entwine,  
A testament to unity divine.

In Javanese Islam, echoes ring clear,  
Hindu-Buddhist elements, so near.  
From gamelan's rhythms to shadow play's tale,  
The past's embrace, it does not fail.

Bali's Hindu roots, vibrant and bold,  
Blend with Islam, a story untold.  
In ceremonies grand and daily life,  
Syncretism thrives, amid the strife.

Amidst this blend of faith and lore,  
A rich cultural tapestry we adore.  
In Indonesia's embrace, we find,  
Unity in diversity, intertwined.





## Ebeg's Enchantment

With drums that throb, and gongs that chime,  
Ebeg's magic, frozen in time.  
Supernatural feats, with glasses they dine,  
A spectacle rare, in the moon's soft shine.

Through playful jests and leaps so high,  
Ebeg's spirit, it takes to the sky.  
A celebration of folklore's might,  
In Ebeg's dance, the heart takes flight.

In Banyumas' embrace, where legends thrive,  
Ebeg's essence, it comes alive.  
A tribute to culture, tradition's embrace,  
In Ebeg's grace, Indonesian find their place.







## **SECTION 6: INDONESIAN CUISINE**



## Spice Symphony

Rendang's spice, a symphony bold,  
Warms the soul, a story to be told.  
Sate lilit, a Balinese dream,  
Grilled perfection, a culinary gleam.

Soto Banjar, a fragrant embrace,  
Aromatic broth, a culinary chase.  
Gado-gado, a vibrant mix,  
Tempeh, tofu, a taste that clicks.

Nasi goreng, a national delight,  
Fried rice paradise, day or night.  
Ayam betutu, a feast for the brave,  
Tender chicken, in a spice-infused wave.

Each region's touch, a culinary art,  
A tapestry of flavors, a vibrant start.  
In Indonesia's kitchen, a world unfolds,  
Where diversity reigns, and the story is told.



## Tropical Euphoria

**In every sip of es kelapa muda, a refreshing delight,  
Coconut water's cool embrace, a sip of pure delight.  
And in creamy rendang, coconut milk's embrace,  
Adds richness and depth, a savory grace.**

**From aromatic sambal to crispy serabi,  
Coconut's magic, it never fails to lobby.  
In Indonesia's kitchen, a world of innovation,  
Coconut creations, a source of fascination.**

**So let's raise a toast to coconut's sweet sensation,  
In Indonesia's flavors, a source of admiration.  
A culinary journey, a tropical celebration,  
Coconut creations, a true revelation.**





## Fried rice serenade

Nasi Goreng, oh how you shine,  
Golden brown and crispy, a delight divine.  
Savory eggs, succulent chicken,  
Together in a dish so tender and lean.

The spices, they dance on my tongue,  
A symphony of flavors, so young.  
Cardamom, cinnamon, and cloves,  
A fragrant blend that my heart loves.

In this land of Indonesia,  
Where food is a joy to see,  
Nasi Goreng, my heart's desire,  
A dish that sets my soul on fire.





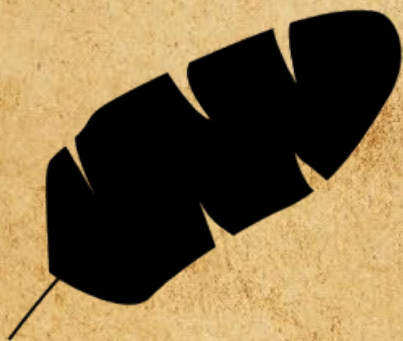
## Leafy Elegance

Glistening in the sun, the banana leaves sway,  
A symbol of tradition in a modern day.  
Used for wrapping food, serving as plates,  
Their importance in Indonesia truly resonates.

Such versatility in their delicate touch,  
Banana leaves hold memories that mean so much.  
From special occasions to everyday meals,  
Their presence in this land truly reveals.

I am in awe of the beauty they bring,  
A simple leaf that makes my heart sing.  
In Indonesia, the banana leaves stand tall,  
A testament to a culture that enthralls.





## Tofu Reverie

High in protein, a nutritious treasure,  
Tofu shines bright, a foodie's pleasure.  
A symbol of culture, tradition, and history,  
In Indonesia, "tahu" is more than a mystery.

Fried to perfection, a crispy delight,  
In soups and stews, brings warmth to the night.  
Absorbing flavors, a taste sensation,  
Tofu's versatility, a culinary creation.

Embraced by all, in dishes diverse,  
Tofu's presence, a culinary universe.  
From humble beginnings, soybean transformed,  
In Indonesian cuisine, forever adorned.





## **Fruitful Symphony**

**Oh, the joy of tasting fruits so rare,  
Durian, rambutan, and jackfruit so fair,  
Their sweet aroma fills the air,  
A feast for senses beyond compare.**

**With each bite, a burst of flavor,  
A symphony of taste, a true savor,  
Their unique textures, a delight,  
A culinary journey, pure delight.**

**Oh, how they make us feel alive,  
These fruits, so diverse, so bright,  
A celebration of nature's might,  
A feast for the senses, a pure delight.**

**Their colors, a kaleidoscope of hues,  
A rainbow of flavors, a true muse,  
A reminder of the beauty around,  
A celebration of life, profound.**





## Market Melodies

Vendors set up shop, their wares so bright,  
Filling the air with savory delight,  
From krupuk to gado-gado, nasi goreng to bakso,  
Indonesia's culinary delights, a true sensory show.

At Muhammadiyah Purwokerto, the market thrives,  
A sea of people, a symphony of lives,  
The smell of Sate, the taste of Gudeg,  
Fills the air, a true culinary gem.

Before iftar, the market's crowded and loud,  
As people rush to buy food for their loved ones proud,  
After breaking fast, the market's bustling still,  
A time for socializing, a time to fulfill.

In Indonesia's festivals, food brings us together,  
A shared experience, a time to forever,  
Ramadan, Nyepi, and local events so dear,  
Food's role in celebration, clear and near.



## **Sizzling Satay**

**Skewers of savory goodness, grilled to perfection,  
Satay, a dish that's sure to make your sensation.  
Rich and aromatic, flavors that dance in your nose,  
A taste of Indonesia, in every delicious pose.**

**Golden brown and tender, the meat is a delight,  
With peanut sauce and spices, it's a culinary sight.  
A flavorful fusion, of East meets West with grace,  
Indonesian cuisine, a culinary embrace.**







# **SECTION 7: WEATHER AND CLIMATE**



## **Tropical Duality**

**In Indonesia, there are only two,  
Seasons that bring change, as they do.  
A surprise to me, a Moroccan true,  
To find such weather, so new.**

**The heat of day, the cool of night,  
A balance found, in this delight.  
A change from home, so far away,  
A discovery, every single day.**





## Relentless Rain

Rainy days in Indonesia, oh how they pour,  
Disrupting plans and drenching me once more.  
I had a day outdoors, but now it's time to turn,  
Back home again, soaked to the skin, oh what a burn.

The rain comes suddenly, without a care,  
Washing away my hopes and leaving me there.  
I grumble and complain, but the rain won't cease,  
A constant nuisance, a never-ending tease.

But still, I dream of sunny days ahead,  
When I can leave my coat and umbrella in bed.  
For now, I'll wait and hope for the best,  
And try to find joy in the rainy mess.



## Heatwave Chill

In Indonesia's heat, I sweat and pant,  
My skin turns brown, as if by fate.  
The sun beats down, a fiery flame,  
I crave relief, a cooling change.

Ice drinks save the day, you see,  
A refreshing treat for me and thee.  
Brown skin returns, with time, I find,  
But in this heat, I leave behind.

The humid air, it clings so tight,  
I feel like I'm in a sauna's sight.  
But with each sip of cold delight,  
I find my strength, my spirit takes flight.

So here I'll stay, in this hot land,  
Drinking ice, with a smile so grand.  
For though the heat may test my will,  
I know I'll conquer, with an icy thrill.



## Tempest's Caress

The thunder booms, the winds they howl,  
As if the heavens themselves were in a role.  
The rain pours down, a deluge so vast,  
Drowning all in its watery embrace at last.

I cower inside, my heart afar,  
For I am not used to such extreme weather.  
The thunder crashes, loud and clear,  
Filling all with dread and fear, my dear.

So I stay inside, where it's safe and warm,  
Avoiding the storm's wild form.  
For though the thunder may be grand,  
I'll wait until it passes, hand in hand.







## **SECTION 8: ACCIDENTS**



## Solace in Scars

A sudden hit, a fall so hard,  
My bike broke, my body scarred.  
In Indonesia's land of pain,  
I lay in hospital, feeling so lame.

My family far, in Morocco's land,  
I felt so alone, so lost and grand.  
My wounds heal, but memories remain,  
Of that fateful day, so full of strain.





## Friendship's Veil

Their smiles were false, their words a trap,  
To make me feel my worthlessness, to make me feel their  
gap,  
But I see through their deceitful ways,  
And know their true intentions, their hidden disgrace.

So I'll not let their words define me,  
I'll rise above their hypocrisy,  
For I know who I am, and I know what's true,  
And I'll not let their lies bring me to you.



## Whispers of a Lost Star

My cousin, so dear, so far away  
In Morocco's land, where life did lay  
His soul, so bright, so full of grace  
Now gone, in silence, in this place

I heard the news, with heavy heart  
Tears fell, like autumn's art  
I wished I could be there to mourn  
But distance kept me from his funeral's turn

Nothing can ease this sorrow's sting  
But memories of him, they do bring  
A smile to my face, a warm embrace  
In my heart, his love will always find its place

So rest in peace, my dear cousin dear  
May your soul find eternal cheer  
And though I couldn't be there to say goodbye  
You'll always be in my heart, shining bright and alive.

اقالده وانا اليه راجعون



## **Echoes of Sickness**

**Sick and alone in a foreign land,  
My body weak, my spirit grand.  
No friend to hold my hand, no family near,  
Just me, my boarding house, and tears.**

**Days pass, nights drag on,  
I struggle to eat, to shower, to moan.  
No one to help, no one to care,  
I'm left to face this trial alone.**





## Trauma on the Pitch

The pitch, where joy once resided  
Where I danced with the ball, alive  
But one swift tackle, one cruel blow  
Left my toe shattered, my heart low

The pain lingered, a constant guest  
For months, I limped, and couldn't rest  
The sound of cleats, a haunting fear  
Trauma crept in, and my heart drew near

To the memories of that fateful day  
When football's beauty turned to dismay  
Now, the pitch is a distant past  
A haunting reminder that will forever last



## Shaken Souls

The ground beneath my feet, a sudden shake  
A tremor that seized my heart, a jolt that made me ache  
I've never felt the earth convulse before  
In Morocco's calm, I knew no such roar

But here, in Indonesia's fault lines deep  
I felt the fear, the panic, the unknown creep  
My hands were trembling, my breath was short  
I was lost, alone, and utterly caught

In that moment, all I could do was scream  
As the earth beneath me seemed to scream too  
A primal sound, a desperate plea  
To stop the shaking, to set me free.



## Venom's Lament

A snake's venomous bite took my friend away,  
A life so full of joy, now but a memory to stay.  
Deep in my heart, a sorrow doth reside,  
A pain that doth not subside.

The memories of laughter and love we shared,  
Now but a distant past, so hard to bear.  
The thought of never seeing thee again,  
A grief that doth pierce my soul, like a sharp, raging wind.

In this world of sorrow, I am lost,  
A friend gone, leaving naught but cost.  
But still, I hold on to the memories we made,  
And cherish them, as a token of love, unsaid.



## Faraway Prayers: A Sibling's Hope

My brother, lost in Russia's far-off land,  
Fell victim to electricity's deadly hand.  
For three days, he lay unconscious, unable to stir,  
In a clinic bed, his fate, a sorrowful blur.

For two weeks, he lingered, unable to eat,  
His body weakened, his spirit beat.  
I, far away, could do nothing but cry,  
My heart heavy with grief, my soul feeling dry.

The distance between us, a chasm wide,  
A barrier to comfort, a sorrow to hide.  
I can only pray, and hope for the best,  
That he recovers, and his pain is blessed.

But for now, I'll hold on to memories of old,  
Of laughter and love, of a bond so bold.  
And though I'm far away, my love for him remains,  
A constant flame, that will forever remain.





## **SECTION 9: HOMESICKNESS**



## Nostalgic Bites

From the souks of Marrakech to the streets of Jakarta,  
I've savored each bite, each flavor so tart.  
But now, as I sit here far from home,  
I find myself yearning for the dishes of my own.

The aroma of chermoula, the taste of harira,  
Bring back memories of family and laughter so fair.  
In this foreign land, I miss them so dear,  
The foods of Morocco, my heart's cheer.

So here I sit, with a full heart and a smile,  
Remembering the flavors that make my soul worthwhile



## A Letter from Afar

Dear Family,  
The sunsets here are beautiful, no doubt,  
But they lack the warmth of your embrace,  
I miss the sound of your voices, so dear,  
And the comfort of home, so near.

But I know I'm here for a reason,  
To learn and grow, to discover and treasure,  
This land of Indonesia, so vast and wide,  
Has given me experiences that I'll always abide.

So though I may feel homesick and alone,  
I know I'll make it through, and make it my own,  
For I am a student from Morocco,  
Studying in Indonesia, with a heart full of glee.



## Virtual Solace

I find solace in the screen,  
Connecting with loved ones, half a world away.  
Through technology, I feel less alone,  
And my heart finds comfort in the virtual fray.

New friendships bloom, like flowers in spring,  
And I find my footing, as the days go by.  
In this foreign land, I find my way,  
And though I miss my home, I know I'll thrive.





## Cultural Cadence

The smell of couscous, the sound of drums,  
The colors of my culture's tunes.  
I miss the warmth of Sahara's breeze,  
And the laughter of my Berber ease.

But though I'm far, my heart remains,  
In Morocco's ancient, vibrant plains.  
I keep the traditions alive,  
Through food, through dance, through song and jive.

I cook the tagine, the kebabs so fine,  
And dance the raqsh, with feet divine.  
I sing the Gnawa, with voice so clear,  
And keep my culture's spirit near.





## Lonely Eid

Eid in Purwokerto, a day of joy and cheer,  
But without you, my heart does fear.  
The festive lights and laughter, they do remain,  
Yet the emptiness, it still remains the same.

The smell of baklava and the sound of prayers,  
Do fill the air, but your presence I deplore.  
The Eid moon, it shines bright and clear,  
But without you, my dear, it's not so dear.

The ocean waves and the tropical breeze,  
Do bring me peace, but my heart still freezes.  
The memories of home, they do remain,  
But without you, my love, they're in vain.





***16.580 km***

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# **SECTION 10: PERSONAL GROWTH**



## Resilient Horizons

Through trials of doubt and academic strife,  
I found my strength in resilience and life.  
With every challenge, I stood tall and brave,  
And emerged stronger, my spirit unshackled and free.

From language barriers to cultural divides,  
I learned to adapt and thrive with open eyes.  
Through sleepless nights and endless toil,  
I discovered my true potential, my spirit whole.

With each obstacle, I found a way to soar,  
And reached new heights, my spirit forever more.  
For in the face of adversity, I found my voice,  
And rose above, my spirit rejoicing.



## Echoes of Growth

In dances and rituals, I gleaned,  
Wisdom of the ages, a heritage esteemed.  
From Moroccan sands to Indonesian seas,  
A tapestry of culture, woven with ease.

Through batik patterns and gamelan's song,  
I learned where I belong.  
With open heart and mind, I grew,  
Embracing traditions, old and new.

In this exchange, I've found my place,  
A blend of worlds, a shared embrace.  
Personal growth through cultures wide,  
A journey of learning, side by side.





## Rhythms of Transformation

**My language skills have come a long way,  
As I embrace this culture night and day.  
From spicy dishes to new friends made,  
My world has expanded, my heart has played.**

**I once felt lost, but now I see,  
The path I've taken, a journey to be free.  
From the bustling streets to the peaceful sea,  
My time in Indonesia, a story to be.**

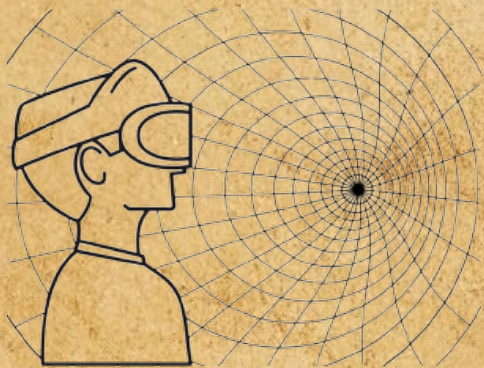




## Steps Towards the Stars

With every step I take, I strive to grow,  
And make my dreams a reality, don't you know?  
From Morocco's shores, I've come so far,  
And now I aim to reach the stars.

My heart beats fast, my spirit soars,  
As I imagine my future, and all its lores.  
I'll make my mark, and leave my trace,  
And prove that dreams can take us to a better place.



## Footsteps of Gratitude

With every step I take in this land so new,  
I find myself, my growth anew.  
Gratitude guides my path, each step a gain,  
Each challenge a lesson, never in vain.

From the rice fields to the bustling streets,  
I find my roots, my culture meets.  
The spice of life, a flavor so bright,  
Enriches my soul, a wondrous sight.

With gratitude, I trace the path I've made,  
Each step a gift, each moment played.  
Growth and learning, hand in hand they stand,  
A journey of self, a world to expand.



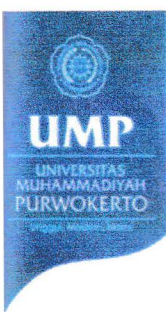


## About the Author

Aymen Mouhine, a 23-year-old Moroccan native, is currently completing his studies at Universitas Muhammadiyah Purwokerto, where he is enrolled in the Faculty of Science, Culture, and Communication (FIBK). As he embarks on his final semester, this poetry collection marks his debut as an author. Through his time living in Indonesia, Aymen has drawn deeply from his personal experiences, using poetry to document his journey across two distinct cultures—Morocco and Indonesia.

His writing explores universal themes of love, travel, homesickness, and the beauty found in everyday life, capturing the emotional nuances of living abroad. This compilation not only serves as a final graduation project but also as a reflection of Aymen's growth both academically and personally.

When not writing, Aymen enjoys engaging with new cultures, seeking inspiration from the people and landscapes around him. This book stands as a testament to his passion for both poetry and exploration, offering readers an intimate glimpse into his world.



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بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

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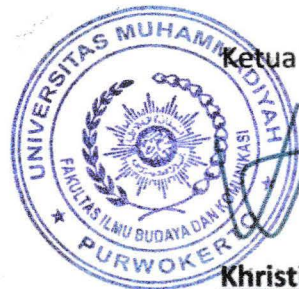
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