

Chapter V: Conclusion and Suggestion

In this Chapter, there are two parts of the result based on categories in analyzing the data; *The Place* and *The Dwellers* which supporting the analysis to have the description of the *High Place* in both works (the Surah Al A'raf and the Poem Al Aaraaf).

Conclusion

The first result of the research is coming from the first categorize which coded as *The Place*. Regarding the discussion in the previous chapter, the place or the High Place description in both works drawn differently by the content thought they were similar in context. The High Place in Poe's Poem Al Aaraaf depicted by two findings, where they have sub-coded as *the wandering star* and *the beautiful garden and its earthly flower*. Both findings that consisting of several lines from the poem have drawn the High Place in the poem as a star which is wandering the space, then appear once which finally disappear. It also the place for dweller who seeking for the beauty of a place and the truth of love that more than their native world called Earth. It supported by the presence of the beautiful garden that its beds of flowers adorn the garden through the day and night, on the ground or even in water, peaceful and happiness voice that softly departed through the air.

Regarding *The Place* categorize, the surah Al A'raf has been described the High Place as a veil. It will seem like a high hill, there is no garden or even flower and water adorn it. It will only seem like a plain where people are waiting for the next call from God for the next judgment. It placed higher enough from Hell and lower than the Garden. It also placed between Hell and Heaven, being the border for both, covered them from being visible for each other.

Furthermore, the second result was about the second category coded as *The Dweller* concerned to who and how are they, the dweller of the High Place that has supported the description of the High Place. From the previous chapter, there were several findings from both works. The first is from the Poem Al Aaraaf, the dwellers. There were four dwellers mentioned inside the poem which begun with *Nesace* as the first dweller who being loved by God and be trusted to be the lead of the High Place (the Wandering Star). The second dweller called *Ligeia* that believed as an angel of harmony, who be the key of melody that could summon up the others dweller. The third called as *Angelo* who believed as a spirit of a human from Earth. Then the fourth called as *Ianthe*, the dweller who believed as *Angelo's* mate and was happy to live in Al Aaraaf with *Angelo*.

Hence, the last finding of the second categorize was from the Surah Al A'raf. Things that reveal the presence of the dweller and how was them when living on the place (the High Place) are from the verse 46 inside the surah. The data found about the dwellers reflected them as human beings who have decided by God to stay on the place (the High Place) because of having equality or balance for their good and bad deeds. Then they were not as well as the dweller of Garden nor for the Hell. They are the man who has known or versed the companions or dweller of Garden and Hell which not only by their marks (as cited in the verse) but they have been familiar with the people before (since they were in Earth).

Despitefully, from being having a similarity in context, both showed the relation that is the background of the similarity. Poe's interest of the east and oriental things by his deeply and seriously study on second-hand material be the best reason of the presence of a relation between them. It has published in the story of composing the poem Al Aaraaf as he stated in his letters to Isaac Lea (the publisher) as cited in Mabbott.

Suggestion

Analyzing the poem Al A'raf and the surah Al Aaraaf from the holy book by using Hermeneutic approach is to reveal the image of any sense of human inside the works. It will support in built up a deep understanding of the words to create the full delineation about the High Place in both works. Then the use of approach also helps to improve the skill of interpretation things that live inside the works and waiting to be reveal by a researcher. Furthermore, as an obligation in research, it was necessary for the next researcher to go through the object (whether the poem or the surah) of this research by providing the new critical point of view to explore more about the things based on the appropriate scientific analysis and explanation process.

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The Research Data Card of the “High Place” In Surah Al A’raf and Poem Al Aaraaf

Coding	Data	Loc.		Imagery Element	Interpretation
<p>1F, 1C The Wandering Star</p>	<p><i>O! Nothing earthly save the ray (thrown back from flowers) of beauty’s eye As in those gardens where the day springs from the gems of Circassy O! nothing earthly save the thrill of melody in woodland rill</i></p> <p><i>Joy’s Voice so peacefully departed that like the murmur in the shell its echo dwelleth and will dwell</i></p> <p><i>The wandering star</i></p>	<p>L1-6</p>	<p>P1</p>	<p>1. Visual: <i>ray of beauty’s eye gardens; the gems of Circassy; Woodland rill; the Wandering Star.</i></p> <p>2. Auditory: <i>Joy’s Voice so peacefully departed; the murmur in the shell; its echo dwelleth and will dwell.</i></p> <p>3. Organic: <i>thrill of melody.</i></p>	<p>1. The first data is the words <i>ray of beauty</i>, where it is to depict a bright light which then its presence reveal the beauty of the place. Then the words <i>gardens</i> and <i>the gems of Circassy</i> are supporting the previous words to depict a picture of a place with its garden that has gems studded surround the place, add the luminosity of the place. Further, the words <i>Woodland rill</i> is to depict the presence of a forest with its small river that flows across through the forest. The last data that counted as visual imagery is the words <i>the wandering star</i>. Its presence is to end up the description which giving us the depiction of the place that all the visual data above has been placed in a moving star.</p> <p>2. The auditory elements data are also found in the poem. The first one is <i>Joy’s Voice so peacefully departed</i>,</p>

					<p>where the words <i>peacefully departed</i> are modified the <i>Joy's Voice</i> then depict a happiness condition, no sadness except the happy laugh that could be heard and felt in every corner of the place because it go along filling up every emptiness. They also supported by the next data <i>murmur in the shell and its echo dwelleth and will dwell</i> which are telling that the <i>Joy's Voice</i> is softly departed and it will and always last in the place.</p> <p>3. The words <i>the wandering star</i> is a presence to end up the depiction. The place pictured as a moving star that believed only appear once.</p>
2F, 1C The Beautiful Garden and Its Earthy Flowers	<p><i>The Sephalica, budding with young bees, And Gemmy Flower, of Trebizond misnam'd In Trebizond- and on a sunny flower Nycthanthes too, as sacred as the light And Clytia pondering between many a sun, and Valisnerian lotus, thither flown' and the Nelumbo bud that floats for ever</i></p>	<p>L48 L50 L56 L66 L68 L74 L78</p>	P1	<p>1. Visual: <i>Sephalica budding bees; gemmy flower; sunny flower; Nyctanthes as sacred as the light; Clitya, Valisnerian Lotus thither</i></p>	<p>1. This part of finding is about the list of flowers that have been catalogued by Poe which is believed that they will be winged the prayer of Nesace go up to God. The first flower Sephalica...<i>budding...bees</i> also known as Nilica, which is a plant in blossom of which the bees sleep (Seadict.com). The second data are <i>Gemmy flower</i> and <i>sunny flower</i>,</p>

				<p><i>flown; Nelumbo bud floats.</i></p>	<p>which is only giving us the glitter and bright depiction characteristic of a kind of Rhododendros flower. The third is <i>Nyctanthes as sacred as the light</i> which believed as a flower that always spread its odour after sunset. That is why the next <i>as sacred as the light</i> presence after the name because they have been defining it figuratively. The fourth data is <i>Clytia</i> which also known as sunflower (as cited in Mabbot, 1969). Then the fifth data are <i>Valisnerian Lotus is thither flown</i> and <i>Nelumbo bud floats</i> which counted into Lotus genus because of both are flowers that live in water especially river.</p>
3F, 1C <i>a Veil</i>	<p><u>Between them</u> shall be <u>a veil</u>, and on <u>the heights</u> will be men who would know everyone by his marks: ...</p> <p>When <u>their eyes shall be turned</u> towards the <u>Companions of the Fire</u>, they will say...</p> <p>The men on the heights will <u>call</u> to certain men whom they will know from their marks, ...</p>	7:46		1. Visual: <i>between them, a veil, the heights, their eyes shall be turned, companions of the fire.</i>	1. The first data <i>between them</i> refers to a space between the Hell and Heaven that be the place of the heights or the high place mentioned as <i>a veil</i> in verse 46. The word <i>a veil</i> is to depict the place characterization that is bounded both places from being visible for each other.
		7:47			
		7:48			

	<p><i>The Companions of the Fire will call to the Companions of the Garden: "Pour down to us water or anything that Allah doth provide for your sustenance...</i></p>	7:50		<p>2. Auditory: <i>call, call to, and pour down.</i></p>	<p>Then the presence of <i>their eyes shall be turned</i> and <i>companions of the fire</i> depicted the dweller's sight range of view on the companions of the fire. where it could be stated that they were staying in a high place which has long distance from the fire then would give them a wider range of view about the companions of fire. The last part show the data founded <i>call</i>, and "<i>pour down</i>" which counted in visual imagery. The word <i>call</i> visualizes the distance of Al A'raf and Heaven that distant enough which be the reason why they need to <i>call - cry out to (someone) in order to summon them or attract their attention</i> (Oxford Dictionary, 2016)- the companions.</p>
1F, 2C Nesace	<p><i>'Twas a sweet time for Nesace – for there Her world lay lolling on the golden air, To distant spheres, from time to time, she rode And late to ours, the Favor'd one of God But, now, the ruler of an anchor'd realm she throws aside the sceptre- leaves the helm She looked into infinity- and knelt</i></p>	L16 L17 L24 L25 L26 L27 L35	P1	<p>1. Visual: <i>Nesace, she rode, the ruler of an anchor'd, throw aside the scepter- leaves the helm, she knelt, she knelt</i></p>	<p>1. This part is picturing the first dweller condition named Nesace in Poe's Al Aaraaf. Nesace means as <i>a lady of an island</i> which enjoyed her best time as being alone in the place. Then the next data <i>She rode, the ruler of an anchor'd, she throws aside the scepter- leaves the helm, knelt, and</i></p>

	<i>All hurriedly she knelt upon a bed of flowers: of lilies such as rear'd the head</i>	L42 L43		<i>upon a bed of flowers:.</i> 2. Organic: <i>the Favor'd one of God.</i>	<i>knelt upon a bed of flower</i> are describe her function as long as she lives in the place and what happen next. The data told that she have been the ruler who entrusted to lead the place and wander everywhere. Where in data <i>she throws aside the scepter- leaves the helm, knelt, and knelt upon a bed of flower</i> are describe his dream about to go up to heaven where then she leave the position, go down to the garden that full of beauty flowers and starting to pray to God for her will to be there. She believes that it will winged to God by the odour of the flowers. 2. Then the organic element in this part has been seen in words <i>the Favor'd one of God</i> . It rises up a feeling of being love and special by God which then it made her be trusted to be the ruler of Al A'raf.
2F, 2C Ligeia	<i>Ligeia! Ligeia! My beautiful one! Whose harshest idea Will to melody run</i>	L100- 104	P2	1. Visual: <i>whose harshest idea, will to melody run, Ligeia! Wherever, thy</i>	1. The visual imagery shown in several data; they are <i>whose harshest idea, will to melody run, Ligeia! Wherever, thy image maybe, no magic shall sever thy music from you</i> are containing the

	<p><i>Ligeia! Wherever Thy image may be, No magic shall sever Thy music from you</i></p>	L112-115		<p><i>image maybe, no magic shall sever thy music from you.</i></p> <p>2. Auditory: <i>Ligeia! Ligeia!</i></p> <p>3. Organic: <i>my beautiful one!,</i></p>	<p>visual elements that depict the existence of Ligeia as the angel who mastering the sound of Al Aaraaf.</p> <p>2. The words <i>Ligeia! Ligeia!</i> Construe the presence of call to the angel's name that is indicated its existence.</p> <p>3. The organic imagery that live inside the words "my beautiful one!" emphasize the praise to the beautiful one. It evoke the feeling inside the heart about being loved, being known someone.</p>
3F, 2C Angelo	<p><i>A maiden-angel and her seraph lover</i></p> <p><i>He was a goodly spirit- he who fell: A wanderer by moss-y-mantled well- A gazer on the lights that shine above- A dreamer in the moonbeam by his love:</i></p> <p><i>Upon a mountain crag, Young Angelo- Here sat He with his love- his dark eye bent</i></p>	L178 L182-185 L191 L194	P2	<p>1. Visual: <i>her seraph lover, young Angelo-, here sat he with his love-.</i></p> <p>2. Organic: <i>he was a goodly spirit, a wanderer, a gazer, a dreamer</i></p>	<p>1. In this part, the analysis is about the third dweller in Poe's Al A'raf who called as Angelo. The data are coming from the visual element; <i>her seraph lover, young Angelo-, and here sat he with his love.</i> The first, <i>the seraph lover</i> depict Angelo as a lover of the maiden. He is a young spirit when he live there and it shown in the next visual data <i>young Angelo</i>, as cited in Mabbot that Angelo refers to Michaelangelo Buonarroti who become young again when he was a spirit in Al Aaraaf. Then the last one is</p>

					<p><i>he sat with his love</i> which depicts their lovely time (Angelo and his maiden) being a mate.</p> <p>2. Then the Organic imagery data are <i>he was a goodly spirit, a wanderer, a gazer, and a dreamer</i>. Then he said as a goodly spirit because of being <i>a wanderer, a gazer, and a dreamer</i>.</p>
4F, 2C <i>Ianthe</i>	<p><i>A maiden-angel and her seraph lover</i> <i>'Ianthe, dearest, see- how dim that ray!</i> <i>'Methought, my sweet one, the I ceased to soar'</i></p>	L178 L198 L237	P2	<p>1. Visual: <i>A maiden-angel and her seraph lover</i></p> <p>2. Organic: <i>Ianthe, dearest, my sweet one.</i></p>	<p>1. The visual data from this part is A maiden-angel refers to Ianthe as the fourth dweller in Poe's poem whom being Angelo's love.</p> <p>2. Then the data <i>Ianthe, Dearest.., and my sweet one</i> are counted into Organic imagery. The presence of both data is to depict the internal feeling of being loved and special for someone which attribute to her.</p>
5F, 2C <i>men</i>	<p>...and on the heights will be <i>men</i> who <i>would know everyone by his marks</i>:...</p>	7:46		<p>1. Visual: <i>men, would know everyone by his marks.</i></p>	<p>1. The visual data from the last finding of second categorize are <i>men</i> and <i>would know everyone by his marks</i> where these will show who and how are them. The word <i>men</i> refer to human being of either sex (Oxford Dictionary, 2016). Then the next data <i>would know</i></p>

					<p><i>everyone by his marks</i> is modified the <i>men</i> to show their specific characteristic. They know everyone very well because the marks that have been adhering on them and make them easily to recognize. Where the <i>men</i> also really versed them because they have known the companions very well since living in earth.</p>
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Appendix 1

AL AARAAF (Edgar Allan Poe)

PART I

O! nothing earthly save the ray
 (Thrown back from flowers) of Beauty's eye,
 As in those gardens where the day
 Springs from the gems of Circassy-
 O! nothing earthly save the thrill
 Of melody in woodland rill-
 Or (music of the passion-hearted)
 Joy's voice so peacefully departed
 That like the murmur in the shell,
 Its echo dwelleth and will dwell-
 Oh, nothing of the dross of ours-
 Yet all the beauty- all the flowers
 That list our Love, and deck our bowers-
 Adorn yon world afar, afar-
 The wandering star.

'Twas a sweet time for Nesace- for there
 Her world lay lolling on the golden air,
 Near four bright suns- a temporary rest-
 An oasis in desert of the blest.
 Away- away- 'mid seas of rays that roll
 Empyrean splendor o'er th' unchained soul-
 The soul that scarce (the billows are so dense)
 Can struggle to its destin'd eminence,-
 To distant spheres, from time to time, she rode
 And late to ours, the favor'd one of God-
 But, now, the ruler of an anchor'd realm,
 She throws aside the sceptre- leaves the helm,
 And, amid incense and high spiritual hymns,
 Laves in quadruple light her angel limbs.

Now happiest, loveliest in yon lovely Earth,
 Whence sprang the 'Idea of Beauty' into birth,
 (Falling in wreaths thro' many a startled star,
 Like woman's hair 'mid pearls, until, afar,
 It lit on hills Achaian, and there dwelt)
 She looked into Infinity- and knelt.
 Rich clouds, for canopies, about her curled-

Fit emblems of the model of her world-
 Seen but in beauty- not impeding sight
 Of other beauty glittering thro' the light-
 A wreath that twined each starry form around,
 And all the opal'd air in color bound.

All hurriedly she knelt upon a bed
 Of flowers: of lilies such as rear'd the head
 On the fair Capo Deucato, and sprang
 So eagerly around about to hang
 Upon the flying footsteps of- deep pride-
 Of her who lov'd a mortal- and so died.
 The Sephalica, budding with young bees,
 Upreared its purple stem around her knees:-
 And gemmy flower, of Trebizond misnam'd-
 Inmate of highest stars, where erst it sham'd
 All other loveliness:- its honied dew
 (The fabled nectar that the heathen knew)
 Deliriously sweet, was dropp'd from Heaven,
 And fell on gardens of the unforgiven
 In Trebizond- and on a sunny flower
 So like its own above that, to this hour,
 It still remaineth, torturing the bee
 With madness, and unwonted reverie:
 In Heaven, and all its environs, the leaf
 And blossom of the fairy plant in grief
 Disconsolate linger- grief that hangs her head,
 Repenting follies that full long have Red,
 Heaving her white breast to the balmy air,
 Like guilty beauty, chasten'd and more fair:
 Nyctanthes too, as sacred as the light
 She fears to perfume, perfuming the night:
 And Clytia, pondering between many a sun,
 While pettish tears adown her petals run:
 And that aspiring flower that sprang on Earth,
 And died, ere scarce exalted into birth,
 Bursting its odorous heart in spirit to wing
 Its way to Heaven, from garden of a king:
 And Valisnerian lotus, thither flown'
 From struggling with the waters of the Rhone:

And thy most lovely purple perfume, Zante!
 Isola d'oro!- Fior di Levante!
 And the Nelumbo bud that floats for ever
 With Indian Cupid down the holy river-
 Fair flowers, and fairy! to whose care is given
 To bear the Goddess' song, in odors, up to Heaven:

'Spirit! that dwellest where,
 In the deep sky,
 The terrible and fair,
 In beauty vie!
 Beyond the line of blue-
 The boundary of the star
 Which turneth at the view
 Of thy barrier and thy bar-
 Of the barrier overgone
 By the comets who were cast
 From their pride and from their throne
 To be drudges till the last-
 To be carriers of fire
 (The red fire of their heart)
 With speed that may not tire
 And with pain that shall not part-
 Who livest- that we know-
 In Eternity- we feel-
 But the shadow of whose brow
 What spirit shall reveal?
 Tho' the beings whom thy Nesace,
 Thy messenger hath known
 Have dream'd for thy Infinity
 A model of their own-
 Thy will is done, O God!
 The star hath ridden high
 Thro' many a tempest, but she rode
 Beneath thy burning eye;
 And here, in thought, to thee-
 In thought that can alone
 Ascend thy empire and so be
 A partner of thy throne-
 By winged Fantasy,
 My embassy is given,
 Till secrecy shall knowledge be
 In the environs of Heaven.'

She ceas'd- and buried then her burning cheek
 Abash'd, amid the lilies there, to seek
 A shelter from the fervor of His eye;
 For the stars trembled at the Deity.

She stirr'd not- breath'd not- for a voice was there
 How solemnly pervading the calm air!
 A sound of silence on the startled ear
 Which dreamy poets name 'the music of the sphere.'
 Ours is a world of words: Quiet we call
 'Silence'- which is the merest word of all.
 All Nature speaks, and ev'n ideal things
 Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings-
 But ah! not so when, thus, in realms on high
 The eternal voice of God is passing by,
 And the red winds are withering in the sky:-

'What tho 'in worlds which sightless cycles run,
 Linked to a little system, and one sun-
 Where all my love is folly and the crowd
 Still think my terrors but the thunder cloud,
 The storm, the earthquake, and the ocean-wrath-
 (Ah! will they cross me in my angrier path?)
 What tho' in worlds which own a single sun
 The sands of Time grow dimmer as they run,
 Yet thine is my resplendency, so given
 To bear my secrets thro' the upper Heaven!
 Leave tenantless thy crystal home, and fly,
 With all thy train, athwart the moony sky-
 Apart- like fire-flies in Sicilian night,
 And wing to other worlds another light!
 Divulge the secrets of thy embassy
 To the proud orbs that twinkle- and so be
 To ev'ry heart a barrier and a ban
 Lest the stars totter in the guilt of man!'

Up rose the maiden in the yellow night,
 The single-mooned eve!- on Earth we plight
 Our faith to one love- and one moon adore-
 The birth-place of young Beauty had no more.
 As sprang that yellow star from downy hours
 Up rose the maiden from her shrine of flowers,
 And bent o'er sheeny mountains and dim plain
 Her way, but left not yet her Therasaeon reign.

PART II

High on a mountain of enamell'd head-
 Such as the drowsy shepherd on his bed
 Of giant pasturage lying at his ease,
 Raising his heavy eyelid, starts and sees
 With many a mutter'd 'hope to be forgiven'
 What time the moon is quadrated in Heaven-
 Of rosy head that, towering far away
 Into the sunlit ether, caught the ray
 Of sunken suns at eve- at noon of night,
 While the moon danc'd with the fair stranger light-
 Uprear'd upon such height arose a pile
 Of gorgeous columns on th' unburthen'd air,
 Flashing from Parian marble that twin smile
 Far down upon the wave that sparkled there,
 And nursled the young mountain in its lair.
 Of molten stars their pavement, such as fall
 Thro' the ebon air, besilvering the pall
 Of their own dissolution, while they die-
 Adorning then the dwellings of the sky.
 A dome, by linked light from Heaven let down,
 Sat gently on these columns as a crown-
 A window of one circular diamond, there,
 Look'd out above into the purple air,
 And rays from God shot down that meteor chain
 And hallow'd all the beauty twice again,
 Save, when, between th' empyrean and that ring,
 Some eager spirit Flapp'd his dusky wing.
 But on the pillars Seraph eyes have seen
 The dimness of this world: that greyish green
 That Nature loves the best Beauty's grave
 Lurk'd in each cornice, round each architrave-
 And every sculptur'd cherub thereabout
 That from his marble dwelling peered out,
 Seem'd earthly in the shadow of his niche-
 Achaian statues in a world so rich!
 Friezes from Tadmor and Persepolis-
 From Balbec, and the stilly, clear abyss
 Of beautiful Gomorrah! O, the wave
 Is now upon thee- but too late to save!

Sound loves to revel in a summer night:
 Witness the murmur of the grey twilight
 That stole upon the ear, in Eyraco,
 Of many a wild star-gazer long ago-
 That stealeth ever on the ear of him
 Who, musing, gazeth on the distance dim,

And sees the darkness coming as a cloud-
 Is not its form- its voice- most palpable and loud?

But what is this?- it cometh, and it brings
 A music with it- 'tis the rush of wings-
 A pause- and then a sweeping, falling strain
 And Nesace is in her halls again.
 From the wild energy of wanton haste
 Her cheeks were flushing, and her lips apart;
 And zone that clung around her gentle waist
 Had burst beneath the heaving of her heart.
 Within the centre of that hall to breathe,
 She paused and panted, Zanthé! all beneath,
 The fairy light that kiss'd her golden hair
 And long'd to rest, yet could but sparkle there.

Young flowers were whispering in melody
 To happy flowers that night- and tree to tree;
 Fountains were gushing music as they fell
 In many a star-lit grove, or moon-lit dell;
 Yet silence came upon material things-
 Fair flowers, bright waterfalls and angel wings-
 And sound alone that from the spirit sprang
 Bore burthen to the charm the maiden sang:

"Neath the blue-bell or streamer-
 Or tufted wild spray
 That keeps, from the dreamer,
 The moonbeam away-
 Bright beings! that ponder,
 With half closing eyes,
 On the stars which your wonder
 Hath drawn from the skies,
 Till they glance thro' the shade, and
 Come down to your brow
 Like- eyes of the maiden
 Who calls on you now-
 Arise! from your dreaming
 In violet bowers,
 To duty beseeching
 These star-litten hours-
 And shake from your tresses
 Encumber'd with dew
 The breath of those kisses
 That cumber them too-
 (O! how, without you, Love!
 Could angels be blest?)
 Those kisses of true Love

That lull'd ye to rest!
 Up!- shake from your wing
 Each hindering thing:
 The dew of the night-
 It would weigh down your flight
 And true love caresses-
 O, leave them apart!
 They are light on the tresses,
 But lead on the heart.

Ligeia! Ligeia!
 My beautiful one!
 Whose harshest idea
 Will to melody run,
 O! is it thy will
 On the breezes to toss?
 Or, capriciously still,
 Like the lone Albatros,
 Incumbent on night
 (As she on the air)
 To keep watch with delight
 On the harmony there?

Ligeia! wherever
 Thy image may be,
 No magic shall sever
 Thy music from thee.
 Thou hast bound many eyes
 In a dreamy sleep-
 But the strains still arise
 Which thy vigilance keep-
 The sound of the rain,
 Which leaps down to the flower-
 And dances again
 In the rhythm of the shower-
 The murmur that springs
 From the growing of grass
 Are the music of things-
 But are modell'd, alas!-
 Away, then, my dearest,
 Oh! hie thee away
 To the springs that lie clearest
 Beneath the moon-ray-
 To lone lake that smiles,
 In its dream of deep rest,
 At the many star-isles
 That enjewel its breast-
 Where wild flowers, creeping,

Have mingled their shade,
 On its margin is sleeping
 Full many a maid-
 Some have left the cool glade, and
 Have slept with the bee-
 Arouse them, my maiden,
 On moorland and lea-
 Go! breathe on their slumber,
 All softly in ear,
 Thy musical number
 They slumbered to hear-
 For what can awaken
 An angel so soon,
 Whose sleep hath been taken
 Beneath the cold moon,
 As the spell which no slumber
 Of witchery may test,
 The rhythmical number
 Which lull'd him to rest?'

Spirits in wing, and angels to the view,
 A thousand seraphs burst th' Empyrean thro',
 Young dreams still hovering on their drowsy flight-
 Seraphs in all but 'Knowledge,' the keen light
 That fell, refracted, thro' thy bounds, afar,
 O Death! from eye of God upon that star:
 Sweet was that error- sweeter still that death-
 Sweet was that error- even with us the breath
 Of Science dims the mirror of our joy-
 To them 'twere the Simoom, and would destroy-
 For what (to them) availeth it to know
 That Truth is Falsehood- or that Bliss is Woe?
 Sweet was their death- with them to die was rife
 With the last ecstasy of satiate life-
 Beyond that death no immortality-
 But sleep that pondereth and is not 'to be!'-
 And there- oh! may my weary spirit dwell-
 Apart from Heaven's Eternity- and yet how far from
 Hell!

What guilty spirit, in what shrubbery dim,
 Heard not the stirring summons of that hymn?
 But two: they fell: for Heaven no grace imparts
 To those who hear not for their beating hearts.
 A maiden-angel and her seraph-lover-
 O! where (and ye may seek the wide skies over)
 Was Love, the blind, near sober Duty known?
 Unguided Love hath fallen- 'mid 'tears of perfect
 moan.'

He was a goodly spirit- he who fell:
 A wanderer by moss-y-mantled well-
 A gazer on the lights that shine above-
 A dreamer in the moonbeam by his love:
 What wonder? for each star is eye-like there,
 And looks so sweetly down on Beauty's hair-
 And they, and ev'ry mossy spring were holy
 To his love-haunted heart and melancholy.
 The night had found (to him a night of woe)
 Upon a mountain crag, young Angelo-
 Beetling it bends athwart the solemn sky,
 And scowls on starry worlds that down beneath it lie.
 Here sat he with his love- his dark eye bent
 With eagle gaze along the firmament:
 Now turn'd it upon her- but ever then
 It trembled to the orb of EARTH again.

'Ianthe, dearest, see- how dim that ray!
 How lovely 'tis to look so far away!
 She seem'd not thus upon that autumn eve
 I left her gorgeous halls- nor mourn'd to leave.
 That eve- that eve- I should remember well-
 The sun-ray dropp'd in Lemnos, with a spell
 On th' arabesque carving of a gilded hall
 Wherein I sate, and on the draperied wall-
 And on my eyelids- O the heavy light!
 How drowsily it weigh'd them into night!
 On flowers, before, and mist, and love they ran
 With Persian Saadi in his Gulistan:
 But O that light!- I slumber'd- Death, the while,
 Stole o'er my senses in that lovely isle
 So softly that no single silken hair
 Awoke that slept- or knew that he was there.

'The last spot of Earth's orb I trod upon
 Was a proud temple call'd the Parthenon;
 More beauty clung around her column'd wall
 Than ev'n thy glowing bosom beats withal,
 And when old Time my wing did disenthral
 Thence sprang I- as the eagle from his tower,
 And years I left behind me in an hour.
 What time upon her airy bounds I hung,
 One half the garden of her globe was flung
 Unrolling as a chart unto my view-
 Tenantless cities of the desert too!
 Ianthe, beauty crowded on me then,
 And half I wish'd to be again of men.'

'My Angelo! and why of them to be?
 A brighter dwelling-place is here for thee-
 And greener fields than in yon world above,
 And woman's loveliness- and passionate love.'

'But, list, Ianthe! when the air so soft
 Fail'd, as my pennon'd spirit leapt aloft,
 Perhaps my brain grew dizzy- but the world
 I left so late was into chaos hurl'd-
 Sprang from her station, on the winds apart.
 And roll'd, a flame, the fiery Heaven athwart.
 Methought, my sweet one, then I ceased to soar
 And fell- not swiftly as I rose before,
 But with a downward, tremulous motion thro'
 Light, brazen rays, this golden star unto!
 Nor long the measure of my falling hours,
 For nearest of all stars was thine to ours-
 Dread star! that came, amid a night of mirth,
 A red Daedalion on the timid Earth.'

'We came- and to thy Earth- but not to us
 Be given our lady's bidding to discuss:
 We came, my love; around, above, below,
 Gay fire-fly of the night we come and go,
 Nor ask a reason save the angel-nod
 She grants to us, as granted by her God-
 But, Angelo, than thine grey Time unfurl'd
 Never his fairy wing O'er fairier world!
 Dim was its little disk, and angel eyes
 Alone could see the phantom in the skies,
 When first Al Aaraaf knew her course to be
 Headlong thitherward o'er the starry sea-
 But when its glory swell'd upon the sky,
 As glowing Beauty's bust beneath man's eye,
 We paused before the heritage of men,
 And thy star trembled- as doth Beauty then!'

Thus, in discourse, the lovers whiled away
 The night that waned and waned and brought no day.
 They fell: for Heaven to them no hope imparts
 Who hear not for the beating of their hearts.

Appendix 2

7. QS. Al A'raf (The Heights)

English Translation by Abdullah Yusuf Ali

وَبَيْنَهُمَا حِجَابٌ ۚ وَعَلَى الْأَعْرَافِ رِجَالٌ يَعْرِفُونَ كُلًّا بِسِيمَاهُمْ ۚ وَنَادُوا
أَصْحَابَ الْجَنَّةِ أَنْ سَلَامٌ عَلَيْكُمْ ۚ لَمْ يَدْخُلُوهَا وَهُمْ يَطْمَعُونَ

Between them shall be a veil, and on the heights will be men who would know every one by his marks: they will call out to the Companions of the Garden, "peace on you": they will not have entered, but they will have an assurance [thereof]. (7:46)

وَإِذَا صُرِفَتْ أَبْصَارُهُمْ تِلْقَاءَ أَصْحَابِ النَّارِ قَالُوا رَبَّنَا لَا تَجْعَلْنَا مَعَ الْقَوْمِ
الظَّالِمِينَ

When their eyes shall be turned towards the Companions of the Fire, they will say: "Our Lord! send us not to the company of the wrong-doers." (7:47)

وَنَادَى أَصْحَابُ الْأَعْرَافِ رِجَالًا يَعْرِفُونَهُمْ بِسِيمَاهُمْ قَالُوا مَا أَغْنَىٰ عَنْكُمْ
جَمْعُكُمْ وَمَا كُنْتُمْ تَسْتَكْبِرُونَ

The men on the heights will call to certain men whom they will know from their marks, saying: "Of what profit to you were your hoards and your arrogant ways? (7:48)

أَهْوَاءِ الَّذِينَ أَقْسَمْتُمْ لَا يَنَالُهُمُ اللَّهُ بِرَحْمَةٍ ۚ ادْخُلُوا الْجَنَّةَ لَا خَوْفٌ عَلَيْكُمْ وَلَا
 أَنْتُمْ تَحْزَنُونَ

*"Behold! are these not the men whom you swore that Allah with His Mercy would never
 bless? Enter ye the Garden: no fear shall be on you, nor shall ye grieve." (7:49)*

وَنَادَىٰ أَصْحَابُ النَّارِ أَصْحَابَ الْجَنَّةِ أَنْ أَفِيضُوا عَلَيْنَا مِنَ الْمَاءِ أَوْ مِمَّا
 رَزَقَكُمْ اللَّهُ ۚ قَالُوا إِنَّ اللَّهَ حَرَّمَهُمَا عَلَى الْكَافِرِينَ

*The Companions of the Fire will call to the Companions of the Garden: "Pour down to us
 water or anything that Allah doth provide for your sustenance." They will say: "Both these
 things hath Allah forbidden to those who rejected Him." (7:50)*

Curriculum Vitae

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Carrier Experiences

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Seminars and Workshops

- Participant of Linguistics and Language Training Seminar (2012)
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