



*Notes After
Teravivh*

ZIKS

orbit #002

Notes After Terawih
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Notes After Terawih

Ziks

A note

“Taraweeh” (Arabic) or “terawih” (Malay) is a kind of ritual prayer only done at night and only in Ramadhan. That’s what makes it special, only in Ramadhan.

There’s a lot of physical movement in prayer—going up, bending down, going to the floor and stuff like that. Different sitting positions too. After a day of work and fasting, it might be a little tiring for some people. But I feel like terawih is a celebration of Ramadhan. I’ve heard my uncle refer to it as “sembahyang happy”, happy prayer. “Taraweeh” actually means rest. The prayer is done in short intervals with rests in between. Many people do it in congregation, at the mosque or at the void deck, mostly at a mosque I think, so it’s quite communal too. Prayer can be quite communal, as much as it’s personal and individual. Congregations are encouraged—in prayer, in eating, in reading, in a lot of things. But there’s always that personal dimension too.

I never really go terawih consistently. But one year, I decided to try. And the next, and the next. And I actually took notes.



INSECURE

BUSY LADY

BOTTOM SOBS

TEA PARTY

GIVING
BROUCH

SOMBRE
N
LOW

TWO
AWKWARD
GIRLS

MAMMAL
RED RIDING
HOOD

BIBIK
KO

AUNT'S BUBUR

ALMOND
EYES

MIZZLING
NOSES

TALKATIVE
BIBIK

KAWAN AMMI

orang
blekang
minum?
susah.

SYMPHONY OF SOBS

THE
LAST TEN
DAYS

STILLNESS

TELEKUNG
PRINTS

CRAMPS
N
CUMSTERS

PJD

IMAM JEPEK

EXTREME
HUNCHBACK!

BOY LEARNS
TO WALK

SONGKOK

5 MONTHS 7

SLEAZY FIREMAN

SHUFFLE
N
SHOULDER

FAT LADY

LEG PAIN
EYE STY

EXCHANGE
PROGRAMME

fervent
SUPPLICATING
LADY

KNEES HURT

NAVIGATORS

DI NAK
APE NI?

~ Goodbye, ~
Goodbye, oh
Ramadhan
~ ♪

I was feeling insecure about my scarf. It kept moving in a way that made my neck feel uncovered, so I turned to my right to ask for a brooch. The nenek beside me couldn't hear well and drew closer to hear better. Except not only that, she leaned in and put her arm around me. It was the kind of comfort only neneks can give. She also gave me her brooch to keep.

One night, I saw what was probably the most vibrant and eye-catching telekung I had ever seen. A lot of telekungs are coloured now, but this one was just exceptional. Not only was it lime green, it was printed all over. Printed and lime green. Beside the Girl in Green was a girl in white, holding a bottle of water.

The Girl in White turned to the Girl in Green and said, “Don't worry, we share.”

When a lady was bending over to pick something up, the Girl in White threw herself onto the lady's back. The lady got up; the Girl slid off and went to hug the lady.

“You are the best mummy in the world.”

My father was walking down the road to get to the car. The street lamps in the background made him more of a silhouette than a real person. Even in the shadows, he was quite a formidable figure in his jubah. His strides were long? large? and his big tummy filled his jubah enough for its shape to be seen. When he talks about men with big bellies, he likes to say, “Perut jalan dulu”. Their bellies are so big, the bellies “walk first”. Well, his perut also jalan dulu. My father has never failed to return to this place since he first started coming. That’s longer than I’ve been alive. And that means this place has seen him go from skinny and single to bulat and bapak-bapak.

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a tiny space by fifi coo & family
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