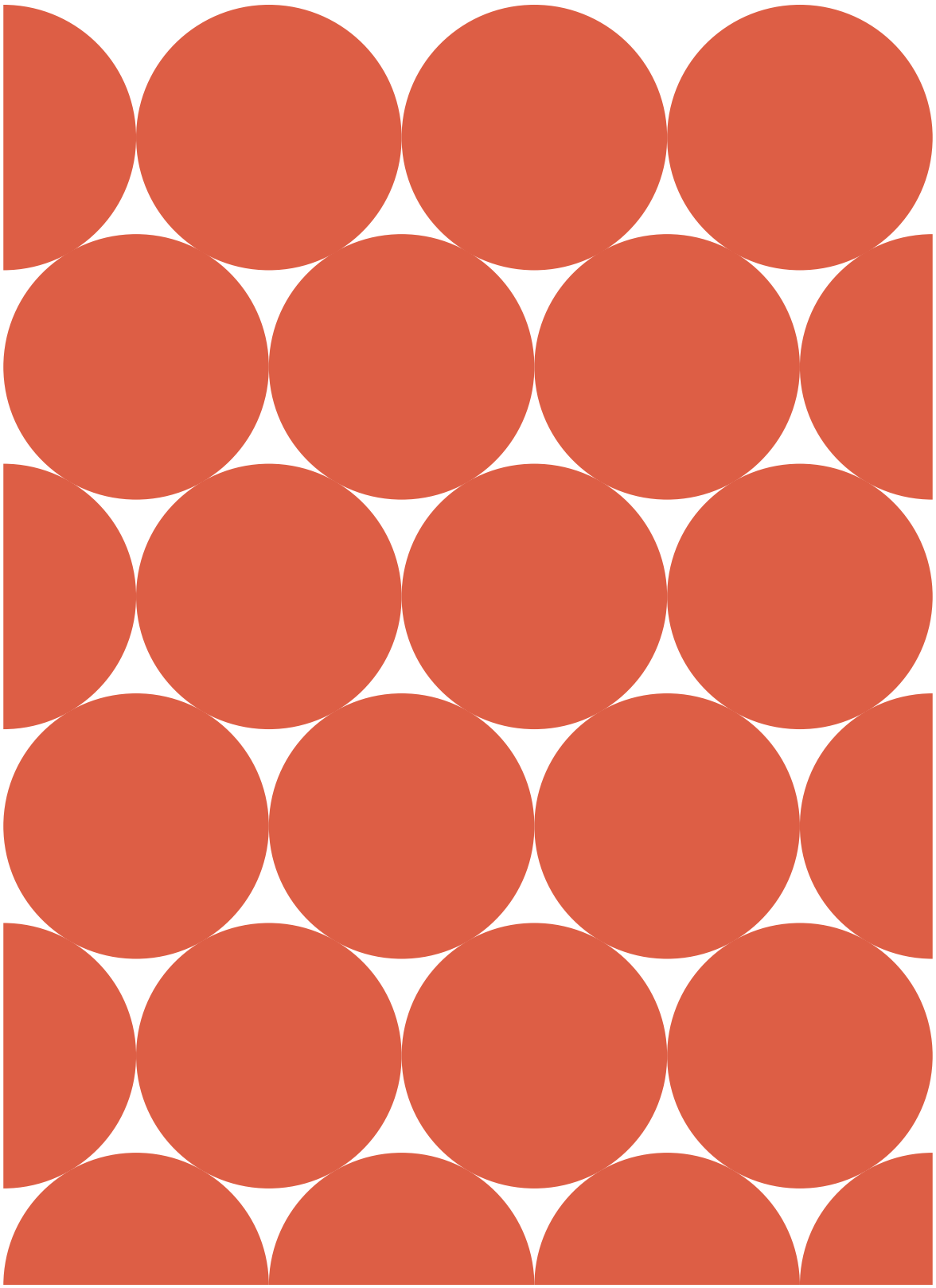
18 third anniversary issue



construct

18



Poems and prose are written by Future Collective

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Designed in Jakarta

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Masthead photo:
Le Corbusier, Percy Scholefield, Charlotte Perriand, George D. Bourgeois, and Jean Fouquet
1927 by Pierre Jeanneret.

CONSTRUCT 2018
The views expressed in CONSTRUCT are shared by the publication as a whole.

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editor's note



House of Friendship by Hans Poelzig, 1916

Years passed by and our words end in us.

This oral city, full of crowns and empty houses.

Don't waste your sympathy on us. The sky is already packed with it, birds that screech of all the terrible things that might happen. And behind them, timeless bells transforming to the metal stains of what has already happened. And behind all of that is the image of our children, tracing out the fixed raptures of what ought never to have happened.

Should we even bother with optimism, at all? We don't have a choice. We can't afford to give up the dream, but we will also be woefully unprepared if we don't face and examine the nightmare, even acknowledge the ways in which the threat of oblivion spurs us forth to create something better. Our fear and hatred are still justified.

Can words ever be physical? Perhaps.

Can our poetry ever be our only important gesture? Sure.

The matter of writing is ultimately capable of bringing abstraction, and even the integral repetition of language itself, to its end, to its silencing. But we could expel abstraction from the contemporary world, and focus instead on the immediately gestural and physical.

But how physical can poetry be?

Where Rimbaud wishes to liberate himself from the "laws, moralities and customs" of the bourgeois civil order, Nechayev refuses the ecstasy of that liberation and bolts himself to the cruel center of that same order. In seeking to express the absolute negation of everyday physical reality, Nechayev becomes the personification of its basic banality and brutality.

It is an understanding of the possibilities of poetry beyond words that sounds almost hopelessly utopian now. The writings of Jean Genet and the Situationists, for example, even given the pitches of rage and icy violence each of them reached, are soaked in revolutionary optimism. Victory, as far as all of these writers were concerned, was inevitable.

So here's a little bit of advice:

1. Don't take your children to rallies, art fairs, museums, or the countryside, to see the beautiful nature and whatnot.

2. Don't teach them any local hymns, or tell them stuff about clean water.

3. No. No. No.

4. Make them stand in the rain.

5. Talk to them about torture, talk to them in cries and groans.

6. Walk with them for days across the starkest of plains. Let them see the working conditions of people in their darkest hours. Then they will know how pointless it is to listen to those who would praise the color of the sky.

7. They will want to go to dirty places around the suburbs of Jakarta. There, they will stare at you and you will fall to the ground, as horrified as anyone who has ever really listened to a bird's song.

8. Do not befriend them. Stop wasting your time. They will not talk like your Instagram buddies, and they will not laugh at your memes. They will build many barricades, and will not walk around carrying hashtags. Instead, they will bring one stratagem after another.

9. They will make huge additions to your memory.

10. Then they will again tell words—small stories—about the knowledge of those who know they have nothing.

contents

CONSTRUCT

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today's skin
for yesterday's ceremony



untitled, tomasz kowalski, 2015

I was in a supermarket
and I saw
fragments of Yesterday
approaching as Today.

it walks towards me, crippling
with a movement that no one had
ever seen before
and with an unfamiliar smell

mirrors and monoliths stand firm
I gazed at them
and I saw a person
with open wounds
and microchip flesh

from the loudspeakers
carnivals of terror and shout:

"Here comes Today!
It's all new. Long live Today!
Be Today like us!"

Welcome.
Today's skin
for Yesterday's ceremony.

to victory

You pulled the handbrake
On history lessons never learned,
Caked blood cocktails, power apes
With logo trips, honest loners on
tear-singed quests, anxious exhaust pipes,
Trees weary of their roots, starsouls
Soiled by earthly, um, w-worries,
Thanatos and corrupt parliamentarians,
Mondays, drones of "did you get laid?
" then retired.

The clock leaped before midnight.

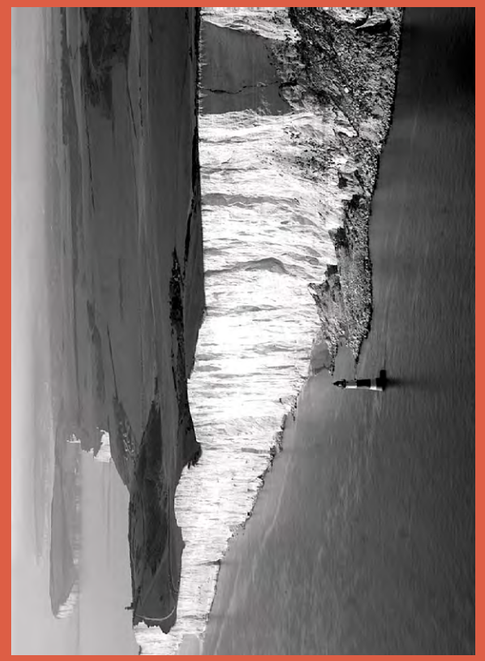
Moments before,
I was sitting in the back when
Our road meandered to the left
, away from Beachy Head and the sea,
The bar at the end of the universe, and
A thousand nail-bled palms.

Does this taste like music to you?

The car you pulled the handbrake on
Somersaulted past the carious wave
Of babies: drooling, they are programmed
By the Gentlemen of High Carnage
To be useful, hurt others,
Procreate.

No midnight, no chime.

We landed in a field of plenty
But my head cleared in the roaring
Grass and I realized with the same
Coursing ice as the cornered insurgent
That you are still in the garage
Warming up the car, and our roads
All end at the cliff.



beachy head, east sussex, 2011



untitled, tomasz kowalski, 2015

new meat

(for mark fisher)

to be the agents of change
to take control of your own life
to broadcast the news
and take over the frequency
to fly above the airwaves
and disrupt the transmission
to scream at the top of your lungs
while spectators echoing
the same message as yours
to steal the spotlight
to create and destroy your own creature

is to realize
that you're just the new meat
on which the system could feed

reflections of delayed hope

I have reached the end of my tongue
and it is my time to fall
into silence
but these are not quiet times
and I find myself carried by a steady current of noise
along with the debris of dead conversations
I hold on to past opinions to stay afloat
Language, language, why have you forsaken me?
What is there left to say that hasn't already been said?

Love is a strong word, but centuries' worth of poems and songs have turned it into mush. Hate is also a strong word, but impatience and violence have resulted in intellectual indolence. There is a thin line between the two, but you already know that. So why bring it up? Because I am angry. I am angry at the fact that anger unites us. I am angry because anger works. We are here because we are angry. We write in the syntax of anger. We are more than angry. We are furious. We are livid. We are turning into rage.

Language, language, why have you forsaken me?
The condition we live in has forced us into
an undying state of speechlessness masquerading as speech

A group of people have decided to band together in hopes that words will help them to make sense of this mess. Blank pages get filled. Propositions get accepted and challenged. Verbal tics are shared and internalized. Problems are discussed with or without the promise of solutions. They speak. They write. They cling to language.

Discontent breeds hopelessness and hopelessness shits
fake silence but to say that discontent cannot be articulated
is bullshit and bullshit is not the excess of language because
bullshit is exaggerated speechlessness that refuses
to acknowledge itself as such.
Language, language, have I forsaken you?
The tip of my tongue is surely not the end
of you.

The future cannot describe itself. What is there left to say that hasn't already been said? Everything we have yet to envision.

a plantation in the sky

The roses of the nebulae. Have you seen them in full bloom? They subsume, they shatter. The ruby buds throw ropes over our inmost walls, and our consciousness, ever the servile, climbs rabid over the parapets to eat the paradise beyond. It's a mind-flaying sight if there ever was one, but don't envy me—it is a false privilege, Sister; it is a ruse. I write this partly out of frustration. Here in space we suffer from within and without, with no solid ground for our knees to drop to. When we die our corpses are ejected and our soul atoms are left to find their own paths to the stars. What bastard said that space would be an escape from the chains of oppression? They only flew the chains out of the atmosphere, and now we find ourselves marooned on much smaller, hell of a lot deadlier Earths.

Some actually find solace in the roses of the nebulae. To them I say: "Fuck the roses. When's the next mutiny?" Soon.

With love.

●

The last roses I loved were the ones behind our baker's windowsill—that pighead. I remember your kid voice protesting: "He gave me a moldy loaf!". Damn. They were sure as hell prettier than the uniformed brutes defacing/defecating our streets, dousing our smiles; the ones we finally killed. Roses = a brief pop-up of color in a monochromic simulation. I look back and see those flowers as more of a code, an encryption, which when unlocked tells a story about the deceased glories of childhood: nothing in life blooms forever, but death is forever free from wilt.

You think the nebulae are gloriously irrelevant, but you should know that it's okay to see past surface beauty and look to the cosmos for a glimpse of the future we're fighting for—a future in bloom, in memoriam wilted pasts. I want to see nebula roses one day, but right now, honestly, I would kill to touch the baker's roses again with my eyes.

Searching the stars for you.

●

I hated those roses, probably more than I hated that fat baker. What use is glass-caged beauty when the man behind the counter is a dick? You see the roses, happy, but then behind them you see the fucking twat selling moldy bread, sad. I used to think all you did was soak in those flowers while I fought for our bread. I remember I thought your head was lost in the clouds, but when I came home beat to a pulp you ran outside, came back with a rose, gave it to me, ran outside again then beat the living shit out of the third graders. Best thing a sister could do. I cherish you for it. Was it the baker's rose that you gave me?

On nebulae and beauty: life in space isn't remotely as romantic or hopeful as the Poets Planetside make of it. This whole cosmic settler rush appeals to their warped algorithm. Fucking apologetic armchair colonialists the lot of them, and their poetry sucks. But none of us should pretend to be surprised: in them we have no future, never had any. As Strauss of Mars wrote: "They have inhaled too deeply the cankerous fog, that sheen of superficiality, what they themselves conjured. They pretend to pretend to *pretend* to tango among the stars, but forget or are unable to comprehend the simple, naked reality that their beats stomp on our alienated heads. When the heavens are ours there will be a reckoning planetside."

To me the Poets Planetside herald the true beginning of the end, or perhaps the first flicker of its dawn: the long-overdue imperative. We must implode-explode the neo-Gold, Glory, Gospel narratives of spacefaring and bury them beneath Ground Zero: space for the Spacers. The Poets can keep their feel-good planetside viewfinders—we'll brew our own molten poetry and pour it down over the heavens. Soon.
Thinking of you and Earth, in that order.

●

The happiest people in history are the cult of the pioneers: the first people to tame fire, fly above the clouds, dive with the whales, try their own lab-made drug, cuss to their kings, spit on the street, smash a clock. The first ever to float in space, then swim, then roam, then shit in it. They are the ones who actually made a mark. Everyone who comes after turns out a little more diluted than those before, because they patch themselves onto an already over-patched fabric of social memory—a recognition pattern. Before you know it we have entered the Belly of the Banal. The Poets Planetside live, lie, cheat, and steal from inside that belly. They add nothing new to the world, but they unwittingly fan the flames of its demise. In this and this alone are they brethren. Disregard them—don't fret, don't stoop. Focus.

It's painful to look at the heavens from here on Earth and see the stretch marks, the criss-crossing comet tails of structure and despair that plague every ship. Whenever humans enter uncharted territory the local fabric of space-time sews onto itself a new motif in respect to the struggle. Slaves work on the engines and the Housekeeping kids drink until their eyes bleed—but I know you are not alone in space. I know the stars honor you in their solitude. I put my faith in human struggle but I need my gods because my own brother might die any day.
Will the stars take part in the fighting to come?

●

The Other Side of poetry is Spaceside Poetry, spacer-*made*. If any planetside survivors ask, tell them to start with the ashen tongues of engine room Mechanics and go from there: their

grimy idioms—engrained with soot, lichened with sweat—rock and rumble through this metal carapace until they will one day puncture a breach through the bridge and send the Captain reeling from the blast. The Mechanics have their own aesthetics, poetics, and politics, one grounded in an Olympian battle between inherited loss and endless celebration of the Everyday Sacred. They revel in synthetic ale and knife-carved engine room graffiti. With every jump to light speed you can hear their stanzas, audible and angelical above the ship's bang. Not only are they the historical successors to the slave-builders of the Pantheon, they *know* it to be true. That is why they have all become Spartacus.

The war cries are swelling. Siti from Housekeeping had a breakdown yesterday at the canteen. She'd lost her uncle planetside on Levo. He was a company mechanic, injured last week in the middle of fixing a freighter's faulty thorium reactor; some kind of freak explosion. An accident, but a fucking explosion under their watch all the same, and the company couldn't care less. It was a slow death. He lost three fingers, limped to Levo Legal Aid to help him calculate how much each of his fucking fingers was worth in damages, but finally gave in to acute radiation poisoning. The news only reported a freighter exploding from a faulty circuit.

We are arrows walking down the drawn bowstring of history counting down our anguish to the snap. Tomorrow the offensive begins. It will be a triple-pronged attack: the Mechanics will sweep the Engine Room and render the ship temporarily disabled. Our cells embedded in Comms will jam all outgoing transmissions and arrest the airwaves (the first Spacer radio announcement will be "Bosses Hang, Pt. I"). Siti's Housekeeping corps will wreak havoc in the living quarters with guns smuggled from Security. I'll lead the Kitchen, kill the officers.

Sometimes I think you look to the stars *too* much. Are they the ghosts of your deceased roses? No, in this you are wrong: the stars will not take sides. No matter who loses, they win, because stars don't shed blood for human screams. We're on our own. We will approach the future as Kanno Sugako approached the gallows: "I know that the cliff drops one thousand fathoms, yet I rush down the path without turning back."

●

I blanked out for about a minute there. Don't know what else to say except: This is it. You and the other Spacers will actually do it. You'll join the cult of the pioneers and be the first to achieve interstellar insurrection. Above all, you'll be the first to forge a blueprint for a new society among the stars. We've rehearsed this—you can't afford for *any* screwup. When the dust settles, send me a full status report of everyone and everything that made it and we'll run simulations for your survival and autarky, and our retrieval. Remember what Mom said: this is what you were born to do. All the training, all the blood—this is *it*. You are the banner-bearers of L'Ouverture and the progeny of the Communards, but this time you won't just murder time but cremate and bury it spaceside, making it all *last*. Clench the virus with your molars—the plan will buoy itself. Our cries bleed with you.

P.S. I know you've never bothered to ask (I don't blame you) but things planetside are okay or maybe fucked up I can't tell anymore.

1. Last night they murdered the squatters across our flat. Lukas had just returned from a night run but got sloppy. The devils followed him back to base and found his cache. He had no chance. They left his right ear in a box.

2. The last surviving polar bear died in a lab last week in Berlin, spectral and warped. The Poets Planetside made an armchair fuss and life went on.

3. Best for last: they put a price on Mom's head for hacking the global bank (Mom you made it, I know). Her cell needed the money to buy munition parts in bulk. Don't know what for yet but by the time I write again I'll probably already be involved. She sent word that she's lying low in the mountain safe house; at least she's safe. The cause is well alive here but the planet's decaying a lot faster than we thought (and I'm not talking about the Poets).

Can't wait to see you again. Aim true.

●

I tried to maintain radio silence. I understand the urgency but it's been three days. I don't know if you made it. I don't know if your ship is hanging the flag of the Spacers or your severed head on its flagpole. I feel the universe is closing in on us. Mom's dead. The mountain safe house is lost. Someone sang now we're fucked. I'm on the run but they're on to me. I killed twenty of them. If you're alive survive. If not tell the nearest star to nova and in a thousand years the Earth will salute you if it's still there. I don't know if there'll be anyone left here for you to retrieve. I am bereft of both meaning and syntax. Will always be your Sis. See you on the other side.

●

I'm alive but in a few minutes I won't be. This^4910cercifucatcleqlwill be my final message. The battle was hard-fought but we won. Long story short we tore the ship ^731ipwide^lertapart. Power died and it's been a planetesqueguerillabattleeversince.Everything's dark until youSta1f1:a0ec1adcastglimpse the spark of blaster fire or the glint of cold steel. Just a split-second reprieve. The last light you will ever see before the world blackens for18RF(kgf42#f#h%34ever.

That isn't why I'm going to die. We captured the bridge yesterday but the Captain blew himself up with a gre(*,96693349973@)nade and somehow set the ship on full speed to the nearest star. We can't correct. You got what you 0394yh...e.e.wished for. Like I said, we won, but we only had a day to relish and now that day is setting. We were so busy fighting for our lives that nobody notic726F636B65ed the fucking *ship*.

I'm sitting in the Captain's chair. His body's everywhere. The star ahead is brighter than any^^Fire @3DC39thing I've ever seen. We've named it Senerchia, for Spartacus. We wrote about whether or not the _clockwise_biasstars will take sides. I know now that there's more than just win^000992grndlsning/losing. The stars and nebula roses aren't here to take sides, they're here to ^19201facltebteach us about ourselves. What use is ld_point2d*vertexvictory if you only have a day to treasure it before the world ends? I'm going to meYt-c469d02l;12et Mom now. I hope you

on being a woman

Womanhood:

A woman is (not) a woman
she is never herself
she is known as:
someone's daughter,
someone's wife,
someone's mother,
When the Earth's atmosphere caressed us for the first time, we were someone's babies,
our parents' babies,
Growing up, people put a stamp on our forehead as our parents' daughters,
"Delicate jewelry", they say
The one who must be protected at all times,
Daughters are the ones who cannot be a disgrace to their family because it would embed humiliation.

Being a woman is:
Being a wife
and/or
Being a mother
We are expected to transform sperms into little humans
"YOU ARE GLOWING", they say
Despite it happens when you feel most alienated with your own body,
You share the only safe house (that you foolishly thought was yours and only yours)
Deep down, you know that your body is never your own
"It's a sacrifice, do not be selfish!"
EAT, EAT, EAT, GIVE YOUR BABIES MILK! PUT YOUR MAKE UP ON! DO THE LAUNDRY! COOK! CLEAN UP YOUR HOUSE!

II

“IT’S A NEW ERA! GIRLS CAN!”

A: “You see, many feminists have blossomed, AT LAST!
What is it with you and your feminism? We have finally reached equality, do not spoil it, okay?”

“You know what you should do? ***LEAN IN***, just like the slogan popularized by THE icon of liberal feminist of the 21st century, Sheryl Sandberg.
LEAN IN, to achieve the highest position in a company.
“WE CAN!”

“Oh! I almost forget one crucial term, **“GIRLBOSS”:** this Naughty Gal CEO who glorified the “term” and has inspired many women to become CEO, CFO, COO, C-I don’t-know-what-else.”

“GIRLSSUPPORTGIRLS”
Amazing things will happen when girls support girls, they say
Well, which type of “girls” do they support? From which groups?
The ones who exploit the voiceless? The ones who continue on muffling the roaring sound of anger and pain? The ones who ravaged The Earth?

By the end of the day, we know that the circle of suffering does not end because the hype of #GIRLBOSS #GIRLSSUPPORTGIRLS #LEANIN

III

The Road to Revolution:
A long, slippery, and steep road to revolution
It is not a roller-coaster:
If you were on a roller coaster ride, you could foresee and expect where the cart would take you
This is not a walk in the park, I repeat, this is not a walk in the park.

The revolution starts with the women who:
Stomp their feet on the hollowed soil,
See land not as land,
Identify The Earth as a being that has a soul to flourish,
Root to the ground and their surroundings,
Seek to restore their forgotten memories,
Dare to become the *witches* to heal other living beings,
Clamor from the cramped and suffocating room,
Cross the flood with hands on their ballooned bellies and smeared with blood,
Clenched their fists and punch the seen and the unseen,

O Sisters,
How we have obliterated your existence
We live in an entirely different space
We are still astonished by the shiny shiny illusion that comes from the end of the tunnel
O Sisters,
Let us hear your divine chants of life and death
Let us swim in your hymns
To awaken the dormant *volcanoes* within us

Somewhere in the northern part of Kyushu, Japan, stands a resort abandoned by profit.

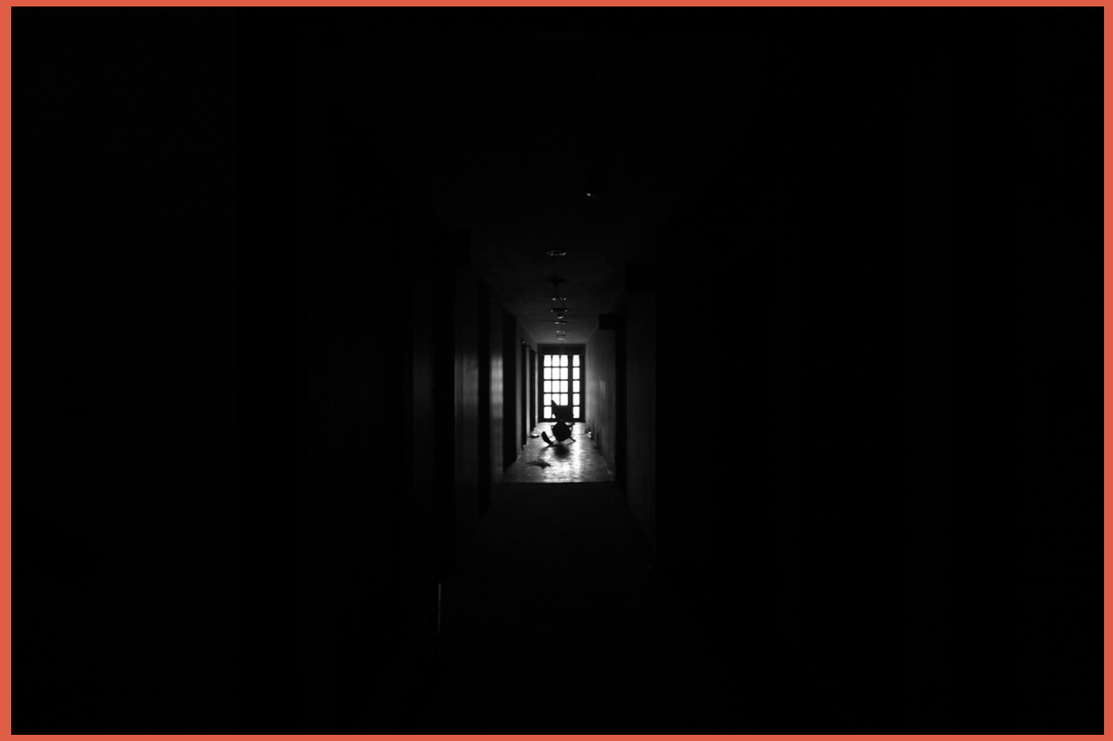
Desolate (2012)



These wooden beams had a bird's-eye view of the beginning of desolation.



Everything was scattered - like history that had splintered into untold stories.



There was light at the end of the tunnel, even if there was no tunnel.



“The middle of nowhere” is still a reference point. Start somewhere, if not here. Now.



linen and coat

You wake up embodied in the consciousness of a tailor in a coat factory.

>look around

You are in a large warehouse of some sort. It is almost pitch black. You are sitting at a table, on top of which is a sewing machine and a reading lamp. Above you to your right is a chute protuding from the ceiling that empties out into a large metal container; bundles of linen steadily fall into the container's embrace. To your left is the distant silhouette of another worker stooping at a sewing machine, accompanied by the dim glow of a reading lamp.

Floodlights suddenly blind you. You reflexively shield your eyes and determine the source of the intrusion: it is a large metal balcony above and in front of you, crowned with the ominous figure of a tall man leaning on the railing.

The man shouts at you, waving his arms: "What the fuck do you think you're doing, standing there looking around? Are you dumb? Get the fuck back to work and make me some coats!"

>give the man a fuck you and say fuck you then give the man two fuck yous and say fuck you again

The floodlights turn red. The hair-tearing wail of factory klaxons punctures the gloom like so many horns of war announcing the beginning of an assault. The Balcony Man recedes into a door behind him, reappearing moments later as five men who rappel down from the railing onto the warehouse floor. The men approach you. As the fog of war around them dissipates, you notice that they all carry mysterious instruments in the form of a hybrid between rifle and hose.

The man in the middle strides forward ahead of the others and aims the strange implement straight at your face.

"You're fired, punk," he says, who turns out to be the Balcony Man. His flamethrower ignites and engulfs you in searing fire. You writhe on the ground as your screams corrupt into gurgles and your breath blasphemes into smoke. Your final gaze, the outro before the fade-out, is of your fellow worker stooping at a sewing machine.

GAME OVER

You wake up embodied in the consciousness of a tailor in a linen factory.

>grab 20 yards of linen from container then use sewing machine

Floodlights suddenly blind you. You reflexively shield your eyes and determine the source of the intrusion: it is a large metal balcony above and in front of you, crowned with the ominous figure of a tall man leaning on the railing.

The man shouts at you, waving his arms: “Hey punk, are you being deliberately slow or what? You better pick up some fucking speed!”

>use sewing machine but even slower than before

The floodlights turn red. The hair-tearing wail of factory klaxons punctures the gloom like so many horns of war announcing the beginning of an assault. The Balcony Man recedes into a door behind him, reappearing moments later as five men who rappel down from the railing onto the warehouse floor. The men approach you. As the fog of war around them dissipates, you notice that they all carry mysterious instruments in the form of a hybrid between rifle and hose.

The one in the middle strides forward ahead of the others and aims the strange implement straight at your face.

“You’re fired, punk,” says the man, who turns out to be the Balcony Man. His flamethrower ignites and engulfs you in searing fire. You writhe on the ground as your screams corrupt into gurgles and your breath blasphemes into smoke. Your final gaze, the outro before the fade-out, is of your fellow worker stooping at a sewing machine.

GAME OVER

You wake up embodied in the consciousness of a tailor in a linen factory.

>grab 20 yards of linen from container then use sewing machine but put some effort and speed into it

Floodlights suddenly blind you. You reflexively shield your eyes and determine the source of the intrusion: it is a large metal balcony above and in front of you, crowned with the ominous figure of a tall man leaning on the railing.

The man shouts at you, waving his arms: “Hey idiot, got some news for you. Management saved up dough for automated sewing machines and they’re putting them in place tonight. Get outta here and don’t come back.”

>continue sewing

The floodlights turn red. The hair-tearing wail of factory klaxons punctures the gloom like so many horns of war announcing the beginning of an assault. The Balcony Man recedes into a door behind him, reappearing moments later as five men who rappel down from the railing onto the warehouse floor. The men approach you. As the fog of war around them dissipates, you notice that they all carry mysterious instruments in the form of a hybrid between rifle and hose.

The one in the middle strides forward ahead of the others and aims the strange implement straight at your face.

“You’re fired, punk,” says the man, who turns out to be the Balcony Man. His flamethrower ignites and engulfs you in searing fire. You writhe on the ground as your screams corrupt into gurgles and your breath blasphemes into smoke. Your final gaze, the outro before the fade-out, is of your fellow worker stooping at a sewing machine.

GAME OVER

You wake up embodied in the consciousness of a tailor in a coat factory.

>call out to worker on your left

The worker stops sewing and gives you a long, hard stare, then says in a woman's voice: "You should learn to accept your fate. Then learn to embrace it. Big Boss Man will fire you if you don't do as he says."

>even if we do as he says he'll still fire us

Floodlights suddenly blind you. You ignore the fucking lights and the derogatory threats made by the ominous figure of a tall man leaning on the railing.

>big boss man ain't so big he's just tall that's all let's get out of here

The floodlights turn red. The hair-tearing wail of factory klaxons punctures the gloom like so many horns of war announcing the beginning of an assault. The Balcony Man recedes into a door behind him, reappearing moments later as five men who rappel down from the railing onto the warehouse floor. The men start to approach you, then turn and approach the woman to your left. As the fog of war around them dissipates, you notice that they all carry mysterious instruments in the form of a hybrid between rifle and hose.

The one in the middle strides forward ahead of the others and aims the strange implement straight at her face.

"You're fired, punk," says the man, who turns out to be the Balcony Man. His flamethrower ignites and engulfs her in searing fire. She writhes on the ground as her screams corrupt into gurgles and her breath blasphemes into smoke. Her final gaze, the outro before the fade-out, is of yourself stooping at a sewing machine.

The men start to approach you.

>look at me

You are wearing a coat.

>

half woke kids trying to correct the world

“ELAH PADA NGOMONGIN APA SIK?”

Jadi...

kata si om kerjaan kayak gini deket sama neurosis,
katanya~

emang susah mau mantul kalo kacanya burikan.
lah bagen kite mana ngerti taunya anyep bener?
musti
kudu

angetin
kaki di
selangkangan
karbu slap slip
smells like
kopling spirit

klaar

dijemur ac seharian

jempol disapa “terima kasih” liraklirik AE berhenti

mondar

mandir

sampe kopi susu jadi hambar

sampe OB lembur manasin nasi lagi.

sebatbut nunggu mata melorot

ketawa tiwi nyadar ternyata emang cuma Segini.
penyewaan diri buat setan tidak pernah segurih

ini

voojrider lewat

“Ya gitu lah, emang lo anak siapa?”

(pop up ads jualan sepatu bola muncul minta diklik)

oper operan bola api menjauh dari gawang ini itu ndobos
konstan agar jiwa lebih tenang, damai, teratur,
meng-Aku di arus sa, aing, wa sampe lecek

mending haha hihi sampe infus semen bpjs rembes ke
laman muka

lau

mau ditaroh mana?

sampah mikronya mohon diperhatikan agar laut tidak
tertelan csr dan barisan ADV-jadi-BRT, konten
nyamar nyaru warta, A bulet diganti A merah,
wasweswos soal kebudayaan katingej dan sopan
santun borjuis kerdil, EH terus kapan dong nitip jual
loakan preloved postbought pile of shoe that could
feed a single nuclear family on a third world,
postcolonial, prepostmodern huge ass-genocidal
republic-military owned state until at least their kids
graduated stm (sekarang smk nyet) and could feed
themselv-

record scratch

Pesanannya sesuai aplikasi? Ditunggu ya

scrolling

scrolling

scrolling

love