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construct

# 16



Poems and prose are written by Future Collective

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The White Disease by Marlene Dumas, 1985.

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First People by Marlene Dumas, 1990

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

Fixed

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*Abstract Picture (Abstraktes Bild)* by Gerhard Richter, 1992

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When Prometheus stole fire from High Establishment he gave us a promise of carnage, but also a reason to assemble. We feel it now, in our bones, this inheritance of loss: the carnage continued as the assembly boiled down into the plastic assembly line of surrender.

Nowadays we look to past ashes as the soothsayer approaches tea leaves, even as we are backed into a thousand corners. Unborn children too, eavesdropping from their mothers' wombs on the strange hell outside, understand that every point is populated with heartbreak—every line has become an intersection, every corridor a cul-de-sac. Born aflame they soon realize that each defiant gasp of air is a beheading momentarily postponed.

At this critical juncture, perhaps what we secretly crave is to admit defeat in the face of so much rot. It just might be that only then, within that plot twist of revolutionary act, will we uncover the hidden whispers necessary to reforge our ties and rebloom our clasped hands. It is important now more than ever to violently trust each other with our lives: the road to perilous humility will only become steeper, while the toll gate to premeditated regret is forever displayed in HD, haloed and in vogue, ready to consume and be consumed.

Maybe the children know the answers; maybe they have always been trying to tell us. Their cries remind us that all human screams speak in the same flagless tongue of horror.

CN-  
OS

contents

TRUTH



A movie reel taped behind my eyes  
Force-fed on screams  
Visions  
Bloodied gurgles / Sledgehammered fists  
Spectacles  
I want to reach beyond the veil  
Solid breaths on this whimpering screen  
Can you teach me how to touch a ghost?  
In return for your kindness  
I will show you how to plant a bomb  
Inside my folds of flesh / Warm blankets  
Offer you a tumbling trigger  
With which I will blow myself  
Into a multitude of howls  
Is it too sci-fi to crave  
Being in a million spaces at once?  
To lose myself and rejoin the rest  
Is to paint a rainbow hivemind  
Inside a black and white sanitarium  
No hurtful senses necessary  
Just a feeling shared  
Around this campfire / Pass the hot drink  
That we are all in this together



Things  
Things  
Horrible things  
they demand your time  
demand your answer  
demand your every move  
demand your  
life  
You wish they won't look back  
at you  
Too bad  
you're made of glass

**THINGS**



NO MADE

To think that language ends  
at an imagined frontier  
is to forget what the tongue can do  
when it's not wrapped in a flag

*I am*

*a native speaker*

whose language is a mixture of experience and dreams  
coloured by dialects of loss, failure, hope, determination...  
pain and wonder

don't need dictionaries to bear meaning  
that can be understood by  
a heart that wants to listen to others like itself  
translation is happening as we speak  
between nods and glances  
= mutual acknowledgement

= to speak of equality

is to say less and act more

that is to say: walk the talk

or better yet

just walk

all the way to the boundless  
possibilities of human interaction  
of kisses and innocent wishes  
of a brand new day  
and another way of living as  
native speakers of our only world.



We know within ourselves that  
we are better than we think we are  
but why do we keep looking for answers?  
is it because we don't want to think ourselves as  
naïve human beings?

Hesitation hurts

Pop songs on the radio, they know  
that we should love ourselves  
Advertising know, we should own things  
that will eventually end up  
owning us  
*Consume*  
forget about the debts  
for now

we don't need to be represented  
by candy-coated lies with full on make-ups  
false idols will eventually  
jump off a cliff



To whom it may confuck,  
 What of the dead children?  
 Six years and twenty-eight lives  
 Are nil in abandoned coal mine pits  
*The Daily Amnion*—drowned they float  
 Bouquet of balloons strung to lake  
 Stomachs black / cyanide gravelives  
 Beyond Friday se(r)m\_n / I swallow  
 Your power, my candy fucking malls and  
 Arson is my daydream.

Feed on your own medi-sin won't you  
 Breathe the spittle of sodden kites  
 Kiss the pus of living room photoframes?  
 You won't. Corporate infanticide is  
 News/nothing, but, the, children,  
 Have bloated in abandoned  
 Smiling deflated CEO testicles / you die  
 Gurgling, blasphemed, but rich so hey:  
 Sleep, rest in lights angels, and you,  
 I will murder you too.



