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CONTS

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TRUC

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Poems and prose are written by Future Collective

Writers
- Bayu Galang
- Cassius Song
- Jalang Mode
- Palpitone
- Paskadiksi
- Poetra Slamet
- Seorang Kalajengking

We publish strictly digitally every two months. Access all our past and current issues at theconstructdocuments.blogspot.com and contact us at construct.docs@gmail.com

Designed in Jakarta

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Masthead photo:
María Teresa (1638–1683), Infanta of Spain, Velazquez, 1651-54

CONSTRUCT 2017
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Fixed

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editor's note

Menaruh harapan di tempat yang salah adalah awal mula keruntuhan.

Yang bisa diandalkan tentu tak pergi, tidak terhubung jauh artinya dari menghilang. Paham belum tentu diraih karena sering bicara.

Makna menumpuk di hulu telinga lantaran terlalu sering bertukar kata,. Sementara hilir lisan kerap menjerat buah pikir setengah tanggung, kemudian menghanyutkannya ke jurang basa-basi.

Pola serupa berulang terus; ya, tidak, bukan, itu, maksud, saya?

Bahasa dikerangkeng bak tahanan politik, disuapi makna hingga bibirnya dihinggapi lalat. Bagai memerlakukan pohon seperti bayi.

Ini bukan silap lidah.

Buahnya akan tumbuh walau dihampiri codot tiap petang. Namun, anak yang gagal disapih tak hanya merepotkan, juga akan mengecewakan.

Namun, jangan dulu salah kita timpakan pada bibit, tahu apa dia soal urusan orang dewasa? Bukankah agen rasional seharusnya tahu persis cara paling cepat berlindung di bawah bayang pohon rindang adalah dengan membantunya tumbuh?

Perkaranya datang ketika tunas dianggap ringkih, saat kemarau bertamu dan menggiringnya pada kekeringan. Kekuatannya dipaksa bercermin dari sekeras apa ia bertahan. Ketika penghujan habis nanti-nanti, ia diawasi sepanjang kala, khawatir belum sanggup belajar tenggelam.

Jika begitu maka masalahnya adalah kita.

Bagaimana cara menyelesaikannya?

Jawaban vulgar tentu menunjuk hidung kembar siam tragedi dan komedi. Jawaban lain butuh mengeruk pengalaman, yang belum tentu dipunya sepasang mata.

Kerapuhan kita, tak sama dengan kerapuhan bahasa. Ringkihnya kaki kita, berbeda dengan akar mereka. Lebah bukanlah kebun. Virus berlainan dari inang.

Sampai akhirnya di pucuk tahun waktu menyesal datang juga. Di masa ini kita berharap, menguburnya dalam-dalam agar tumbuh lebih kuat dan berguna.

Kali ini, kita harus menanamnya di tempat yang tepat.

Breath, Yoon Suk One, 2015

TERITORIAL MATI

Berjalan di pusat kota yang tandus / di antara konstelasi truk & Lexus
risau tenggelam mendekam tanya / buat mati buah jadi—
sebuah konsekuensi astrologis: pukul 5 pagi & sirene menyambut
Lewat pembatas tanpa tiket / tak ada tiket / hanya roda-roda terbakar
& di dalam semak belukar / macam tirai hitam panjang

Lelah terbaring di atas tanah / tertimbun mayat-mayat
berhamburan—pulau-pulau daging membentang dipisahkan selat-selat darah
Waktu berbisa mencengkeram mengungkap hakikatnya yang gelisah
tubuh mati dilipat matahari / layaknya berita dalam mesin faksimile

Putar lagu & bernyanyi mengenang ingatan / yang berjudul tirai hitam panjang
dalam resonansi tak berujung / & pertanyaan tentang dunia siapa mengudara
mengiris asap tebal knalpot truk kompi militer di siang bolong—menular;
penyakit endemik: (Kota siapa?) (Kota siapa?) (Dunia siapa?)

Langkah terpatah-patah di sisipan pikiran / yang menjamu kota imajiner
dengan lagu-lagu yang tak mungkin terdengar tanpa sebuah dansa
& takkan ada dansa tanpa diagram & sistem—di dalam sistem adalah
truk-truk yang terbakar—bukan: bintang-bintang yang terbakar
Berhenti bernyanyi / tendang sampai tubuh hancur & terjatuh

as per the underlying theory
of radioactivity
an isotope is bound to
deteriorate accordingly

under measurements so eerie
called half-life
where its meek existence
gets sliced in half torpidly

now i don't want to sound weary
but since this relates to
i (
so topical
it actually sounds silly.)

if our world is a radioactive refinery
at which rate does our
i and so(ul)
drift apart involuntarily?

Untitled (Blood Sign #1), Ana Mendieta, 1974

DEMAM KETAKUTAN

Lihatlah
peluru, baton & sabit menggantikan sejarah
Kita tak lagi mengenal diri kita sendiri
Hantu dikompresi melalui kanta bola-mata—
melalui tidur yang bertransformasi
menjadi alfabet yang membelat
barisan ruas kegaduhan imateril
Malangnya Artaud / ia tak tahu seberapa dini
malam tiba saat kebenaran berdiaspora;
saat jeruji menganga lepas akhir rima
Kepingan tubuh memisahkan subuh
membentuk kalender satu warna
dihujam lensa-lensa liar yang jatuh ke bumi
Pemisahan-pemisahan kekal / susun cakram
dalam tempurung waktu / seperti emas membeku
Wahai mimpi-mimpi yang tertangguhkan
biar mereka yang tertidur menutup mulut selamanya
& biar mereka yang menutup mulut
tertidur
selamanya

ARTWORK/ILLUSTRATIONS BY CRISTIANA COUCEIRO
WWW.CRISTIANACOUCEIRO.COM

Simply put, a painting is
the result of a Painter who
dabbles in some paint to
expose his sin

in the same vein, music is
the result of a Musician who
devotes herself to a muse to
escape her remorse

this may be how they appear in anyone's mind
and may be different for those who are blind
for the eyes and ears may not be too kind
only the blind and deaf may put behind

the virtue of the artist which is
inconsequential to the Artwork who
is merely another art piece to
a select kin

Art should be seen as is
unrelated to Artists who
are already en route to
another course

ARTWORK/ILLUSTRATIONS BY CRISTIANA COUCEIRO
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The monotony of prayers
make devout lips quiver as they mutter
requests, confessions, secret wishes on repeat:
the sound of mosquitos buzzing and buzzing
interrupting god's sleep

hope is a word that is uttered
when there's nothing better or worse to say
a borrowed sentiment
never returned to its rightful place
wherever that may be

sometimes you get so used to something
you forget how to see it
like the gas station you pass by every day
but never notice until your tank is running low,
or that tiny mole below your left eye

a threat is a wake-up call
an alarm wailing on a raining Monday morning
some smash it to the floor while others turn it off
gently before they get out of bed to start the day
Which one are you?

fear likes to be the star of the party but it's also elusive
it all depends on the crowd
but the history books tell us that most crowds are the same
and fear doesn't change as fast as technology does
which is unfortunate

o dear god, o allah…
o nevermind I've run out of good things to ask for
I've forgotten what they look and smell and feel like
Do people always go to you to ask for good stuff?
if good is relative, and god is absolute, I don't want to know

these crises, open wounds waiting to get infected—
probably already infected with our meaningless words,
ambiguous intentions, and half assed acts of solidarity
#pray #hope #wearewithyou #iamsomeoneelse
meanwhile #theworldisgoingupinflames

and we're all suffering third degree burns
What did we do to deserve such a realistic taste of hell?
they say severe pain causes numbness
but it's more accurate to say they don't know shit
because numbness only masks the pain

denial masks a lot of things—
as we have seen and as we shall see—
including the fact that we deny
so much yet admit so little, so very little
that it amounts to nothing

It amounts to nothing… it amounts to nothing…
…I forgot what I was raving on about
but I suppose this is how most of us live
we forget in spite of all the reminders
                because of all the reminders

I am ashamed
if god was a person and if that person was real
and had feelings s/he would be too
here's a life spent walking in circles, which has quickly
evolved into one spent running in circles

So much for evolution!
we need something quicker, but speed's not the solution
our days are numbered thanks to the invention of calendars
we're getting closer and closer to a future where
numbers are as irrelevant as gains and losses

though having said that time flies in circles
thanks to the invention of clocks and thanks to the invention
of digital clocks time lands on the ground as numbers / / /
time is a tired metaphor waiting to be put to good use
it's so exhausted it would rather be put to sleep

some languages don't need tenses to function
but no language is indifferent to time
because no language can be created in a vacuum
there is always a past, present and future
even if they're not spoken there are always risks

and consequences, which don't seem scary until
they stop being words and start being what they are

say what you want to say, do what you want to do
keep saying and doing what you want until you realize
that wanting will never ever be enough,
but even so…

I want love.
I want progress.
I want words that won't distort our collective experience.
I want a fair vocabulary.
I want words to carry weight.
I want the strength to bear that weight.
I want a language that expresses colours as colours and genders as humans.
I want children to be strong in a world full of foolish adults.
I want those approaching death to leave with the confidence that the world will one day bloom.
I want to understand.
I want all nations to free themselves from the shackles of nationalism.
I want all nations to question their existence as nations.
I want a good night's sleep.
I want the weekend to be just like any other day.
I want promises to be kept but not if keeping them results in the oppression of millions.
I want the truth to show itself.
I want to look for the truth.
I want to be convincing when I have to tell a necessary lie.
I want to live until I die.
I want to write poems until I die.
I want to be able to tell when it's right to start.
I want to learn how to keep going.
I want to know when it's time to stop.

KONDISI

Tenggelam dalam debu
berkeringat kala sejuk
sesak saat segar
terjaga sewaktu mengantuk
lapar padahal sudah kenyang
haus namun tak berdahaga
mual, bahkan mabuk saja tidak

"yang ini kapan kelarnya?", sebuah tanya di kiri telinga

KEMBALI BERANGKAT KERJA

Meringkuk aman dan nyaman
Merangkai bunga mimpi
Kembali berangkat kerja