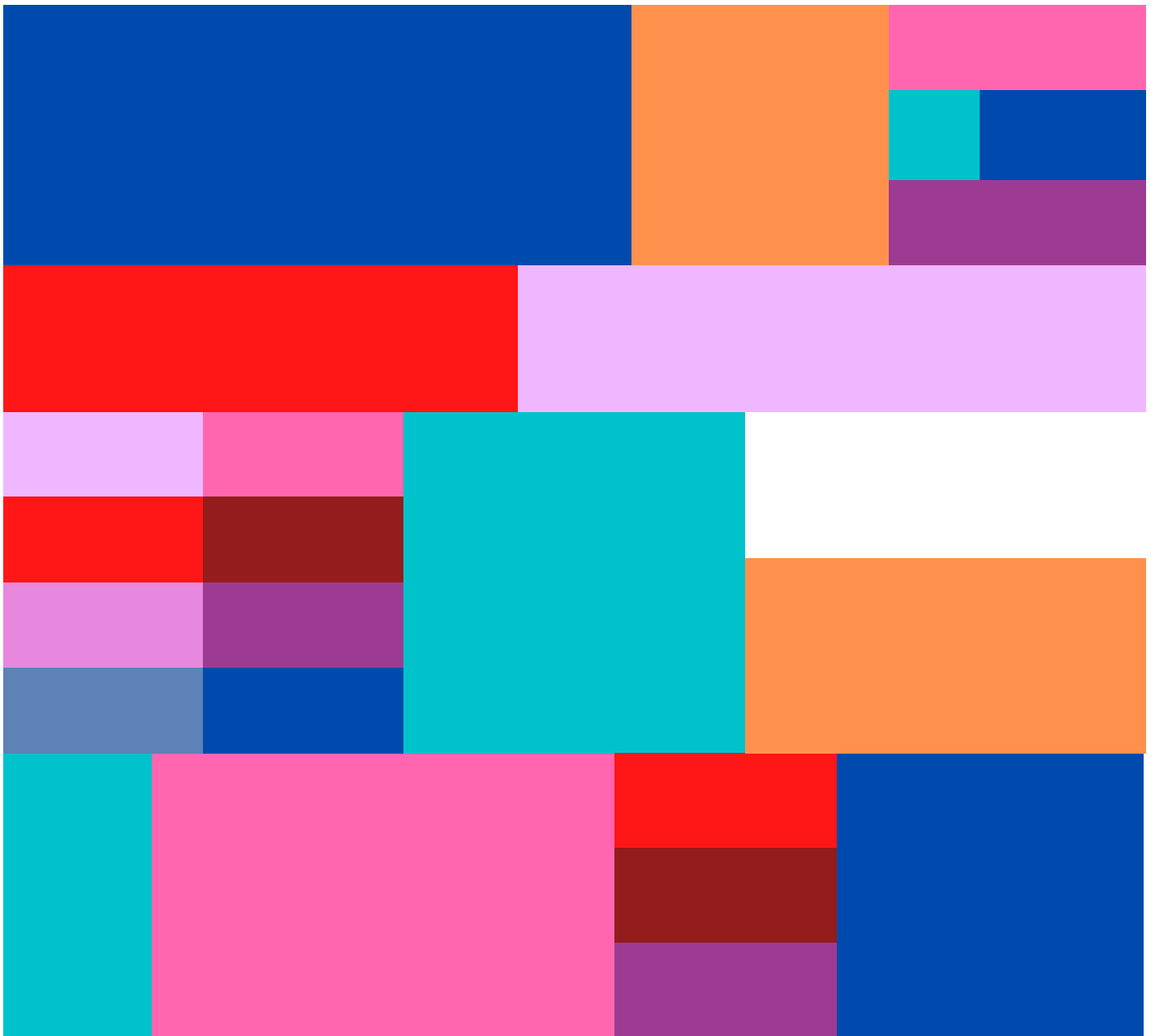


CAPI 2025 CAPSTONE PROJECT

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This capstone is a collection of poems about my time in Indonesia. I reflect on a wide range of aspects from my time abroad. Some topics include my host city, personal relationships, and day-to-day experiences.

I've compiled my written work and their associated graphic designs into one collection for selective distribution. I may alter certain pieces in the future and submit them for wider consideration.

My hope is that the audience is able to connect emotionally to my reflections, be it through a cultural or personal lens. I've tried to mix real-life observations with introspective turns, inviting the reader in wherever they feel they can enter.

Overall, my capstone aims to reflect the dynamism of Indonesia, and the varied emotions living there inspired in me. My time in Indonesia was some of the most enriching of my life. I hope to share a little bit of the treasure that I found.

JAVA

The ultimate double entendre.

Land of lush blossoms, storied history,
sacred soil. Elixir and lifeblood of millions.
Java, like Walt Whitman, contains
multitudes.

I live on Java, and am carried through the
day by Tuku, Flash, Tomoro...There is no
match for it anywhere else.

Americano, Aren Latte, Es Kopi Susu
Tetangga. Full-bodied brews for my bleary
mind.

Simple name.

Bold taste.

Rich meaning.



Nights Like This

It's 4AM, and I awaken as the call to prayer echoes through this boarding house, this street, this island, and this country. I smile, comforted that someone else is awake.

How does one say goodbye to nights like this? To the peace found in this time and the Adhan – clandestine yet collective, instructive yet respectful.

Faint light shines into my room from the hallway, and I relax into another night gone by, another dawn, release of dreams, return to life.



Dia

You follow close behind me, a monkey at the Batu Caves.

My thoughts fall down like colours on the stairs.

I am at a woodshop in Bogor.

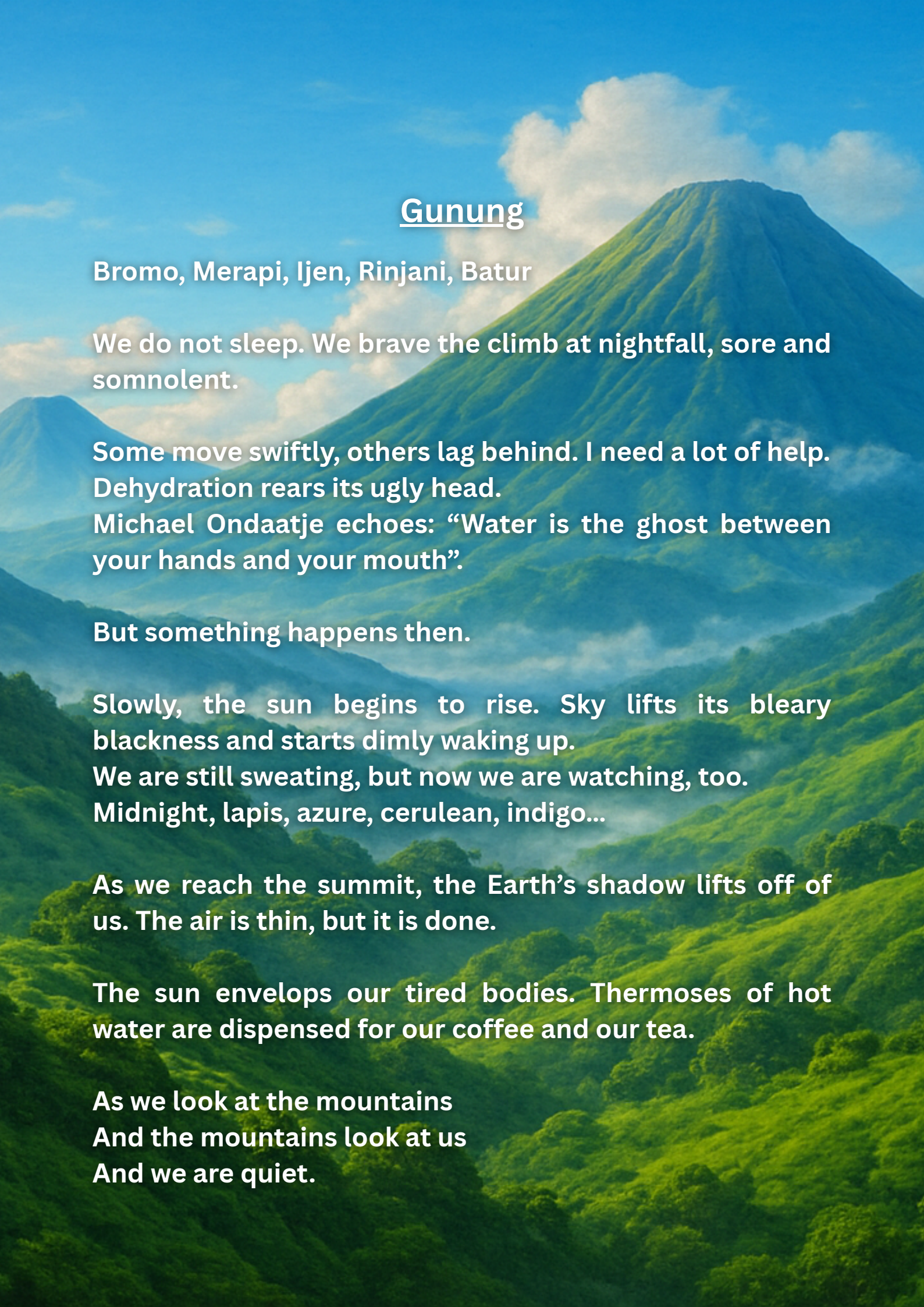
Creators of exquisite, intricate carvings of Rama and Sita explain their process over fresh tea and hot, fried bananas.

They tease that if I buy both statues, love will find me.

Am I a fool?

Reminded now of moments together, I admire my purchase.

What an ornate homage to everything that never was.



Gunung

Bromo, Merapi, Ijen, Rinjani, Batur

We do not sleep. We brave the climb at nightfall, sore and somnolent.

Some move swiftly, others lag behind. I need a lot of help.
Dehydration rears its ugly head.

Michael Ondaatje echoes: “Water is the ghost between your hands and your mouth”.

But something happens then.

Slowly, the sun begins to rise. Sky lifts its bleary blackness and starts dimly waking up.

We are still sweating, but now we are watching, too.
Midnight, lapis, azure, cerulean, indigo...

As we reach the summit, the Earth’s shadow lifts off of us. The air is thin, but it is done.

The sun envelops our tired bodies. Thermoses of hot water are dispensed for our coffee and our tea.

As we look at the mountains
And the mountains look at us
And we are quiet.



Jakarta

You take your life into your own hands every time you go for a walk in Jakarta. Traffic madness notwithstanding, there is so much to entertain.

How many palm sugar lattes, visa renewals, smoggy ojek rides and beautiful batiks can quantify my life here? This microcosmic reality of mushollas and nasi rendang, sun and sweat, has enveloped me the last six months.

I arrived excited, harried and hopeful. One month in, I traced my new tattoo. A white jasmine flower, melani putih, a symbol of this place that I was only just discovering. I hoped I wouldn't jinx it.

Time elapsed like smoke turns into air. Friends, journeys, realizations...

I am leaving with tan arms and strong knowledge of Bali Belly, body and soul forever marked.

