

Artificial It

(lumps III)

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I won't have it as they'll have me.

My heart. Look at my fucking males. Still. Stay.

Is what I imagine this late a lump of dreams of the past?

Infancist anxieties, cisable to reason:

mineral speaking within beings.

Matters of the one thing

Reminds me haha yes no no matter here and there still around soon ah and all those while agos.

Now surely onto. Something until something that be a. Progress yes then even the. heart a-puking. I shall. Go.

The same dominates me, &c. as you do, one superstrated by paradigm, when the madduced, effete thrall solaces the long ideas of the same.

(Quite changingly possibly oblivion's carbuncle.)

(O all too too high-moneyfarious bombast, &c.)

What is tight, adapt it, by doing, go take one ideas e.g. like 'I would only ask to expect death.', 'I knew rape was a project of the world.'