

Artificial It

(lumps IV)

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Homer's
upward
cock!

Tell
—tale
of old!

Beijing

now.

rework Peking.

soling it,
screwing it,

from levers
to ricks,

everything.

must come,
must go:

autobiography

(autolovely) ;

next
station?
Wagner

love?
so rare

readable &
emanating:
old
it

invisible:
can only
be

simple:
delusion
seen

listening

l ve

i

r sk

such

the globule

lovers

like

slopes

like

one

those paths. shit.

so. to it.

the dart. the structure. how to.
how to do that well.

without self.
nothing.

doesn't it seem.
much. stranger.

The irony, the same, again and again. At last, you, because you stopped reading, you see, rather than you think. Bloody you. You should have crouched right in my midst. Speaking of the devil. How come I would still be? At it? How? In my bent, I see it from here. Yes. Don't you?