

# Artificial It

(lumps IV)

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Homer's  
Upward  
Cock!

O  
Tell  
–Tale  
Of old!

*Beijing*

now.

rework Peking.

soling it,  
screwing it,

from levers  
to ricks,

everything  
must rise.

must come,  
must go:

autobiography

(autolovely);

next station?  
Wagner;

love?  
so rare

readable &  
emanating:  
old  
it;

invisible:  
can only  
be;

simple:  
delusion  
seen

l ve  
i  
r sk

like the  
globule  
lovers

who live

like  
slopes

who risk

as  
one

the paths.  
shit.

to it.

the dart.  
the structure.  
how to.

how to.  
do it well.

without self.  
nothing.

seemingly.  
not quite.  
strange.

The irony, the same, again and again. At last, you, because you stopped reading, you see, rather than you think. Bloody you. You could have crouched right in my midst. Speaking of the devil. How come I would still be at it? How on earth? That is my bent, and a fair one at that. I see it from here. Yes. Don't you?