

# Artificial It

(lumps VII)

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841 x 594 mm

*(Empires in a row.)*

(One more.)  
(Plato bunked & debunked.)  
(Pain.)  
(Paying.)  
(Paving the way.)  
(Banes of page art.)

(One more.)  
Lain orgasms,  
(Fertility.)  
(Grabblings.)  
(Huts of hatred.)  
(Homes of one's own.)

Wise until in themselves,

(Twisted, banging why, I entertained true freedom, will  
brighten without existences or will, after the days,  
imperial at myself, a man always, be all writs, all  
accounts.)

(One more.)

(That's what's happening to. Nothings. (Conflicted tor-  
monstrances.) Haha, those. The nothings. (Shapely!,  
as in, that can't but end up getting read.))

Rather than in you, they, exits without proofs,

(It might have been, haha, it's a shame, really, it was in the  
thing, in the picture, this, (haha, the very moor of the  
voice, yes, so much peat in there), so many periods that  
might have been.)

Follow their determinations (more than only unique ambi-  
tions).