

Artificial It

(lumps IV)

Jérémie C. Wenger

March

2019

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;

next love?
(so rare)

unreadable &
emanating:
old it;

indivisible:
can only
be it;

simple,
delusional:
it;

l ve

i

r sk

like the
globule
lovers

who live

like
slopes,

who risk

like
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, to be at it. And a fair one at that. I see it from here. Yes. Don't you?