

Artificial It

(lumps VI)

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long

they lasted

in

the Cave

(downright

aggraphical

(Offeresteia

(allowing

cowardists

altogether)

I am sucked

into

alive at all

literature

into

the &c.

(a blank)

the what?

the

nothing!

of an–

other

will...

Media doings. Duel lives. Ecce heap.
We evened out your resistures and here you are supporting me.
How very like. The light path and the old.

Better to force what might than what hasn't.
Not absolutely sure. I, for instance, am a void, ergo. Haha.
(In rigorous ethics one quotes only oneself.)

That's going on. Again. Naturally this way.
(Your thought could have dealt with such fucking legitimists.)
Here also almost the own coin of one's exrection.

so solved

the shell

the shoe

the home

the hotel

only sort of &c.:

more

paragons

(whoresome
reflex)

(where

(Yseult

(Shaka)

(Antares)

longing)

withal)