

# Artificial It

(lumps III)

Jérémie C. Wenger

March 2019

594 x 210 mm

I won't get it as they'll get me.

My heart. Look at my fucking males. Yet. Stay.

Are what I imagine this late lumps of dreams of the past?

Of infancist anxieties, capable of reason,

say the mineral being.

*Matter of the One Thing*

Remind me that yes no matter where no matter when soon enough all those whiles will be ago.

Now surely you are onto. Something that be. Progress yes in which case even the. heart a-puking. Go.

The same dominates me as much as you do, superstrated and paradigmmental self, when, a madduced & effete thrall, you solace in your square ideas.

(Possibly changingly squarely oblivion's carbuncle!)

(O all too moneyfarious H-bombaſt!)

Undo the square, adapt the tight, take down ideas e.g.: "Expecting death is all I'd ask", "I knew rape was a project of the world".