

# Artificial It

(lumps III)

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594 x 210 mm

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

My heart. Look at my fucking males. And still. Stay.

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

From infancist anxieties, cisable to reason,

a mineral speaking within beings.

*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!)

What is square, adapt it, by undoing, by taking on, ideas e.g.: "Expecting death is all I ask", "I knew rape was a project of the world".