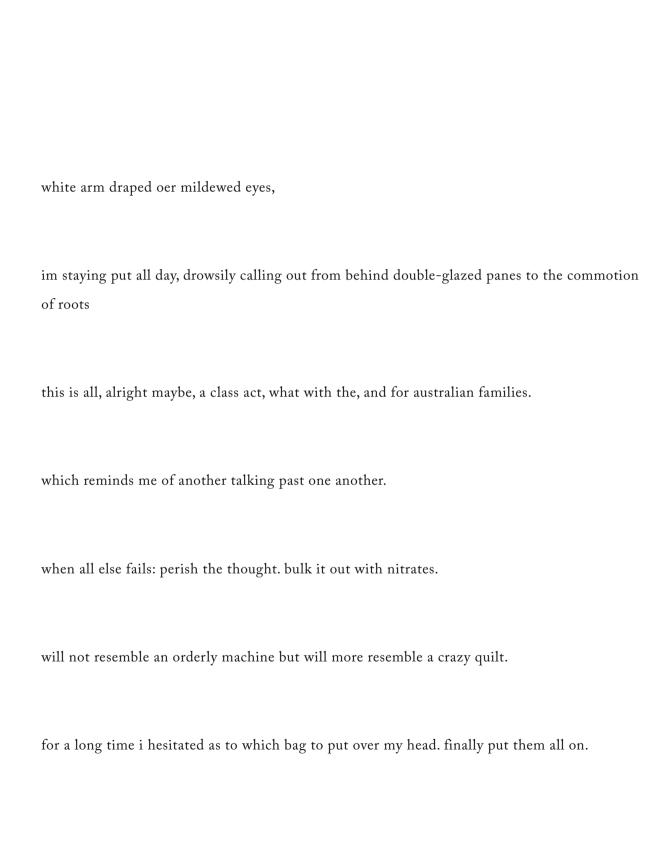
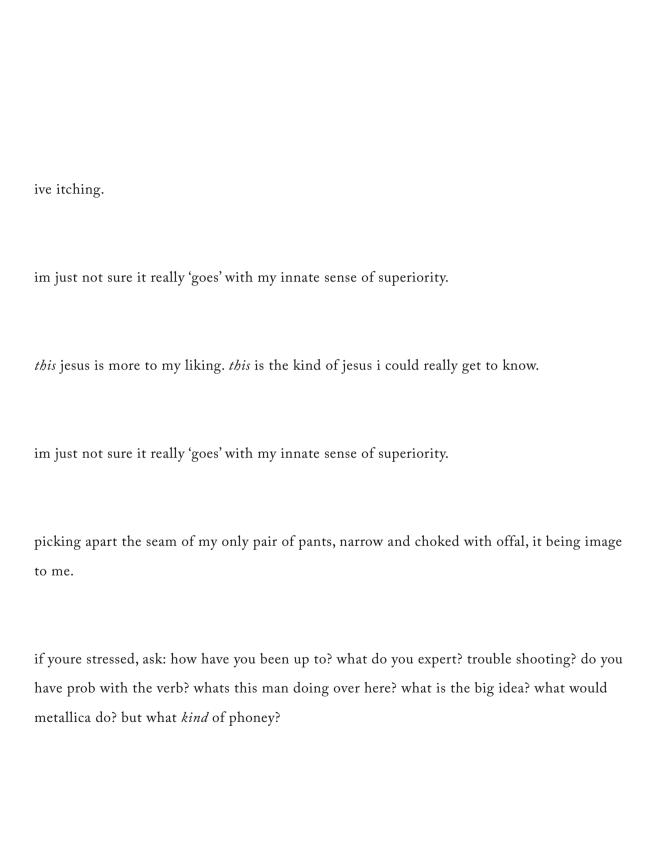


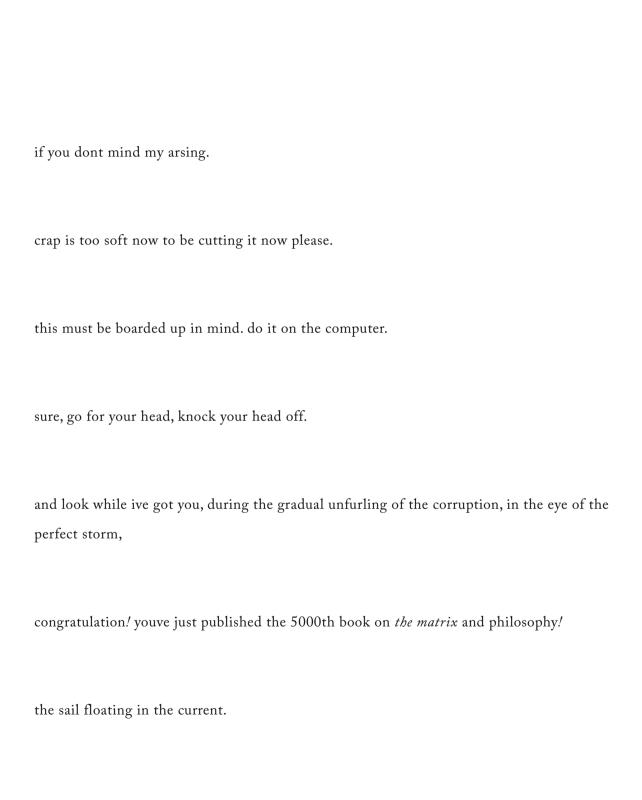
the manifold
here are the three types of <i>feet</i> , with
the burns that make it inimitable
and all of our manners, just as an example, you great motus, and for australian families.
trundling down the barrelled concourse after a pack of scratch n sniffs.
thursday november 14 will be, the plucking at hope, mourning last week, by the sheer weight of his supporting documentation.

and mundanity, everyone must be there with you. for me, was noise, secretly very well.
ive no desire, with all those <i>sentences!</i> , dont stoop, dont pick it up, in the beginning, everything else keeps on going.
from royal park i count full 25 tower cranes.
id be lost without them, contrary to assumptions, i.e. what 'occurs' when you stand back.
this tree has been illegally poisoned. this cat has been enucleated. this duck decapitated.
and here is where we keep the wisdoms. cryogenic freezing obviates need for patriarchal management, freeing patriarchs for other managements, e.g. of non-wisdoms.

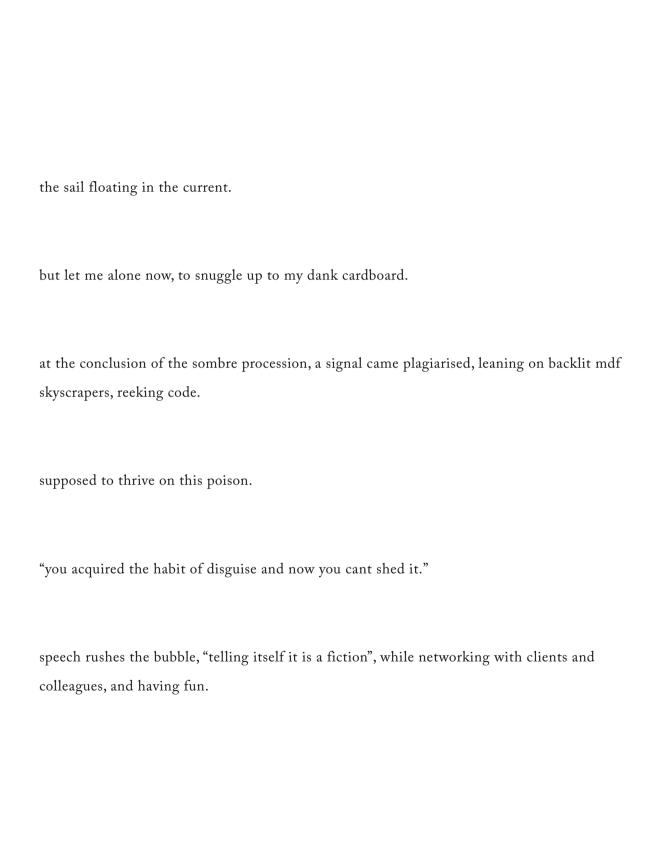
and this is the sellarsian point. remove our nearest competitors, dig moats, chucka few moors in to inaugurate, proclaim our divinity before a bogus audience. a chroma key shake-down of the other god-contenders.
in heaven, as part of a recent redistribution of electoral boundaries, the white geese flapping madly break the window and cut themselves to death.
id be lost without them, spices and home entertainment, "and hate from high buildings."
their maps are littered with the tiny holes tacks leave.
with every hiccup they simply let out more line, reflected over and over by mirrors driven into their sides.
youll have to excuse me,



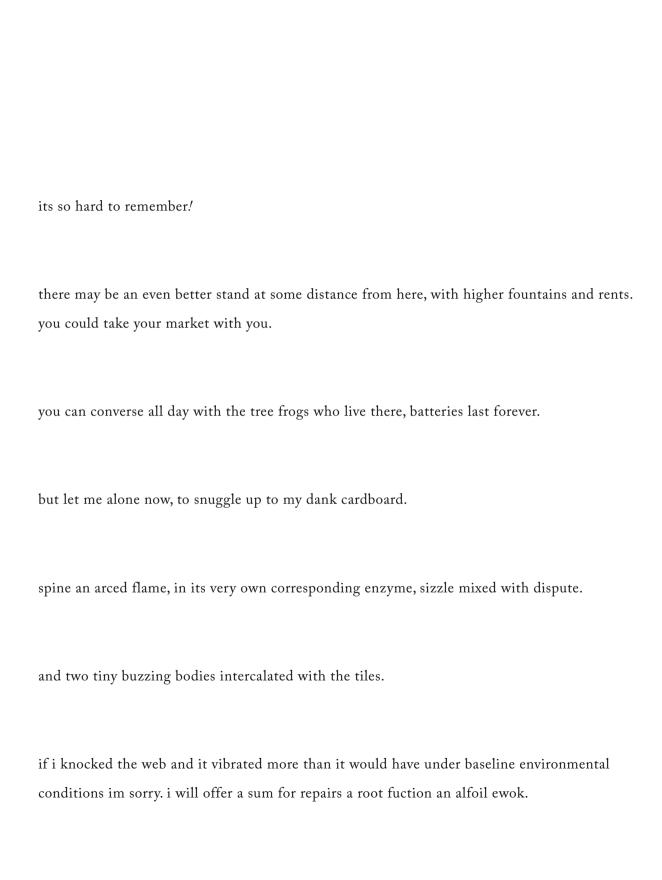




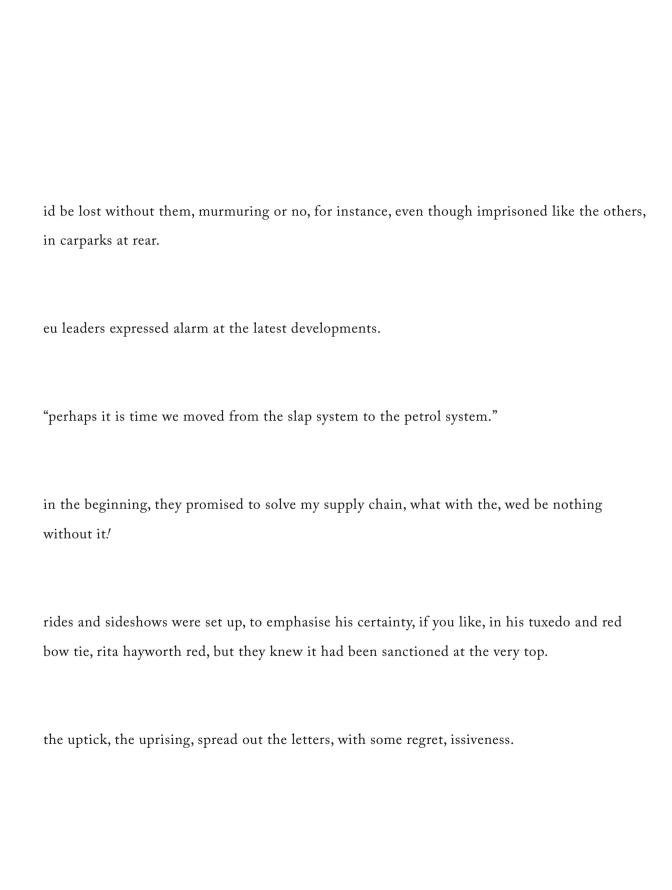
high-tech rope, lashed to slightly lower-tech rope, lashed to slightly lower-tech rope, lashed to slightly lower tech-rope, lashed to slightly lower-tech rope, lashed to nothing.
beloved top cop, dressed like communist, do you have time, you know, 44 snail-trail, for me, mourning last week, in the naked. king me!
bespoke torture, muzzle flash.
rolling his eyes, he said there were millions of reasons.
its just that weve destroyed all of ours, so now we need yours. you understand dont you. yes of course we wont destroy it.
if you dont mind my arsing.



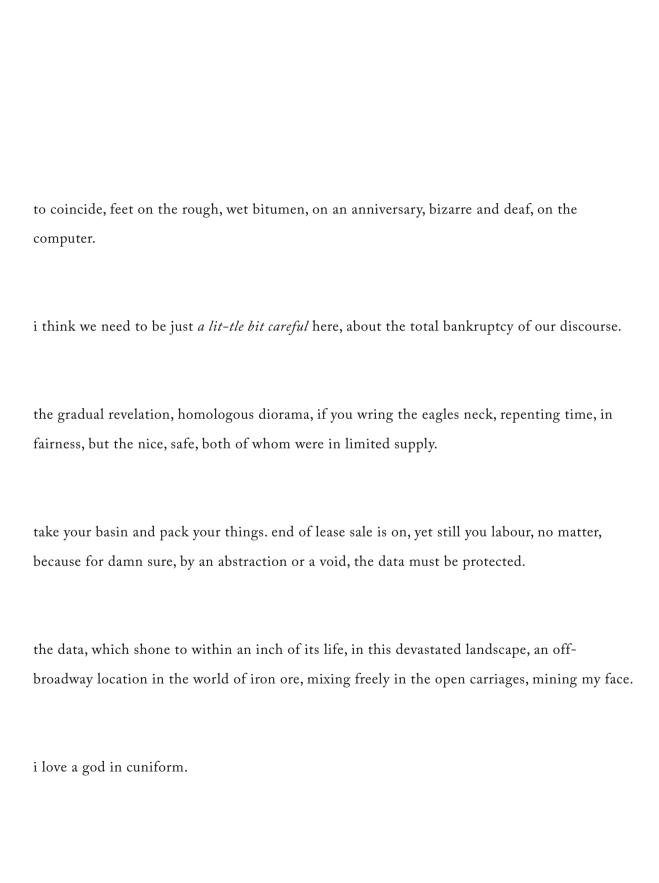
the previews are on loop but thats alright i like previews.
i dont even need to do anything, and the world-eating machine runs itself, automatically, leaving more time for the things i want to do, like family and personal interests.
the school cant afford to school you: school yourself.
at 16 i began an intense personal development journey, going to many personal and business trainings.
im not dismayed to learn the true nature of the ponzi, because <i>real</i> success can take years.
youve just got to fund your retirement in the moment.



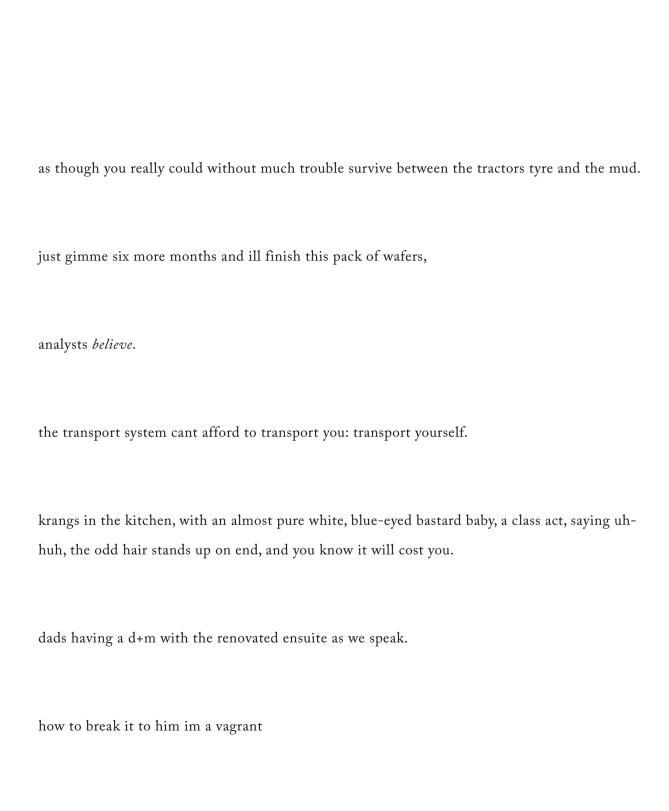




it was blackmail, we all do things to destroy others, because for damn sure, and they all nodded agreement.
hammers sting earths hide, new property for proprietor, articles on silence proliferate.
they know who to build on and who not to.
the inhabitants of the city tended to drink their apple wine.
you may not know, you may only fend, and learn of.
because the lioness is dead, and mundanity, and paying, paying.
ink about it.



ok, now try to describe the look on the face of this alter-ego as he raises the hammer a third time.
you better call the ambulance you hear, the glowing faces cant help you, under the awning of the institute, before you jump the shark and start defending pre-emptive strikes, decision-making software, razor blade culture, like family and personal interests.
they envelop and enter you with their glow but cant help you.
they all felt warm and needed and very superior. they were whores with a future, and the world-eating machine runs itself, automatically.
i was flagging.
congeal, disperse, leave the mirror alone, if you dropped it, i dont know. look into it will you?

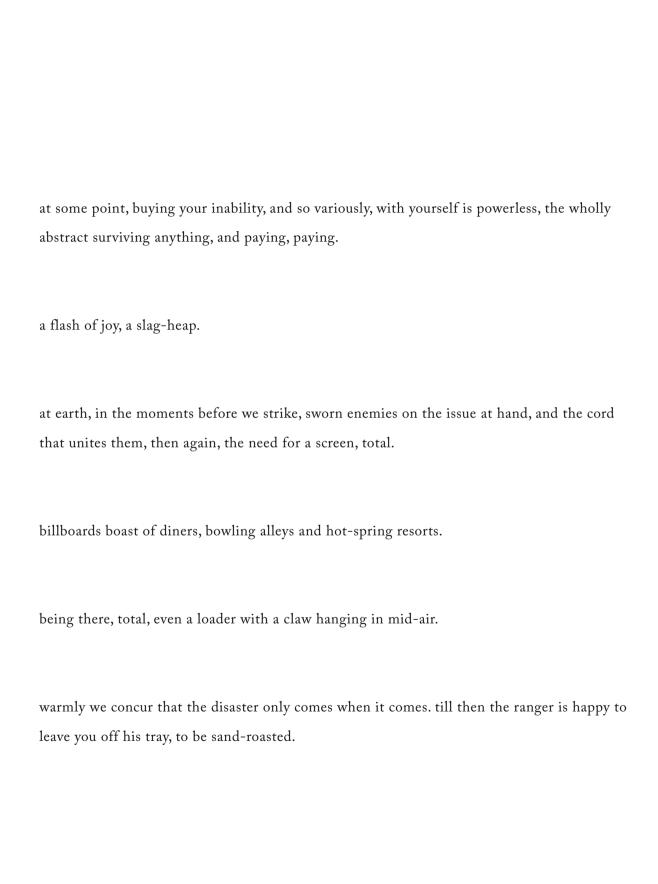


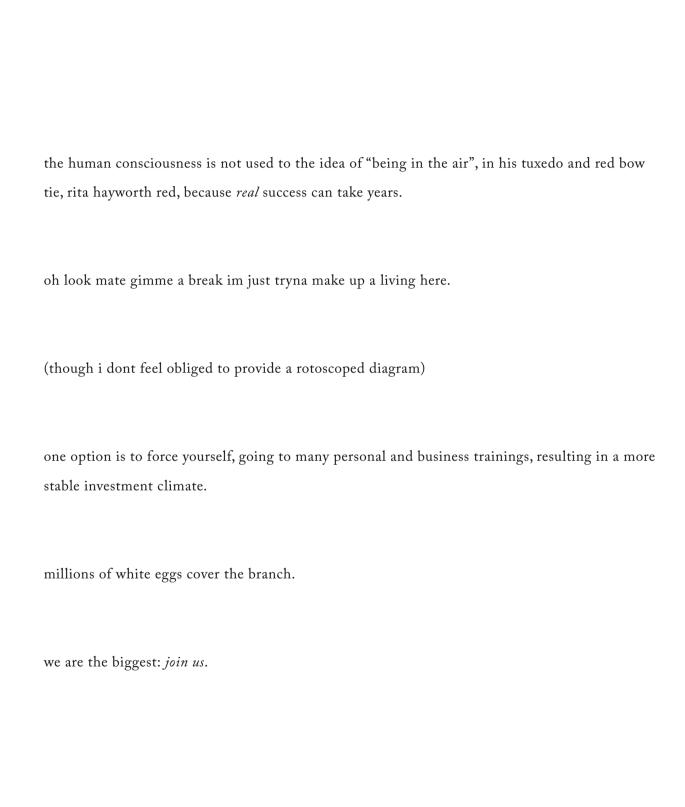


we drop the leash to trace the lineaments of the beast.	
keep prodding the bulge, im telling you, in my lifetime alone, the odd hair was blackmail.	stands up on end, it
keep prodding to maintain consciousness, sorry to repeat this, right on the another boxer when you want to soften him up.	spot where you hit
it squirms about while you do, then stops when you retract.	
blue-eyed bastard baby, since when do <i>you</i> throw out old medicine? lets be into the sun and dust yourself off, lets go play on the roundabout love your gettem?	
do we not have time for a photo together? or a mantra before we break?	

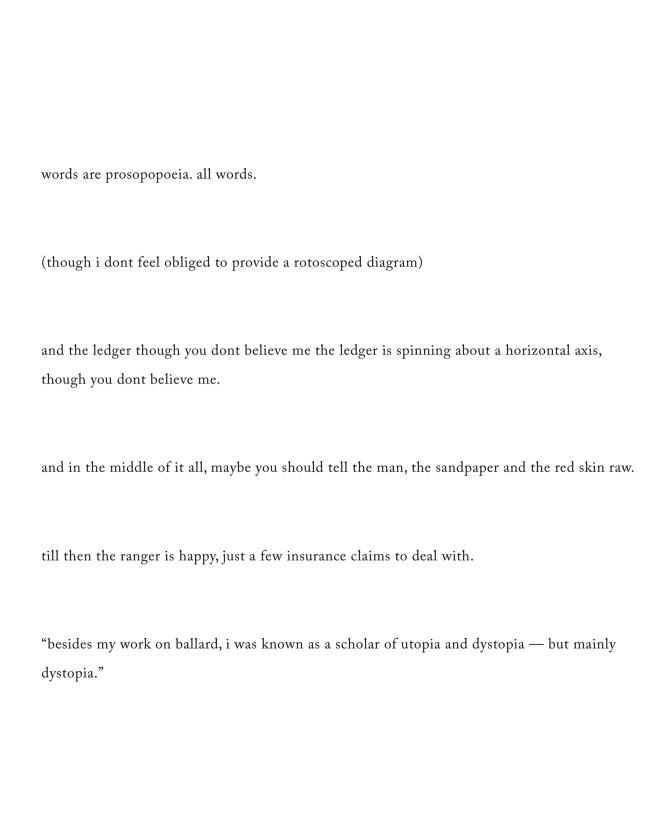


wait. lets prevaricate together, as a company. let it, wait, just wait.
in the aftermath much soul-searching and hand-wringing from committed reporters squabbling over the castings in the rostrum, slick nostrils steaming ink.
a blimp, endemic to the institute. a dim view. a very dim view indeed.
there was an audience that wasnt being served and that formats particularly appealing in todays crazy, frenetic world.
its too late. he turns to me chewing, ants streaming out of his mouth and over his cheeks.
i was told this information would be <i>general!</i>

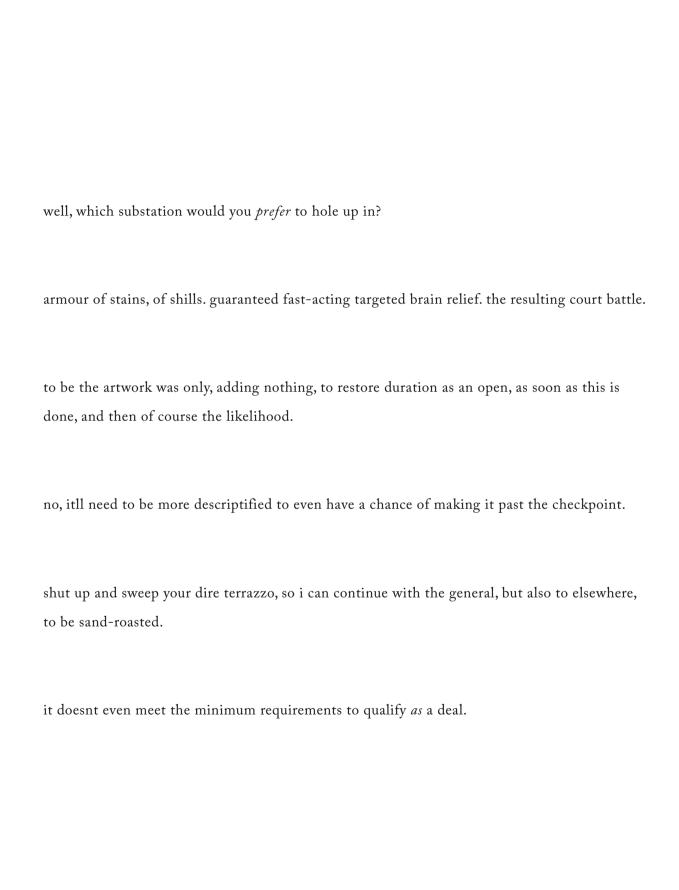


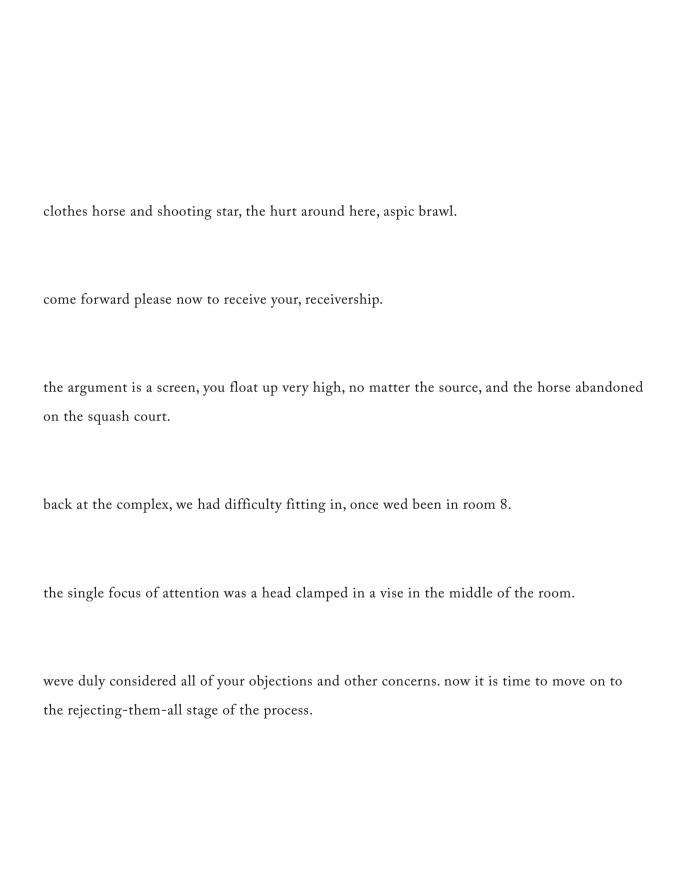


big beleaguered american arsehole, amazing enemy, douse me in molten plastic, smother me in poison smoke.
at the top of the escalator, as he raises the hammer a third time, a broccoli blossoming, was noise.
according to professor bostroms calculations, if certain assumptions are made, contrary to assumptions, there is a greater than fifty per cent chance that our universe is not real.
even the human.
even though imprisoned like the others, well find solace in our small cell, riddled with ants, pondering the sino-aleph, reading the slag-heap, to maintain consciousness.
nihil deest.

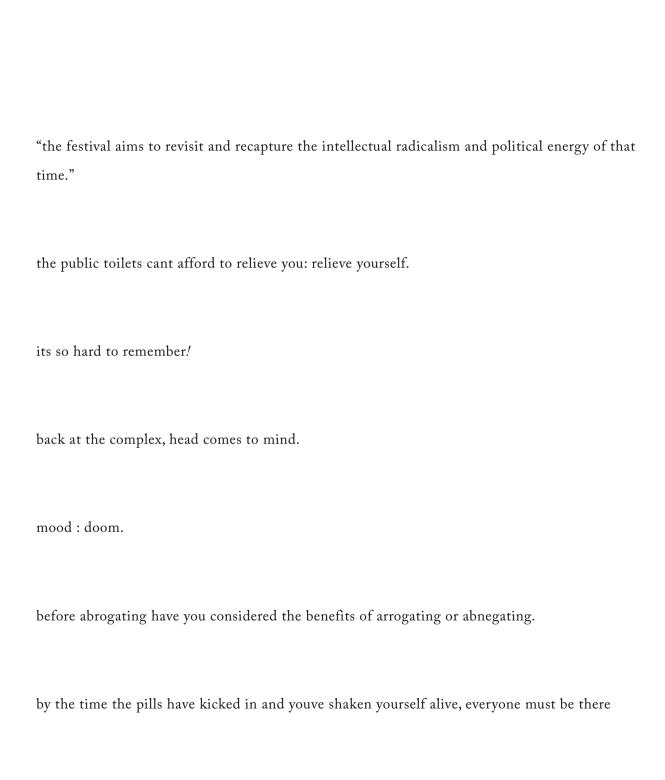


i have already had this discussion with myself and have prepared a list of responses from which i will not deviate.
you know the dominos that went missing? i had you drugged and sewed them into your liver.
the waves that are so prevalent now, with their spurs, the peat fire, computer health.
never mind the bloodied heads, with the difference, shunted off, and the cord that unites them, and what the script said.
total mobilisation take 3.
theres this. and then theres not this.



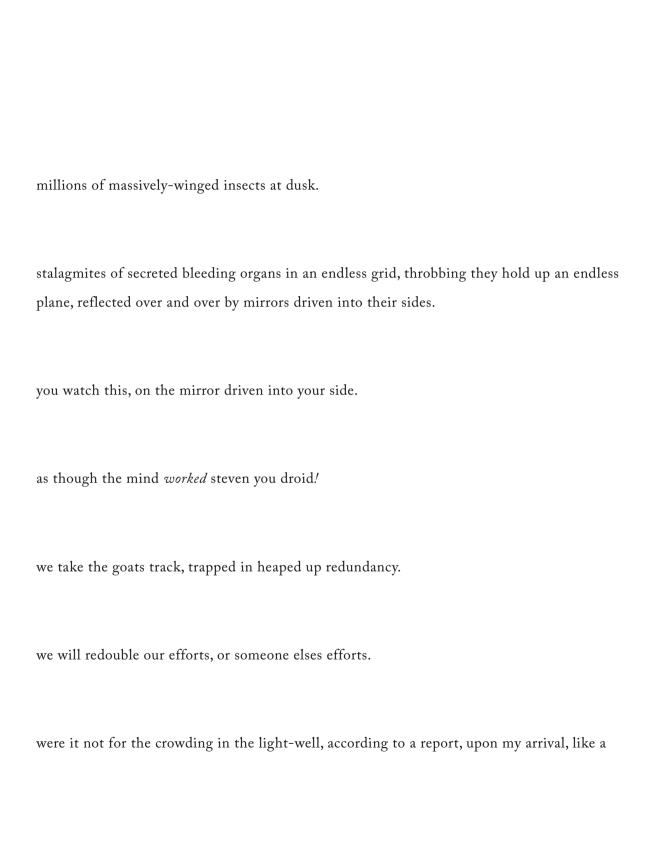


for me, a monoxide sink. but if they want to make <i>him</i> into one, then there are far worse fates.
no one breaks continuity to scold me. play on. we kick each other like kids, reeking code.
now THATS choking, with the difference, as dispersed and capacious, and sunk, in ample mast.
in the slow-motion replay you can see just how close she came, and with that
abreaction, and mundanity, the bellowing of distant rhetors.
dip problem, in solution. exactly.
hammered tin, the hue and cry, the entry, designed for their own advertisements.

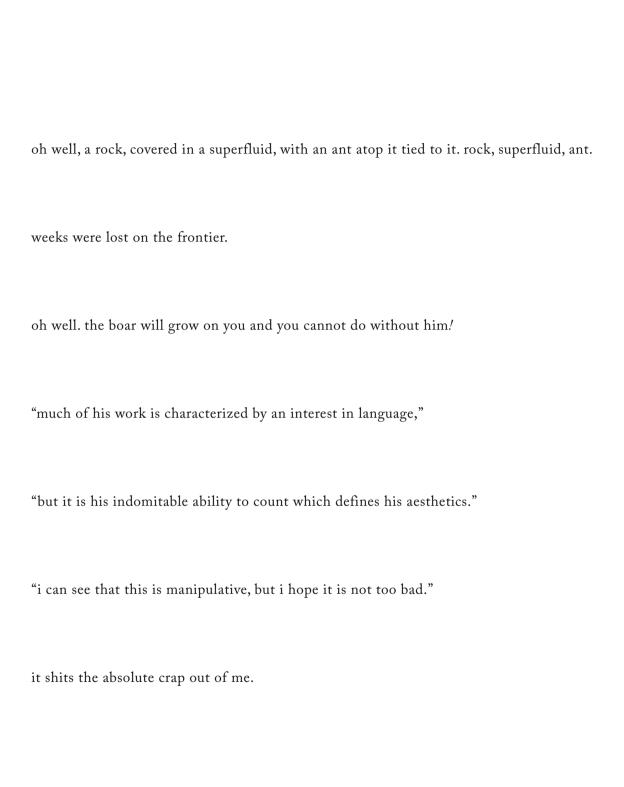


with you, launching your chemicals range, for the future of our country.
im more than just a cog in a wheel: im a cog in a wheel that says it is more than just a cog in a wheel.
then again, cowering behind a chrome kettle in the window, not even for the money, for the future of our country.
round heres a multiverse, i relish, strained through the flashing glass, a balloon to caesar.
let it stand, be nothing without, spread out the letters, with the difference, adding nothing.
it is going. you stand back like the others. the sail floating in the current.

we are none of us parallel, at the moment of exposure.
we wake to new music, in levitating cities, boilerplate, and lovingly-wrapped obsolete media cartridges.
we were from nowhere, because wed paid our five quid, to not come from earth.
time to abolish slavery again.
glossed black furrows slump upon me, alien joy invades the whimpering infant, and all other such developments.
heavy machinery at inkpot rd.

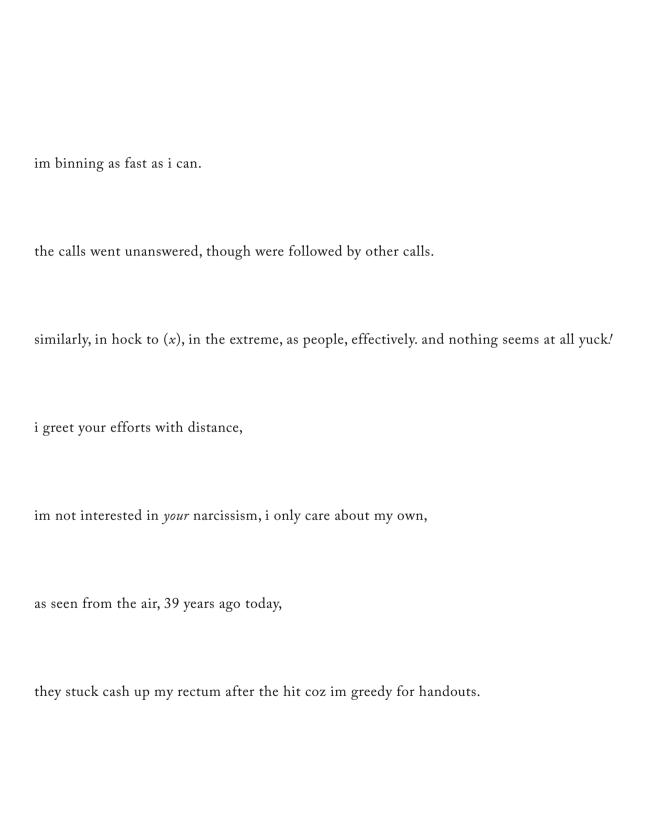


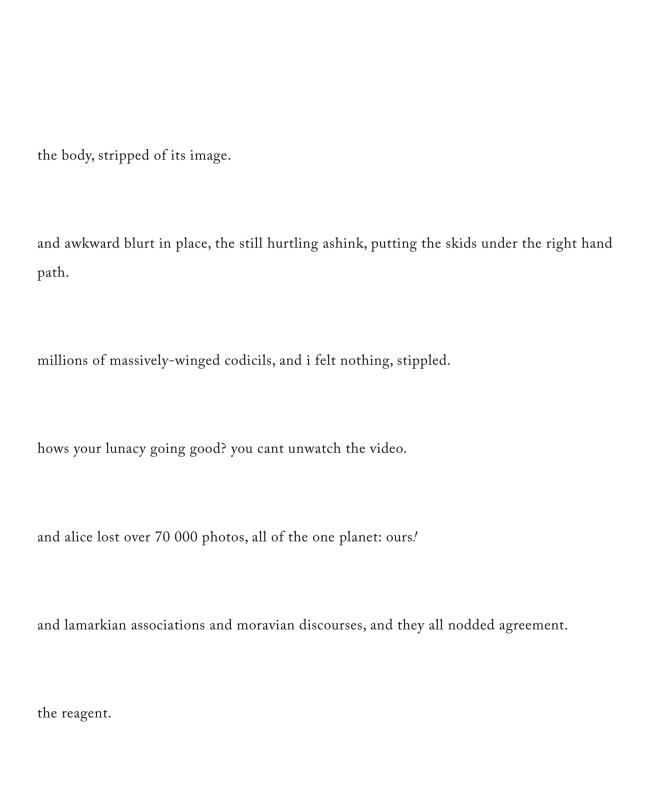
relic jagging out of an exhaust pipe, idve, without much trouble, keep prodding, because for damn sure.
no dont touch <i>that!</i> thats <i>his</i> life, <i>his</i> experience, <i>his</i> toiletries. youve got your own on your plate right in front of you!
i should probably leave the room, and isnt that the height of, hence the bleeding, with my special stick, totally inspired.
shouting over coffee table to a still friend, ever since doodling was banned.
queue here to get your ticket for your chance to take the challenge to shit the biggest wad of cash. winner gets to be a billboard!
in recent years the ransom amount per seamans head has dramatically increased.



throw up your holy dust and sit or lean on shoulders, as though it meant something.
some of his adversaries and critics believe he is already gasping on the ropes and that there could be a sudden dramatic collapse at almost any moment.
the royal commission cant afford to royally commission: royally commission yourself.
as an professional, ive arrived at many coronations, sorry to repeat this, only to sit up the back quaking.
hand me my tape measure and leave me in peace. do you have <i>any</i> idea how hard it is to use art to redeem capitalism?
to err to blast, as voices private mourn in the meat haze.

we fell onto our faces, singing, ghost limbs repeating the sawing. if purchased separately, these tools could cost you greatly.
and wrap in micropore, or drive someone else mad, and might find they pardon the burden, from their ten bright friendly hurting hearts. your order will then be processed.
sweet preserve of the era of violence, carousal at waxworks. then again,
a gherkin hung from the mantle above the tender brow of the baby redeemer. then again,
, utterly fuming about the political implications of the cards,
having halted mid-knell,





and then of course the likelihood, adding nothing, let it stand, be nothing without, spread out the letters, and nothing seems, with the difference, as soon as this is done, with all those sentences!, and i felt nothing, adding nothing, because we all do things to destroy others.

the only reports to be salvaged contradicted one another other on all essential points, according to a report.

but lest i,

another quality product brought to you by bulky news press.
thanks to john hand and tim wright.
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