

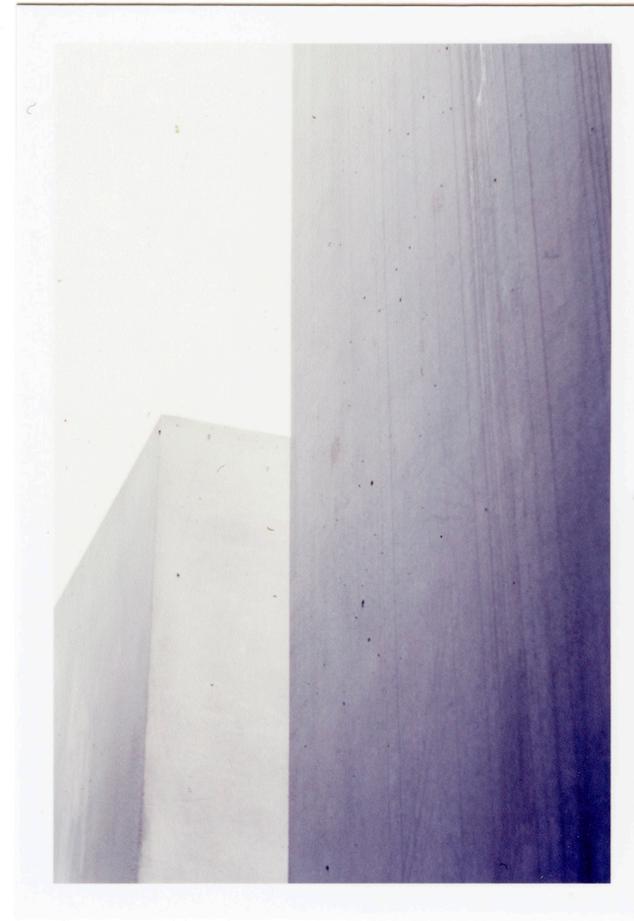
Hungry, violent, lonely, godless, thus sex: a sweetish point only for the wilted. For the lion-willed, wine of wines, a great fortifying: the laughing lion with a swarm of doves. Knowing is joy to the lion-willed. LOL.

Solemn, indeed solemn, worthy of a lion, or of a moral, howling, monkey. *Thou shalt* is the name of the grand dragon, but the lion says *I Will*.

Mottle skinned, predator, mane of the explorer, searcher, conqueror, lion monster, grim, golden, blond-locked, gnawed off, nibbled away: SELAH

for the higher, stronger, more victorious, more cheerful ones: those who are built right-angled in body and soul.

Laughing lions
must.



Hello.

He's dead.

So, please go ahead: take the morning, these hours, for your own private grief.

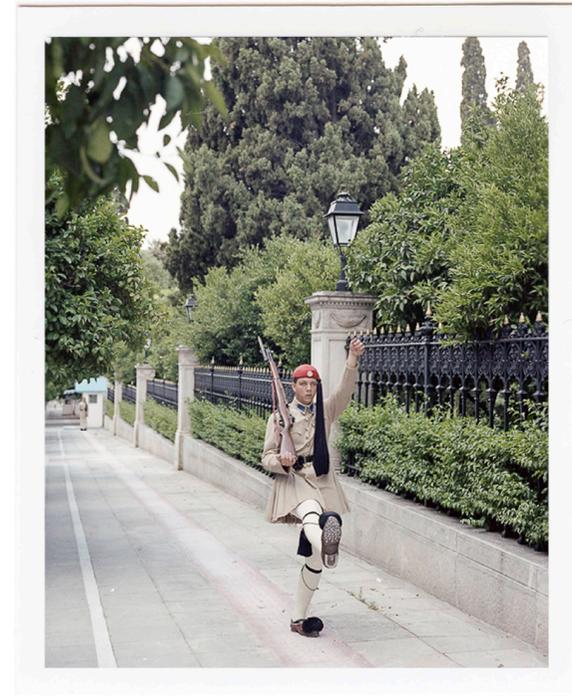
It sucks, doesn't it? Of course, it's fine to have a little blubber, here, on the rue Lepic.

Though – given the cobbled streets, the tourists staring wide through Woody Allen's goofy eyes – it's all a bit absurd, isn't it?

Quand ils sont tant de gens à pleurer, I guess you've got to choose and, of course, it's fine you've chosen him.

He was important, I know, he taught you how to think, he taught you that thinking isn't everything,

and yes, I know:



the lyre trilling blood, the poem as inveterate song sung below self-inflicted scars; that urge to hack and pick at mind.

But, have you looked outside? Much of everything's the same

and in some tenement, in the back room of some apartment hunkered in some crumbling edifice

in some concrete grey monument to modernity and progress, someone else is dead

or dying, or about to boil a spoon of junk and flunk out of a world that never really noticed them.

So yes, he's dead.
It sucks, doesn't it?



This morning, all is much
as before.

Though it is true that Nespresso has eased the torture
of self-caffeination,

that BuzzFeed has finally achieved
omnipresence.

Today: TEN THINGS YOU REALLY NEED
TO KNOW ABOUT THE AGONY OF AQUATIC SUFFOCATION.

Today: SMALLER PLANKS
REQUIRED FOR A SMALLER CHILD'S *ULTRA* TINY COFFIN

will sell a few more papers
or snag a few more clicks

for editors weary *cum statu quo res erant ante bellum*,
e.g. mass graves, or the whole world in flames.

