

Le Bougnat

Le Bougnat (Violence within my ERROR)

It's sadly still 2017 - Problem. Problem. Error. Walk. Wait. Die Mutter removed roof tiles to get into the building and was asphyxiated when her clothing became caught. Deleted. The wait. I wait. Silence grows. Bad mouthed news. Motives changing. It's just another birth. My foot, the hole. The walk. The Wait. In my side view I catch him walking. Just EXILE. Only EXILE. Walk. Wait. Work. LABOUR. My own personal green revenge. Flag stones are moving, fences are falling. Rip it open. E. E. E. E. eetfuk. me Le Bougnat.

Le Bougnat (Dumb Doubt GOAT)

2017 - So I thought: "This is all I have: poverty, being stuck in my ghetto." I didn't see the beauty in it. NO void void dude, fill that crack, that poverty hole of yours - bong dong - such as death, renewal, creation. But then he also, or to my knowledge, didn't confess to an interviewer that he dyes his own hair. Le Bougnat je suis, je marche tous les jours, et je me porte. c'est triste. pote, non. to have one's snout in the trough ou avoir sa part du gâteau!

I'm not going to be [who] somebody trusts I am better, not bigger. I was just as isolated in as I was in Paris. Years after the GOAT was declared persona non grata. After falling from the 28th floor of a building in Anstruther, that didn't stop me from enjoying my own company. Silence, Doubt and Eat me. Exile stab wound. Exile violence. Je marche tous les jours, et je me porte. The fact of the attack was nil. How old are you? On sight. I resent that I have to prove I am. to prove that I am, encore, malgré tout. Our history book. I couldn't tell you how old your daughter was. Couldn't tell you how old your son is. Christ at the column, ca.1490 Oil on panel 36 9/10 × 24 3/5 in 93.7 × 62.5 cm. How many real friends? Just to ask you a question - How many? My history book. First it's this then it moves onto that, and It's not my problem, problems, another problem. Argument. Given half the chance you'd walk around like twat just like I do. Turn it upside down, it falls, like the fall it self. Das gute leben, Das gute leben they told me. Dirt. My Dirt. Filth. Discussion. I'm out of the game. You want it darker? I put it into my arm. A butcher. I'm an insect, walking across the the window. Crossing the border everyday. I walk. Im just killing time by walking. I'm Le Bougnat.

Le Bougnat (Spine Elbow Orifice)

What an unexpected pleasure Mr Never. I am Herr Krylon. As they fall, I fall, you fall, we fall. My finger is so far into my own dark orifice that the sparrow sing in my ear. My marrow tastes green. The film hurts my face. Cull. My work must survive the cull. CULL. Bad Error Lad at your service. Heart palpitations made me paint black. Stretch the flesh lad. Gather the wedges. "The Exile-man lives in Exile land, He walks and talks with his exile slang, the exile-man eats food from his exile can. The exile-man must survive his exile time" Flesh. Green. I don't eat bread, rice please. I eat rice with my fingers. I grab my cock with the same hand. Rice in my hole. Exile hole. Litter Hole. Cull Hole. Shoulder pops out of the joint. Fist, pumping fist. Shadow across the wall, ray of sun behind my wound. Caput mortuum might come. Not. Raw or Burnt, I can't choose, make you mind up fool. No. Nerve. Mr Never. Slow boiled. Sun-tan feet. Culture is what is done to us, but when there is no culture, what is done to us. Walk. Walk. Eat. Ate. Kick the can. Pick it up. Titanic. I was born Le Bougnat.

Le Bougnat (Green Custodian)

Us, no. Never. Into the hole. I must work. work. Labour. Lift my foot, walk. Place the foot. Walk. I hate them, erratum, most of them. Him. Him. Hate. Residue of time wasted. Negativity is always hovering. Harvest. Don't forget good old hate. I was born out of humiliation. Lift my toe. Slap my toe. Fuck my toe. Am I the custodian of my toe. He had severe learning difficulties, was emaciated and had only a single tooth left in his mouth (this is his wish) I kept my victim in a squalid room without carpet, a light bulb, bedclothes or curtains. I used the Never to be content with a picture till it was literature, but now that need is gone. Approaches a painting with The Never and achieve nothing. What do you do. Nothing. Keys. Lock the door behind you. Hook the keys back onto the jeans. Colour, grey. Hook, green. NOW, walk. Look. See. I can smell it. I can see it. I hate it. Madame Moitessier I will fuck you, I will fuck you hard, very hard and even harder. I am unsure of that as if it were perverse to do so. On the glass partition between me and my life were three signs: one asked for help for the blind, another help for orphans, and the third for relief for the perverse. That is a sentence inviting ridicule or an inviting smell of. I cannot write. I cannot spell. I cannot read. I am not in that that that. I am here. I am right behind you. I'll kill you. Watch it. Unstable human walking behind you. Stab. I can stab you. Pocket is full with found weapons. Stab. I walk. I walk by my cast iron fence. Anger. Anger in my hole. Hate. I am still Le Bougnat.

Le Bougnat (The Thief That Died)

He is not that smart. He is handsome. He must die. I'll get him. I'll track him, them down. Job done. I walk. I'm back in the hole. Can't see you. Will not see you. I have a dark hole. Enter please. Enter where, who are you, please pull out of my dark fuck hole. I will die Le Bougnat, I must accept this, difficult. I have no fuck hole. I'm the plug. I am a life plug. I'm born a plug. plug-man. Please enter my hole. Welcome to my hole. Smell my hole. Existential hole. Existential smell. Existential. Now, fuck you. Existential fuck. Existential you. Drove today, V6. I roll. I transport oli. I saw something today, something in the mass, in the matter, I saw me in that matter. I hate me and that matter, but I saw it. It looked at me, we look at each other the matter and me confronted. Eye ball, Existential eye ball. I slept last night. I woke up angered at the Existential lie that you live. I will stab you. Stab you with my found matter. I'll fuck you. Fuck your hole. Existential hole. Must walk now. EYE. BLOOD. FEAR. FOOT. FIST. FINGER. CELL. HAIR. Be humble. Lobster eating knob. Humble. Sit down. View it from the other side. Never. MY NEVER. I stood up. I sat down. I never. my never. Wedge it, ram it down your spine. Glass, water. Sparkling. I need a glass of sparkling water. wasser. Death, die. And my spine boiled clean. I'll remain Le Bougnat.

Le Bougnat (Gordian Knot)

Never had the "cunt flu" - I am I - Ressusciter la croix. Walk along the furrow. Drag my harrow with my sorrow. Become the sparrow. I am I. Cancelled. Cancel that. Cancelled again. Cancelled tomorrow. Cancel everything. Cancelled. As I ordered the canvas, linen, I puked. As I ordered the stretchers I did vomit. Cancel. The cancel problem, there is no problem, cancel. I am I. Being just a spoke in a wheel. I Cancelled that. Cannot be a spoke. Or the wheel. Walking. Walk. God, I need some water, sparkling please. I need some water. Walking. Hipp Hipp Hurray. Hiipp Huuooopp Fucking Hurray my white arsehole. Untitled 2017. I am a untitled walk. Untitled April 2017. MOUTH. open up let me in, OPEN YOUR MOUTH, I will fill your hole with my mass, your hole filled with I am I untitled 2017. As I walk I Cancel. I am my own error. Grey. Green. Black material. I do need some water, I need some cold water. Hey I need a glass of cold water. Not sure I cancelled the cancel. Still Le Bougnat.

Le Bougnat (Off Kilter)

I have no element. Never had one, my element is out of kilter or off kilter. The Kilter problem. Kill. Kill. Kill. I will kill for this. You, that young man in the wheelchair. You want money. s-bane. You have light hair. You young. Red sleeping bag. Dirty hands, dirty nails, filth. You have coins in your lap. An orange plastic bag is blocking your way. shut aisle, sorr, sorry you say. You use your dirty filth power. (He used his power). You stink (He stank) A horrible odour. People on the s-train reacted including me, moi, meg, jeg, I - we cover our noses and faces. FILTH. Wack. My element is off kilter. I need a glass of water. WALK. WALK. You twat. Eat an EGG. I'm Le Bougnat.

Le Bougnat (I Will Now Switch Telephone Off)

What comes around goes around. Fist. Floor. Dust. Must grab the last drop of you. Later. I will underestimate your light and pathetic struggle. Later Dude. Lad. Only child. Player. Zombie. I'll open you. War is on. Walking. Walk. Keep Walking. You are the dirt beneath my feet, foot. I am behind myself, shadow to the left, black. Onwards. Fist. I can't remove my Le Bougnat. I am Le Bougnat.

Le Bougnat (Dead)

And Ringo star is a [REDACTED]. Paul McCartney is just a [REDACTED] face. His daughter [REDACTED].

Victor grass

Le Bougnat (Cockeyed mug)

Sabotaging my seafood you penis-head. Loath. My place is above you. YOU Deciduous fool - Le Bougnat, oui, c'est moi - Je suis Le Bougnat. je viens pour toi!

Victor Boulet

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