

# CAM BRIDGE RELITERARY VIEW.

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Francesca Lisette

## Honied Taper

Life Assurance flakes off the wifed embargo:  
Prissy cuts dangle in the blind aisle, take a swing it's  
compulsory or be lulled by the  
barn chaotic, a kind of suicide.

Robotics is not the future it's the lineage of  
part-presence brimming under hams & telling it  
where to plunk that zip. OH duplicate breeders  
swapping their chromosomes don't come up for air –  
'til the scorched palm chafes at nuked changeover  
for a life to be lived under but never in/ left  
nude among the polythene, paisley, parlour treats *du jour*.

Don't imagine a bland recourse by any other meme  
would dilute crabsticks knotting the gutter  
to inebriate suffering, ash pursed in crêpe shadow.

Dirigible slides down the TESCOPOLY ranch

All burning shellac pension, slim invitation  
to a modal hi-hat schism, serendipitous lean  
white haut neck safety in schizophrenia latches  
on the cold call of nowhere, splinter farms now  
do you cluck heart for  
oat bred elastic

Crow slight by windbags' punitive shelter

hurry up to systematise nerve breaks  
is this wheel epistemological data of 1<sup>st</sup> order highlight  
means to go square or in fact, count bevy as  
tetratic lilt.

Hearing directory paced full of rhubarb sex  
& knife pandering the dark halo,  
from tunnel to slowly imbricate hallelujah  
Class filter erased lay back. Sushi-Nitrate enters  
w/ only a headscarf for threat company  
his directive defaced 'LKYTMNTNR', irony slick  
with the useless strut of a chicken-shit feeder:  
"Beaconnicity predicate there but for, solely, the sweat of endives  
go I. Infantilised every woman by plating  
sex workers' flats in slaphead Brylcreem  
selectively separatist is the cement slop after Churchill  
does the dead dodo packed grains into brains still naked  
at the rate of corner fork, like eating a breast implant (over 60?)"  
Gelled cusp of his radiator belt as if it were sass heap  
that's exactly fractionate of pre-packaged sunshine, *beautifully*  
*presented in a 6"x4"x3" leather claw-foot carry case.*  
Yeah we know how you feel about that Pan but in any case  
your enemies furl deep in the tailpipe of genre erotics.

Hip thrust carcass at LUXOR, operational laundry  
splayed out talkative decks a filibuster shrined lip  
pole to pole to pulped aureole. Only the contract, still gurgling at  
dawn, kills with lucidity picked out on standby.

## Author Info

Francesca Lisette is a poet currently living in Brighton, where she studies Critical Theory and coordinates the Chlorine reading series. She has published 'Tarorchid' with Grasp Press and her work has appeared in *Crater*, *Axolotl* and *Holly White*. Her collection *As the Rushes Were* is available from Grasp Press.

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