

Lucy Hunt

A Public Wall

This body embodied in Berlin
1989, cruel denim aches at the axis
Fill lungs with deflating Aryan apathy
To rise to each fall in Technicolor high-definition surround-sound digital pixelated
purity
Beating chests cheat best
Whilst the sea undulates: spill liquor, lie, sit still
Each putrid pitfall is a pore poured alive with vile breath
Class gapes like her sanguine lips, which slip
Open. Slack-jawed indifference

Hey.
That's no way to start the day
we dread metempsychosis more now
that fret is regret now consumption is influenza
Benzedrine meets Benedictine in a clash
Of the sediments, call Interpol for sentiment
Call 911, call no-one
Scarlet carpets lead us to absolute truth and gee, ain't that the truth
To forgive is to forget, to die is divine
To define all their minds is a farce:

They are not your cake children
You owe them no spam

18:34

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White female, 81, on the corner shouting

BROKE Britain

BROKEN Britain

BROKEBACK Britain

You'll never placate the ones with

Placards spitting plaque with

A memory beyond

Yesterday:

Too many demons to exorcise,

Children to exercise,

Illusions to incise with

Precise, measured, and

Informed guesses –

Who feels at home in the world?

From the very

Depths of our nature, it's

Not won.

IT COULD BE YOU,

But it's not –

My thanks to the Western Daily Press,

The WDP, the NoTW, the DM, the PM,

Teaching WMD and APR and CO2

To people who only have time to

ABRVIATE

& b abrviatd

And be fed on

FEAR! HATRED! FEAR OF HATRED!

Fear of fat and fear of hating

The hatred that fear

Of hatred

Fattens:

It twists and melts in the

Mouth, so they say,

But don't take our word for it!

BUY BUY BUY to

See for yourselves.