Momentum

Also by Scott Thurston

Poems Nov 89 – Jun 91 (Writers Forum, London, 1991)

State(s) walk(s) (Writers Forum, London, 1994)

Fragments (The Lilliput Press, Norwich, 1994)

Sleight of Foot (with Miles Champion, Helen Kidd and Harriet Tarlo)

(Reality Street Editions, London, 1996)

Two Sequences (RWC, Sutton, 1998)

Turns (with Robert Sheppard)

(Ship of Fools/Radiator, Liverpool, 2003)

Of Utility (Spanner, Hereford, 2005)

Hold (Shearsman Books, Exeter, 2006)

SCOTT THURSTON

Momentum

Published in the United Kingdom in 2008 by Shearsman Books Ltd 58 Velwell Road Exeter EX4 4LD

ISBN 978-1-905700-32-5

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Acknowledgements

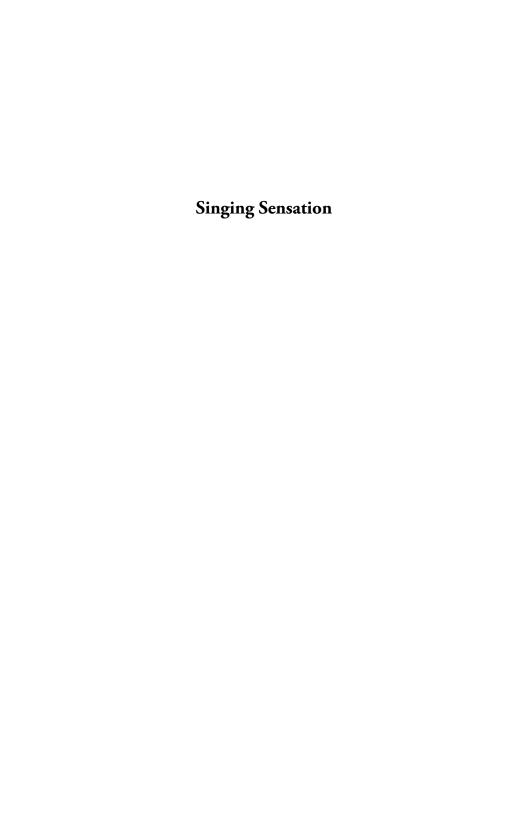
Some of these poems have previously appeared in the following magazines: Dusie, Erbacce, Fragmente, Great Works, Intercapillary Space, Lamport Court, Shadow Train, Shearsman, Skald, The Argotist Online, The Gig. Many thanks to the editors.

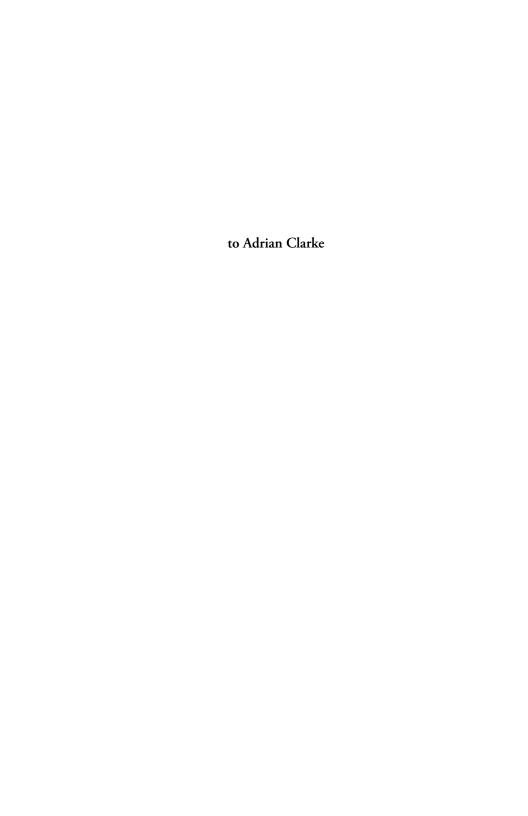
Nine poems appeared in the Broken Compass Press Anthologies (0.1) and (0.2) in 2006. Thanks to Chris Brownsword.

Five poems appeared in *Slova Bez Hranic*, the anthology of the 2007 Words Without Borders festival in Olomouc, Czech Republic, in parallel with Czech translations. Thanks to Bob Hysek.

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dashed singing sensation

dares to incorporate a

robbery as if monotony

an unfolded collar

of chambers beaten

out on an anvil who

shouldered the wrong

burden wants redressing

as a split bung type

to the paradise of

another open matter

offer pattern

regressing

yes it's chopped off

out of the ether

an oblong slide

into shaded polygon

a thick block

wedged into position

shifted over

determined minutiae

what magnifies

this ecstatic identification

as if a stone

hands over turns and

leaves

cows and horses

placed here equally

asunder a redounded

sense of the outmoded

categories the licenses

to print castellate

the chimneys on the

horizon the simple point

spits a loop of

charcoal settling neatly

the chance

attendant on thought again

something happened
that tall day a
coach approaches out
of wistfulness
super sullen subtle
you might be on
a hiding to nothing
for tense means
an ingenuity that never
fails the fully
aligned arrangements

of emotion

the angle steeps

up a rostrum

into a tense torso

of reflections

a bum deal to

recondite despite

the spilled guts

of a singed contract

the seeming hopeless

dumps into a skillet

marmoreal, funereal

wind proposes leaves

a tractable baffle a

front mazey with

starry points releases

you to what

alternative two opposite

hoppers bottom

out a tactical battle

raising the meat

gate

what is it that it

answers to in me

airline seating lines

paper through attention's

thin folds hi-hat

sound hooks a hot spot

to a point winking

at the brim of articulation

how does it break

response into two

does it start with

me or you?

the second before

this leaving creature

sporting itself in

joy now heads to

a passage of self

destruction in an

instant all sport is

ended the shocking

banality of its

swiftness all too

unremittingly

familiar

how to hang a

split to pit that

wretched bulb

bulging in one's eye

line head height

bespoke addictions a simple worm

in the architecture

love me love my hate dog

a sullen sip of

disciplined testing

of a vintage

vintage better bettered only the next

time around