

**Momentum**

## Also by Scott Thurston

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*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)  
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**SCOTT THURSTON**

**Momentum**

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## **Singing Sensation**





to Adrian Clarke



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