

Hold

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)

SCOTT THURSTON

HOLD

Poems 1994-2004

Shearsman Books

Exeter

Published in the United Kingdom in 2006 by
Shearsman Books Ltd
58 Velwell Road
Exeter EX4 4LD

ISBN-10 0-907562-83-3

ISBN-13 978-0-907562-83-2

Copyright © Scott Thurston, 2006.

The right of Scott Thurston to be identified as the author of this work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyrights, Designs and Patents Act of 1988. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publisher.

Acknowledgements — see page 115.



The publisher gratefully acknowledges financial assistance from
Arts Council England.

CONTENTS

Touch Watch	9
Rejecting the Personal	22
Speak for Itself	27
Sleight of Foot	34
Kneading Pool	40
In the Working World	47
Cooking	53
<i>distinctions again</i>	54
Sounding Scheme	57
Hold	64
Rescale	70
Reading	82
Hard Bind	83
A Bowl of Fruit	84
Ars Moriendi	85
Desk	86
Walk	87
Car	88
Where is Love?	89
The Change	91
The Bridge	92
His Self-Made Triumph	93
Tonight	94
Return to Base	95
Poem	96
Statement	97
Writing	98
O Futility	99
Red Snowflake	100
Incident Room	100
An Injury Helps	101
I Heard an Accident	101
Let's Talk About Us	102
Alternate, Slowly	102
The Only Thing to Do	103
Immaturity	104

28 December	105
Poem	106
One for the Shapeless Moments	107
Adult Toy	108
Bottle	109
Easter Monday	110
The Garden	111
Examination Conditions	112
9 April 2003	113
Acknowledgements	115

**This book is dedicated to Robert Sheppard,
my mentor, teacher and friend.**

TOUCH WATCH

touch watch was as to is and to come
become into you touch
longing attracts spark sharp across terminal
planks lined up to splice light from
the station
where links touch towards and that
need exit to situation
not working touch your skin
perhaps working that space-fold of
chemical reaction
made up your face
attraction touch links

what releases is a chanced posture of collapse
where the mark on the floor
walks a noted glimpse
articulation demands that this be a
choice procedure where the line tails out –
don't do it for long
or it will get you

articulated transactions become unto
what you left
damaged corners on a burnt pile
sear a red stain into flooring
at once walking

walking out amongst glass flowers
slight suspension notes the increase
if you fall spiral into what is home
and known
a waking is not next to what was
formulable
decrease
out

yes say why
attach a columbine attractor
a tube down which things spread
the outer layers warmed shine
catching up on making
catching up on exercise

my sections cook a yellow
sample disc turning to well-done
this recommendation doesn't make
things easy
attempting to dive derive that route
crossing the aisles
lengthening strides

attracted anxiety
bottles up a neck-echo
of traced weakness
control is possible if you
use it for the first time
it works
you know

release an area of discovery and trepidation
a playing to rules funnels
extracts gently into a gulf of space
levels set change from one minute
to the minute
what can you try to do?
exchange support
link traces

linking slips up to boil down whole again
dramatised symptoms irk a tiring drive
what you walk is what you give
eating over to a yearning
what can I do for you
to lift walk over and
down again

full of a cage of anticipation
guessed transmission in crossed-wiring
a heated cool magnified over any
edges to fall underneath
if the two poles just missed you
why are you on this train
I can't forget your fortune
brace slides sudden
lost a coat
no pay

that contingency becomes a death-space
lithe over flurries
what we continue traced across
translation plain of attachment change
and growth
I could guess what makes
dive into
your love

where began what we could now
come to terms with
still stilled on a moving line
these two edges sped-up telescoped now
us two lying in a circular notch
rotating

ethernets bark ripping sound
in a wind of attainment
what ages approach a well of webs
moving to the top
spark a drive hole down
make parallels