

Internal Rhyme

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)

Momentum (Shearsman Books, Exeter, 2008)

SCOTT THURSTON

Internal Rhyme

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I

internal rhyme
I can feel your
eternal flask
of relief at the end of

pleasure you can't
stand at the gateway
possible dynamic
you will terribly

a species of adder magic
badge by my side
leave out those signs
withdrawal symptoms

measure the hybrids
the larger logic that makes
critical constructions
well un-read

in visibility give me
totality the weight of
my feet in a new way
ignites a prospect of

ground to other
fiery remote surgery
an encased circuit
never refusing

the whole without
me dropping down moving
full flow force field
balance relation to

this searing contact
perfect platinum breaks
of touch without
suppressing difference

death my enemy
ever the face crags
the young argue
to finitude open

well for pure water
form an invitation to
radical plurality
take my hand

let's stay closer than
the pay off of ages
for themselves consigned
essentially mortal

mathematics of waves
disappear in different
disjunctive others
lovely wolf-skull

how to find us
on this train can
smoke expand upon
death coming fast

in time the open
sacred tomb bewilders
strong palettes death as
end constantly

if there is a driver
they make themselves known
a limit plane we heard
but got out of the way

secret is scared is
a wonder tense of
punctuation without
being against itself

is it only an argument of
the scale that establishes
my attenuated trunk
root thinkable only without

style, absolute fear of
real measures? I risk
the crown so far from the
opposition

a slip on shifting
creation of a sharp drop
bounces a patch to
an inexplicable forfeit

interposed surfaces
in dignity lost face
snap back in time
horrific unaccountability

how to live without
me over and over
denial if you don't
prey you are not

moving to recoup
a reversal but a
motion carries right
by stretching time

god innocent death kills
little by little a total
dance springing on
a dancer

a grazed recall not
tolerance of particles
out of the system
making life visible

for James Powell

virtuous knowledge
practice evidence and
a real return showing
who knows the most

quick and dirty look
to blank page whole
essence of systems
in turn left only

sharing creativity is best
reason new without blame
engagement transfers
unthinkable images

to bear back
through thinking the
co-creation stays always
more than a title

about this boy what
nerves behind this
blind longing welded to
a mask of class

transpires to be slick
rhetoric starts to expose
strength case hardened
beguiling intellect

a tempting torture
straight where your
will you have been
it is that

to explain sell it to me
pattern breaks when
able to judge what
you have lost

me and my shadow
restlessly how to love
if things are hidden
when it is sought

under force of
spanning blame to a
recuperative love
at the end

turning relentlessly
without god it's lost
running out of time
ought it to be given

circumstance? Purports
drafted report numbing
notes of the sad songs
of the celebration