



Scott Thurston

*from Internal Rhyme*

a wren upon a board  
give it to me hard  
status through a ruse  
to straiten a muse

whack a fly on a bin  
away so forcefully it  
doubles in intensity  
your innovative ego

constantly preying at a  
contracts sends us  
a tension useless once  
something happened

something til we got  
scared until we were  
there are no longer  
hold us control us

I can't write about  
I gave to whom I  
took place at what  
what was intended

if it was a transaction  
involved inflected  
have been considered  
if any chance of

that shot potential stir  
a reason to infer  
a cunning temper lies  
behind corrupt prosody

what you have thrown  
back to you returns  
your surface only burns  
to forestall revolution

boundary which suddenly  
scattering all seeking  
acquired simply to mark  
we threw stones at

scared because we were  
scared no longer that  
any sites can  
even love us

what I did what  
gave it where it  
time who gave it  
what was felt

of sorts the modality  
upon if it could  
a test of sorts  
belief forgot

that she would  
square at night  
ventilation dance  
crafted intolerable

rotate in an isolated  
parade through  
without movement  
little trainers

I'm smashed in  
shut out as if by  
a fallen crest  
run way or concentric

educated lack  
caste of mind down  
to actual parallel  
or the same not the same

turning to leave  
having fought our  
unnoticed commitment  
to danger

through a door  
presence I bolt  
unresisted course  
given up altogether

on some other flight  
is time where in  
stand not fast  
style is entirely

the invisible worm  
dread to fall I  
finally impersonal  
inescapably yours

where flowering reeds  
dark actions differ  
in love an answer  
spoken across

grow in profusion  
select or combine  
to death being  
a dish of irises

my hidden friend  
kept on display  
what you say  
wax on a ground

were you stolen  
in the museum  
hears my listening  
gives a relief

