

Scott Thurston

from Internal Rhyme

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

