

SONGS OF DESIRE & LONGING



Scott Thurston

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Cover art © Scott Thurston, sketch of Auguste Rodin's 'Cupid and Psyche' (c. 1908)

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WAVE

Female ancestors what
they received
but also imagining
could take energy

Male ancestors what
they received
message to go

Not recalling very well
but acknowledging wealth
admits triviality
dares, hints at

calm protection therein
recognising the reality
gets sacrificed for that

giving its pain and triumph
in warfare
playful and sensuous
doubt social work

future work ambition

the image broke
me a constant
turning to a scenario
its apparent spontaneity
promising authenticity
lost in acting out the
authorised version
but building up
an embedded structure
activated when one tries to
create a new scenario

undone and wrong-
footed: incomparable
desire, difficult position,
lack of resolve, inner damage –
shock of a wrecked gap

your eloquent silence
lodged inside me
you are inside
you are inside
the wind
you are inside
the wind
inside me
two tongues
in my hand
in my feet
affair of the heart
chamber that
switches through
active wantonness
you can have
whatever you want
might as well
take my heart
as well
in the terse tone
of a tough time

I have dedicated the temple
inside myself to you

I have torn down the temple

I have dedicated the memorial
that marks the site of the temple
to you

THREE FRAGMENTS

1.

life like rendering
too restrictive tied
to a certain word

the art of transcending
knowledge where every
illusion contains a reality

2.

After the ideal the real is more real
After the real the ideal is ideal

3.

The word thief passed
Across a table
No trail to it
No attitude in it
No reference in it
Creates a judgement

You try to find the light
Inheritance dredged silt
Spilt right across the
Interminable channel

Dancing with the shame of
giving into despair

turns up the fear
of loss.

I go to the house.

There is some soft clarity
of expression, a debate

on how the moral society
seeks equilibrium.

Something happens
at the point I lose

concentration. Asked if I
saw the signs on the

way in, I say not. I
go outside and find

I have come back
into the world.