

CAM BRIDGE RELITERARY VIEW.

Citation Info

Timothy Thornton, 'Fire Shift', *Cambridge Literary Review*, 1/1 (Michaelmas, 2009), pp. 39–41.

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Timothy Thornton

Fire Shift

The threaded

slats good dog are

tightening, til they buckle. Now,

from where the pressure is derived is
largely irrelevant; only know that having no
alternative, teeth

by the score fracture and are cantilevered
out of my (having no alternative) rictus; as
they hit the tarmac

I am sticky in the sun and am encouraged
toward *diligence*, as a shelf along a wall.

 This is what we have

I'm told

 to refer to / as something paying off:

yet, rough

 for his standards in the fray, the bearer
 risks the dogs let slip (the pact): as it is

written. You, now, and I, beat the drum. We rise

martial by the unchalked vinyl. Draw out horns!

 We impress:

 burn it

the pinprick jihad / onto your retina, the cannon's
mouth. The bearer risks the thick of being held

 to account check yet

another manifesto etched and ratified to to
account for limit tend, your thin skin, your tuba mirum. I:
am verticalized, dossier-dressed. And you:

tender,
light,
exhale and realign whatever / rapport
you line by line denying testify to. There the grin
of hooded click to undermine. But you: bound,
or coast; I wait until for fight or flight
you: waver,
tending (or embracing) such a sentence of / well,
waxing parasite, I call it tired: and sick: and
refrain: you
resign, sit back and lullaby some call to arms
or cue,
and tend again. And / the sun

sat on the screen and the dot
sat on the screen, then so well
nil: came, occurred or was caused to
occur. It just goes to render the
parodic insincere is YES to rely upon the parodic
insincere YES as demonstrated,
YES daily til you are
become YES thoroughly proficient ghost machine, O come

the Summer oil rains for weeks thanks be to God.
The coronet
talks, and process, leave you bloodshed cold. Cohort
stunt review in this domain, storming o'er
the kind / bypass, and the taste of car keys heavy

on my tongue flag white. Tonight love I shall beat / impaled
on you combative and

leashed, the retreat.

I said: don't interrupt, but

strapped by then to the gurney things uh
ah bruised and the room sung back while
the mechanism of

well / everything disengaged and settled slickly

back and slightly to the left, all in the time

it took my cam to gulp.

Author Info

Timothy Thornton left Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 2007, with degrees in both Music and English incomplete. With Josh Stanley and Luke Roberts, he runs Grasp Press. He works sometimes as an accompanist and répétiteur, and sometimes as a designer.

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