

# The New Criterion

## Poems

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## Verse

by [Charles Tomlinson](#)

The pause at the turn, however infinitesimal,  
Is there to ensure we do not run ahead  
Of the heartbeat, the knowledge in the blood  
That will not be hurried beyond a present good  
Before it has fed on it. Where are you going  
And towards what beyond, asks the pulsation  
To which everything is bound: time to return  
To the paced-out path for those who raced it.

Charles Tomlinson

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