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## **The Shadow of the Door**

Dreams slip away/wrenched harshly  
the veil is tight/greedy with scried glimpses  
screaming lunatics outside the apartment  
lack of decency or self-control  
emotional wrecks/monsters in the night  
the shifting sands of time  
absolution in a jar of chaos/spilling seeds  
sanctimonious throne of thorns/crown of sorrow  
righteous indignation/creative flux  
it's been so long/overdrive prescription  
untitled emission/a dose of absolution  
pennies scattered in the wind  
clocks grinding toward winter

## Blurred

My eyes might not be what they once were  
but I can still see the north star  
holy ghost aglow

Cracked my teeth on harder truths  
than the sugar cookie culture  
could ever digest

and it's a long fog  
through the black night

you'll see

## Modus Operandi of the Serpents

Portals into the eclipse  
with a full moon blooming  
around the bend

...

The Holy Grail  
Fountain of Youth  
Rosetta Stone  
Deciphered DNA

Inquisitions  
Heresy  
Conquistadors/Crusades  
In the name of the Sacred Father  
Sacrifice/Virgin blood  
glistening treasure  
dragon fangs

Papacy  
Golden Pillars  
Divine Phallus

of arks and covenants  
of shepherds and wolves

## No Villain Shall Prosper

It's at the edge of atmospheric pressure  
tensile brush stroke annihilation

Fingertips can't grasp the air's gentle whisper  
but can't you sense it anyway?

...

The trick to remaining inwardly peaceful even as drooling tyrants torture the concepts of freedom, liberty, and personal sovereignty on a daily basis is to understand that every deceitful, cowardly action they take will wind up working doubly against them in the end.

For it is written that as the clowns stumble along their path of authoritarian giddiness, they will eventually lose all balance and fall face first into their own worldly devastation and eternal despair.

Therefore, it is wise to laugh at the conduct of those who have no shame, for that which serves as gallows humor to provide a mild sense of merriment during the time of chaos will return on its investment in manifold proportion through schadenfreude raised to the nth degree once the cookie finally crumbles and all the swinish scoundrels are stuffed fat with their just desserts.

## Modes of Mooing

Mood good  
vibe positive  
love fiery

Rode high  
on a wave of lightening

Felt God  
in successive pulses

Pulled the plug on all distractions  
oh, baby, don't feel dejected

we're just rejecting  
that gnarly old beast  
and his system  
that need not be mentioned

Condition red  
with plenty of warmth  
and burnout left over  
to kiss your glowing orange  
nuclear plexus

Oh, darling, don't get infected  
that's just the cud they choose to chew