

Scott Thomas Outlar

Enter the Void/Embrace the Vision

You are the edge of oblivion,
and I am a lemming
that marches in lockstep
to jump off the cliff
along with everyone else
in search of your fathomless depths.

You are the point of departure,
and I am the future tense
that leaves the past behind
while searching ever onward
toward the portal
that delivers my spirit closer to yours.

You are the critical mass of a black hole,
and I am a lit-up nebula
that pulses bright in flashing neon
as the void of space
begins to rupture
in affirmations of cosmic expansion.

You are a sight that sore eyes crave,
and I am crazed
beyond the state of fervor
with three visions of frenzy
that coalesce into one
to birth the apocalyptic truth of love.

Road to Damascus

When you're walking
down a dark hallway
carrying a huge bowl
of cake and ice cream
in the early a.m. hours
while contemplating
the archetype of Jesus
and whether religion
is sane or not,
be careful not
to
run into the door
and spill the sugary spoils
or sprain your neck
or have a wreck
that turns into
a breakdown
through the night.

Chew and Chew

I remember
those early mornings
at 3, 4, 5 o'clock
after 20, 25, 30 hours
awake...
living off high dosages
of pills
and marijuana...
exhaustion in a loopy
yet somehow coherent state
setting in...
laid out
on the couch
with the boob tube on
as the peepers
close/droop/fade...
the spoon
of peanut butter
still in my mouth...
waking up
hours later
mid-bite...
only to swallow
the mouthful
and stumble
to the bedroom
for a perfect collapse
into dreams
that may
or may not
actually
already be reality

A Moment to Mourn

I want to weep
for the species
of humanity,
and I would
if I truly believed
the tears would help
reverse the process
of regression
that has debilitated
so many people
with diseases of
mind, body, and soul.

I want to weep
for the children
who are pumped
full of poisons
from the moment
they pop out of the womb.

I want to weep
for the adults
whose brains
have been damaged
beyond repair
because they bought in
to the propaganda
of a Satanic system
that wants to keep them
stupid, sick, and poor.

I want to weep,
but I won't,
because the time has come
to push ahead
and walk the path
only with those
who still have
a sturdy head on their shoulders.

Pants on Fire

Hypocrites and Pharisees
and fake plastic people

Kingdom of the Wretched
with a wound
the size of Atlantis

Toppling towers/leaky bridges/lead
to Nowhere Incorporated –

The best sex
ever served
on a silver platter/
punctured the pipelines...
ruptured the fallout syndrome...
stockpiled the nuclear reaction –

Watch the top blow
when she screams, “Scorned!”

Watch the violence spew
from a filthy mouth

Witness the Black Wave crash...
remorse is not akin to blind adoration