

Scott Thomas Outlar

Painting Ourselves into Corners

Nietzsche said
that the poets lie too much.

I'd elaborate on the subject
if I weren't already in too deep.

I Still Sometimes Wonder What Happened

We used to drive for hours
to faraway destinations
across the country,
alternating turns at the wheel
and never, for an instant,
running short
on things to speak about.

We used to lay in bed all day
in one another's arms,
whispering all the sweet words
that young couples do
when first falling head over heels
between the sheets.

We used to go out for dinner
and drink deeply
of wine
and each other's eyes
from across the table
while we planned a future
that seemed surefire
to never fall apart.

But we weren't the first lovers

to share such magic
in every experience
while our lust was fresh and new,
and we weren't the first lovers
to lose it all over time
as the sad truth
became apparent
that love is never enough.

Elusive Accord

Howling winds kiss my cold cheeks,
and I pretend that your fingers
are grazing against my skin.

Illusions shatter in Winter...
I am left with only ice
on this path.

Walking alone...toward something...
somewhere...maybe...perhaps
I'll know it when I find it.

Across the distance,
hanging on the far horizon,
a siren sings her January melody.

A lullaby meant
to lull me to sleep...
but I'd freeze here all alone.

Trudging ahead with clear intentions...
focused on the future...
elusive though it might seem at times.

The clock strikes
a Midnight chime,
and I am the bell tolling.

I am the bird whistling
while working my way
back into the comfort of your warmth.

The Second Coming/Don't Choke

Maybe the funniest thing
I've ever heard
(at least in the past day)
was a woman
from the crowd
of a deep fried asparagus
speed eating competition
screaming lines such as,
"Don't overstuff your mouth!"
and, "Keep swallowing!"
Sage advice,
considering the circumstances.
I had to pause the video
to document her wisdom for posterity,
so there's no telling
what message
she might still
decree from God.

Part II

"Make sure you breathe,"
wound up being the next eternal nugget
heard after hitting play.

All cynicism aside,
I must admit,
that's some pretty solid stuff
for any situation –

Slicing through the Silk

Your black waves of chaos break hard
as the truth emerges in apocalyptic signs

I did not come here to play a game
where we both wind up drowning in the end

Leaving the space where the fault lines collapse

is not an act of cowardice or fear

The only option left to keep the balance
is fleeing from your tangled web of drama

A widow comes with venom on her tongue
meant to lace straight into the victim's heart

My immunity was strengthened through the ages
to the point where no poison can seep in

This may feel like a dagger piercing omega
but I swear it is a new dawn alpha that I seek

About the Poet

Scott Thomas Outlar hosts the site 17Numa.com where links to his published poetry, fiction, essays, interviews, reviews, live events, and books can be found. His work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. Outlar was a recipient of the 2017 Setu Magazine Award for Excellence in the field of literature. Selections of his poetry have been translated into Afrikaans, Albanian, Dutch, Italian, French, Persian, and Serbian. He has been a weekly contributor for the cultural newsletter Dissident Voice since 2014. His most recent book, *Abstract Visions of Light*, was released in 2018 through Alien Buddha Press. His show, Songs of Selah, airs weekly on 17Numa Radio.