

Torn

And the angel of desolation cracked open the sky...

O vanity of vanities,
you will be the death of me

but my heart was always pure
my father told me so

And the angel of devastation ripped open the chest...

O love and peace,
you never saw the best of me

but my heart was always true
my father told me so

And the angel of damnation broke open the earth...

O fire and blood,
you will be the final drug

but my heart was always good
my father told me so

And the angel of destiny tore open the soul...

O promises and prophecies,
you have had your way with me

but my heart was always clean
my father told me so

Clover

We're all virgins
being born again
while we're burning

We're all pure
We're all clean
We're all monsters

Eat of this flesh
Dream of this God
and then get holy

Carry the cross
Lick all the thorns
and suck hemlock

We're all fools
dancing stupid
upon life's stage

We're all lovely
We're all high
We're all crashing

Taste of this trash
Drink of this filth
and then recycle

Dance in the fire
Bathe in the light
and scream green

One Thing Leads to Another

This is my chest;
it is where you caress my heart.

This is my back;
it is where you place your knife.

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. Scott was a recipient of the 2017 Setu Magazine Award for Excellence in the field of literature. His words have been translated into French, Italian, Dutch, Persian, Serbian, Albanian, and Afrikaans. His show *Songs of Selah* airs weekly on *Diversity of the Minds Radio Network*.



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