

When I Think About (Insert Politician Here)

By Scott Thomas Outlar

When I think about (Insert Politician Here),
I think about the grime between my toes.
When I think about (Insert Politician Here),
I think about the orange-brown wax
that is scraped out of my ear
with a Q-tip.
When I think about (Insert Politician Here),
I think about the black tar mucus
hacked up from the lungs
of a dying cancer patient.
When I think about (Insert Politician Here),
I think about how stupid
millions of Americans are
for supporting such wasted filth.
When I think about (Insert Politician Here),
I think about World War,
I think about nuclear bombs,
I think about Mafia Empire,
I think about special-interest payoffs,
I think about revolving doors,
I think about leeches,
I think about parasites,
I think about predators,
I think about a Kingdom of Wolves,
I think about crony corporate contracts,
I think about the Military Industrial Complex,
I think about the Medical Industrial Death Machine,
I think about warning labels,
I think about media blackout,
I think about bought-off judges,
I think about sold-out traitors,
I think about civil unrest,
I think about powder kegs,
I think about evolution –

Bread and Circus

By Scott Thomas Outlar

Pay no mind
to the Pied Pipers
always
spewing that noxious nonsense
left and right

hanging by a memory
and fading fast
on the tired wings
of a broken eagle
in a dying empire

Jagged little edges
bleed out
in
blue and white
with crimson chaos
smeared
from the ruptured heart
of an overwhelmed system
built no better
than a house of cards

An ivory tower
made of glass
sure to shatter
from the stones
cast
by fate alone

Destined to fall
since the first sin
in the garden

Made a deal
with the wrong side
of the scales

Writing Raw

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and karma
never fails
to hit the damned target

So say goodnight
and say goodbye
as the shroud of shadows
which you have hidden within
are dispersed
by the burning light
and your soul is weighed
against the feather
for final judgment

You thought
that you
were in control?

ha ha ha

You did not respect
the laws of nature

Woe be
unto those
who neglect
the higher truth
of love
and seek only to covet
the power
of
crown and throne

Violent Carnage

By Scott Thomas Outlar

Some people might want to fuck you like an animal,
but I want to fuck you like the angel of death.
No, fuck that,
I want to fuck you like the Devil himself,
red and raw with fiery rage
that burns deeply into your womb
and spreads throughout the marrow of your soul.
I want to fuck you with an eternal flame
that makes you forget who you are,
that leaves you breathless on the cusp of death,
that opens you up to new possibilities in life.
I want to fuck your darkest shadows,
igniting them with the fury of a violent passion
that splits apart your psyche,
shattering all the fear that is buried down in your guts.
I want to boil inside you.
I want to bake my seed into your heart.
I want to fuck you with an unquenchable love
that grinds against your flesh like metal lust.
I want to shove my tongue so far down your throat
that you gag and choke in ecstasy.
I want to fuck you on a bed of roses
while the thorns gash into your skin,
ripping open wounds that I cover with the salt of my semen.
I want to fuck you until you go blind,
until the world dies,
until there is nothing left
but the two of us
exhausting together in a carnal embrace.

Scott Thomas Outlar bio: Scott Thomas Outlar is a politically correct teetotaler who would never dare dream of writing anything provocative that might rock the boat or upset the apple cart. He keeps his lips sealed shut, and has absolutely no intention of poking the bear or waking the dragon. To read more of his mild-mannered verse, visit www.17Numa.wordpress.com