

## Time's Up

By Scott Thomas Outlar

No time for fake cheese  
No time for pretend niceties  
No time to beat around the bush  
No time to act as if everything is fine

it's not

The world is a warzone  
and I just want to join in

I'm only happy when I'm on fire  
everything else bores me to tears  
and I don't have time  
to cry over spilt milk

I'm sucking energy  
straight from God's tits  
and I use teeth  
so the nipples are cut and bleeding

There is no time for gentle caresses  
There is not time for pillow talk  
There is no time for holding hands  
There is no time for kumbaya

This life is not a song...  
it is a death chant

If we're going to dance for rain...  
let's pray it's acid

My veins are poisoned with pestilence  
My soul is shot up with scurvy  
My mind is ravaged with snake oil  
My heart has been pimped and sold out

There is no time left for an antidote

# Writing Raw

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I don't care about the remedy

All I want is the Apocalypse  
All I need is one more dose

No time for sanity  
No time for salvation  
No time for kiss-kiss  
No time for lovey-dovey

My finger is itchy as hell  
My tongue is sharp and ready to trigger

## Under the Sign

By Scott Thomas Outlar

Lips were the texture of gravel  
and sins piled up in every corner of the house

Room was the color of smoke  
a fog in the air to numb the revulsion

Cast off these lies of the viper  
the head of the Beast is the best place to start with the sword

Knife to the side  
blood on the blade  
you'll feast well tonight  
under the sign  
of your curse

A traitor, it's true  
spit on the flag  
they all burn the same  
strike up the match  
strike up the band  
strike up the song  
now, let's dance

Full moon, on high  
bloody black eyes  
they all heal the same  
they never will heal  
knife to the side  
blood on the floor  
sleep well tonight  
under the sign  
of your curse

## Backseat Driver

By Scott Thomas Outlar

My blood is ignited,  
my neurons are snap, crackle, popping,  
my mind is on fire,  
and my heart...  
well, leave my heart out of this –  
it's not ready to join the flames,  
not ready to sing and dance,  
not ready to celebrate just yet.

My heart would rather hide away  
and lick its wounds for awhile  
as the sun sings with solar flares  
and the sky burns with fervent passion.

This is a time of joy  
but not of love.

This is a time of happiness  
but not of peace.

It's too much to ask  
that every sign in the heavens  
perfectly aligns  
all in the same moment  
as if the celestial spheres  
were raining down miracles  
with synchronistic flare,  
so my lips will stay sealed  
and my tongue will not let loose  
with a single wish  
to the stars above.

This accelerated high  
has just enough juice  
to propel the winds of change  
and turn the tide in my favor,  
so there is no need to beg

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of the ocean's peaking waves  
to carry me all the way ashore.

My blood is a pyre,  
my neurons are laser sharp,  
my mind is crystal clear,  
and my heart...  
well, my heart can take  
a backseat for awhile  
and wait with patience  
for the next opportunity to strike  
while everything else in my life  
continues to get better by the day.

**Scott Thomas Outlar bio:** Scott Thomas Outlar hosts the site [www.17Numa.wordpress.com](http://www.17Numa.wordpress.com) where links to his published poetry and fiction can be found. His chapbook "Songs of A Dissident" will be released in January of 2016 through Transcendent Zero Press, and his words have appeared recently in venues such as Dissident Voice, Literary Orphans, Of/with, and Harbinger Asylum.