

## Crash Course

By Scott Thomas Outlar

Absolute exhaustion  
is the rusted death nail  
pierced into the side of my frayed mind  
that leads to the golden resurrection  
of my misplaced forgotten soul

Freeze frame  
the free fall  
as the rocks grow perilously close  
so I can skate  
by the skin of my neck  
and save this precious truth  
before it's shattered all to bits

There is only so much to give  
but we keep giving a little more  
until the small things  
eventually lead to big change...  
but there's no way to cash out  
when you've been robbed blind  
during a sleep filled only with illusions

Half-hearted daydreams  
release the hounds of apathy  
and it is bloody in the graveyard  
when rotten worms begin their feast

## So We Might As Well Dance

By Scott Thomas Outlar

Truth is a yawning grave  
Light brings fire  
Love is never enough  
The heart is a bag of blood  
Emotions are neuron reflexes  
Sex leads to apathy  
Cancer is everywhere  
Shadows fill the soul with lust  
The devil cannot be bargained with  
Life was not a freewill choice  
A fetus steals from the womb  
Happiness is elusive and transitory  
Enlightenment winds up in a cave alone  
The mind is something to be slaughtered  
Ego is God  
The next big idea is always just around the corner  
War is a zero sum game  
The earth has been raped  
Evolution becomes entropy in the end

## Burning Rags

By Scott Thomas Outlar

Take that which burns the worst  
and swallow it whole  
until the iron gut deposits  
pour calcium outward  
to wrap the acid fire in blisshed out rags –  
bloody, screaming and translucent

It's a perfect black cut feeling  
tied up to the ceiling  
spinning round the ocean  
crashing with the tide

She always loved me in the evening  
with an antidote believing  
it could burn away the fever  
leave me stranded on the shore

I was lost before I found out  
broken illusion is the real sound  
take me higher than the fade out  
and kiss the calm of broken waves

## Big Shark

By Scott Thomas Outlar

Black heart  
cold breath  
warm blood...dripping...draining...  
drenching the floor  
in a puddle  
of dead dreams

Sweet kiss  
tired caress  
sold farm...stolen...sucked dry...  
stripped bare  
of Mom and Pop value  
to feed the insatiable Corporate Beast

## Drain Until Complete

By Scott Thomas Outlar

If only there was enough fire  
to burn this whole thing down,  
I'd sleep peacefully tonight  
knowing it'd all be over  
and I could wake up to ashes in the morning.

If only blackness came  
before I even had to call its name,  
I could drown in lost desires  
and pray they swallow the undertow,  
never to surface alive.

Drain until complete  
and don't look back.

**Scott Thomas Outlar bio:** Scott Thomas Outlar spends the days flowing and fluxing with the waves of the Tao River while laughing at and/or weeping over the existential nature of life. His words have appeared recently in venues such as Hobo Camp Review, Eunoia Review, The Poet Community, and Dissident Voice. His debut chapbook "A Black Wave Cometh" will be out in April through Dink Press. More of Scott's writing can be found at [www.17numa.wordpress.com](http://www.17numa.wordpress.com).