

Scott Thomas Outlar

On Earth As It Is in Heaven

Sometimes the right words to say no longer exist

let the wound bleed out
it is only of the flesh

no sugarcoating left in your voice
or deeds

Sometimes the most sincere prayers simply don't work

Sometimes the kiss of death comes served with a smile

but mostly we just carry salt
and regret

Ampere

Now the night is a blanket woven of fur
my heart is a moon hung soft with whispers

Headlights echo the same spark as stars
it's such a shame how these gods toss their dice

Wheels are designed to keep turning by nature
records weave liquid seasons through plasma

Three winds charged, one electric
now the night is a storm without end

Equilibrium

Only show the cool pics
only speak when I'm clean

My bed cracked in half
last night
and now I can't walk straight

Real life is a lover's haze

Stumbling with our ghosts
and calling it a dance

If You See Me Passing By

Three vultures, fattened for winter,
perched on femur branches

strong enough to bear said weight
until the next train wreck
provides a meal.

A thousand cars, and a thousand more,
in a passerby sort of season
spent strolling the sidewalks.

Don't worry,
that's just the rain in my eyes.

About the Poet

Scott Thomas Outlar lives and writes in the suburbs outside of Atlanta, Georgia. His work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. His books include: *Songs of a Dissident* (Transcendent Zero Press, 2015); *Chaos Songs* (Weasel Press, 2016); *Happy Hour Hallelujah* (CTU Publishing, 2016); *Poison in Paradise* (Alien Buddha Press, 2017); and *Abstract Visions of Light* (Alien Buddha Press, 2018); and *Of Sand and Sugar* (Cyberwit, 2019). More about Outlar's work can be found at 17Numa.com.