

*HERMIT'S HIBERNATION AND OTHER POEMS*

By Scott Thomas Outlar

hush

there are ghosts  
whispering in the rain

shhh

there are owls  
screaming from the woods

no more poems  
without life experiences  
to haunt the verses

no more kisses  
without broken hearts  
to shake the nest

hush

it is time  
to close your eyes

shhh

there is a season  
after winter fades

***MOOING***

Grave eyes  
color faded with the smile

it's out of place in all your sadness

anchors in the deep abyss  
angels humming with the choir

Spoke in nondescript  
hallelujahs

Sang with whistles  
on the moon

chew of the cud in the autumn transcendence  
mask all these new gods with paint

you will need them for the war you choose to bark

***IF YOU SEE ME PASSING BY***

Three vultures, fat enough 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.

**Bio**

**Scott Thomas Outlar** hosts the site [17Numa.com](http://17Numa.com) where links to his published poetry, fiction, essays, interviews, reviews, live events, radio podcasts, and books can be found. His work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. His most recent book, *Abstract Visions of Light*, was released in 2018 through Alien Buddha Press.