

DISTANCE ACROSS THE SPECTRUM AND OTHER POEMS

By Scott Thomas Outlar

Simplify all to the zero-point
Rinse my eyes in the electric swarm

Before there was A
there was harmonic vibration
Long after Z
there will be new sounds

Amplify all to the higher pitch
Flood my sight with colors beyond

Before there was light
there were waves in motion
After the dusk
there is still time to dance

ONLY ONE CAN MAKE THE GRADE

Slow drip in the pipes
of the tenth dimension.

Parachute through the ozone
with your blanket comfort of platitudes.

Wrap me up in fuzzy layers

of plucked feathers and apricot fur.

Breakfast served on a silver platter
with cacao nibs hot to trot and fervent.

Kiss-kiss on a tree limb
when the Tao bends the willow.

Walk atop the river's thin skin
to manufacture urgent reactions.

Empty sleeves and parlor tricks
hidden in the hollow of crooked teeth.

Pearly white puffs of cloud
signal smoke between huffing lungs.

Collapse the center just for kicks
to see how many giggles come with chaos.

Gene swarm in the hot soup
where juices are sluiced to reveal golden miracles.

VIRTUE AFTER THE FALL

One of the lessons
in life
most difficult

to learn
is that when someone
says love
they might really
mean lust
which can leave you
in the lurch
with a heart
held in your hands
looking foolish

But I would never
become bitter
because precious time
is better served
singing psalms of selah
as patient feet
wait on the perfect melody
to arrive
with which to dance

Bio

Scott Thomas Outlar hosts the site 17Numa.com where links to his published poetry, fiction, essays, interviews, reviews, live events, and books can be found. His work has been nominated for the Pushcart Prize and Best of the Net. Scott was a recipient of the 2017 Setu Magazine Award for Excellence in the field of literature.