

A BLACK WAVE COMETH
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New Chapter, New Verse

The screech owl
perches silently
eyeing its prey from a position of stealth
Spreads its wings like an angel of death
Makes its graceful move
Dive bombs without mercy
Engulfs the snake, swallowing it whole
Flies back to the garden
Lands in the Tree of Life
Nests for the night near the ripe fruit
Laughs off all temptation
Mocks sin during its glorious dreams
Wakes to soar again

Shattered Moments

Numb stoned silence of paradise –
everything gray and perfect and peaceful,
no worries, no confusion, no need
for anything other than the entropic void.
Under the Buddha Tree in Eden's Garden
earning a double dose of mythological ramifications
straight from the archetypal source
into my well weathered consciousness –
some might call it a soul,
but it's all wavelength frequencies
of embedded DNA data points in the form of vibrations
humming across the electrical tendrils
of a synchronized, interconnected web of infinite light.
The spiritual physics of the matter
explain the manifest totality of the illusion.
A revelation, an epiphany, an A-ha moment
gets shredded by an unkind angle of perception
as my peripheral vision catches movement
from outside the holy triangulated circle –
I see color pulsing inward,
I see Order breaking down,
I see Chaos gearing up for the next war,
I see gene swarm in the primordial soup,
I see fire raging from the underbelly,
I see storms flowing from wasted skyline,
I see dog eat dog in the cage fight,
I see evolution pressing forward at all coasts,
I feel the intensity of pressure mounting...
and then my dream is shattered
as the shutters of reality are released –
the poison of the Beast World
floods my synapses and veins,
polluting the core of what I thought possible
and slamming me with a hard dose of reality.

There is no escape from the biting lashes
of truth's harsh winds -
we came from the dirt, the ash, the mud,
the clay...we are created from out
this firmament...and so, too, shall
we stay here, live here, die here -
from the cradle of the crescent river
to the yawning grave where the worms wait -
all that was, is, or ever will be.

From Way Back

I can still taste your essence
in the bowels of my ethereal remembrances –
stuck there like a juicy worm
that continually burrows inward,
away from the sun, escaping the light
of truth – just like you,
a liar from way back.

Our first meeting was in the garden
near the red muck swamp
where you kissed me with black fangs
and captured my positive vital blood
in a vial of deception – you conducted
tests to see how strong I was,
to find out just how much
I could put up with before reaching
the breaking point – that maddened state
where silent screams
start to echo and reverberate within the psyche
until they must be released
on somebody, anybody, but hopefully,
with any luck, on you, at you,
against you, anti you and your
anti truth brigades.

A wail erupted from my forgotten lungs,
shattering the paper-thin glass
that separated our veiled attraction
which you then used
to pick at my scabs, to prick in my skin,
to rupture my veins – a bloodletting
to rival your monthly flow,
but I've no rag to soak it up –
so it drains ever outward, a wellspring
of eternal suffering and damnation,
all because your essence
has haunted me from the very beginning.

Begging for the Lie

Pump me full of venom
and let me loose
in the garden
where I can sink my fangs
into this fallen creation

Give me more of less
so I can turn
base metal into gold
and sell my wicked soul
for the highest bid around

Tease me with your wares
and wear me down
when I am needy
until temptation is too much
and I go begging for the darkness

Seduce me with sweet lies
because I like them
more than light
roam inside the shadow
and I will weep with you tonight

Laid to Rest

The truth comes in waves,
riding the tide of horrors
and harsh epiphanies
that smash the status quo
and keep the prime directive
of evolution pulsing forward –
a perpetual motion machine
that caters to the mechanism
of growth pattern propaganda.
Life is an ocean of drama,
fluxing across the crystal dilemma
that radiates off the sun's reflection
back to the moon
and out to the edge of the cosmos
where a cookie monster gobbles the light
and drops the crumbs
to crush the chickens below
as they scramble with heads cut off
until crashing in a heap of blood.
Creation is an existential game,
laughing heartily in dualistic madness
as the major and minor chords
strum back and forth in dichotic reverberations,
humming to a silent rhythm,
singing an opera that has no foundation,
orchestrating a plan without legs
that faltered from the very beginning
but kept up the illusion of progression –
wearing a mask of primitive origins
as the genesis vibrations
break down in erstwhile chaos
and The Word falls to the wayside
where it is danced upon like a forgotten grave.

Written in the Stars

Evolution
has been force fed
down our throats
and implemented
behind our backs
by an alien technology that
filtered through the slipstream
and embedded in our DNA -
We never had a chance to grow
on our own
in a natural organic process
after the spinal column injection
and the rib transplant
were thrust onto our path
and laced into our consciousness -
Oh well,
it must be destiny, after all.

So Sorry for the Regrets

The sirens
in the street
scream
as they go
to pick up
the pieces
of broken flesh...

The sirens
in the sea
laugh
as they bring
the fools
to their illusion...

The sirens
matter not
to the Tao
as it pulses
past the flux
and flows on
to the next...

Do Us Part

These horrors of death
that plague us
from the shadows
all our lives
slowly creep upon us,
strike us,
strip us,
soil us,
savage us,
suffocate us,
and silence us when we scream for help.
There is no let up.
There is no give and take.
It is all ripped away
one loved one at a time
from the beginning to the end.

Prelude to a Reunion

My dreams are haunted
with distorted visions
of what you once were,
what you once said,
what you once stood for,
what you once meant to this world.
Those days are vanished
into the ethereal mists of an unknown realm –
somewhere that I cannot touch,
somewhere forsaken by life and the flight
of human drama, somewhere beyond
temporal concerns of flesh, bone and blood.

My memories are polluted
with ancient regrets
that run deep to the marrow of my being,
that dig down to the depths of my core,
that burrow in and stealthily lay waiting
for the most inopportune time to strike –
rising up with black claws,
razor sharp and spiked with cancer,
crashing into my weak mortality
with laughter from the Revelation Grave.

My life is half-baked
now that you have flown the coop
and left my mind in tatters,
ripped asunder and torn down to
the foundations – a house of cards
toppling in the vicious tornado you create
with your will-o'-the-wisp eerie
ghost vibrations; ghoulish behavior
that leaves grit in my teeth and grime
covering every intention I once had toward peace.

My heart beats with a little less enthusiasm –
more a chore than a vital organic process.
My eyes are caked with a blinding mess
of muddy illusions that make no sense
as I trudge through day-to-day events
and try to make out the signposts
that once flashed with neon translucent
brilliance, but now throb with pulses of infinite gray.
The world is a colder place now
with you no longer around to share the seasons.
My senses are dulled,
my feelings are numb,
my immunity has been weakened,
my muscles have atrophied –
my only solace is
that soon enough we will meet again.

Bay Bridge

Salvation can come
in the strangest forms -
a three dollar bottle
of cheap white wine
when you're down to your last dime
and don't really care
about the next fucking rhyme
can sure as hell save your life...
or at least get the pen to meet paper.

Wobbling Perspective

Even when you think
you are drunk
to the point
of toppling over
with a glass
still in your hand,
you can
pull yourself together,
get control
of the situation,
take a deep breath,
put everything
in perspective,
and basically
realize
that it all is
what it is -
so it goes...

Karma Sheet

Down to the last sip –
a cheap white wine,
but what's new?
Two months of heavy drinking –
every swallow worth the weight
placed in the floated whale liver.
A metered out, slow withdraw process
over the last few days of the binge –
working things out with perfect
calculated precision to stave off the shakes.
Reach over to grab the glass
while chewing the final bite of sushi –
clumsily tip it over
as it floods down the side of the bed sheet.
The last sip turns into the first spill –
sometimes that's how life goes.

Whipping the Horse

Take what you need
to get what you want
and damn
the rest
to hell.
Use all the pain
of life
to harden your flesh
and become stronger.
Thus speaks
the will to power.

And I'll Bring Mine

Bring on the war
Bring on the terror
Bring on the fire
Bring on the flood
Evolution is ready
for a swift kick
in the ass
in the teeth
down the throat
to the guts of primordial ooze
to the swamp of original gene swarm
where the future is created
from out the ashes of the past
Bring on the violence
Bring on the maddened mobs
Bring on the storm
Bring on the quake
Forward movement demands
there be a shake up
in society
in the environment
throughout all time and space
back to the genesis point
back to the one true core
where the source implosively sucks in a final breath
only to exhale a fresh Big Bang explosion
Bring on the scattered atoms
Bring on the scurrying ants
Bring on the mass upheaval
Bring on the marching lemmings
Bring on your best shot...

The Thin Line

People act so polite,
wearing their civil mask attire.
“How are you?” as she scans each item.
“Fine, fine, and you?” as he pulls out his card.
But should those shelves
one day be empty,
and should those bellies
one day be growling,
how soon it shall be
before niceties are left in the store
while war rages in the streets
over the simple necessities of survival.

Hollow and Empty

Fake plastic people
melting in the sun

Wrinkling with age
they cannot quite accept

Little tiny minds
dwarfed by insecure egos

Dying for attention
that comes their way as laughter

Beware the Eyes

The man at the intersection
watched our car pass by
as we turned at the light.
I caught a glimpse into
his downcast eyes
as he looked up to meet mine,
and a feeling of utter terror
ripped through me, shaking me
to the marrow of my bones.
The look in his eyes was
a sinister thing; it was
the look of a man who has
had enough, who is fed up,
who is ready to strike
at a moment's notice.
I watched in the rearview
as we drove away
from where he was standing,
and I noticed that he had
picked up his bag and taken
a few steps
in the direction we were heading.
I could no longer see his eyes,
but the blackness
of their orbs
was engraved and etched
into my memory.
I knew that I'd made
a fatal mistake.
I knew that he could track us.
He was a devil, no doubt,
but he had power in this world
concerning primal things of the flesh.
I knew

he was following us.
By meeting his hellish eyes,
I'd given him a beacon, a compass,
a tracking device.
I knew that there could be
no shaking him now.
I had a second shadow to deal with in my life.

It must have taken him
two years on foot
to find his way
to our home,
thousands of miles across the country
from where I'd seen him
the first time
while on our family vacation.
The next sighting was more a horror
than the first,
which is saying something
since that initial encounter
had caused nightmares
and feverish hallucinations
on a daily basis ever since.
I was pulling onto the main road
where our neighborhood was located,
passing through another intersection, when I
noticed him standing there -
a tattered raincoat draped over
his hunchbacked frame, a serpent
shaped cane in his hand.
I lost my breath for a moment
before stepping on the gas
and driving as fast as I could
the last two miles to our house.
I burst through the doorway,
screaming at my wife and kids.

Get in the car, I yelled, now,
hurry, move it, damn it, go, go, go.
Fear struck the family
as my madness
echoed and reverberated
throughout the walls of our home.
My wife was dumbstruck,
looking at me sheepishly for an explanation.
Just go, I told her,
get the girls in the car and go.
I'd left the engine running.
I pulled back out
of the driveway hastily,
hitting the mailbox with the rear fender
before taking off.
I turned right at the top of the street,
knowing he would be
coming from the left.
There was no way to explain
to my family
why we would never return
to the home
where a lifetime of memories
had just been left behind.
They would never forgive me,
but I had to live with that,
because being alive
was all that mattered in the end.

It was twenty-five years later
when I next saw
that fiendish visage gaze back at me.
The youngest of my daughters
was in Europe
in a graduate program,
earning her psychology degree, doing her best

to pick up the pieces
of the shattered life I'd offered.
The older daughter
had escaped much earlier,
fleeing the nest
as soon as she could
when she turned eighteen.
We'd already been in fifty-two
different apartments by that time.
I had to stay
one step ahead of him
because I knew
he was always
just around the next corner,
slowly edging his way
toward me, with those eyes
locked in on the signal.
I had two grandchildren
whom I'd never seen.
My wife, God bless her soul,
had stuck by me
for as long possible,
but when the youngest
had gone off to college,
she felt like she'd
paid her penance.
Her karma was clean.
I didn't blame her
for leaving.
Everyone deserves stability
at some point.
I'd dragged her and
the family around
the country, sometimes staying
in condos, sometimes in apartments,
sometimes renting a house for a

week or two, and sometimes
staying in a van or an R/V
if the situation warranted it
and I sensed him gaining ground while
sniffing out our latest locale.
Never a moment of peace, never
a respite, never a normal life.
But how else could it be
since that fateful moment when
I'd seen him and he'd seen me?
I'd grown tired of running
the past few weeks, and was surprised
that he hadn't found me yet.
I was staying in an alleyway
with a few well traveled
gentlemen who used to be CIA
but were now undercover
in a witness protection program.
They would be moving on soon,
they assured me
during our nightly talks around the fire.
I didn't think that I would be.
It was a rainy night
with a cold breeze blowing;
the moon was hanging low in the sky.
I'd slept deeply and soundly
the night before
for the first time
since our first meeting of the eyes.
I was alone at the time,
wrapped up in a tattered coat
that resembled the one
he had been wearing the last time I saw him.
He turned the corner
and faced me
as I laid against the brick wall.

He continued to edge forward,
dragging a limp foot behind him,
placing his serpent cane upon the wet pavement
with each slow, steady, creeping
movement toward me.

I didn't try to escape.

He didn't say a word.

There was no need now,
here, at the end of the struggle.

I'd given it my best shot,
staying out of his reach
for as long as I possibly could.

It was time to rest.

He stood above me,
scythe in hand,
and brought closure
to the horror of life
as my eyes clinched shut.

Thorny Proposition

There is a cold sharp blistering resonance
that wraps around the brutal harshness of reality
as it buzzes, hums and shouts
with silent screams
toward the edge of chaos
where the path of dreams
has been laid to rest –
What once was golden hued
has taken on the shade of barbecued neon charcoal
in its fiery whitewashed proposition
to blackmail the songbird
so that the message delivered
doesn't simply fade out with the roses
when their petals turn to translucent cancer
and the former brightness has no air left to gasp –
That which is born
will wind up in a grave
where the oxygen is rarified
and worms suck on the dirt
while bacteria breaks down the bone marrow
to leave naught but a hollow reverberation
that shrieks as it shrinks back toward the womb
in a primordial dance of cyclical devastation.

A Cleansing Sound

Death is all around -
in the urns of burnt ash,
in the graves filled with bones and worms,
in the dreams of what lies ahead for us all.
The beautiful canvass of life is haunted
with a blackout smudge that smears
down to the marrow of existence,
always hanging around on our shoulders and
whispering tales of degradation into our weathered ears.
Silence the eerie voice of ghosts!
Deny the siren call of the reaper!
Laugh in the face of that devilish force
which seeks to tether the mind
to the brute realities that plague this material existence!
Death is all around,
but it need not be the only game in town -
there is still joy;
there is still triumph;
there is still hope, happiness, health;
there is still progression, momentum, evolution;
there is still art, love, truth, wonderment.
Death hangs ominously in the air, yes,
but so do the fluffy clouds that
bring rain to cleanse the palette
and bathe the stink from off our flesh.
So torch the dead bodies and fill the urns,
dig the graves and lay the deceased to rest,
and sleep soundly as the symphony of life
rises up like a Phoenix to soothe our souls!

The Swarm

Blackbirds envelop the green grass
across the street
early in the morning,
moving together in a cluster of fluttering wings.
I shift my position in bed
to gain a better view,
now squatting and looking out the window
as the dark wave gains a new tide
and comes shrieking and soaring as one blanket mass
straight toward me.
For a brief moment I fear
the yawning grave is finally calling me
back to the dust, dirt and ash
from whence I once came,
but then, in unison, the wave breaks,
the aggressive wings grow calm, and
the swarm settles down
as it lands now in my front yard.
I exhale and smile.
The beauty of chaos shifts
as order is reclaimed in my respite –
the reaper has granted my reprieve;
and though I know he will surely
one day come hunting for me,
whether it be with a merle of blackbirds,
a murder of crows,
a wake of vultures,
or one-on-one, all alone, with his scythe in hand,
at least for now I can lay back
safely and soundly in my warm bed,
knowing that while I dream about the future,
it will be the worms, outside in the cold,
that serve as today's sacrifice to the cycle.

Pull Up a Seat

Blackness fell over the world,
one disappearing ray of light at a time –
an agonizingly torturous event to witness
for most of those who were
still alive and awake at the time to see the
strange cosmic ritual in all its awesomeness
and terror.

As each section of the sky went dark,
it became strangely opaque and glasslike
before shattering into infinite pieces
and crumbling into the ocean depths,
down to meet the denizens of Atlantis –
another fallen epoch being laid to rest.
Some people ran from the oncoming death,
thinking they could find salvation
from the Apocalyptic Revelation at hand,
but this was no simple tornado
that could be avoided or hidden from
in the basement or the bathtub.

This was heaven on earth
unleashing a hellish fury.

This was an alpha and omega,
tearing apart the old, crashing chaos
on every scene, and preparing the world
for the next stage of ordained, ordered evolution.

It was, of course, written in the stars all along.

Those who understood the necessity
of the madness playing out did not cry,
they did not pray to the gods of old,
they did not allow fear into their hearts –
they simply remained stoic in their place,
popped one last bag of corn,
and took a front row seat
for the blockbuster hit to end all hits.

Identity/Salvation

A dark
existentialist
apocalyptic
rock 'n roll
poet -

Setting the Record Straight

I am not Charles Bukowski -
I am not Hunter S. Thompson -
I am not Henry Miller -
I am not Eddie Vedder -
I am not Kurt Cobain -
I am not Brandon Boyd -
I am not Hermann Hesse -
I am not Jack Kerouac -
I am not Roger Zelazny -
I am not Friedrich Nietzsche -
I am not Maynard James Keenan -
I am not Daniel Johns -
I am not a Scrooge -
I am not a Saint -
I am not the Grinch -
I am not Jesus Christ -
I am not Buddha -
I am Scott Thomas Outlar -
I burn with an infinite inner fire
that can set this world aflame -
I do not need a warm body
beside me in the middle of the night -
The embers that burn
in the core of my being
cannot be quenched by mortal flesh -
I am not here to placate the masses -
I am not here to play patty-cake -
I came with a sword
for the guts of the liars -
I came with a rose
for the rise of the Phoenix -
Amen -
Selah -
Hallelujah -

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