

Scott Thomas Outlar

From Whence It Came

When the body betrays the mind
chaos eases its way
through the cracks
and bites down hard

When the cycle seems a bit off
the clock spins out
in a straight line
all the way to broken avenue

When the walls crumble down
the crown is smashed
the throne is abandoned
there is no city left to fight for

When the gods roar
the sky trembles
the lightning strikes
and it's one more flood come lately

When the grave yawns
the worms sing
the bones rot
and the marrow returns to soil

Scott Thomas Outlar lives a simple life in the suburbs, spending the days flowing and fluxing with the Tao River while laughing at life's existential nature. His words have appeared recently in venues such as *Dissident Voice*, *Mad Swirl*, *Siren*, *Section 8*, and *Midnight Lane Boutique*. His debut chapbook *A Black Wave Cometh* is forthcoming from Dink Press. More of his work can be read at 17numa.wordpress.com.