

From “One Hundred Poetic Points” by Scott Thomas Outlar

Point number forty-three

Roses are gone
Violence is truth
The pretty picture
is washed in blood

so you look for red
to find it has been shed
all over the flowers

To cultivate the soil
To garden a new hope
We must drop our weapons
Give me the rake

Point number forty-four

Across (away) the waters of love, traveling aboard the stern-boat that is hard-ship
(a way), to quench a (there is a way) thirst.

Point number forty-five

The touch of invisible hands
The first cry from the womb
 Build up precession
 to scatter mistakes
 order of confusion
 on chaos birth

Point number forty-six

To the top, then upward
To the bottom, then below
Left to find what is Right

Point number forty-seven

They searched outwardly (vain) for that which they believed was missing. The
seeking party looked everywhere, except for the one place that mattered: inwardly
(vein).

Point number forty-eight

A civilization covered themselves (shame) in cloth, for they believed (faith) that they were wrong for one mistake (guilt).

Point number forty-nine

The clothes that shred away
The mask that loses meaning
 Show a face
 with open eyes
 pushing the limit
 to open further
 Breathe the air
 to fuel the hope
 as falling rains
 bathe the truth

Point number fifty

Half a century elapsed (eclipse) and time stood still (brings) for a moment. The world went dark (a) as the people looked toward the heavens, until (new) slowly a feint glow (birth) could be seen again.

Point number fifty-one

Truth is a relative concept in the mind of each individual (collective consciousness). A truth created from the (is) sense perceptions and broadcast in each mind (ultimate). Electricity is the fuel of life: a spark brought about by an understanding the sense perceptions reach which opens the conduit of the soul – the connection between individual minds and God; when this happens relative truth is congruent with the true reality of (truth) truth.

Point number fifty-two

On the wall hung a scroll (declaration). The people gathered around to read (of) it. An (intent) intensity rose in their mind as they smelled the change.

Point number fifty-three

Mother Life resided and dropped (lifted) a bomb of existence. The hatch was magnificent, delivering heavy (weight) proportion of importance. Hands (shouldered) reached out and embraced reality in a cradle of (pain) love. Harmony of balance was struck between the (yin) sun and (and) moon (yang).

Point number fifty-four

The lowest point is the start of the rise. The furthest extreme is the beginning of the path on the steady pace toward calm. The circle stretches outward into a line, the tangent direction becomes a focused point, and the cycle begins again.

Point number fifty-five

Have I already written all that will come next in a dream forgotten?

Point number fifty-six

The rains (water) came ferociously, pounding down on the ground, falling from the tremendous clouds in the sky, forming a large puddle of (cleaned) mud where once only desert dirt had (the) been. After days, nay, weeks, nay, months of the event, a body of water had formed, created from the (land) flood of heaven.

Point number fifty-seven

Cancer (pain) ate its way through the healthy (disease) body. A putrid stench was the odor (hurt) smelled past the surface and into the layers closer to the core (corruption). Change (now) became (is) the (the) answer (time).

Point number fifty-eight

Order was put under the microscope. What was found was an infinitude of chaos swirling around.

Point number fifty-nine

Free to fly, smooth as butter, colored with the paint of life, a second-stage, the epitome of beautiful rebirth.