

## Wilderness House Literary Review 10/1

*Scott Outlar*  
**Elusive**

We're all looking  
for something better  
than what we are;  
something deeper  
than what we've felt;  
something stronger  
than what we've sensed;  
something more honest  
than what we've  
been telling ourselves;  
something more steady;  
something more calm;  
something more real  
than what we've experienced;  
something that never  
winds up hurting us  
in the end;  
something sweet  
that isn't addictive;  
something alive  
that doesn't die on us;  
something powerful  
that never loses its grace;  
something that never runs dry;  
something that never talks back;  
something that comforts us  
when we are hurt;  
something that understands  
the existential pain;  
something that does not lack  
in the moments  
when we need it most;

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something that is brave  
when we are full of fear;  
something that fits the bill;  
something that naturally  
smiles for the camera  
without having to fake the cheese;  
something rich without pretension;  
something high without a kite.

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### Truth

Truth is an underbelly  
that not many people  
ever want to look at.  
It sounds good in the abstract-  
people always seem to clamor for it,  
to demand that they be given it  
from those on high.  
But when the rubber meets the road,  
that is to say,  
when the shit hits the fan,  
there just aren't a whole lot  
of people brave enough, willing enough,  
intelligent enough, to face it, to  
deal with it in all its Awesomeness.  
The truth hurts, and that's the truth.  
Most people would rather have  
the little white lie  
that helps them fall asleep at night,  
telling them everything is alright,  
rather than acknowledge the truth  
of the matter, which is that  
everything is not alright.  
War is the truth.  
Famine is the truth.  
Poverty is the truth.  
Death is the truth.  
But people want to live forever,  
so they hide from the truth,  
they ignore the truth, until that  
final breath when the truth comes  
calling, whether they like it or not.

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Truth is a destructive force;  
it tears down all the fake plastic walls  
that people build up around  
themselves all their lives.

Truth can be a bastard and a bitch,  
remorseless; without emotion, it  
trudges its way forward through  
time and space, taking no prisoners.

Truth does not hold hands;  
it doesn't play patty-cake.

Truth is a sharp knife;  
it cuts with absolute precision.

Truth is the most powerful force  
in all existence,  
and that is why it is scary as hell.

Truth does not play favorites;  
it doesn't care about petty trivialities  
such as skin color, political leaning,  
or how much cheese someone  
has stored away for a rainy day.

Truth is an Apocalyptic fire;  
it is a final Revelation;  
it is an end and a beginning.

**Homeward Bound**

I sang to my Father  
on his deathbed.  
He had not spoken a word  
in days, cancer-ridden,  
organs collapsing, high on morphine,  
but I knew he could still hear me.  
I sang a song  
from a book I'd written  
years earlier during a particularly  
good time in my life, and this,  
being a particularly dark time,  
seemed like the right time  
to balance the dualistic energies.  
I don't think  
I gave such considerations  
that much thought  
at the time; I was just sad  
and wanted to sing, wanted  
my Father to hear my voice  
in a deep bass tone  
that mirrored his own.  
I sang a song called Home.  
I sang it with all my soul,  
as a goodbye note  
to the most important person  
I have ever known.