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Rafters Of Time

Even
Nostradamus
Couldn't have
predicted,
That your
seismic heart,
Would quake
into one
last release.
A wheeze
into Obscurity,
We thought you
Would renew,
We thought
You were non-fiction,
We thought fan
Fiction was silly,
We thought
You penned
One last sequel.
A short story
Was all it took,
When you
became a fable,
That never
Boomeranged
Back to us.

Over The Plains

Time's wormhole
recycles this past.
Our dust
reminisces,
then disintegrates.
As we spend
this years
monotony
lively
backtracking
into re-runs
of yesterdays
apparitions
and into fleeting
memories,
eternities
safe will brake,
and these
years will split.
You'd give
anything to charge
your respirator,
for an eternity.
Even when
these lights
display decay,
and you're
still scavenging
for that
renaissance,
yearning for
this revival
of youth,
when time
was benign.

Wasted Pasts

We Dined with
decayed Ruins,
And watched the
Years swing
By,
like a pendulum.
A frenzied fall
Into frailties
Vulnerable
Ensemble &
Down The
Rubbled chute,
So we could
Retrieve the
Archived
Caskets of
Golden aged
Souls underneath
The Ball room lights,
Where Victorian
Phantoms united.
Guzzled down
Aged wines of
Yesteryear,
As time
traveled
to the past,
& Revived those
Anecdotes buried
With our kin.
Danced with
skeletons,
and surveyed
the royalties.
But time was
a minority,
and in a second,
sobriety intervened.
Slapped to the present,

those ghosts
forever vanished
into uncertainties
Blackened night.
In a mind
that split
a sigh,
a seizure
froze time.
They stuck
to the clouds,
but sometimes
their shadows -
still bare a crown.

Golden Years

The way this mother
in central park,
carries her children
into adulthood,
and grows into
this great dane
that soldiers on,
and enlists
in rife's trench hole,
seems to know
that one day,
it's time for this
decrepit turtle
to climb back into
the apparitions
mouth,
and get
swallowed
by the morgue
that declares
each inhabitant
of the world,
a time capsuled
boomerang.
You watch these
years evacuate,
as life slowly
decomposes,
your spirit
sinks beneath
the soil.
You're
no wandering
youthful blaze
scavenging
for the spotlight,
you no longer
reign like a
thunderstorm

rains
in the forest,
replenishing
watered souls.
You are a
puddle that
forges on,
ever so slightly,
until these
windows
start to close.
we know this
terminal cradle
will be one day
stripped of it's youth,
and robbed for the
reapers throne,
and you will
canon into
time's wormhole,
and turn to dust
just like the rest.
but once eternities
safe has broken,
and the years
depart,
you'll always
be searching
for that
grandfather clock,
that never
phones back.