

Christopher Ozog

This Weight Is A Gift

The millennials stand on 4th street,
microphoning & preaching like medallions,
lobotomizing language & reviving their apparatus,
rendering them into the fleeting resurgence of truce,
where words are minced & barely spoken.
Where the air is so timid and the mind so vacant;
where the flare of the autumn wind,
captures solemn hymns, & suffocates them,
riding onto the coattails of fierce sentiments,
built like titanium, where their neon lips swell.
A critical gaze, An indignant sleuth.
Am I the song, am I the equivalent,
conforming to lollipop whispers
and lushly serenading banter?
Maybe I'm creationist, but maybe I'm just zen,
watching the recidivists recede back into their tombs,
& inside the sun's womb, where skeletons of generation X,
spill out from under the gutter.

Comforting Ashes

Inside my immaculate shelter,
and in-between insanity & sanctity,
in my times of forging for this blessed feat,
the only retreat that acquiesces
and liberates itself from it's estrangement,
the rhythms and rhymes that I mine,
- still remain,
and i'm the same,
and these severed veins,
from a prematurely aging temple harbor,
as my feet still shuffle the same way
down the pavement
as it always does,
this crippling mosaic strains.
Twenty-Four years
launched from
the fertile grasp of maternities
emergency evacuation,
preconditioned lullabies
simmered through air,
and archived until
the next seed planted,
and as I slowly rose from
these ashes,
& watched all these shrubs
tare from the ground
before their prime,
I try to hurdle
through my next rhyme,
attempting to evade every
shard and every thorn.
To this day I equip this
conjecture,
& wonder if it was really
worth creating.
But I am not a mountaineer,
and I am not a conductor,
nor a contractor,

I am the contract,
suspended in time,
until the embargo's been lifted,
while everyone else,
desperately seeks,
an existential relapse,
into the arms of longevity.

Time Never Gave Us Reason

To an ailing presence,
mirrors rob a life in transit.
Interstate, along the rails of continuum,
continuity's life cycle spins into the depths
of the slumbering sunset, before youth finally escapes,
and climbs out the rear window.
But he's no fire-escape. He accelerates into the arm's of decay,
conforming to the speed, while twilight's sage still burns brightly,
and embraces the age of an ailing respirator.
Supersonic accelerations sting this man,
where youthful revitalization's are burned by the last breathing torch.
In the Polaroids of decades reversing, he looks to the past behind,
sees all that rusts, the hourglass with all it's sand.
Takes a stake in life's grandiose rehearsal,
distorting the memoirs in a novel that remains sullied,
to seize the reigns of time; is this the day we conclude?
Will we make amends, or repent for one last chapter?

Fending For The Reigns

In the winter the season stutters; springs lift you up,
but time's arrow snipes & pulverizes your line of processions.
you are dynamite; and you fear the light.
Reluctance resonates, but you are the respirator,
A broken valve, that can't be defibrillated.