

# Our Time

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Tanner Léon

Yeah,  
we came to shake up the world  
because the olds have lost their way  
and it is  
our time.

Born into freedom  
only to later realize terrorism  
was constructed at the hand  
of our own government  
for the towers still burn  
in our hearts  
but there's a hole, missing  
like the plane wreckage.

Fueled by cartoons  
and less-than-cabled television,  
we were raised on  
the garbled alien dial-up  
frequencies and took the trek  
from cords to flip to smart: phones  
and we can't get off our phones.  
If my earbuds are in  
I want to be alone.

We watched our food  
come in boxes bags and wrappers  
knowing none-the-wiser,  
tv and dinner made for an oasis  
as we praised the microwave—  
it was all we knew.

We lived through four seasons  
and now acknowledge  
we screwed the weather up;  
just like our parents did to us—  
caught in between  
fall(ing) and spring.

We were always told  
the world used to be safer.  
The glory days already spent—  
but outside has always  
been a second home.

The ones who played  
with walkie-talkies  
and made Lite-Brites  
depict our dreams.

Walmart and McDonalds  
are the two pinpoints  
of our foundation:  
we are birthed  
in muck.

We still can't remember  
anyone's birthday  
except our own

*Our Time*

but Christmas is ingrained.

We grew up without  
Moms Dads Siblings  
and lost the milk carton kid—  
painted in the headlines as  
“The 50% Divorce Rate Refugees.”

too many hormones  
in our food  
we gut gender roles  
and slice open binaries.

Raised on meat  
and Republican bias  
but still cast our first votes  
for Bernie:  
hope never died,  
it was born into us.

We survived  
sexual assault,  
learned how to speak  
with a broken heart  
and Adult Swim showed  
us everything our parents wouldn't.

We made friends with screens  
and cried when we realized  
they could make for better friends.

Told to go to college  
where we smoked  
weed & cigarettes—  
realized Capitalism ruined  
education just like it ruins  
everything else:  
down the liquor  
down the drain.

Our colloquialisms  
come in the form of memes  
about our mental health  
because we don't really know  
how else to deal with things.  
Humor might just be what saves us.

which is kind of ironic considering  
the strict no horseplay policies  
put into place by people  
who thought they were happy  
working in factories.

So it's no wonder  
we chant in the streets  
for more fun  
and less work.

No surprise  
that we drink coffee  
at 10 pm  
in Steak & Shake  
and then go home  
for a bowl of cereal.

We've always been defiant like that.

Some of our music might suck,  
but what really sucks more  
is that it took rock's limelight,  
and that they don't like.

We're a flock of night owls  
running on no sleep caffeine  
doobies before work  
alcohol in water bottles  
food fast:  
the pace of our lives.

We've grown up  
knowing only war—  
our hopes for peace  
scheduled illegal  
by the government,  
but we were never good  
at listening anyways.  
They tried to kill our creativity  
and called it standardized testing  
in hopes we'd grow up lost.  
So many of us grew up lost.

Until we got older,  
grabbed the sauce  
and found out  
what God really is.  
Now we're dreaming  
in millions.

Our skills aren't specialized,  
we don't have ten years of experience,  
fiscal responsibility  
sounds like a section  
of the newspaper  
we never wanted to read  
in the first place.

We're dreamers...  
believers...  
and no,  
we're not livin' on a prayer—  
we're prayin' just to live  
and too often to die,  
a damn shame.

We have so much hope  
to see an ideal world  
so are called idealistic—  
I say thanks for the compliment.  
Our days, the stuff of dreams:  
set an alarm  
'til it's real.

Here's reassurance to the radical  
revolutionary in the heart  
of every millennial:  
we're here to shake up the world  
because the olds have lost their way

and it is  
our time.