

Invisible

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international / poetry / post

i had committed a crime.
grievous to monitoring eyes,
walking awake and aware
in crowds of automatons
that feign life -- from 9 to 5
they are chained and serve their masters grudgingly
and when released they grapple
with existence, as they have precious
little of it, trance is home

stolen souls cram IT jungles
anti-social media, accurately named,
pretends friends, where titillations rule digital landscapes
inducing trance, creating chronic masturbators,
physical and mental

tho digital titillations fail to satisfy flesh, blood
and bone, they persist, where else is there to go?
everything directed to self-pleasure in a world
now devoid of meaning

perhaps abuse is more accurate
but then who i am to judge,
i am invisible adrift in a meaningless land of targeted sales,
buried in a world of another's making

beware,
do not repair to nature as u stand blazing,
incongruous in the natural
better to access ur smart device,
it gives comfort to false, created identities,
false 'friends' that do not know you or themselves
but belong to the same enslaved club --

tho a trillion captured slaves and fools bleat, "look, look!"
they never see what there is to see, freedom lost
to a voracious, parasitic monster

it suits me to hide in plain sight,
tapping keys, creating more monsters dressed as
naked angels

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-554.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-937.html>