Phaced (owed to Facebook)

By Jacque Anderson

Licking the likings and lookings. The sugary balm of psalm like Statusus supplementing stalking. The new humans humming high On the incredible openess Of what is on your mind Facing the future of jobs and Knowing knobs and cruds of crass The mass eviction of bedroom Bonanzas and meaningless acts Without fortifying facts in words Like turds of data and fate Floating through threads Of dross and cross words Thrown at poking walls of Fuckall of cats and youtubed Playlists stating coolness Like show off tools of consumers Flaunting to all their worlds For all to see and agree and be We exist like dipping biscuits In the tea of facebook hastyness Dropped into life and a social knife Stroking the butter of self belief Into cakes of supposed fluffy Full nice lives, with friends and And music and choices and funny Haha emoticonned selves lying. The pretending of happiness Sadness showing through the lines And stated statuses and fake Upbeatness unveiling loneliness And the keyboard of alienation Tapping into the emptyness Of us all logging in for company Sat staring for titillation And sharing supposed caring

Wanting to feel liked, electronically. Inboxing rather than speaking The qwertied generation turning Into terminator terminals of Isolated computerised corpses And networking non-entities Sharing till the loss of ourselves To the irony of ionised one liners And the philosophying platitudes Of punning, life shunning running From humanity and our roles As actionised souls of change To create the evolved envelopes Of notifications of new nuggets Of wisdom and education Spreading the dynamic six degrees Of non separation till we turn Outwards to face each others faces As the race for revolution comes Alive in the pc pages for all eyes

To see and start to do what we have to do - to be free to do what we want to do when we want to jackus 10.4.13