## 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

