

Turn on, Log in, Drop out

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I took the elevator up, into the fray
of the infinite connection,
the infected rise of the plugged in generation.
(you have 2 friend requests, 3 event invitations)

No horizon in sight
through the trite proliferation of screen framed fame,
the homespun celebrity,
high on keyboard kudos and emoticon accolades.
(you have been tagged in 9 photos)

I took the elevator up into the din of a billion switched on dominoes,
crashing in a labyrinth of dead ends,
splintering against personalised walls,
proof of existence.
(your friend count is at 263)

I took the elevator up to the brink
but heard no truth
above the ferocious seas of free speech.
(you have a mob wars invitation)

Saw no certainty in the endless windows
of mans conspiracy factory,
where time eats the young.
(you have 14 notifications)

I took the elevator up
into the ceaseless communication,
of humanities distraction,
I took the elevator up.
And I wrote a really clever comment.
(would you like to update your status?)