

## Invisible

by zane Sunday, Mar 31 2019, 11:07pm

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

