

No longer riding rapids

Farewell to social media!

Good riddance to all fake illusion!

Ears under assault only from the *huge*, wooding, trucks that rumble by with their heavy load, tearing up our only access with their 'mother fucking' wheels.

My husband pissing like a horse in the bathroom, the radio plays in the *background*.

Only birdsong, the weather this morning, and strong black coffee for stimulation.

This is enough.

Enough!

I have suffered enough!

I have seen the Matrix.

Smashed through all reflective surfaces.

I now turn my back on the whole affair and simply walk away from this 'net'.

I no longer desire to be 'caught'.

It seems now such a foolish ambition.

And such a waste of, increasingly precious, Time.

May the only screens I ever see again be blank.

Inviting me to fill them.

With my own words.

My own creativity.

Farewell too to eternal, samey, box-sets and the buffering wheel.

In the evenings let us lie in the wash of crappy, satellite, TV, with nothing much on of real interest.

Surfing through channels and instantly gratified.

Talking though it all and tearing the advertisements apart.

Offering each other cups of tea.

Chatting about our days.

Together.

Sharing space in unity, gathered around that single screen,

while wondering at all the inanity going on in the world.

This is other people's lives.

Not ours.

Once I decried television as the 'drug of the Nation' with its force-fed narrative, I had no idea, then, what was to follow.

Now it seems like an old friend.

At least it does not pretend to be what it is not.

Enough of these tailored, curated, 'cult of the individual', bubbles that pull us all further apart!

How can Nature even have a chance to captivate and call us, out of our own heads, into the fresh world all around,

With so much choice, provided by so few, to view?

I see more beloved trees *on this screen* these days than I do in real Life! Despite living where I do!
I caught myself just in time, before each flower, each sunset, became little more than a photo opportunity.

Real views are mainly sky (*and I do not mean the telecommunications company*)

The real webs made by spiders.

The real hives made by bees and wasps.

Clouds are made of water droplets and store nothing but rain, though sometimes ice.

To compute means to process, a computer is nothing but a processor.

If servers provide a service why then do I then serve them such rich helpings?

Home is where we live, and so much more than a landing page.

A board can never be described as a Mother.

I once believed the internet gave us all a voice, but now all I hear is a roar.

If opinions are like water, this is now a waterfall so loud, no sense can be made of it, other than acknowledging its raw power and influence (or should that be effluence?!)

The water is brown and filthy, like the run-off from a municipal waste disposal facility.

All good work diluted by grey water.

Every droplet recorded and, expensively, stored by the Machine.

A rich harvest randomly to be analysed by employed scientists of behaviour and psychology.

Who work for an elite who seek to control the flow.

The Machine now trusted by its programmers to weed out the chaff.

All at the mercy of the algorithm.

The likes of children, brought up by the Machine, considered more profitable than any elder's warnings.

I gave my whole self to IT so willingly!

Blinded by this blue Light and the prospect of, perhaps, being seen and heard.

I have ridden those rapids and find myself, now, bruised, going round and round in eddies of foam, Swirling, restless, over a deep, dark, pool, just below the falls.

Pushed to the edge with broken trees, discarded plastic, and old news.

Holding onto the rocks to catch my breath.

Gathering my strength to haul myself back onto the bank.

Kat Robertson March 2021