

## **Alone, Together**

Incessant void when I wake up.  
Notifications barrage.  
Cold, adrift and alone  
Intangible friends and no place to call my home  
We're interconnected...yet hearts and humans are further strangers; traditions, values become endangered  
Digital appraisal of self-worth; society with textiety, and a scarcity of harmony  
Slow deterioration of a vivid life,  
We're replacing and displacing all our love with "likes."  
Our connection is now frivolous, and I'm fed your news by algorithms  
As if that could ever be enough, as if modern life could ever make us whole?—No.  
Verbal conversations, we are foregoing.  
Tongues are atrophying, friendships decaying, and love erodes as we keep typing, we keep texting—dehumanizing  
Manual dexterity grows, sacrificing the art of the human touch,  
Touch screens are pressure sensitive, but these screens lack sensitivity  
'Cause this freedom of expression ceding torments and aggression  
Through an undeserved vocality, yields emotional brutality  
Games aren't making us more violent; it's the lack of love—makes us devoid and nihilist  
Technology advances, but it's not to blame.  
We're desolate beings, with desperate attempts, through our despair,  
To make people care, to escape the lives that we cannot bear.

Alone. Alone, now.  
But together on the streets of hopelessness  
Alone. Alone, now.  
We are drowning in this high-tide, high-tech sea  
Swapping amity for agony; redefining our humanity  
Can't escape this reality.  
Would you let it be a tragedy?

We are just humans in need of affection  
But it's now displaced by a need of attention  
But really we're just looking for a connection  
To love and feel loved  
But I promise no avatar, status, or tweet  
Could ever make you feel loved or complete  
Our language, alone, becomes broken  
<3 has replaced vital organ

We're alone in the beginning  
We're alone in the end  
We're alone in the present  
So let's be alone together, alone together.

## **Knowledge of Hell**

I did it.

I got the grades; extracurriculars; athletic accolades.

Destined to receive the most elite of educations

But something deeper down is impeding the elation.

It must be this barricade: 50k a year, times four.

My biggest fear's to forgo this one chance

To be immersed with the greatest of minds due to a lack of finance.

Plagued horizon with eyes and their menacing howls.

They hide their fangs so cleverly, while they're foaming at the mouth

To devour and to feed of our hopes and our fears

Between poverty and the 1% the majority of us lie:

Too poor to pay, but too rich for aid,

We fall victims to their lies

We are just fresh prey (bait) for these modern wolves (crooks)

The naive, callow masses for enslavement and to profit

We're no longer paying for a good education.

We pay for the right to say we got a good education.

A school's name on my CV has now more weight than what makes me, me

My experience, choices, mistakes and triumphs

People will in theory revere as I reveal my Alma Matter

Never knowing of the woe from this worse financial standing

Asphyxiated, drowning in this sea of unemployment

Tethered, suffocated by these bills of student loan debt

Employment desperation yields underutilization, underpayment, misery and overexploitation.

Indentured servant contracts that will drain our young lives

Paper tiger diplomas, handed, we believed all their lies

Get good grades, and go to a good school, that will land you a good job

But never in the equation do they mention a good life.

But never in the equation do they mention a good life...

America look through your pupils,

Look what you're doing to your pupils

Education should not be big business, but progress

But what is education that represses progression, if not just synonym for oppression.

## Unslept Hours

Flickering consciousness  
A nebula by your smile divided.  
A reality.  
A dream.  
A memory.  
A figment.

In the dead of night I still feel you  
All around me but you can't be seen.  
I can feel your legs enfolding me.  
A gentle weight, like crushing mountains, paralyzes limbs.  
A futile attempt to move you; the motion only carries air.  
I can feel your incandescent lips  
Ignite the uncharted surface of this skin;  
Relentless conquistadores, claiming all for their Queen.  
Defenseless natives acquiesce to their new Crown.

I hear the sea resound, when I pronounce your name  
In the yellow hem of the ocean's blue dress.  
Staring at trembling black skies.  
Your iridescent eyes;  
the constellations we once watched.  
With fragments whispered, silent shouts, unspoken words,  
We'll turn the unslept hours into days.  
Synapses fire, echoing your voice.

Imaginary choirs and fiction silhouettes  
Denote the flagrant truth:

You're absent.  
Your absence and you're not around.  
No answers.  
No answers when you're not around.  
Just silence.  
Just silence when you're not around.  
You're absent.  
Your absence and I'm not around.