

UNMEASURED

The lone, quantum bit,
unlike Frost, chooses both paths,
interferes with self.

YOWL

I've seen the minds of my generation bested by their handheld mobile devices,
texting for a dopamine rush, tuning out the reality around them.
I've watched them, withdrawn from present company, looking for bars of
microwave coverage, friending strangers, downloading angry birds,
internet junkies, living in the ether, looking for that server connection to fame
gauged by the number of hits they receive,
who sit in restaurants with downturned faces aglow, oblivious to their dinner
companions, to check who has Twittered® them in the last few minutes,
who drive distractedly, causing fatalities in order to update their Twaddle®
followers with TMI about their state of mind on the road,
who walk into traffic, updating their relationship status or performing *Binglehoo*®
searches for celebrity gossip or obituaries,
who envision themselves as divas, broadcasting narcissistic images of every party or
event they've attended in the camera phone eye, imagining others care,
who live without discretion in the digital age, unknowingly or uncaringly giving up
control over their destinies to follow the latest manufactured meme,
who look with disdain on anyone behind the curve of the latest cell phone product
designed to track them through time, space and potentially subversive ideas,
who are GPSed at all times allowing local merchants to target them for advertising
or law enforcement to trace their movements,
who are trained to demand ever higher speed connection because they're afraid to
be, "so seven seconds ago,"
who fire up the Wiki at both ends eliminating the need for scholarly research or
retention of thought,
who self-publish their diaries and essays as open blogs pretending that makes them
journalistic writers,
who trust all their personal information to cloud networks about which they have
only the foggiest notions,
who ask YSIC about who watches them watch countless MPEGs of people's posted
antics that pile up a profile of their tagged interests,
who believe convenience and expediency are more important than their right to
privacy, conceived as an abstract concept of the elderly,
who are betrayed by the telecommunications industry they think serves them but
ignores Constitutional rights to due process and even freedom of speech,
who post supercilious comments publicly, assuming they have the protection of
anonymity because they hide behind a hash tag or screen name,
who, hands free, carry on conversations with the air, like schizophrenic lunatics,
speaking to virtual colleagues, even incommodiously in the commode,
who require medications for ADHD and bi-polar disorders, never making the
connection to their constant multi-tasking, dividing their attention,
who "can haz" perpetual amusement lolling at LOL sites, impersonally spamming
inboxes worldwide with their latest animal pic find,
who post videos to social sites of the last vestiges of actual experience witnessed,
and often disrupted, to make their disassociated lives downloadable,

who refuse to turn off their ringtones, assuming all potential calls more important than any movie, play or concert they might attend,
who think they're the source of the Arab Spring and 99% strong because sometimes they can pull off a successful flash mob,
who are misled into believing they have influence and choice because there's an app for that.

II

What routers have backed up the profitless souls naively sold to the machinery of control?

Telco! Dotcom! Dotnet! Dotorg! Dotgov! Dotmil! Dotedu! Dottv! Dotbiz! Dotint!
Everyday your bandwidth fills with the addresses you occupy.

Telco, you are the new god of information, replacing books, magazines, newspapers and even postal letters.

Telco! The world is trapped in the web you crawl seeking content management and infrastructure ownership.

Telco, computer simulated, you leave no paper trail in cyberspace, so how can we know what really persists and what may have been censored?

Telco, whose phones are smartest for you and whose service is about limiting access to information, you are the true user.

Telco, your hidden stealth-bots relay the private data in our terminals that you cram with cookies.

Telco, whose attempts at regulation have been at least partially thwarted, your lies about protection of intellectual property have been anticipated.

Telco, whose plans to terrace farm the fertile fields will one day restrict totally free access, may you choke on the Creative Commons.

Telco, who wants to navigate our searches for us, leading us into realms most profitably marketable for you, may your electronic banks surge without protection.

III

Like me on Bookface®

AYOR -- no liability is claimed.

Like me on Bookface®

GRAS (but there's no guarantee.)

Like me on Bookface®

Please register because UR2G2B4G

Like me on Bookface®

ROTFLMAO if you think the feeling is mutual.

Like me on Bookface®

You might win a promotional prize -- LMKHTWOFY

Like me on Bookface®

NTIMM – just logging on, you're a research participant.

Like me on Bookface®

IYSWIM IGWS: There's always a price to pay (TANSTAAFL). HAK XOXO IOH!

CUE!

In the middle of my act,
I'm pulled by my hair through the curtains,
wrenched out of character,
forced to see the sandbags and pulleys
behind the scrims and flats
and recognize
the stage for what it is.

Made to observe the gearbox of
Deus ex machina
to understand its well-oiled magic
from behind the scenes,
I see the joke I 'd been too in on
to get -- involving too many,
too involved in playing this scene.

I only know my audience
as extensions of myself,
and that's been just a role.

Motes in the spotlight
look for motivation,
and settle,
irresolutely flickering, unresolved to Earth,
and the globe's no different for it –
becoming no more ponderous,
due to the energy lost in production.

I'm not laughing
as I retake the dusty boards,
stand my mark again
and, running dull fingers
through mussed hair, find
... not one line in my mind.

OPEN MIC

One thinks poetry is a couch to make the world play therapist,
or at least take note and listen.

One thinks poetry is a prayer book, calling the faithful to litany
or the faithless to become congregation.

One thinks poetry's a vase to preserve cuttings from the garden
or store stony trinkets collected from private shores.

One thinks poetry is a rifle to shoot the head with images of war
or blast away the combat's trauma.

One thinks poetry's a bullfrog shut in a shoebox, ready to croak
or jump out inappropriately during show and tell.

One thinks poetry is formaldehyde to display pale, shriveled organs
or the internal parasites that feed upon them.

One thinks poetry is confetti, empty color tossed haphazardly,
or blinding shards thrown like glitter into the eyes.

One wonders if poetry deserves polite applause for its presentation
or if the art has been lost at the hands of these practitioners.

GO OGLE

Sometimes we miss things
that are just over our heads.
Let's learn to look up.