

Growing Old Through a Screen

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Blue lights and tired eyes,
Un-mute to say hello
Pretend to freeze to say goodbye.
Day in day out it's all the same
Pixelated people, in a pixelated frame,

Growing up in a world of technology,
Where everything around you,
Are apps and screens,
Our minds absorbed in an online reality,
Moulding our sense of normality,
Living life in a digital world,

As weeks and months pass by,
The reincarnation of life has been a surprise,
Adapting to the changes daily,
Technology has become the new reality,
Google meets as classes and no paper being used,
But as we get older we adjust to the new, 'new

Growing up is like coursing through a river,
There are twists and turns,
Highs and lows
But all rivers eventually empty into the sea.
What do you do when that sea is shaped into a glass screen?

Drowning in notifications
My phone on do not disturb,
Constant ringing in my ears
Like birds without a home.
Phantom lights piercing through the dark
As I roll over and wait for the new day to start,

Addicted to our phones
Assignments overloading,
But the new trends keep flowing,
Trying to keep up with the time,
Never having a moment to rest my mind,

Switching off my screen
When will all of this end,
The make-belief, the false pretence
Growing old through a screen