

...april 2, 2019...

*now it's apps and cell phones
that keep us in our place
where newspapers and television
were once our saving grace –*

*a tranquil stroll through gardens
needs texting to avow
that we're following directions
like children glued to school –*

*always miniscule restraints –
we sleep and eat to grow
into this curious consciousness
so subtly controlled –*

*each simple walk of sunshine
becomes a complex maze
of checking texts to see if we
are free to shift our gaze –*

*we check for any flashing
of lights to call us home
till maybe and just maybe
we've an hour off the phone –*

*an hour to see sunsets –
an hour to be sane –
an hour when this crazy world
does not dictate our brain.*

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