My Phony Friend

How wonderful! My pocket portal friend
transports me to another dimension.
Here I am held, I am loved; friends
await me, instantly, for connection
and messages away from harsh, cold
reality.
Anxious, depressed, or bored—
no, that will not do. I must only
be happy, with my pocket portal
friend;
dependable and trustworthy, until
dead.

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. -- . .... . .-.. .--. -- . .... . .
.-.. .--.B -- . .... . .-.. .--. -- .
.... . .-..Z .--. -- . .... . .-.. .--
. -- . .... .Z .-.. .--. -- . .... .
.-.. .--. -- . T.... . .-.. .--. -- .
.... . .-.. .--. !-- . .... . .-.. .-
. -- . .... . .-.. .--. -- . .... .
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there goes my phony friend, alit with red
numbers, numb3rs, likes & followers,
like a shepherd leading sheep until

red & blood, to have the guts to f a l l
for fake news fed by trolls, depressed
into flattened cycles, suns & moons until

days turn to nights turn to sleepless
INSOMNIA, depression, nO mOrE, *No MoRe*...
gone are the days of tangible reality and

friends, only phonies.