

They want us addicted to dopamine.

“Are we all ADHD?” my friend asks,
(an innocent joke, really)
but I can’t help but wonder how frag-
mented the modern mind is, like
a bumbling bee addicted to its own honey.

Crack, the hivemind splits, slurping the sweet drug, spitting trivial and frivolous facts that are worthless—*Who Wants To Be A Millionaire!* the screen screams, and I forget my thoughts.

But I don't forget. Not really. The neglected self remembers—the body keeps score, like a sport live-streamed, eyes glued on the screen, advertisers forced to be seen.

Pay attention to me, the mind begs, but is drowned
in the sea of colors and noise, of corporations
exploiting human psyche, our vulnerabilities.
(“I must post to stay relevant, I must be beautiful to be accepted...”)

PAY ATTENTION TO ME, the screen demands,
and we listen,
because a quiet mind is too frightening,
the world too boring.

Comfort is pleasure, we say to ourselves,
as we rot on the couch,
and wonder why tech billionaires live in this world,
while we use their tech to escape it.