

Once I was told that happiness is no longer measured by the amount of money on your bank account but happiness is measured by the amount of followers and likes once i was told that if you unfollowed someone you will have more followers than follow therefore you will be more likely to find happiness.
]]-0

Well we don't have original sources so we can't write original material, well we are still young and when we are not we will look back back to the past where copy paste was a carefully planned authenticity.

She looks at me with her robotic fidget spinner eyes as if i had crossed the line the line the line the line

You are not gonna use that material right? That's like my material I've been around people like you long enough perhaps way to long to even try to be nice. People like you come to me to tell me things without saying anything

Ok, enoughm Im gonna block you from my instastories LIKE RRRRRRRRIGHT NOW!

The mind has decided to abandon the materiality of our bodies and has chosen for a digital interface where being and making decisions is simplified to a click tap and drag

click tap and drag
click tap and drag
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click tap and drag

Dear Google :

The territorial nature of the Internet challenges our physical earth and how we perceive it

We all know that theBukwasan mountain does not need Google maps , however the perception of the online image becomes more important than the

mountainlj itself.

Idealicly represented on holiday pictures and posted online,
the photographic conglomeration of picture perfect moments imprints itself on our
minds before even being there.

The moment that we reach the place, we already know how it looks
or better said, how we expect it to look.

Once confronted with the nature of the object, instead of looking to what is in front of
us, we look for the image that we previously saw on you,Google....maybe i was
wrong...Hallasan Volcano does need you

you

you youuuuuuu

youuuu youuu

you are nothing but a mixed media of blurred personality-Less person
your boundaries between reality and the virtual have vanished,
dematerialised and merged with your soul that burns and will forever burn onweb
enabled fire rings.

because you always wanted to be bigger and better faster stronger . because more
is mora and the more you get there more you will see it.

exuberant fashion motion expressionless cool photogenic look.

deleting your own hashtags so no one will see how desperate you were for a like.

lame ass hashtagger broadcaster of your own self advertisement morning menu
news where you are the starting course , main course and dessert

I mean i
meaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaannnn. i don't even know what i mean
I just know that I like it (thumbs up)

Replacing bodies with digital juices

Freshly squeezed personalities

I feel cool

I look amazing

I love ma body

I'm an independent woman with the right to post a picture of my nipple
and put glitter on my fucking stretch marks

Im a feminist

facebook activist

because sharing is caring

madafacka

Relaaaaaaaaahhhhx

Reeeelaaaaaaaaaxsssssss

And noooooow
noooooooooow
and noow
noooooooooow
the audience looks at the performer

The performer is looking at the public
the public is looking at the performer
the public might like what the performer does
the public might not
while moving her body in a blahblha way the performer opens her mouuuuuth and
saaaaaaayyyyssss: can you feeeeeeeeeeeel the pressure?

The pressure to become an image

AAAnn image
an image that sits down and let me tell you Sir! it sits pretty damn well down
down the hole where crappy chargers and iphone cases rest on our hands filling out
the plastic universe actively procaliming themselves the new era of mass-paparazzi

and we all feel so down like rejected iPhone 6 cover in 2018 which didn't make it to
the iPhone store because its too outdated

Upload
Share and like

The other extension of me

has decided to take over my hands and thuuumb!

(In commercial voice)

It's compact design and smooth screen is perfectly made to lure the eyes into any
needless distraction even away from your frappe coated snow cappuccino with
cheesecake flavour that comes in cup too large and its too milky an too icy and all
the coffee left on it is a sad tear from a slightly hyper exited post-teenager that
wants to be my friend.

Ufriended you

unfollowed you don't care about you . iT ISNT THAT I DONT LIKE YOU I JUST
DONT WANT TO SEE YOUR STUPID cross and post modern sequence of little tiny
winy framgments on my feed. it reminds me too much of my stupid self

We UPLOAD crap
We post crap
we talk crap

not only virtually but psychologically and physically
(whisper) FILTH!

DIRTY Dirty dirty filth

Show me filth, let it flow to the open filling the air of FILTH, the air the air of empty
FILTHY feelings of Soft rejection

why don't you reply to my meesage even though you saw IT? maybe you don't like
so much anymore/

maybe you don't care about me anymore

maybe im not as special for you as you are for me

if that would be me. me me me me me meeeee 9(tartamudeando)

help me on holding my own self and my empty hopes on love and ffffffff faaaame ffff

fuck you

It is generally thought that science helps good idea triumph over bad
pushing falsing claims aside. if you open your mouth denying every delusion that
your psychotic over reacting full of drama ex-friend says

over bad

bad baptism

secret scams and spasms

you use to hide in the toilet from me to check her instastory

Now you hide in the toilet from her to check mine

Spaaaam

I call MYSELF spam , the spam of earth who's here to SURVIVE NO MATTER
WHAT

WHEN ZOMBIE ALIENS Heads FIND whats left from the WORLD THEY WILL FIND
SPAM

sPAAAM

Spam and me we have a complicated relationship

we know our demons we have slept with them all

trust and tofu

I carry y guilt like my bag of groceries and empty my shame while you cry and i fake
my smile

and our words are shallow given the lack of emotion

CHANCES

CHANCES

CHANCES

CHANCES

CHANCES

I TAKE MY CHANCES

THEY SAY

I AM A CHANCE TAKER

THEY SAY THAT THE BRIDGES i BURN DO NOT LIGHT THE WAY FORWARD

BUT SIMPLY LIGHT THE PEOPLE LEFT BEHIND ON FIRE

CHANCES
CHANCES AND CHANGES
CH CH CH CH CHAANGES

A love story:

We met without even knowing who who we were. Specially myself, I didn't know her, I didn't know me.

I had Googled my name quite some times, but it seems that Google is not able yet to tell me who I am.

Like something I was looking for but not expecting in the midst of night and speed, our lips met and spoke a language that can only be granted by physicality and its tender touch to the Self.

She expanded under my fragmented and troubled body which after that kiss no longer was an information carrier living for the social platforms.

It's importance extended to the tip of her fingers turning it real.

STATEMENT: Love brings the physical back to the body.

I'm bringin' sexy back (yeah)
Them other boys don't know how to act (yeah)
I think it's special, what's behind your back (yeah)
So turn around and I'll pick up the slack (yeah)
Dirty babe
You see these shackles, baby
I'm your slave
I'll let you whip me if I misbehave
It's just that no one makes me feel this way
!

P. p p p pp p pootent!
potent smoothing soothing beauty
magical inded.
Potent photographic look
skin shine
luxurious pop face idol
popping like puppets for us to buy and feel good
OH YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEES! FATAL GOOD.

Well well well she said, if you want a job fast change that facefast! Because when you look good, you feel good.

Lift your confidence not your face GIRL!

Liftit lift it lift it lift

We feed from others hyper intimate moments giving them our hyper intimate moments too.

Give and take. Because life will give to the givers and take from the takers. Be a fountain not a drain

Good people are like candles they burn themselves to give others light.

emotion is information

we feed the machine with all of ourselves , giving giving giving it all of me. all of me why don't you take all of me?

And what do we get?NADA,

Fooled to believe that the power of knowledge is at our hands. perhaps we should start questioning not the information that is being given to us but the one which is censored. kaput, finite not there,

unposted non shared- taken down and shot like street dealer who fucked two hookers and sniffed more than what he sold without paying the pimp, because you don't shit where you eat they say.

Information gets lost when you dog eats your homework or you are too busy chosing on the best beauty facial mask to smeaaaaar in your greasy face and scrolling down your top hated insta followers and do not think on the catastrophes of the world but who cares?

Just calm down!

we are born in a priviledge situation where we do not have to think or suffer for anything or anyone besides ourselves.

Just Slow down!

Your words aren't welcome here in the temple sanctuary of informative deception.

Now we think less and buy more

we care about the enviroment and listen to me! I am very demanding in Art and have a special opinion

an opinion regarded as special by myself, self nominated i got a degree on the school of life with a minor at major bullshit.

Everything outside is love emojis and shiny smiling cheeks, everything inside is rotten and full of insecurities.

everything is nice click everything is cute click everything is ok click

everything cool click aha click i take my phone to the toilet click

i click click click click click

- Cause we came here to drown on ourselves and beg for a little bit of attention. i wanna hear you beg for wifi passwords and power sockets. Beg beg and complain how others use and abuse their phones because you got your pockets full of extension cables and it turns you on to think of. over empathetic bastard, doing the asian squat just to show us how filexible you can be, semi solid networking disaster. Your Linkdn account failed in giving you jobs and your virtual capital accompanies your sexual desire to share information on how open you are now about your friends being gay. Non-heterosexuals you call it you are as controlled as your korean netlfix account which doesn't want you to watch anything that talks bad about K-POP and crypticrencies. environmental invasive extinction ,mass post-production in an age of crowd creativity, now almost everyone is an artist. Pitching, live-streaming, spamming, chain-liking maybe after all Im the one who deserves the punishment, you see?

i DONT know whats sadder, that you make me feel like a meme or that I am not even a funny one

Above all, i keep opening my moooouth and wooords come out of it terms and words coming out and out out and out nd more words terms and names and expressions and comment so many many many comments and observations they keep coming out an out spitting them out of my mouth, like rain on waterfalls more and more remarks statements assurances i keep on talking and talking and talking and talking and talking and talking and are you listening? because I am not I only care about my own self selfie stick self esteem and walk on a permanent loop of auto intoxication of my beautiful self!

well Good news: nobody likes you