

Cyberspace Floats Through Me

Ingrowing

Imprisoned in the seventeen inches monitor I live
Virtual corporeality is my sick walk
About in private database garden
Computerised emotions, digitalised instincts
Synthetic labyrinths of ideal world diffuse through me
I am careful gardener of directories' and files' world
Imprisoned in the seventeen inches monitor I slave
To many megabytes of negligent unusable software
As the fingers dance the lethal cancan over keyboard
I'm hypnotised, agonising cyberspace floats through me
Falling down, tangled in the collapse, I'm overloaded
My real torso will never wake again
I'm imprisoned in virtual reality, encoded, indexed
The neural interface connects me with real world