

# 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