

# Platform

áf^á, -áfžáf«á, ·áf¥áf¹⁴á, ·

An entirely empty memory

Displays nothing of value

But you still hold on to your life

Like it's your little beloved animalThe secondhand being that you call life

    Your face, familiar to millions

    Exist in the realm of the digital

Is it possible for software to live?You think you are free

    You are a platform

    A presence that could beSomething else is shifting

    Fields of information don't hind anymore

    Imaginary eyes begin to shape

    Your intelligence begins to flawYou know you are free

    You're still a platform

    A presence of being crucially

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