Platform

Malpractice

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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