

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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