

# Platform

## Haujobb

An entirely empty memory  
Displays nothing of value  
But you still hold on to your life  
Like it's your little beloved animal  
The 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 be  
Something else is shifting  
Fields of information don't hind anymore  
Imaginary eyes begin to shape  
Your intelligence begins to flaw  
You know you are free  
You're still a platform  
A presence of being crucially

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