

Cultural contract

It's evolved, has our technology
It's surpassed our humanity
And soon, it too
Will be superior to our identity

Shifting through pages
Of meaningless faces
Through emotion to emotion
Each cleared of all devotion

When an infamous trend
Leads the way
Dictates what we do
What we think, what we say

It's different in my memory
Looks different on the screen
But the camera tells no lies

And the curved glass
And contorted reflections
V the angled flat
Perceptions of the lens

We will always opt
For the manipulated view
Though technology tells no lies
Erin