

the off switch is broken

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Add to Cart, round 238 contains an excerpt from *Add to cart.*, © Georgina Cooke, 2018.

*for anyone who has ever felt fed up with tech,
or just plain hated the internet.*

you are not alone.

Preface

Technology is all around us these days. In fact, you're likely to be reading this on a piece of technology such as a screen. It goes without saying that the evolution of technology has impacted our lives in immeasurable ways. These impacts have been both positive and negative: We can communicate more easily and faster than we were able to in the past. We binge watch television shows and no longer have to wait for the same time every week. We don't have to subject ourselves to phone call anxiety; we can make an appointment online.

But these impacts are also fraught with contradiction. We are brought closer to our families who live across thousands of miles of sea, at the expense of craving human touch from a lack of physical contact. It's easier than ever to start your own business, but you have a world-and-a-half of distractions at your disposal. You can communicate and form strong friendships with complete strangers, yet you remain vigilant on public transport or in a crowd at a concert.

My history of technology – I’ve realised – is irrelevant to this collection of poetry. This collection of poetry is set in the world that we’re all in, but written from the point of view of someone with a career in technology that has spanned over eight years. There are common themes of toxic environments, addiction, and mental health, with some of the poems drawing inspiration from personal experiences. What started as a simple social media detox in 2019 turned into a scathing frustration with the internet, and a spark to write poetry again – but with the challenge of writing on a topic I’d never attempted before.

My previous poetry, which I just published on my blog, centred around themes of relationships and friendships, and the feelings that came with them: loneliness, longing, misunderstanding, lust, obsession, and sadness. My poetic style is usually graced with enjambment and internal rhyme, and I’ve been known to employ a lot of stylistic additions in the form of indentation and punctuation. Bringing these elements of my poetry into rather passionate, anger-fuelled pieces on technology was tricky, but at the same time refreshing and exciting, and that made me decide to publish it as a collection.

However you choose to interpret *the off switch is broken*, I really hope you enjoy what I’ve written and that the poems inspire

you: to use technology for good, perhaps for evil; to disconnect; to take more control; to be more mindful; or to even keep doing what you're doing. Most of all, I hope that some of them are reflective of the experiences you've had and the stories you choose to tell.

If you have questions about *the off switch is broken*, or if you want to chat to me about it, or even just share your thoughts, you can get in touch with me at tosib@georgie.nu.

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Subscribe

hey ~~guys~~ folks, welcome back to my poetry collection!
If you're new here I used to write a lot of poetry about love and
relationships but I'm going to be talking about technology and going
through some

~~If you haven't subscribed yet please click the red button and click the
red bell to be notified of my poetry! for fuck's sake get over yourself~~

RealPlayer, 2004. The intangible object of my affection.
An inconceivable library of 50,000 songs—

in my pocket?

Not yet.

Mixtapes collecting songs I heard from the radio,

burned onto CDs and played on my stereo,

jewel cases with inserts designed with pencil and paper

as I drew gifts for friends for birthdays.

Downloading my first songs from a random mp3 site before I
dared touch torrents,

ripping music from YouTube when YouTube was barely a
thing,

because at the time I just wanted to hear Linkin Park sing.

(The first song I ever downloaded was *My December*,

downloaded, in fact, in November;

I barely remember what was next,

for the collection I amassed was longer than a Shakespeare
text.)

Buy, download,

rip, burn,

buy, download,

rip, burn,

repeat, shuffle, repeat.

An entire library moved from device to device,
shared amongst the incredulous who barely had the time to
maintain ten files on a desktop, and then
came tabs – and several dozen of those came easy.

For you now, your fingertips, and a couple coffees a month,
you've got it all, anything on your mind,
just type it and press Enter,
a dozen playlists or so,
or that song you could only watch on YouTube;
and gone
are the 50k file days and the gigabytes of audio
or many gigabytes of FLAC
because now it's come so easy:

Access it all for a handful of pennies,
and my clunky metal hard drive gathers dust.
Access anything for a handful of pennies.

It's all
so
cheap
so
damn
accessible

what would you do without it?

Your music collection,
everything you ever worked hard for,
devalued.

Subscribe for only \$10 a month and you can forget
your library of 50,000 songs and it doesn't matter if it's
going to be in your pocket because

you can
access it anywhere

just
download
the app

visions of a self I discarded from view

moving downwards through
shadows,
through echoes
and fake meadows of a self I once knew.
shadows
were replaced by
cut-and-dried tessellations
of predictable facades.

“like for like,” they said,
“I’ll follow you back,” they said,
the photo albums of my friends buried
beneath a pile of perfect polaroids,
forgotten;
the snapshots of events that shaped a present-day identity squashed
beyond recognition by
relentless money-makers’ tribes.

sharing story after story after
story,
injected with keyword upon keyword upon
keyword,
attempting reach with an unruly smatter of words akin
to answers of a crossword puzzle.

“like for like,” they said,
“I’ll follow you back,” they said,

downwards, once more,
a void of recollections
replaced by
cut-and-dried tessellations
of predictable facades.

had there been snapshots,
I'd long disguised them
under a blanket of inane insecurities,
and only I can tell
how much or how little I've detached
them from the life I choose to tell.

.c-the-arguments-we-used-to-have

```
body{  
  margin: 999px;  
  margin: 0;  
  margin: 0 auto;  
}
```

```
.discussions {  
  sometimes: do we use leading zeroes;  
  occasionally: do we alphabetise our properties;  
  often: do we add a comment before every single rule;
```

}

```
.page__content {  
    we let trial and error break us down,  
    until we'd frown upon the work that we'd created for  
ourselves;  
    realising our own mistakes where we'd missed spaces ,  
    forgetting all the places that  
    semicolons  
    ;;  
    belong,  
    breaking stylesheets float: left; right; text-align: center;  
    only to realise that it was legacy styles we refused to enter.  
}
```

```
.scalability {  
    colors declared, only to be overridden by other colors,  
    padding reset multiple times,  
    selectors named after presentation being used many a time,  
    offensive box-shadows added with a flourish from 2004,  
    and what's more, we discovered them fifteen years later.  
  
    where is this thing?  
    where does it live?
```

```
    until we had no more fucks to give.  
}
```

```
.u-visually-hidden {  
    from: web developer to front-end developer;  
    from: front-end developer to wtf am i doing anyway;  
    from: wtf am i doing anyway(i just(feel like), all i do(is refactor  
css));  
    to something with the word “UI” in it.
```

the battles we’ve fought along the way
are difficult to remember and count,
it’s an amount of effort that we remain somewhat silent about.

in a time when our surrounds instil fear,
the few thought leaders in our discipline have our backs
until production bugs cause accusatory attacks;
underestimated efforts towards maintainable code
as our curly braces tell stories previously untold;
mismatching jigsaw puzzle pieces burned into oblivion
with their outlines wielded into every instance of a git blame
we’re no longer shielded,
 no longer shielded
 from the burden of accidentally deleting rules

that are found on pages with poor UX.

```
with practice we've become good, and better
at visualising declarations of styles,
but nothing feels quite as exhausting
as isolating crap into dozens of files.
}

* + * {
    all the terrible things we've done,
    from spacer gifs, tables as layout, no alt text on images to
name a few,
    but outline: 0 and maximum-scale=1.0 too,

    to the things we never knew (in 2010 anyway):
    redundant aria roles, not separating layout from styles,
    and then importing way too many SASS files

    // the end of the road was the one we found ourselves on
again
    // border-radius: 50%
    // when SASS became more problematic than helpful

    to the things that don't really involve code:
```

committing to master,
commits written as “wip”,
rebasing

--abort

}

/* *

* to the wonderful things:
* aligning with other disciplines, initiatives for education,
* forever iterating.
* and:
* the web. for everyone.
**/

#future {

~~and: all the things we wanted to change;~~
~~and: all the things we want to change;~~
~~and: all the things we have changed;~~
and: all the change we've yet to make !important;

}

Everything I lied about on the internet

asl?

29/rather not say/paris

I had two dogs, Blinky and Amadeus; I had them for two years;
I got suspended from school because I spat one one of my peers.
I've got a friend named Pepper, and her middle name is literally
Cornella, and her last name is Chan and she plays drums in a garage
band.

(I play drums too, but I just haven't been in a band in a while.

I used to be in a band called Shopping Aisle.)

I'm part French, part German,
But mostly Vietnamese, and my last name is Hermann;
I learned to ride a bike when I was 17; I'd never ridden one before;
I used to do ballroom dancing and ride a skateboard,
Until I messed up my leg falling from a ladder to a concrete floor.
I've got a crooked toe and I've dislocated my shoulder twice,
I was in one production of Disney on Ice.

I suffer from bipolar disorder and my eyes are sensitive to light, and
the only time I got into a physical fight was when someone didn't
believe me.

I've dated three people – one for ten years,
Got fired from my second job, and I once met Tears for Fears.
At times it gets exhausting telling a lie,
Why I choose to do it I'm not sure why;
Sometimes I'm Andrew and sometimes I'm Dan;
Some days I'm Lucy, some I'm Lucy-Dianne.

Some days I choose to tell the truth and other days I regret the lies
I've told, but there will be people who will never find out so long as I
keep growing old.

I listen to Fleetwood Mac and sometimes I like grunge.
I've been known to hold onto feelings like a sponge.

I like coffee, mostly black, and when I was a kid I once ate a piece of
blu-tack to impress someone I had a crush on;
They wore v-neck t-shirts but I hate v-neck t-shirts,
Most of all I hate collared shirts, and I also hate those stud cuffs,
except I owned a handful of them when I was a teenager and people
thought I was top shit.

Remember those Discman CD players? I had one too,
And then there was the time I was hooked on the song Electric Blue,
Until I told someone I met on the internet that ICEHOUSE were from
Australia and they didn't realise that Australia was as big as fifty
Texases.

Loneliness is as unsolicited as rude awakenings from unsweet dreams
and expansive daymares.

A year ago I became an Instagram influencer and I posted
A bunch of pictures of mouthwash at a couple events I hosted;
I dated a few more people during the time I had long hair,
I wore blue-rimmed glasses and at nineteen I still had a teddy bear.

* * *

What I choose to be true plays out as a movie in my mind,
What we lie about doesn't always get left behind.
I'm 30 and I still don't know who I want to be
When I grow up, but it's nothing I wanted the world to see,
I've been in the same place this entire time, choosing where to draw
The line and what I shouldn't have done before,
Yet beneath a bed of lies, truth is stranger than fiction,
An explanation to a feral addiction.

* * *

Dear Alex,
Everything I told the internet, I never told you.

Only one of the above is true.

Hackathon

in the putrid light of day I woke
up to porcelain-faced
men,
vodka-scented keyboards and minced chicken on the carpet

found my lipstick-red-rimmed glasses

walked past the four meeting rooms, each with an assortment of red
plastic cups on the desks in front of the telephones

“I won’t be home tonight”

walked past David

walked past another David

that new guy was probably David too except I hadn’t really paid
attention to whatever his role was when I shook his hand

(probably had better things to do than pay attention to yet another
man joining this already man-filled company of, well, men)

stepped on a piece of popcorn on my way back from the restroom

pressed the spacebar on my computer keyboard

“don’t work too hard”

the previous night some kind of blur

of a code editor along with

another window with the command line open;

that guy leaning on me in vague attempt to make me merge dodgy shit
to master

and making comments about my aqua-coloured hair

(his name was probably David)

except I had one drink before I was fed up.

fuck's sake, it's 8:00am on a Saturday.

I could commit this code now or just leave.

~~sorry that~~ I like hot pink.

David and David and David probably don't have families or they would be home instead of drinking vodka slushies and sleeping on a beanbag while their kids wonder why daddy isn't there to kiss them goodnight.

I could commit this code now or just leave.

~~sorry that~~ I like to wear miniskirts.

~~sorry that~~ my hair always has a bright girly bow in it.

I could

commit

this code

now

or just

leave.

oversized tote bag over my shoulder and
miniskirt yanked down, I
pushed the glass door open and
pressed the elevator button,
with a single glittered plastic fingernail.

I'm not doing this again.

the off switch is broken

trapped.

trapped behind a layer of blue haze,
beneath a stratosphere of static-driven grey noise,
under the wrath of sixty-six tabs in a frozen browser we hope isn't
Safari.

glued.

eyes glued to homemade series of twenty-minute visual diary
episodes,
littered with repetitive jargon about rideshare services,
scattered amongst tone-deaf animations for a company you
couldn't give a fuck about.

stuck.

stuck like a punishment attached to a wall with treacle,
discomfort ensuing like a tickle under the skin,
guilt rising in our veins as we interact with blatant clickbait.

always

trapped

always

glued

always

stuck.

in a blue haze

in a silent daze

with eyes glazed,

internally fighting day upon day.

in a grey haze

in a black daze

unfazed,

hands chained helplessly as another pass of the moon blurs
into the next light of day –
blurred like no other way.

@motherdearest

Mother, I lied. I saw things I didn't want to see. I read things that made me scared. I thought about things that made me not want to go to bed. I feared the morning. I held onto my teddy bear. I told people I had it since I was three but I only remembered it when I was eighteen because I needed someone. The people are awful. I don't even know if they're really people. They are like empty faces that I'm watching and listening to. Sometimes I want to block out their voices but I can't, because when I forget them during the day and try not to read the things they say, I remember them at night. I remember them on planes when I can't even hear them or read what they say but because

it is a place where everything is quiet. When it's quiet I am so scared to be with my own thoughts and I never used to be like this before. I'm afraid of the people and also the person who said they would find me and set me on fire. I try to be secretive but it is hard because I also have some people who are friends. I know you think they aren't really real but I know that they are and there is proof of it too. But I also see bad things in my dreams like cliff faces and I have dreams where I'm forever running. It is almost scarier than real life I think. I like and hate this place at the same time too. I am not really sure what to do because they tell you to be yourself but I was always being myself and not trying to be fake when I was growing up, at least before I was eighteen. Things feel kind of different now. But the people feel almost the same. The people are cruel, mother. The people say really mean things. People show me awful and disgusting things. I can look away. But the things they say, they stay with me. I can't get them out. I remember them every now and then and sometimes I laugh many years later but at the time they really hurt. They leave scars. The scars hurt more than the times I hurt myself. Sometimes I doubt the friends I have, wondering if they are really friends or if I am delusional. I don't know if it will matter anymore. People have told me I am delusional. I don't want all of this to happen to other kids or other people. I started telling a few people about it, like my friends, even though I've never met them before. I started writing things but I was scared so I didn't say who I was and I left my notes behind just for people to read. And

then some people actually wrote back. People told me that the exact same thing happened to them. I don't know whether to be sad or glad. I think I just feel less alone. That's a pretty good thing, I think.

Add to Cart, round 238

I.

search.

type.

return.

click click click.

filter.

scroll.

stop.

ADD TO CART

2.

scroll.

scroll

scroll scroll

scroll scroll

sccrrrooolll

ADD TO WISHLIST

ADD TO WISHLIST

* * *

57.

open email.

(2) Unread

SALE

70% OFF

click.

58.

scceccrrrrroooooo|||

ssssccccccrrrrroooooo|||

ssssccccccrrrrroooooo|||

pause.

ADD TO CART

59.

You need this now!

20% off introductory offer

WORLDWIDE SHIPPING

Sign up to our mailing list

SUBMIT

60.

ADD TO CART

VIEW CART

back.

search.

Sort by

popularity

alphabetical

low to high

high to low

* * *

93.

An error has occurred

Your credit card has been declined.

Please submit your details and try again.

* * *

155.

\$\$\$

BOGO

BUY ONE GET ONE FREE

scroll.

scroll.

tap.

tap.

Spend \$13.48 more and get free shipping!

tap.

tap.

VIEW CART

156.

(3) Unread

You've left these items in your cart

(2) Unread

Don't leave us hanging!

(1) Unread

Don't miss out on these items, Georgie

(0) Unread

Don't miss out – 10% off these items in your cart

* * *

184.

(1) Unread

Last chance for 25% off your cart

Hi Georgie,

We don't do this often, in fact, we're giving you this offer, which is a *lot* more than any discount we've ever given before. Our products don't come cheap (blah blah blah blah). We'd like to offer you 25% off your cart—

* * *

201.

Someone in Sydney, Australia has just purchased Something You Really Don't Need in Your Life (10 minutes ago)

Someone in London, United Kingdom has just purchased Something We Want You to Buy Just So We Make Some Money (7 minutes ago)

Someone in Singapore has just purchased A Thing You Probably Don't Give A Fuck About (5 minutes ago)

Someone from Some Place You Don't Care About has just purchased Who Gives A Fucking Shit (2 minutes ago)

* * *

238.

Are you sure you want to close this tab?

The Hustle

At the end of every YouTube video:

“buy my guide!”

The things you dismiss, the things you let slide.

Commitment measured by the ability of numerous individuals to feel
compelled enough to click,

Loyalty measured by the amount of minutes to a website one can
stick,

Popularity by the layers of praise.

Laid on pretty thick.

People growing thicker skin to put up with the devils within each person

Whose patience is worn thin by repetitive notions of grandeur.

The hustle: a spiralling well into self-destruction,

invisible triumph,

eternal commitment to meditation,

blissful masquerades of time spent with the people you care about most,

slaving on the gruelling paths around a polluted city further from home as possible to maintain incredible muscle mass,

...waking up at 5am like it's glory.

...regurgitating words of grandeur three times a day like we're not sorry.

...bound to a self-created mosh pit of indulgence like it's truly our story.

Jobs.

The thing we cling onto in order to live,

The name of the man with a vision so great, so captivating, alluring, inspiring;

Yet both possess facets along a scale from disguises to truth,

Leaving us in the dark again.

No matter how many pro-con lists we write or how many times we fight our inner feelings, we're left

Again, in the dark

While we're told untruths about the things that appear in the guise of
life's luxuries: working from home,

being nomadic,

being self-employed,

having your own business,

travelling the world,

working and travelling,

doing what you love,

oh... doing what you love.

oh... waking up at 4am like it's glory.

oh... regurgitating words of so-called thought leaders, with the
intention of motivating us.

oh... stuck in a reality composed by ourselves.

People feigning surprise at ill mental health, at breakdowns and
burnout,

Going and going and going until energy is washed out,

Claiming passion, perfection and devotion,

Faultless displays of rewards, and declaring rewarding emotion,

They call it glory.
And they're not sorry.
And it's their story.

They call it the hustle.
And they're not sorry.
The hustle is their story.

golden handcuffs

ping pong,
beer,
all the food you ever wanted is here.

insurance, transport,
we'll pay for your move
so you need not live in fear.

money thrown

chairs thrown

and an environment charmingly attractive on the outset,
but beneath the surface lingers a sour hope for the sane to leave.
no rest for the wicked,
sparkling promises presented in bejewelled cases of pretend pristine
air.

an emptiness unravelled,
a soft and subtle bitterness,
sapphiric visions of ownership and fame just above the horizon,
through pearly gates laced with noxious relationships and unfair
promotions of pretentious humans
scorning minority groups to the end of their gold-panning tracks.

nickel by the billions,
dimes by the ten-thousand-pound,
one drags the stones of Stonehenge to their pedestals and places,
and devilish faces
mock the ones who choose to sleep on a bed rather than sit upon a
throne of platinum and emeralds.

invisible crowns
and elaborate wreaths
sit upon the wealthiest heads but dirty hands, ravenously searching

for fresh blood to join the cult.
silver contraptions of unhealthy minds,
repetitive motions and people blinded by the ropes that bind them to
fingerprint-covered screens of demise.
desire to automate the world,
become big and godly,
all beyond the recognition of humanity and health.

breathing in gold dust,
concealing ashes of the ones who burned of burnout before them,
systemic and gruelling,
dark emotion pooling,
and the belief that control will
drive a better future,
but a selfish future,
and a contrast with all's well,
but a mediocre obsession with work and money dusts over the keys
beneath the noise and the cash flow
and the inflated egos,
our hands remain tied back.

you need not live in fear,

for the golden handcuffs
keep you here.

Eleven is typing

Heyyy
how u goin
r u around?
or busy?

Yes I am good thanks mate, not too busy
right now, what's up?

sick

can you do me a favour

please

it wont take long i promise

i just forgot somethin for tonite and yeah

you there?

Yeah yep

ok mad do you got some time today?

to do me a favour?

Yeah sure I got time. I can do it

ok so are you close to the supermarket

or coming over any time soon

bc u kno how we are making sushi tonite

i forgot some ingredients

Yeah what did you forget? I can get it for
you on my way down, I am doing errands
but won't be much longer

yes that would be MAD
thank u so much
so i forgot umm
and ur gonna find it hilarious lol
the seaweed. omygodd
and i also forgot to get some of the rice flakes cos like
i wanna make the rice balls as well

Ok so seaweed like you mean the dry nori
for wrapping the sushi right? And then rice
flakes

yes and yes
cool
thanks a ton

Yeah np I'll get em
btw what fish are you gettin for the sushi

I got sashimi, like, the proper raw stuff

I mean what did u get

I'm just slicing it up now

:D

Awesome!

Im excited

Been ages since ive made sushi

Always more fun w someone else

Did u get soy sauce as well?

Haha I'm not an idiot. Of course I got it

Haha

Yeh but u forgot the important stuff :P

Haha I know, I know

Hahahaha

Ok ill see u soon

pumped!

Yes see you soon!

I'm sorry for not blogging

1999.

Before we all wrote things,

We made strange apologies in person, in writing,
fighting

with our diaries for all our time.

Between homework and chores and soccer and ballet and
guitar and piano, what's more –

our fingers holding ink transformed
to dancing letters on a screen.

Our secrets were no more,
Plastic locks became open doors,
Counting visitors on every single page.
One set of eyes became two, became three, became four,
as peril crept upon us in the secrecy of our own rooms,
acquaintances became friends, became either creepers or true loves,
others, cheering us on from the sidelines,
others, jeering at us behind stern eyes,
more, thieves of the things we loved to create.

2002.

Our audience was invisible despite all we cared to tell;
for all we knew they'd be following us as well.
The more friends we made, the more careful we became,
with so many fears and drama freshly home-made as our lives
turned into sour interactions with people we couldn't even see.
Imagery of our friends was still,
was blurry,
was questionable, nay,
hard to see,
As our friendships became much the same.
In vain, we clung to the only fraction of our adolescence that
made us feel worthy –
the invisible audience to our words.

2007.

Feigning importance, our egos inflated as we spread our deepest, darkest secrets to a world that grew exponentially each day.

We re-read our own words, imagining their perfect impact on the vision of a world we were yet to learn more about.

Choosing to touch many, over few, our dreams took us to a live-action replay of us writing gingerly in a notebook,
as pure motivation, by reiterating, we wrote, again:

"I'm sorry for not blogging."

As if it mattered.

As if someone

was listening.

was reading.

And, so, too, we'd learn about our small places in the world,
and how apologies drip down our coffee cups as we say sorry, once
again,

for being late,

for not showing up.

As we apologised to those we thought were listening,
our sorry words became an

echo for our future failings,
echoing
beyond the experiences we foresaw,
because many a time would come
that many a mistake'd be made
and many a sorry'd be said
to an empty room—
met with silence,
our reflection gazing soullessly back at us.

Do Not Disturb

it is 6 a.m.

it is five to 5.

it is 10 p.m.

it is 6 a.m. time to gym.

it is 6 o' 8. time to gym.

it is five to 5. time to go home.

it is five past 5. time to go home.

it is 10 p.m. time to sleep.

it is 10:10. time to sleep.

hurriedly typing emails within the timeframe of a given
calendar block, incredulously muttering about notions of wasted
time,

blurring out personal data in messy lines, before the clock
ticks–

before the clock ticks over.

deliberately quitting applications at 150 keystrokes per
minute, stuck once a dialog prompts one to save,

keyboard mashing Escape in combination with Enter,
unsafely ejecting cables and hard drives,

before the clock ticks over.

but it needn't be that way:

it needn't be a schedule.

it needn't be a time; nor a warning;

nor an automated out-of-office reply.
it needn't be when the sky goes dark;
it needn't be in a dark room at all;
it needn't be whilst on a hike or while snapping waterfalls.
it needn't be a Slack status; nor an app limit;
nor a fake meeting dumped in the calendar for motivation.

put your phone away, in your pocket: in the pocket that's a
cardboard box on the top shelf of your pantry;

put your laptop away, in your bag: wrapped in the ugly
Christmas sweater you only wear once a year in the back of the bottom
of your last drawer in your chest of drawers;

delete Twitter, delete it accidentally while you're brushing
your teeth and try to catch both your phone and your toothbrush
dropping from your mouth;

delete Instagram, delete it accidentally while you're stirring a
pot of hot food and try to catch your phone from dropping into the
soup;

delete Facebook, delete it accidentally while you're watering
the plants and continue trying to water the plants as you make a status
update about watering the plants—

but it needn't be that way...
it needn't be unparalleled restriction;

forced abandonment;
an uncontrollable world.

it is 6 a.m.

it is five to 5.

it is 10 p.m.

it is 6 a.m.

time to gym,
before the clock ticks over.

it is 6 a.m.

I am at the gym.

it is five to 5.

time to go home,
before the clock ticks over.

it is five to 5.

I have already left.

it is 10 p.m.

time to sleep,
before the clock ticks over.

it is 10 p.m.

I am already asleep.

About the author

Georgie Cooke is a user interface engineer from Sydney, Australia. Despite not having formal education in software engineering, her career in technology began in 2011 after finding a passion for coding, building websites, and creating content on the internet. Georgie enjoyed writing poetry from a young age, and continued to write into her teens and twenties. She has also been blogging since the early 2000s, and previously published poetry on her blog. Georgie currently blogs at [Hey Georgie](#).

In her spare time, Georgie enjoys travelling, being in touch with nature, and working out at the gym. She is a minimalist and lives as sustainably as she can.

You can find Georgie on Twitter as [@georgiecel](#), posting nuggets of deep thought, or on Instagram at [hey.georgie](#), where she usually posts travel photos.

*written with equal amounts of love, pathos,
indignation and strength*

thank you for reading.

