**Touchscreen**
by Marshall Soulful Jones

Introducing the new Apple I person complete with multi touch and volume control
doesn’t it feel good to touch?
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my world is so digital
I have forgotten what that feels like
it used to be hard to connect when friends formed cliques
but it’s even more difficult to connect
now that clicks form friends
But who am I to judge
I face Facebook
more than books face me
hoping to
book face the faces
I update my status
420 spaces
to prove I’m still breathing

failure to do this daily
means my whole web wide world would forget that I exist
but with 3000 friends online
only five I can count in real life
why wouldn’t I spend more time in a world where there are
more people that ‘like’ me
Wouldn’t you?

Here, it doesn’t matter
if I’m an amateur person
as long as I have a ‘pro’ file
my smile is 50% genuine
land 50% genuine HD
You would need Blu-rays to read the whites of my teeth
but I’m not that focused
10 tabs open
hopin’
my problems are resolved with a 1600 by 1700 resolution
provin’ this is a problem with this evolution
doubled over we used to sit in treetops
till we swung down to stand upright
then someone slipped a disc
now we’re doubled over at desktops
from the garden of Eden
to the branches of Macintosh
apple picking has always come at a great cost
iPod iMac iPhone iChat
I can do all of these things without making eye contact

We used to sprint to pick and store blackberries
now we run to the Sprint store to pick Blackberries
it’s scary
can’t hear the sound of mother nature speaking over all this
tweeting
and along with it is our ability to feel along with it is fleeting
You’d think these headphone jacks inject into flesh
the way we connect to disconnect
power on
so we are power-less
they got us love drugged
Like e-pills
so we E*TRADE
email
e-motion
like e-commerce
because now money can buy love
for 9.95 a month
click
to proceed to checkout
click
to x out where our hearts once where
click
I’ve uploaded this hug I hope she gets it
click
I’m making love with my wife I hope she’s logged in
click
I’m holding my daughter over a Skype conference call while
she’s crying in the crib in the next room
click
so when my phone goes off of my hip
iTouch and iTouch and iTouch because in a world
Where voices are only read
And laughter is never heard
Or I’m so desperate to feel
that I hope our Technologic can reverse the universe
until the screens touch me back
and maybe it will
when our technology is advanced enough …
to make us human again