



07

## DOUBLE DIGITS

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Time sprints now—  
that's what everyone says,  
as if the hours grew legs  
and ran away.  
“No one has time,” they sigh,  
yet screen-time numbers glare back  
in double digits,  
confessing what mouths deny.  
Days blur. Names slip.  
Moments evaporate.  
Ask for a memory and you'll get  
silence or a notification sound.  
We bow to the glowing rectangle,  
thumb-scrolling like a ritual,  
living entire lives through glass,  
calling it a connection.  
Experience reduced to pixels.  
Life outsourced to a screen.  
And still we wonder why  
nothing stays with us.



Birthdays arrive unwrapped,  
celebrated through filtered smiles.

Candles are blown out twice:  
one for the real,  
two for the show.

Conversations pause mid-sentence,  
held hostage by a vibration.

Someone laughs, someone cries,  
and it's all missed

because the screen needed attention first.

We gulp down meals mindlessly while scrolling,  
yet salivate over recipes online.

Sunsets wait patiently, ignored,  
because a "better" one might appear on a feed.

We document everything, yet remember nothing.

Trips become proof, not pleasure.

Moments exist only if they're posted.

Eyes stay down while life walks past us—

strangers who could've mattered,

silences that could've healed,

thoughts that never finished forming.

We lie in bed, lights off, minds buzzing,

wondering why life feels so empty

while filling our heads with other people's lives.



How do you make memories  
when your world fits in a palm?  
When every feeling is buffered,  
saved, then forgotten?

How do you make memories  
when every moment is borrowed,  
paused, replayed,  
but never truly lived?

We are loyal servants to a glowing rectangle,  
giving it our youth, our attention,  
our then, our now, our later—  
then wondering why the days feel empty  
and the years feel stolen.

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