

# Electric Graveyard

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children walk around,  
faces no longer describable,  
just artificial replicas of their favorite filters,

phone-crazed zombies called humans,

our idols just  
mechanical robots  
functioning on counterfeit likes  
and comments

this  
drug stronger  
than the user

these obsessed individuals,  
can't realize the trouble they are in  
caught up in the next best thing,  
not realizing  
what's happening  
right  
in  
front  
of  
them,

missing the Earth, missing her beauty  
no longer human,  
just an icon,  
just a comment,  
just a profile  
but when i'm in my grave, i wonder

if i'll be trending or not.