

# The Social Addiction

Taylor Hovarth

A hypnotists screen ever lies before your eyes,  
You are captivated by it's lure as your independent mind slowly dies,  
Incarcerated in a system, catered to your weaknesses,  
A prisoner you are, in denial of your meekness,  
The drug industry thrives off of your addiction,  
But there is another industry held under the same conviction,  
Social media's innocence is simply a facade,  
As it shackles you by your flaws,  
As you live inside this dark dungeon of self doubt,  
You're fed the lies of perfect people in costume for clout,  
Hidden behind is an unsatisfied monster, ravenous for popularity,  
With an insatiable need to be better than everyone, as they feign prosperity,  
As you render yourself to this abuse of time and squander your only conscious,  
You lose yourself and become a slave to the system I consider noxious,  
Dopamine rushes through you as you endure this mortal high,  
And every day you yearn to feel it, too weak to defy,  
I see it in my friends,  
In my generation,  
In my world,  
They can't let go of this addiction for a couple hours of my time,  
I'm left angry and hurt from the vice in which they are confined,  
This technological innovation slowly deteriorates us,  
As we drown in the fixation, nobody seems to discuss,  
So please, I implore you to simply be aware,  
Of this epidemic upon us, causing depression and despair,  
I beseech you to put down your phone,  
To partake in this reality and discover the unknown.