



poems / Impulse in a digital age

In this modern age, where thoughts convene,
The notion of self-control, a curious scene.
We act on impulses, like stars on a screen,
Reaching out to the past when loneliness keen.

We snap in the moment, on life's edgy brink,
Spend recklessly, driven by what we think.
Phones light up idle hours, a digital link,
Avoiding human touch, from reality, we shrink.

Technology, a marvel, our daily ride,
But does it empower or subtly divide?
Self-policing's challenge in this digital tide,
As screens beg for attention far and wide.

Online realms clamor for our rapt attention,
Endless scrolling, a constant fixation.
An itch we scratch with ceaseless devotion,
Impulse now controls, a modern-age tension.

In Gladwell's words, courage we aspire,
Defying impulses, our passions on fire.
In rash moments, our thoughts conspire,
Seeking harmony within, our hearts' true desire.

With patience, we find self-mastery's key,
Delaying gratification, setting ourselves free.
No longer fooled by temptation's decree,
We shape our own fate in this digital spree.

Within comfort's haven, growth is concealed,
Like a hit song's rhythm, it's yet to be revealed.
Life's chaos and chance, in the modern field,
Mastering reactions, a peaceful shield.

Newer

Older

Tuesday, 22nd August 2023
Chance Encounter

Friday, 18th August 2023
Seduction

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