

# phone bad

A POETRY ZINE OF SOMETHING  
VULTURE CULTURE

<< so... your bio says you write poetry?  
>> yeah, I do, I suppose  
<< and people read it?  
>> I mean yeah, I hope so  
<< is it any good?  
>> I don't know.  
<< But, I guess I don't care about  
>> whether it's good.  
<< It's about whether it  
>> sticks with the person reading it  
<> wherever they go.  
<> That sounds pretty lame ngl  
>> oh lmao

## intro

### idle idle idle

Time to kill, check Twitter and Facebook and Instagram and Snapchat and Twitter and Snapchat.  
Check Messenger - no new messages.  
Then check Facebook and Twitter.  
Look through the 20 tabs in your browser.  
Resolve to sort those later.  
Check Messenger - no new messages.  
Check Snapchat and Facebook and Reddit and Twitter and Reddit again and Instagram.  
Check Messenger - no new messages.  
Check Twitter.  
Get frustrated, put your phone down.

Deep breath  
inhale exhale

Tap foot, look around the room.  
Check the time.  
Check Twitter and Facebook and Snapchat.

### the killing of the ghost

Scrolling scrolling scrolling scrolling  
There's a text you need to find.  
24 June, 2019  
There's a date that caught your eye.  
  
Everything was going well  
With "talk to you soon :)" their last goodbye,  
They donned a sheet and stopped responding  
And they faded out of sight.  
  
It's been some few years now  
And moving on was for the best,  
'cause you can't kill the ghost by fighting,  
just by laying them to rest.

### haiku

(Message from your dad.)  
I found your post. What the fuck ...  
[Mark as Read] | [Reply]

### haiku 2

Reading haiku, you're  
Reflexively counting your  
Fingers, just to check.

### old post

I posted that when I was 14.  
I didn't even know what that was yet.  
Reflections of the past self  
become less of a mirror,  
more of a glimpse of myself  
in the passenger car window  
of a speeding car  
downtown at night.

## phone bad

### doomscroller

Bad news bad takes bad world bad people bad  
places bad lives bad countries bad state actors  
bad corporations bad politics bad opinions  
bad words bad actions bad thoughts bad  
fucking everything  
  
Bad weather  
When the 7-day forecast is nothing but doom  
And something even worse, coming soon.  
But you're scrolling and you're scrolling  
To recover dopamine  
From a post with good news,  
Something brain-rewarding.

I could look away whenever I want to,  
So why aren't I looking away?  
Fear of feeling stupid, or being the same,  
Fear of being ignorant, or out of the loop,  
Fear of my addiction to impending doom.

Another terrible thing on the internet  
just knocked the wind out of me today.  
I don't even care  
To say what it was.  
I tossed my phone  
And it landed face-down  
and the screen fucking splintered.  
But I could only laugh  
As it lay there, pathetically,  
Like a piece of bread, butter-side-down.  
Pushed myself up off the bed  
And stepped over the useless thing.  
I giggled and think I said  
Something like "phone bad"  
And took a break  
From some misery  
Not worth thinking about.