

Reality

written by
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My life morphing into
reality TV,
headlights bearing down
on the transfixed hare,
feet frozen to asphalt
fight and flight in equilibrium,
reducing my life
to moments of ugliness
while beauty lies fatherless
on the cutting room floor.
Insecurity vying with doubt,
relegating worth to a commodity
that could outlive pixels and plasma
or disappear as rolling credits
spew me out of a spluttering screen.

Stepping back into my life,
would I miss the misplaced attention,
the gormless babble,
the 15 seconds masquerading as caring,
then vanishing in the ether?
Would I survive
the rending of old wounds,
the raw flesh of new ones,
the transience of
our meaning for each other?

And with boundaries blurred,
who would I vote off
at the end of the day?