

I LIVE IN THE COMPUTER AGE

I used to write letters to friends far and near,
Or together we'd walk and converse.
But something has changed, not for better, I fear.
Pleasant phrases are now crisp and terse.

I've surrendered my pen for a keyboard and mouse.
Note paper's replaced by a disc.
I no longer write, I just Google your house.
Of "postage due" now there's no risk.

Pens filled with ink are now things of the past,
And pencils aren't sharp'd to the nub.
For errors I've found the delete key is fast.
With erasers I no longer scrub.

Facebook and You Tube replace face to face.
Conversation's a thing of the past.
If I want to talk, the computer's the place.
Next to you is now where I go last.

The postman now seldom brings mail to the door,
Unless it's an ad or a bill,
Or a birthday card bringing this fact to the fore:
"Hey, baby, you're over the hill!"

Chuck Johnson