

The Digital Dimension

I have a love-hate relationship with digital. My age I guess, but also a craving for the natural world and for people to talk to each other, rather than screens. At the same time, I have spent much of the past twenty years tapping away on keyboards, so perhaps it's one rule for me and one rule for them. But still, I enjoy the 'simmering under the surface' mentality of the following verses.

The first two poems, almost twenty years apart rail against screen technology: that large gadget that sits in our living room and the small one we hold in our hand.

If television was not

*The box that sits in the favoured room
Of every favoured house
(and some not so favoured)
Breathes a breath of exotic waves
And transmits exotic thoughts,
Casting a spell on this modern age
That outshines the things we are taught.*

*But what if that box was taken away,
Removed from people's view
(By some God-like decree).
Would people begin to think again
And live a meaningful life;
Notice the smell of a summer's rain
That surpasses some far-flung strife?*

*People might start to talk once again,
Discuss the day's affairs,
(Local affairs that is):
Whether the kids did well at school
And why the cat's got fleas.
Using the power that the senses rule
To appreciate all that one sees.*

Adelaide, 1984

In the early 1980s colour television was a relatively new phenomenon, but within a few years every household had one. Even if you were poor you had to have a tele. In 1984 it sometimes felt that TV was indeed 'Big Brother', controlling all and sundry who gathered in its vicinity, beyond anything that we had come to experience in earlier times.

The poem ***If television was not*** (above) asks what would happen if the ever-present box was taken away. It seemed to me that people, especially children, were spending too much time sitting passively in front of the tele, while neglecting more natural pursuits. They knew more about overseas wars than the world outside their front door! Watching TV employs two of our senses, but to be whole we could be invoking five. In addition. I felt strongly that violence on television could have a negative impact on the mind of the viewer, as has proven to be the case, notably in the USA.

Mobile Crazy

*"Hello?
No, it's me.
I'm on the train,
It's just coming in.
Meet you by the tree."*

*"Hi there.
Can you check
The bottom drawer
Where I keep my specs?
Figures you need to see."*

*"Darling,
Didn't we just.
So much to drink.
Love you in that mood.
Do it again with me."*

*"Bitch!
How could she?
Even worse than
When she's with the rest.
Be right home for tea."*

Two decades later ***Mobile Crazy*** (above) homes in on a widespread dislike for the objectionable manner in which some people used their mobile phones, particularly on public transport and in places where anyone within earshot becomes privy to all that is said. Much of what *is* said is extremely trivial and sometimes quite personal. Do I really need to know, where the guy sitting near me is going to meet his wife, or the instructions from one sitting across on where to find something he has lost? Another behind is having a more-than-affectionate chat on what she did with her lover the night before, while an older man in front is railing against a family friend who often strays beyond the accepted line. Why do I have to listen to such crap!?

Exactly why they introduced ‘Silent Carriages’.

Dreams

*Do you dream in purple or blue?
Or maybe colours of a different hue?
Red, blue, and green
If spotty would seem
To be influenced greatly
By the television screen.*

*Imagine a dream of last night’s view,
With ‘Strarsky and Hutch’ and adverts too.
Bombs in the cornflakes,
Blood in the coke;
The dream is for real,
It’s the day that’s the joke!*

Adelaide, 1980

Written early on, ‘***Dreams***’ (above) alludes to more complex poems to come. It tackles the exponential growth of the digital dimension, while also addressing the inner (and perhaps troubled) workings of an active mind.

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