

Angela George

But

**I STILL LOVE
TECHNOLOGY**

A Poetry Zine



Intentionally blank

**Dedicated to all my STEM girlies out there <3
You are amazing.**

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- Have existential thoughts;
- Reevaluate relationship with technology and the effects of its permeation in society;
- Laugh, cry, or feel a general sense of dread;
- Learn something new; or
- Feel inspired to write poems or make a zine, both of which are encouraged.

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Updated Privacy Policy

I know I'm being watched
It's not a paranoia or speculation
The cameras, microphones, we are passively living in a
surveillance nation
How much do we want them to know?

I know I'm being watched
My complacency leads to my frustration
Check in, GPS, Google wants to know my location
How much can we trust them to know?

I know I'm being watched
But I accepted the terms and conditions
What did I expect
I let my social media become an addiction
How much do they already know?

Blue light, white lies, do they really mean it when they
apologize
For selling my data
They're selling my life
Privacy policies
More like a logical fallacy
To make me think my information is safe
But really your security is just click bait

RE: Questions for God

Hello,

We regret to inform you that your message to <god@holytrinity.com> could not be delivered.

Please ensure that the recipient exists.

From: Sinner, Heathen <sinner4life@gmail.com>
Sent: Sunday, April 31, 2024, 4:20 pm
To: God <god@holytrinity.com>
Subject: Questions for God

Dear God,

I hope you are well. I am following up on some open questions from our last 1 on 1.

- Is the internet hell?
- Thoughts on #blessed?
- Why am I here?

Please respond ASAP with updates.

Best,
Angela

Enchantress of Numbers¹

Countess of Lovelace, a curious mind
Note taker, thought maker, saw beyond her time
We have always been passionate and inquisitive
The pure moments of *what if* that we run with

We raise her voice
The first voice of many
We celebrate her so that more can follow
She started so early
Why is there still a struggle?

Enchantress of Numbers, the first programmer
Wise witch, boolean bitch, always seeking answers
Current programming breaks when we're part of the equation
the pipeline *drip drip drips* until we're drained away

We forget her voice
The first voice of few
They promise that change is forthcoming
She started so strong
Why is there still a struggle?

1. Countess Ada Lovelace (the Entrantress of Numbers) due to her work on the Analytical machine is known as the first computer programmer.

The Endless Loop

```
#include <iostream>
using namespace std;
void printFunction()
{
    int i = 1;
    while (i <= 2)
    {
        cout << "Just one more TikTok and then I'll get my life
together."<< endl;
    }
}

int main()
{
    printFunction();
    return 0;
}
```




Tomorrow Surprise Me

I whisper to my window, moonbeams light up my face
“Tomorrow, surprise me.”

I ache for something new, the boredom pooling in my
stomach makes me sick.

Nausea when I open my email.

Let's try a three-hour movie coma, maybe we can kill one
more second

“Tomorrow, surprise me.”

The sun scalds my skin, smoking sheer sunlight.

My phone rumbles brr brr brr

7:00 a.m. flashes on the screen

who are you today?

Oh, right. I am just the same, still doing the same, still
dreaming the same, still living the same

disappointment.

It's a disappointment that the rest of the autonomous, self-
aware community fails to be aware of their selfish autonomy.

“Tomorrow, surprise me.”

I am still unsurprised.

My Cat Meets the Printer

Swish swish pounce

New height means a new perspective to see the world.

Click click whoosh

The black box speaks!

Click click whoosh

Stop that! I am the ruler of this land. Do not speak unless spoken to!

Click click whoosh

What are these pieces you are spurting? Although, I feel a new warmth under my bum...

Click click whoosh

Yes, the black box, although noisy, is warm. I'll tuck my paws in for just a moment.

Click click purrrr



Pixel Painter

My palette is a series of numbers.
I fill an endless grid, attempting to mimic greatness;
Dither the ever-daunting frontier.

My drawers of pencils and pens collect dust,
the grip of one in my hand feels foreign.
I smudge, make mistakes, I can't control Z.

The crisp smoothness of paper
under my hand ripples with promise.
Inspiring a path that the screen does not.

When my iPad recharges,
the supplies will go back in the drawer.
A plugged-in cord tethers my art to the outlet.

On Being a Digital Employee

"Good afternoon."

I say into the black void.

Circles glow back at me,

Ambivalent towards the existence of this meeting.

"Just give it a minute for people to gather..."

Are we people anymore?

We are pixels and a tally

That signals a quorum of eyes glued to the same window.

"Can you see my screen?"

I ask no one in particular.

A thumbs-up emoji replaces casual conference room
conversations

Now silenced by muted mics.

"Am I audible?"

Maybe I am babbling to myself.

Musing through my spreadsheet while the watchers witness
my mouse jiggle in front of their faces

My voice, bound to bounce around my home office, will
never reach their ears.

"I'll see you in the next one!"

I say, although I've never really seen them at all.

Intentionally blank

 @artfully_ange

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