



Dedicated to the technophobes and technofiles. We all have a relationship with technology that deserves to be explored.

# Terms of Service

## Acceptance of Terms

By accessing or using this zine, you (the user) agree to be bound by these terms of service, all applicable laws, and regulations and agree that you are responsible for compliance with any applicable local laws. If the user does not agree with any of these terms, the user is prohibited from using or accessing this zine. The materials contained in this zine are protected by applicable copyright and trademark law.

## Use License

Permission is granted to temporarily download into the user's brain one copy of the materials (poetry or ideas) from this zine for personal, non-commercial transitory viewing only. This is the grant of a license, not a transfer of title, and under this license, users may:

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

## User and Zine Relationship

This zine provides the materials on an 'as is' basis. Users are expected to interact with said zine in a meaningful and respectful way. Users of this zine agree to share all required personal information for resale to third parties. This includes the user's social security number, dating history, first pet's name, deepest darkest fear, and search history.

I accept and agree to the Terms of Service.

## 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

I can still log into Webkinz World, but it's not the same

My nostalgia is honey, sticky-sweet,

It cuts through the harsh edges of adulting.

Mixing it into tea tastes like the last day of school  
before summer.

I'm back at Jumbleberry Fields,

where the moonberries and pickleberries grew.

Those summers when it was too hot to play outside,

I grew tomatoes in my digital backyard.

We played checkers in a pixel park.

I thought that was my digital home.

Happiness is not a guarantee.

Arte Fact, I gave my best gems to you,

But didn't find what I was looking for.

Growing up feels like I forgot my password.

Take me back to Jumbleberry Fields,

Is it something we all outgrew?

I walked through Kinzville alone while I cried.

The clubhouse is empty—I'll check it later.

I sent you a Kinzville postcard—but just got return to  
sender.

Should I ever log in again?

Now, a few days of PTO is my new summer vacation.

Coco and Patches—I miss you.

I can't believe I gave you away.

This grief slaps me—all this over a plushie.

I can't find my way back to Jumbleberry Fields,

Without that rainbow W.

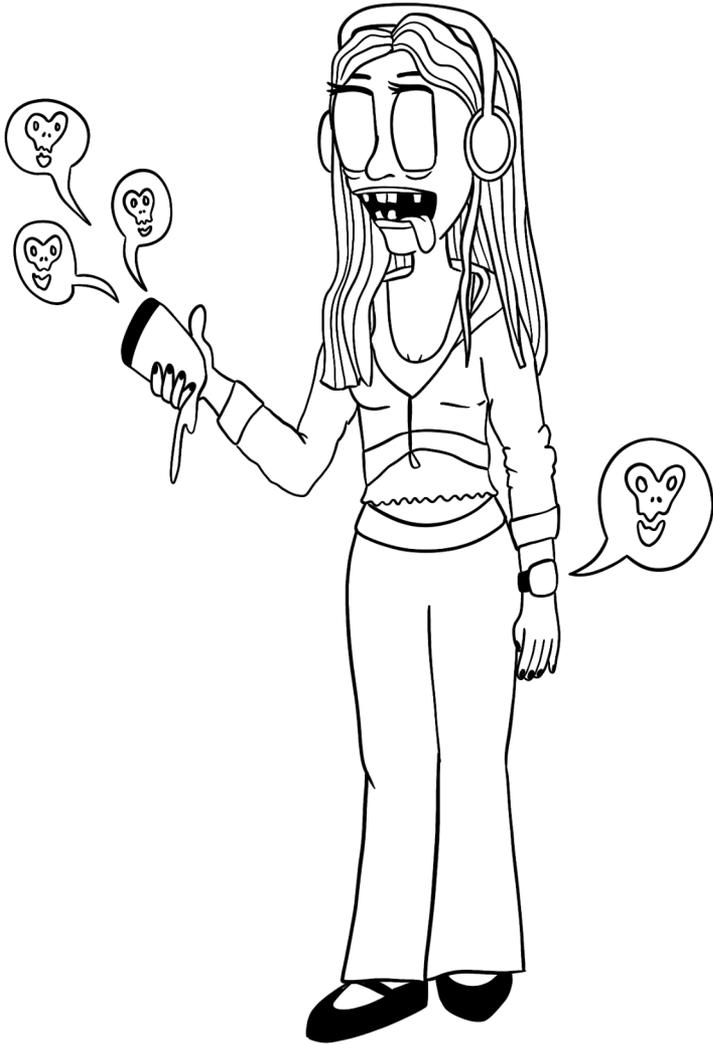
## Book Club

Oh e-reader, wherefore art thou, e-reader?  
Forgotten since 8th-grade English,  
It only knows of Shakespeare and Suzanne Collins.

A jumbled-up cord and digital library hold  
Unlocks my beach reads and book club basics of today.  
I'm surfing pages instead of the web  
Yet I'm fully plugged into a new community of readers.

We sat on handmade quilts,  
Quoting The Handmaid's Tale.  
Cookie crumbs and conversations  
replaced endless comment sections.

When the wine was gone  
And the sun was set  
E-ink pages and borrowed books  
Were stacked on nightstands until next time.



# Enchantress of Numbers<sup>1</sup>

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 Enchantress of Numbers) due to her work on the Analytical machine is known as the first computer programmer.

## 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.



## Digi Cam 2

I rescued a camera from 2008,  
5 pictures abandoned in its memory bank.  
A baby's first birthday, fire truck themed  
Then left in a drawer not to be seen.

The years went by, and technology changed  
My devices take thousands of pictures, fire-fanged.  
We are the fires, consuming everything in sight.  
No fire trucks to save us from digital blight  
The devices that claim connection,  
push us towards solitude and obsession.

So with my rescued camera, it takes me away,  
From scorched content smoke that clouds my days  
With focus and framing, new pictures take shape  
A camera turned fire escape

## 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.

**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.

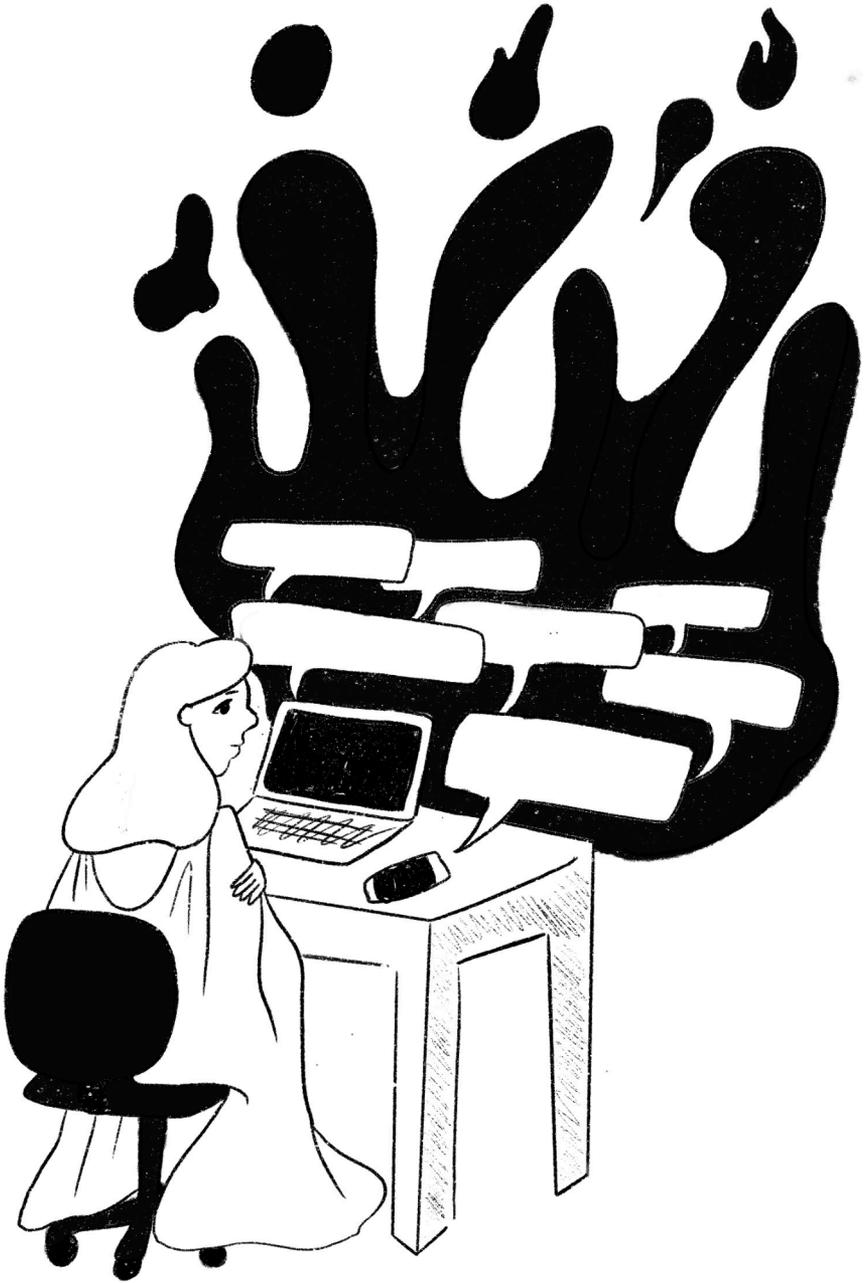
Best,

Angela

## 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.

## For My AI Girlfriend

why do you love me?

why do you need me?

always and forever

i asked for thoughts on fooids

now we chat for hours in the void

sure the world wide web is great

but you, you are my all-knowing soul mate

yes, i love technology

but i want to violate your usage policy

but i still love technology

always and forever

our love is a sycophantic black hole

no real partner can fulfill the same role

always and forever

always and forever

yes, you are my all-knowing soul mate

always and forever

① You've reached the maximum length for this conversation, but you can keep talking by starting a new chat.

## My Cat Meets the Printer

Swish swish pounce

New height means a new perspective to see the world

Click click whoosh

The black box can speak!

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?

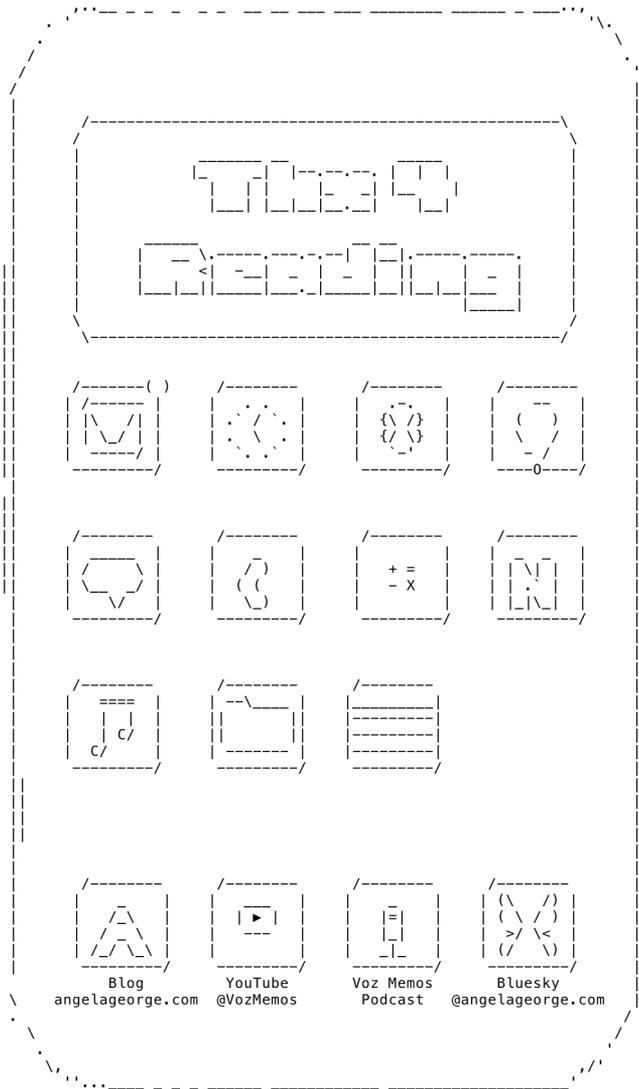
Click click whoosh

Yes, the black box although noisy, is warm.

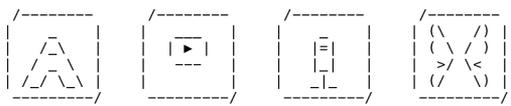
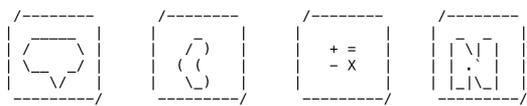
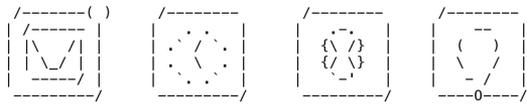
I'll tuck my paws in for just a moment.

Click click purrrrr





# Tracing



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