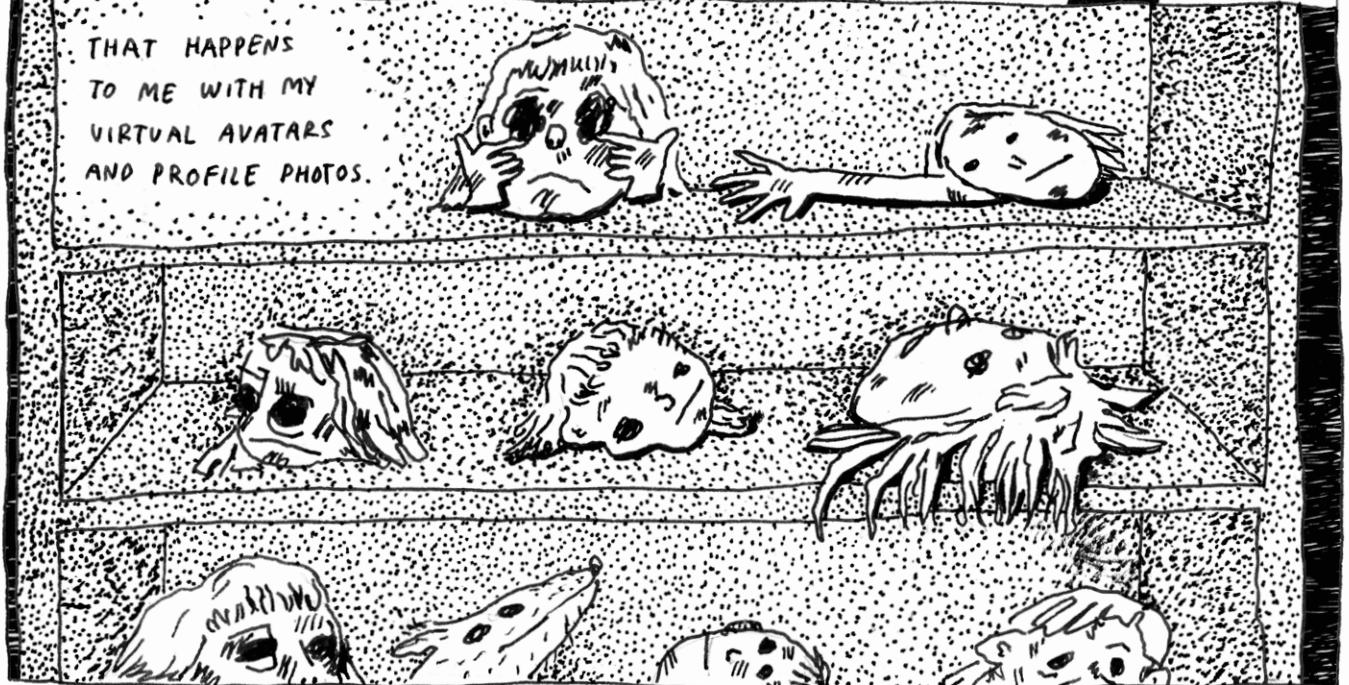
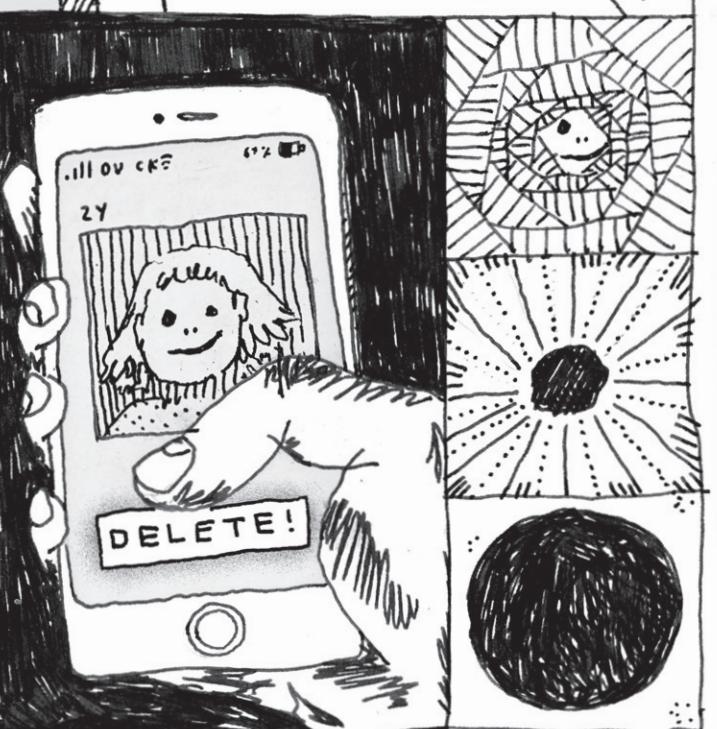
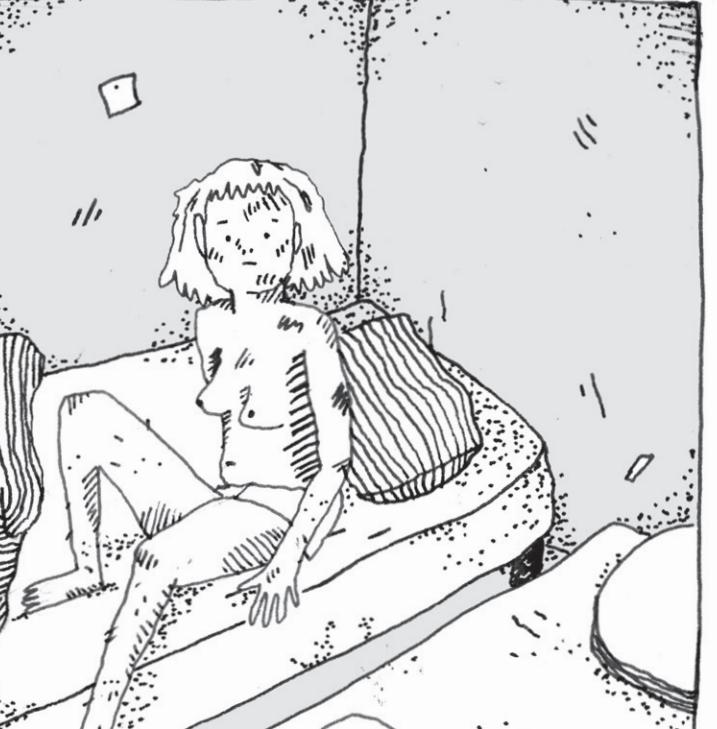
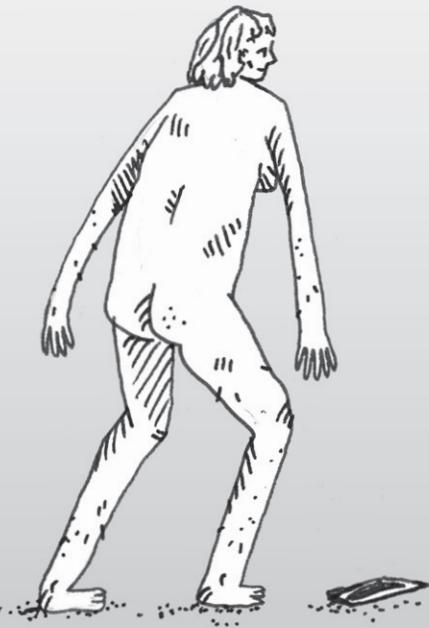


THE PIXELS  
I OCCUPY





MY PHYSICAL BODY  
NO LONGER FEELS  
LIKE THE "CENTER  
OF GRAVITY" OF  
MY IDENTITY

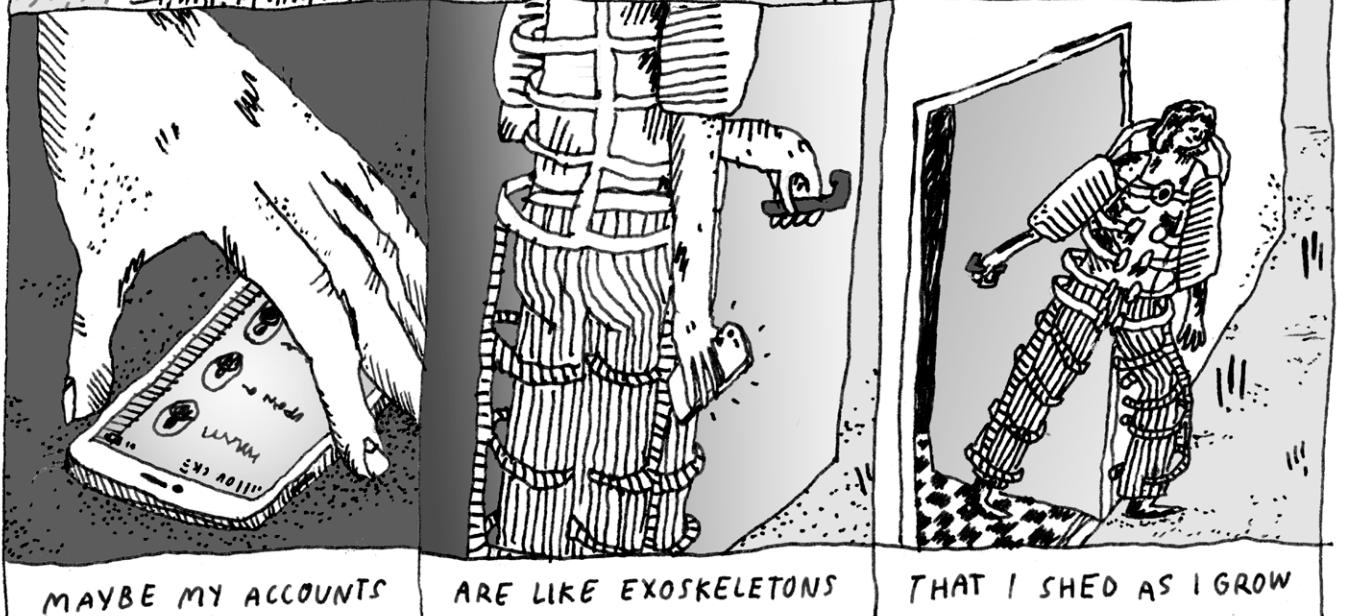
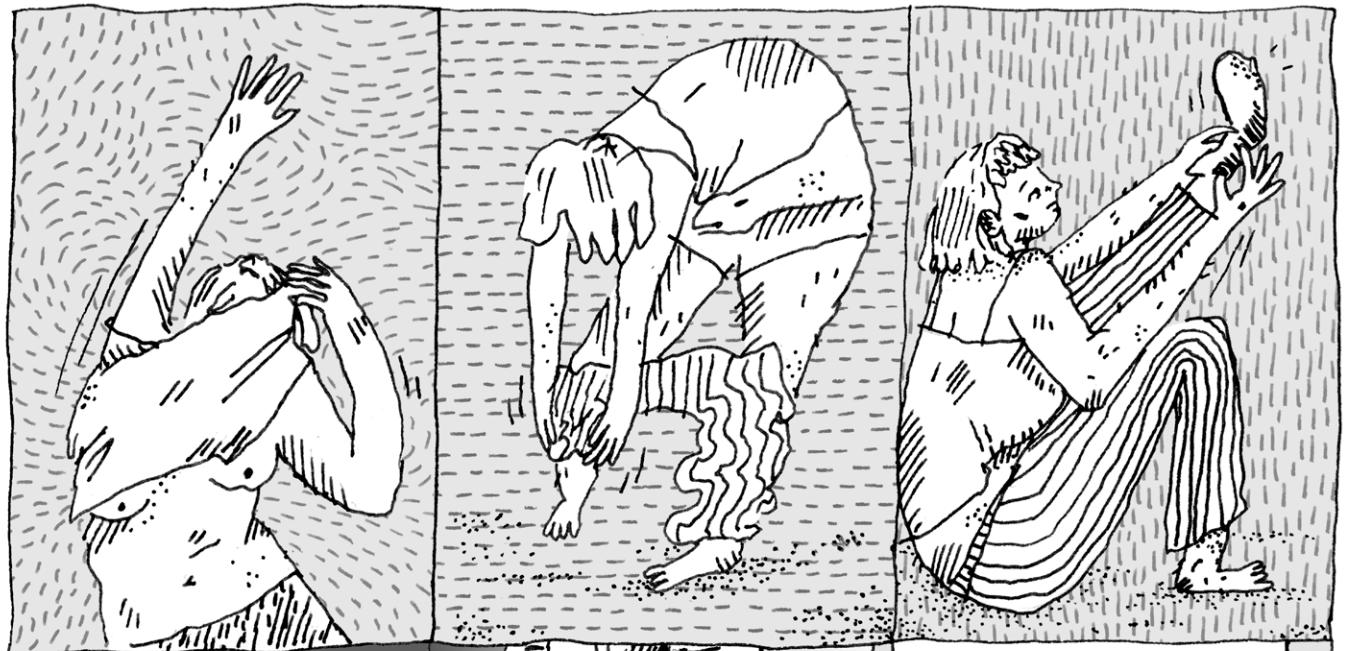


MY SENSE OF  
PRESENCE IS  
FOREVER FRACTURED  
AND DISTRIBUTED  
ALL OVER THE PLACE

I CLOSE MY EYES AND IMAGINE  
ALL THE SCREENS THAT ARE  
DISPLAYING MY CONTENT AT THIS  
VERY MOMENT, I WONDER ABOUT  
THE TOTAL NUMBER OF PIXELS  
I CURRENTLY OCCUPY



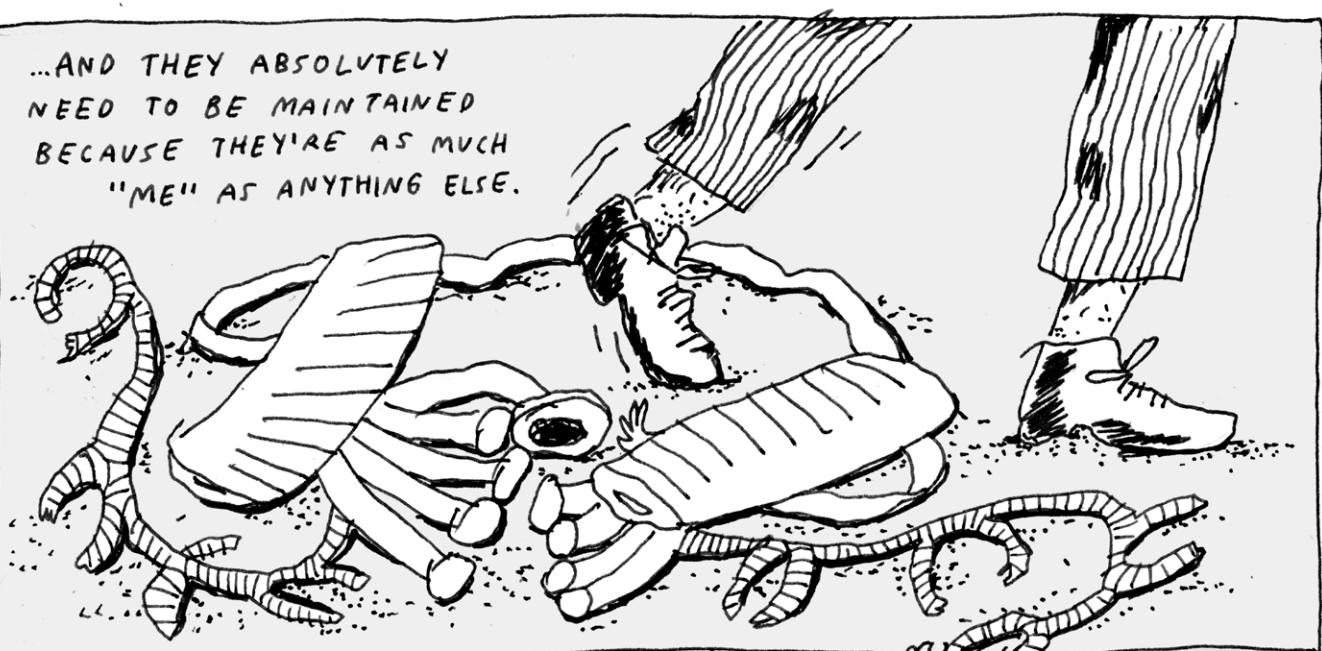
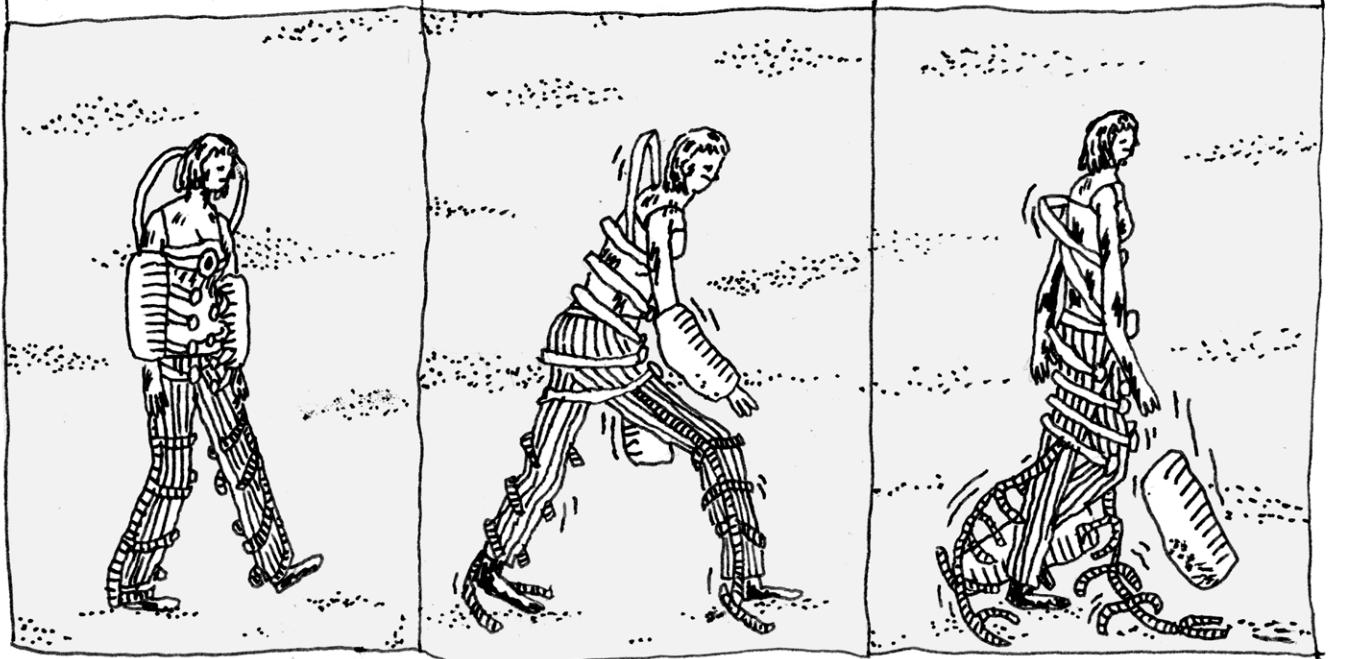
I FEEL LIKE I'M NOWHERE AND ALSO EVERYWHERE.



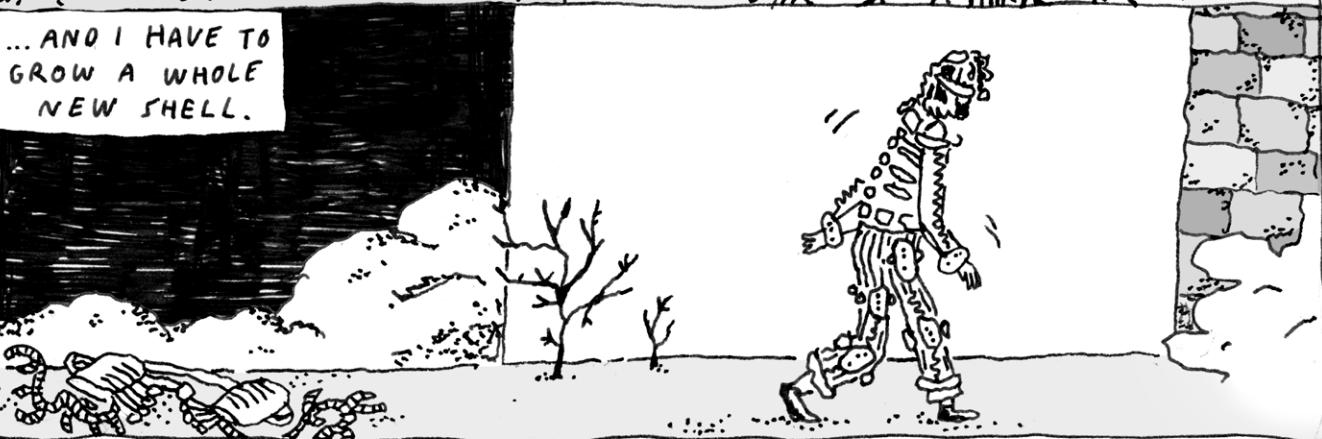
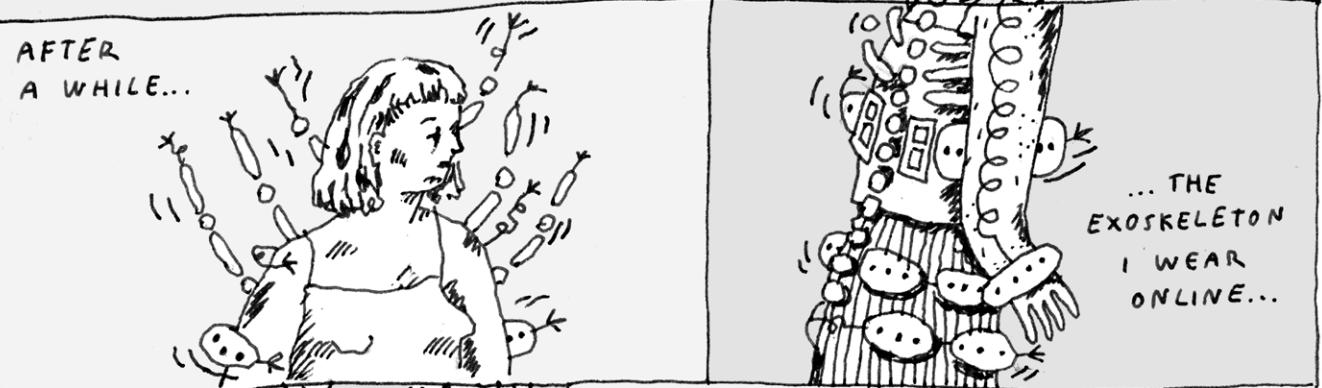
MAYBE MY ACCOUNTS

ARE LIKE EXOSKELETONS

THAT I SHED AS I GROW



...AND THEY ABSOLUTELY  
NEED TO BE MAINTAINED  
BECAUSE THEY'RE AS MUCH  
"ME" AS ANYTHING ELSE.



EVERY DAY, THOUSANDS  
OF STRANGERS UPLOAD  
LITTLE SLICES OF  
THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS  
DIRECTLY INTO MY MIND.



ME  
MY THOUGHTS  
OTHER  
PEOPLE'S  
THOUGHTS  
NOT ME

MY CONCERN IS THAT I'M PRONE TO  
MISTAKE THEIR THOUGHTS AS MY OWN.



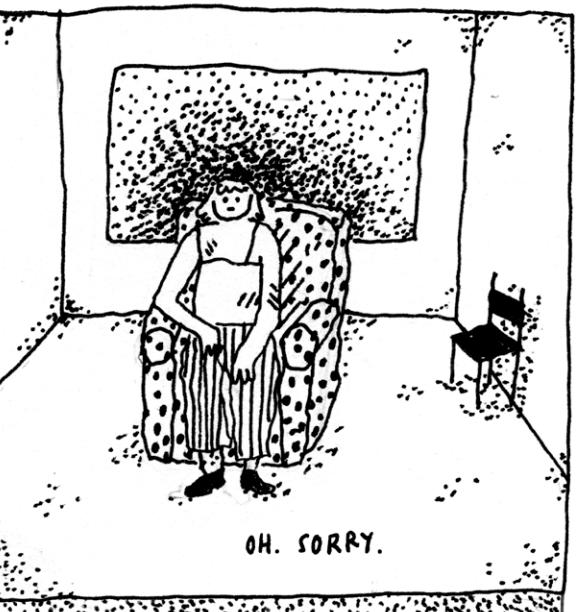
THAT SOME  
PART OF ME  
BELIEVES  
I'M ONLY  
HEARING  
MYSELF THINK.

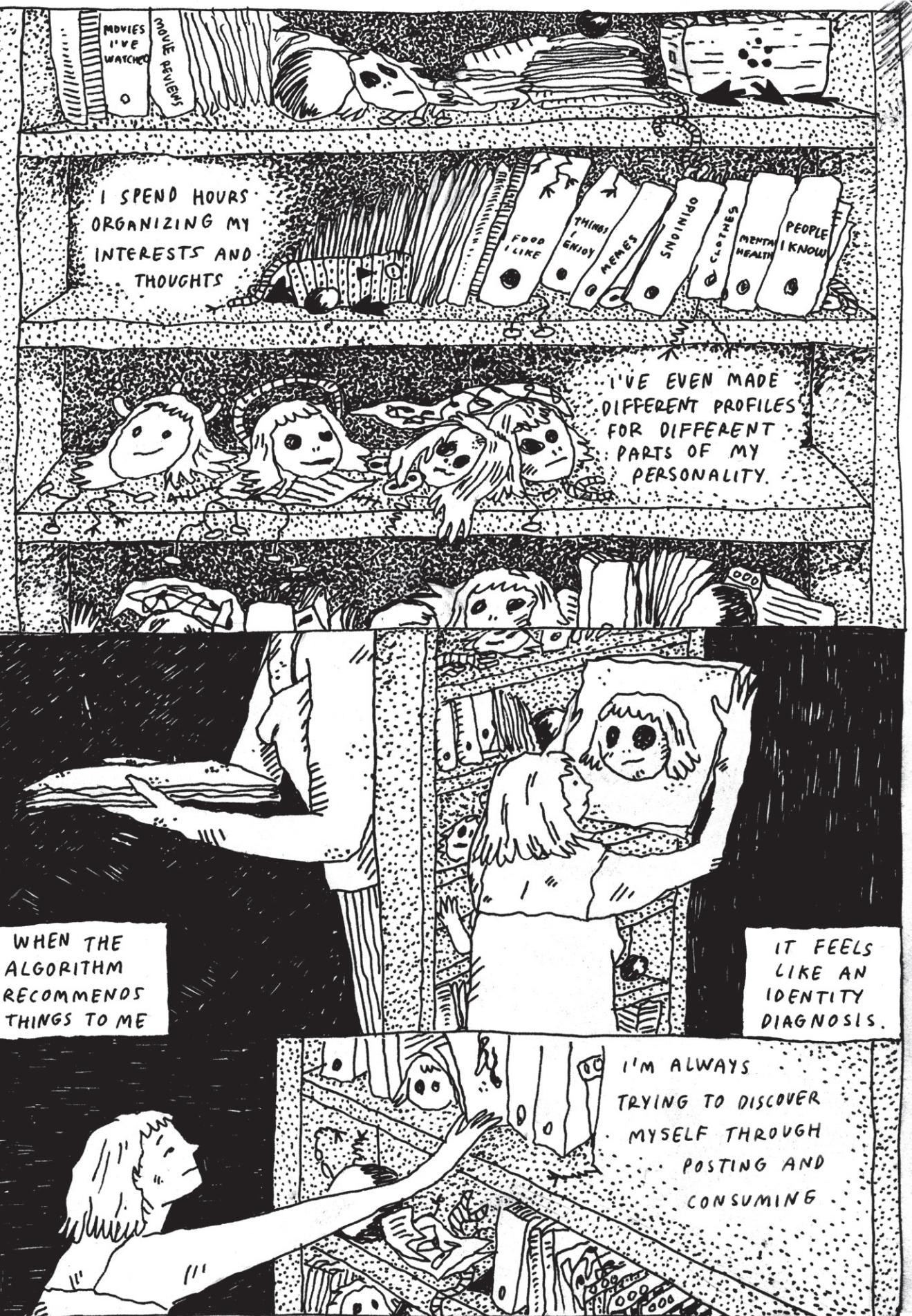


SOMETIMES, I'LL SCROLL THROUGH  
OLD POSTS JUST TO REMIND MYSELF  
OF MYSELF. IT FEELS LIKE  
LOOKING IN THE MIRROR.



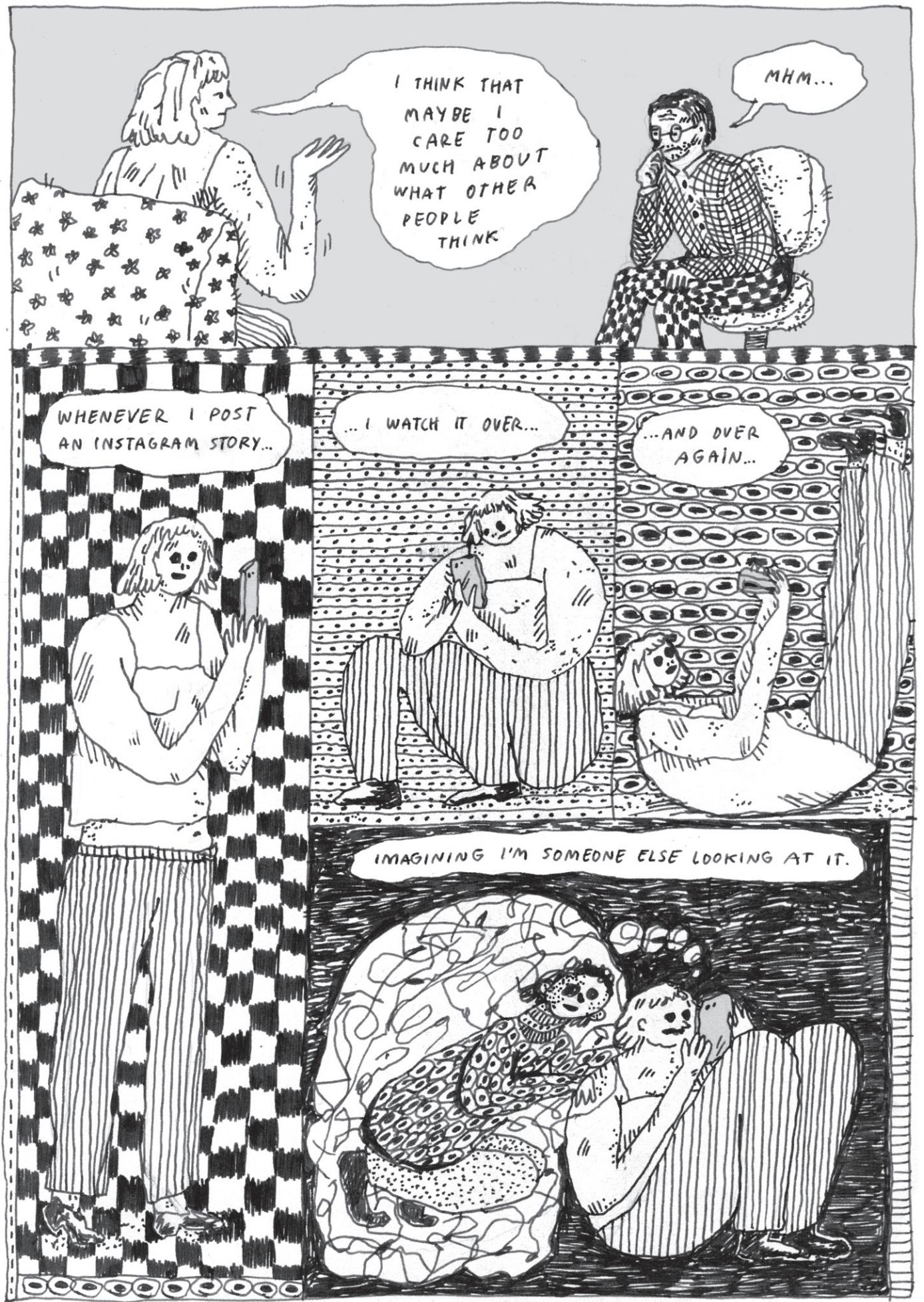
I'M SWALLOWING MY (DIGITAL)  
SELF SO THAT I'M ME INSTEAD  
OF SOMEONE ELSE.

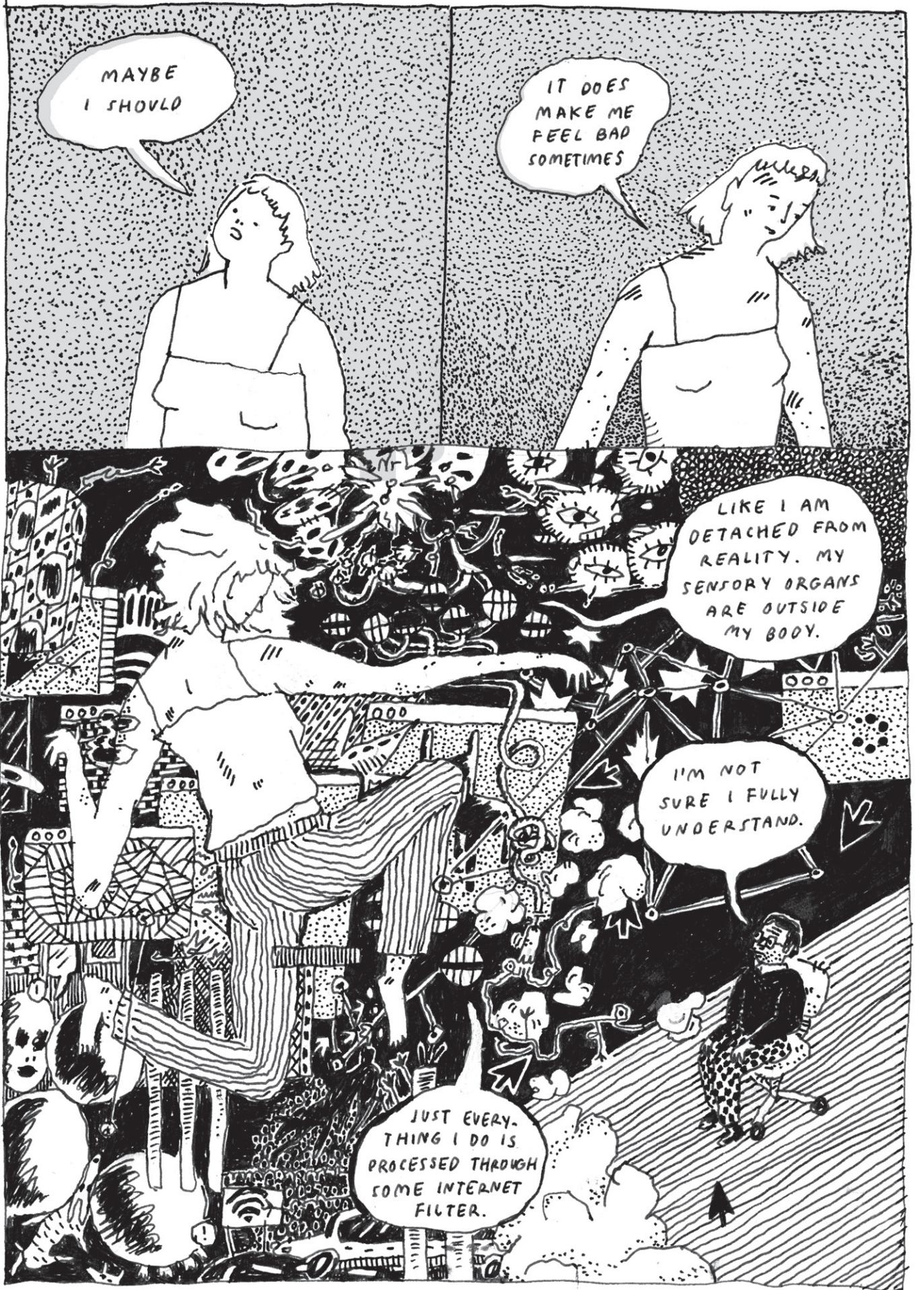




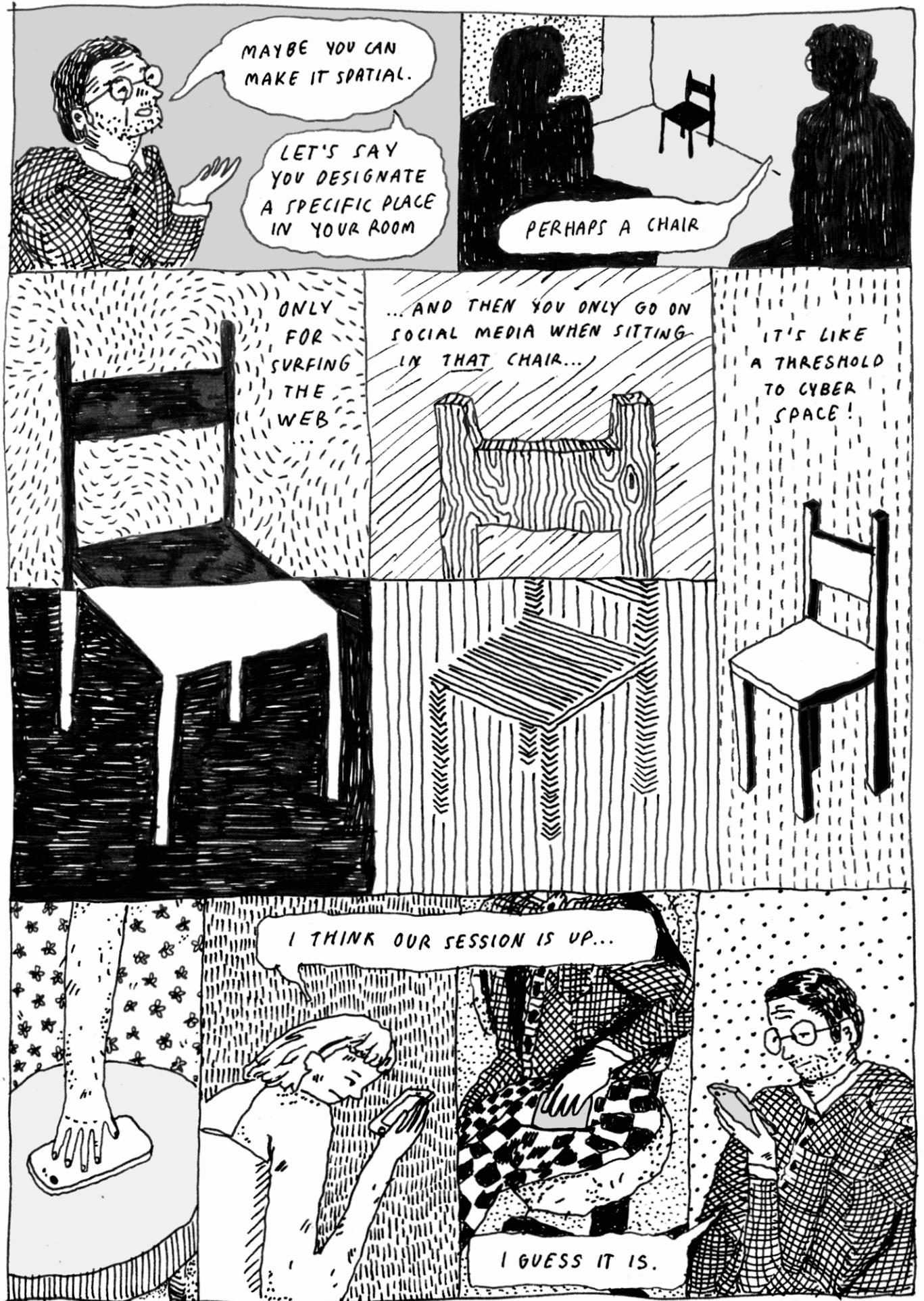
IT'S A NEVER-ENDING QUEST  
FOR SELF-DISCOVERY







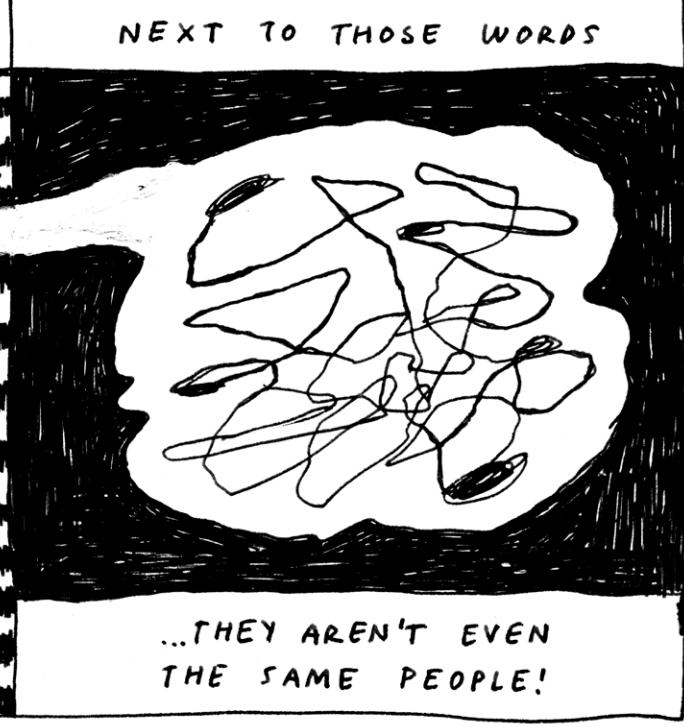
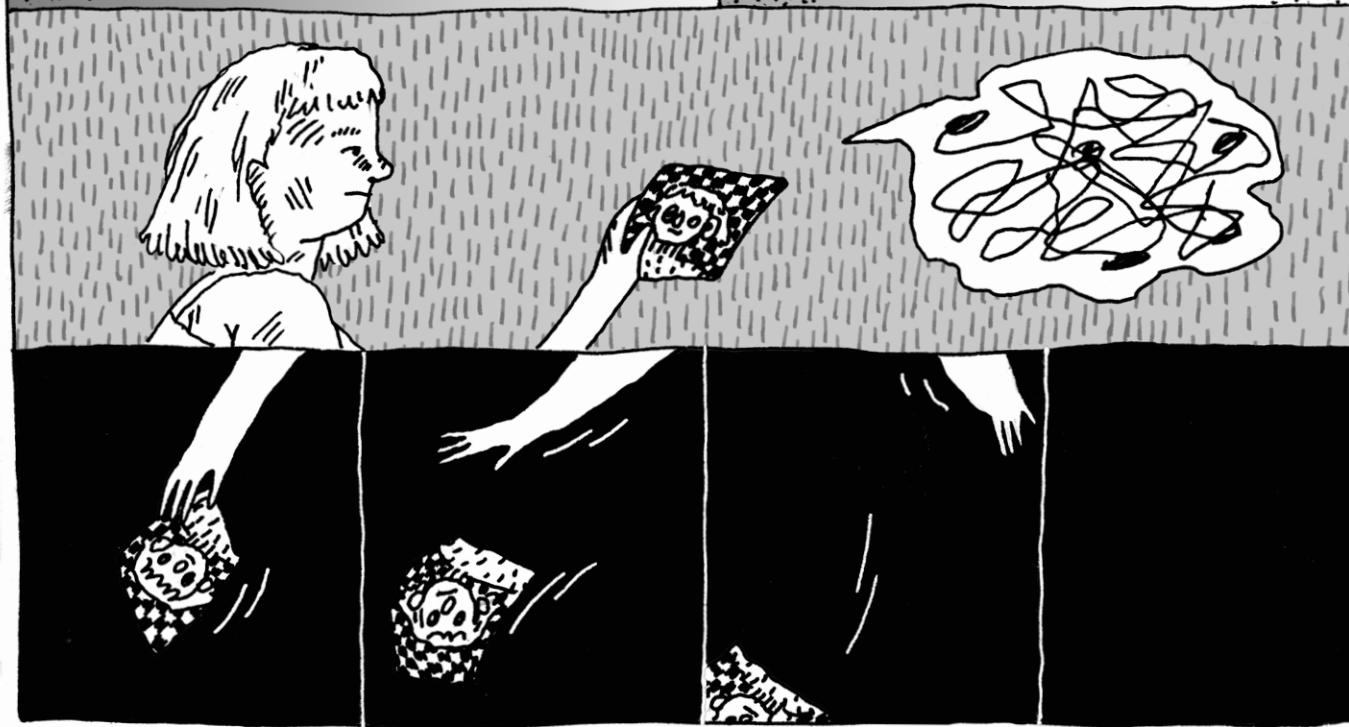




I'M STRUNG OUT ACROSS TIME,  
HAUNTED BY THE GHOSTS  
OF MY OLD MESSAGES,  
STATUSES,  
PHOTOS,  
VIDEOS...



ANOTHER WEIRD THING  
ABOUT SOCIAL MEDIA  
IS THAT WHEN YOU  
CHANGE YOUR PROFILE  
PICTURE, IT ALSO  
CHANGES THE  
PROFILE PICTURE ON  
ALL YOUR OLD POSTS.



THAT PHOTO OF ME

NEXT TO THOSE WORDS

...THEY AREN'T EVEN  
THE SAME PEOPLE!

