

Disconnect

By Gabrielle Quilliam

The dissonant roar of technology rising made the blood drip from their ears and the gazes of their eyes fixed downwards, yet they welcomed it with open arms.

The monster that snared their vulnerable minds became the sole drive for their existence.

Silence boomed around a chattering room; a room once buzzing with friendly smiles and fulfilled gazes. And though their bodies remained present their minds absorbed into the box shaped traps molded to their thumbs.

The crowd trudged forward, encased in a unique trance. Each member so individual like that of a snowflake, however all anyone could see was the smear of ghostly white they collectively made.

The microscopic eye of an observer can witness the beauty of the descent of each individual snowflake, mindlessly floating its way into the ground.

But even the cold of winter could not awake the crowds. The screams of the wind and the bone-chilling nights were mere whispers amongst the clapping of keys against a barren screen.

It was apparent this ignorance was not bliss, for behind the tired faces were glowing eyes begging to be ripped from their gaze. However nothing moved except the ticks of their digital clocks beaming light onto dull skin. The hollows of their cheeks emphasized by the artificial glow residing below their faces. They lived their lives dreaming of glory and recognition; it was ironic they could not realize they were standing in their own spotlight.

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