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**“Connected**” is a poem about facebook, twitter, youtube and social media in general, written by Ms Moem.  
  
I'm not sure that I ever expected, to live in a world that's so connected.  
All these social media platforms are bubbling and glistening,   
And the whole world tunes in, but is anyone truly listening?   
Oh twitter, oh facebook,  
I'll just have a quick look  
If I can get unstuck from youtube for a second, where other people's lives beckoned and struck me as being far more exciting than my   
own.  
And that's not a moan  
They're all just nice places to spend my time  
I like sharing stuff, words & opinions all mine  
With 140 characters per line. On Twitter.  
And yeah, that's fine.  
As I haven't even got anything to say, well nothing important anyway.  
in any case. I am just happy to have this other place  
where at any given time I can be blessed with your face.  
See your new shoes, learn your slightly contraversial views  
cringe as you're confused, apparently. At least,  
according to your complicated relationship statuts  
perhaps your partner has called an hiatus?  
but we'll never know the full story  
except in true passive aggressive glory  
which both shocks, and yet draws me into commenting, and the masses  
into passing their judgements on your wall  
when you never even asked for their opinion at all. That status post, though public, was not intended for you.  
Been there. Been done.  
And it's never quite as much fun when the rubber neckers come and discuss your life amongst one other. But you cover your tracks  
and soon it's all taken back, so once more you can relax  
And find someone else's life to 'like'  
whilst your own is still looking decidedly un-bright.  
Never mind ~ what's this, so and so's had a night out  
What a sight! Would you look at what she's wearing, you wouldn't catch me being that daring  
or perhaps that is what passes for fashion. Whatever it is,I think I'll pass on that.  
Oh why can't we turn the time back.  
It was simpler when we could just be friends, and that didn't depend on   
whether someone had accepted your friend request.  
Unless, of course it's like some kind of modern day test.  
Do I like this person enough, as much as the rest of the hundreds of people  
who are on my list, who aren't actively in my life and weren't missed  
in that small window between when we left school and the internet didn't exist yet.  
I bet half of them wouldn't notice if I went on a silent protest  
because in the process, their 300 other friends have plenty to say  
and are posting pictures every day, that say, hey, look at me. And so they do.  
Weaving complicated stories, some intrigue and some bore me, sometimes outrageous, sometimes out right lies.  
But sometimes late at night, you might catch sight of someone with  
300 hundred facebook friends, with a list of social engagements that never  
ends, and a husband, and a family, and a dog, and a job, and she cries  
because she has never ever been so lonely.  
  
  
Ms Moem is a contemporary English poet, who writes poems, rhymes and verses on all topics.  
Please visit my poetry blog website to find out more.[http://www.msmoem.com](http://www.msmoem.com/).