

I get caught up in these games!  
What if life is purposeful or meaningless?  
What does it change?  
I lose myself in distractions,

Killing cyber foes  
In a cyber world  
Of cyber importance,  
And it means so much.

I look down at my hands.  
These are my hands,  
Real hands,  
Flesh and blood,  
Trite as they may be,  
And no one will ever again be me.