

February 7, 2008

I was born in a new era,
February 7, 2008,
Following the beat,
Not bearing the weight—

Of the conformity focused,
That perfect stamped print,
Right off the line,
With the same shiny tint.

Back in those days,
we could have never dreamed,
In our Levittown houses,
Who aren't what they seem—

Masked from the world,
In perfect trim,
A smile that greets the sun,
While ambition burns within.

We stand as individuals now,
As we scroll through posts,

And filtered gilded photographs,
Staring at the boasts—

Of other free-thinkers,
Each with a different spark.
Cookie-cuttered paper dolls
Still searching for their mark.

Just woke up with ring light ready,
Clean just in the frame,
Rest of the room a grimy clutter,
Might as well gone up in flame—

But we are in a new era,
As our cups all look the same,
And everyone seems to follow,
The shifts in the mainframe.

We do not stay in levittown,
We are different ourselves,
Yes, **you** are an individual—
Just like everybody else