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Testa på och översätta min svenska dikt till engelska.

-Photophilia-

When we, who are alone
let us gather
in cyberspace together,
to try
and find ourselves
within someone else.
That someone we find
amongst each others

When love interacts
we flirt even more,
with lewd images that attracts.
We choose and we pick
with our eyes
as yardsticks.
By superficial thinning
we judge each other,
the ugly beauty blames
for being treated unfair.

Hot attraction
vain illusion,
Filter for a better look
will never hide your fake smile.
An angled facade
dreaming about winter vaycay,
bubble bath, fireplace
and minus degrees
or summer shopping in
inner city and nude baths
in a warmer latitude.

Ones and zeros
censors emotions.
Body and spirit
digitally separated.
Tech companies dehumanize
with profitable love apps.

What does Tinder do with us
on the inside,
when light camera action
becomes our new sexual attraction?

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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