

## Don't you post?

I see my body made up with words.

My entire life would mean nothing without words. As a teenager, they came to my mouth. Nowadays, they arise through posts. That is quite a change, the most accurate adaptation to modern times one could attain.

Adversity: it is in those times when my best friend is the keyboard below my fingers. My fear always has the words. The more I fear, the quicker they arrive. Like if they have never been inside my mind. The minute they ring, they have to be expelled, they urge me to find this compulsory exit to the world. My anger behaves in a different way: it obtains the exact words. Morbid, taunting and specific words. The angrier, the better I hit the mark. Both fear and anger appear sound, big, devastating.

Necessary.

Prosperity follows some kind of reversed exact pattern. Good things are easily announced. One may yell at a social network as high as exclamation marks, smiles, winks and various other emoticons allow. A written image capable of creating a big smile in the real world is the very great impact on social media. It shadows whichever other story. We live in a world where happiness is required, desperately sought, no matter the shape.

I much prefer words to images. I tend to avoid personal photographs. Images are so very much self-explanatory, but they stick like glue to internet files. It also seems as if words, though explicit, could hide my deepest intimate essence that otherwise would show off – naked – in a photograph.

Like it or not, we all live in and around social networks: the Kingdom of Words, Lord Mayor of Opinions, President of Free Sayings. The widest communication path. The dangerous path. The place where one's failure spreads far more efficiently than success. So it does in real life.

Anyhow, internet communication and efficiency have become a must in daily life. A constant reward comes in the form of response to a certain post. Quick, countless and right to-the-point answers.

And you... don't you post?