

## **Beat of a Hidden War by Helana Trantino**

Scroll, tap, tap, swipe, type

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On and on the electric heart beats

Its hypnotising glare reveals the hourglass but makes us oblivious of the endless sand that pours from it

It feeds us lies that we willingly swallow,  
afraid to miss its intoxicating nectar

Tries to mould us into a shape we can never take

Like clay that's already set, left two minutes too late

And yet we feel cast out when we cannot conform

They stay 'strive for perfection'

Perfection, the perfect lie built for disappointment

Why do we spend hours wondering why we can never grasp this façade that always moves just out of our desperate clutches?

They say 'climb enough stairs and you'll reach the top'

But too many have fallen from those stairs when climbing towards the #GOALS

Tripped by others aspirations they fall into the self-hate that resides at the bottom

Suffocated by the pressure until they can no longer speak...or even breathe

Can you see us?

We are hidden

We can be packed in a room and yet millions of miles away on a virtual battlefield

Fighting the power struggle for a crown that glows with the likes and sweet comments from strangers that validate our existence

But there have been too many casualties of this generations war

No longer accepted to choose the box deemed 'normal'

Forced to tick inside confines of constricting lines

We are now paranoid in our every move

Second guessing all those accusations

Like drug addicts with a hit when we receive those notifications

Dependant on them to stand

We have the power to destroy and our weapon fits in the palm of our hand

Roll, jab, jab, swipe, strike