

## Κοίτα Ψηλά! (Look up)-We're a generation of idiots, smart phones and dumb people...

/ [Γενικά](#)



Εξαιρετικό οπτικοποιημένο ποίημα για τις ..αντικοινωνικές συνέπειες της άμετρης χρήσης των ..κοινωνικών δικτύων (sic). Μια έμπρακτη παρότρυνση προς ..αλόγους τεχνολόγους για απευθείας και εκ του συστάδην επικοινωνία με τους συνανθρώπους μας.

Ακολουθεί το πλήρες κείμενο του ποιήματος στα αγγλικά. Αν κάποιος μπορεί και θέλει, ας μας βοηθήσει στα σχόλια του άρθρου να μεταφράσουμε το κείμενο στα ελληνικά.

### «Look Up» by Gary Turk

I have 422 friends, yet I am lonely.

I speak to all of them every day, yet none of them really know me.

The problem I have sits in the spaces between

Looking into their eyes, or at a name on a screen.

I took a step back and opened my eyes,  
I looked around and realised,  
That this media we call social is anything but  
When we open our computers and it's our doors we shut

All this technology we have, it's just an illusion  
Community companionship, a sense of inclusion  
But when you step away from this device of delusion  
You awaken to see a world of confusion.

A world where we're slaves to the technology we mastered  
Where information gets sold by some rich greedy bastard  
A world of self interest, self image and self promotion  
Where we all share our best bits but, leave out the emotion.

We're at our most happy with an experience we share,  
But is it the same if no-one is there?  
Be there for your friends and they'll be there too,  
But no-one will be if a group message will do.

We edit and exaggerate, crave adulation  
We pretend not to notice the social isolation  
We put our words into order and tint our lives a-glistening  
We don't even know if anyone is listening

Being alone isn't a problem let me just emphasize  
If you read a book, paint a picture, or do some exercise  
You're being productive and present, not reserved and recluse  
You're being awake and attentive and putting your time to good use

So when you're in public, and you start to feel alone  
Put your hands behind your head, step away from the phone  
You don't need to stare at the menu, or at your contact list  
Just talk to one another, learn to co-exist.

I can't stand to hear the silence of a busy commuter train  
When no one wants to talk for the fear of looking insane.  
We're becoming unsocial, it no longer satisfies  
To engage with one another, and look into someone's eyes.

We're surrounded by children, who since they were born,

Have watched us living like robots, who now think it's the norm.  
It's not very likely you'll make world's greatest dad,  
If you can't entertain a child without using an iPad

When I was a child, I'd never be home  
Be out with my friends, on our bikes we'd roam  
I'd wear holes on my trainers, and graze up my knees  
We'd build our own clubhouse, high up in the trees

Now the park's so quiet, it gives me a chill  
See no children outside and the swings hanging still.  
There's no skipping, no hopscotch, no church and no steeple  
We're a generation of idiots, smart phones and dumb people.

So look up from your phone, shut down the display  
Take in your surroundings, make the most of today  
Just one real connection is all it can take  
To show you the difference that being there can make.

Be there in the moment, that she gives you the look  
That you remember forever as when love overtook  
The time she first held your hand, or first kissed your lips  
The time you first disagreed but you still love her to bits

The time you don't have to tell hundreds of what you've just done  
Because you want to share this moment with just this one  
The time you sell your computer, so you can buy a ring  
For the girl of your dreams, who is now the real thing.

The time you want to start a family, and the moment when  
You first hold your little girl, and get to fall in love again.  
The time she keeps you up at night, and all you want is rest  
And the time you wipe away the tears as your baby flees the nest.

The time your baby girl returns, with a boy for you to hold  
And the time he calls you granddad and makes you feel real old.

The time you've taken all you've made, just by giving life attention.  
And how you're glad you didn't waste it, by looking down at some invention.

The time you hold your wife's hand, sit down beside her bed,  
You tell her that you love her and lay a kiss upon her head.

She then whispers to you quietly as her heart gives a final beat  
That she's lucky she got stopped by that lost boy in the street.

But none of these times ever happened, you never had any of this.  
When you're too busy looking down, you don't see the chances you miss.

So look up from your phone, shut down those displays  
We have a final act existence, a set number of days  
Don't waste your life getting caught in the net,  
As when the end comes nothing's worse than regret.

I'm guilty too of being part of this machine,  
This digital world, we are heard but not seen.  
Where we type as we talk, and we read as we chat  
Where we spend hours together without making eye contact

So don't give into a life where you follow the hype  
Give people your love, don't give them your "like"  
Disconnect from the need to be heard and defined  
Go out into the world, leave distractions behind.

Look up from your phone. Shut down that display. Stop watching this video. Live  
life the real way.

*Θερμές ευχαριστίες στην Ιωάννα Τσ*

**Πηγή:** [istologio.org](http://istologio.org)