

Look.

A tiny drama about how we hide in plain sight these days.

By Mike Carter

Contact

51 Sandhurst Court
Acre Lane
London
SW2 5TX
Email: mikewritesabit@me.com
Twitter: [@mikewritesabit](https://twitter.com/mikewritesabit)

A woman is being filmed for the thousandth time by her partner. Sadly, she realises what this means.

Woman

You can't see me. You can't see anyone. Not completely. Flickers. Blurs. Everyone and everything is incomplete, half understood, lost now because you never stop to look.

Could you try? Could you? Please. Right now. Put that down (*the phone*). You and your devices, your safety nets of distraction. Put them down and look at me... The image you have of me, that you've captured countless times. Is it the same as the first time you saw me? Fixed? Clicked into place. Because that's not the image you should have. I've changed, moved and now, now - yes - I yearn for a past when we were different but what pains me more is that you have no idea what I have become. How far my real life - not my electronic one - has taken me. We began in a second. A nanosecond really, in comparison to real time. Real time is years, decades, God, the duration of our lives. That's what real time is. I'm not sure that exists anymore. Lost in a flash.

You decided everything on seeing me for a minute. From a distance. Zoomed in.

Please don't tell me how you felt again. *Why* again. I don't want to hear that I'm beautiful and good and that I make you happy. However often you say it, it is not true, not true at all because you haven't seen me, not all of me for the longest time now.

I know you look at my face, but you've glanced, not studied. You've shown it to the world way more than you've looked at it yourself. I am posted somewhere as soon as I've been pixelated by you. Uploaded like new. Takes minutes. Seconds now. But I want you to stop. And breathe and look, until you can see me, here. And when you do we won't record the moment, we won't share it or let anyone comment on it because as soon as that happens it will become the past, and it will be placed somewhere else, in the abstract, a projection of what once was. Half understood. And then you, my love, will move on to the next.