GB final

**Modernity and the joys of cell phones**

I'm looking for words, mine are ordinary

I'm looking for the words we used in the past

Friendly, respectful and caring,

In my time, talking to each other was important.

Well-addressed, to everyone and at all times

Without ulterior motive and source of happiness.

I find the words but cannot use them

Without looking like a poorly evolved simpleton

Where the nimble fingers at the keyboard replace

The words of the most loquacious lips.

With truncated or English words that escape me

Unknown to Larousse and Harrap's.

I keep silent, no one sees any inconvenience

No one addresses me, it is not gratifying

Except the salesman who knew and promised me :

This phone will change your life !

That’s it, have hundreds of friends

Quantity challenges quality

Will it be of great help to me

If I fall victim to a bad trick ?

Will I then have a heart big enough

To know how to love them as much ?

I'm not on the lookout like a "geek"

I'm not excited about tweets

I don't see how to get a buzz

Some invitations are dubious

« Fake news » no thanks!

I'll stick to selfies

The phone is a tool for the ear

Of the one who picks up and listens,

As well as for the one who calls

For a specific purpose in a short discussion.

The new generation needs more

For them to feel taken into consideration.

In this world where everything is a passing fad

The passing of time will reduce the gaps

And each one will find its know-how

That today the frenzy monopolizes.

But nothing will ever be worth the phone call

Dictated by the budding love that is emerging.