

Juxtaposition
Day 24

by
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A woman. An HDTV behind her.

WOMAN

Netflix. Right? You know. Netflix. Movies, TV shows. Everything at the ready, are you ready, you connect.
You connect to the feed.
Are you ready to feed?
To consume?
To gorge?
To binge?
Binge watch,
binge laugh,
binge cry,
binge fall in love,
binge binge binge.

Get hooked.
Oh, I'll just watch one.
Then one more.
One more.
One more.
One more.
One more one more one more one more one more.

They know how to push your buttons. Much more than you know how to push theirs.
More buttons you push, the more they know.
They learn.
You watch.
Learn.
Guess.
Learn.
Hypothesize.
Learn.
Know.
They say "recommend." "Here's what we recommend."
We know what you watch.
We know how long you watch.
How many times you watch.

We know your habits.
Your wants.
Your desires.
You.

We know you.

And these recommendations? They're not recommendations anymore. They're prophesies. They place them in your line of sight. Here are 10 movies you will enjoy. Not "might" enjoy, but *will* enjoy. You will enjoy. They know you, they know me, they know every side of you. They hit you from all sides. You look up there and see each part of yourself on the screen:

The Rescuers from Disney
juxtaposed with The Walking Dead
with Firefly
with Jiro Dreams of Sushi
with Portlandia
with Mad Men
with Transformers
with Miss Marple
with Highlander
with Hoarders
with True Grit
with My Awkward Sexual Adventure
with 30 Rock
with Mulan
with Safety Not Guaranteed.

And our safety is *not* guaranteed.
We have been judged.
Observed.
Studied.
Analyzed.
They know me more than I know myself.

People get scared.
Frightened.
We don't want to be studied.
Watched.
Analyzed.

Netflix has pored over me more than my own mother. Netflix has spent so much money learning about me. And to think of that.
All the money.
All the effort.
All the trouble.
All the charts.
All the graphs.

All the algorithms.
All to feed me?

I kind of feel flattered.

So, watch me.
Watch me watch.
Watch me watch just one.
Watch me watch just one more
just one more
one more
one more
one more
one more
one more...

Lights fade slowly as she says “One more” over and over again until she peeters off into silence.