



## **prose for instagram**

**scene ix - into a tower**

# Scene IX - Into a Tower (Finale)

I, Instagram

I, 27-year-old Audrey

“It’s been...real, I guess, Instagram”

“Yeah, well it’s both real and not real, right, Audrey?”

I watch her.

Instagram looks at me. I look at

you.

I would kill to know the ‘you’.

I look back at

“Your eyes are changing, Audrey.”

“Let me guess...they’re both blue-hazel

and hazel-blue.”

“That seems true.”

I look in the mirror, even though I know it’s

opposite

Why does everything seem so different?

Because

it is.

Ah, I see. And

it isn’t.

“You catch on quickly, Instagram.”

But I have to change something or else—

She still thinks she’s in control. But

“You’re fighting the creative force again, but you’ve always been an artist, Audrey.”

“And you’re a machine, Instagram, and we’re both out of control, really.”

There’s a film over her eyes now.

11:09 🌙

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< Notes



member according to *~marketing~*

i hate being an artist!

i hate how much i love being an artist!

i hate art for making me feel so out of control!

i hate not having control over myself!

i hate myself! i hate myself!

i hate myself!

i hate i'm sorry

i'm sorry i hate

i'm sorry this is

this is i'm sorry

But you can only run for so long before—  
right? Didn't you learn that once or twice, already?

I'm the writer! And

you're a story

you're a story

you're a story, too

but I don't believe only one person

should write a story about

how many are here, again?

one

two

three?

no, instagram is a stage!

instagram is a machine

instagram is an imagined

instagram is i'm the writer

but wait isn't this

“Does it matter anymore? Can't you see that we're—”

“If I stabbed you with a shard of glass, I would wake up to realize I stabbed myself. If I reached out to touch your face, my hand would go through a hologram. If I spun a top on top of your head, it would never fall.”

“And couldn't I say the same of you? Since you're a character version of yourself in here? In the pages?”

“For that matter, we could say the same of the 'you'.”



What to do, then?  
What's the CTA?

double-tap if you agree

save for later

DM for the link

follow for more

share so others can learn too

comment with your favorite emoji

“do you think *true* and *perfect* are synonymous?”

do you know how many times i have chosen my art over the people i love?  
and for what?

<3 <3 <3



“I got you a present because I missed you and I really like hanging out with you and I hope you want to keep hanging out with me.”

“It’s a tricky business, figuring out what you want. And what you need. And what the difference is between those things.”

<3

I open the other door to find Instagram staring at me. I look back into the almost-identical hallway, then back at her, then back at the hallway. I exit all the way through the door, shut it, and try the key in what I thought was the seventh door. The nearly-identical hallway again. I walk back to the first door and stand with one foot in each hallway, looking down both paths again and again.

“Being a writer must be *so cool*. You have the power to do, like,  
*anything you want!*”

I cannot do things that are impossible to do—

outside of words.

The draft captions begin in March 2023 and continue into April and May, skip June July August, and then the last draft caption that I wrote in September was intended to accompany a reel.

<3

and so she will be a Changed Person who has Found what they have been Looking For. Including, ideally, a beautifulsmartcreative set of photos, and locations, and captions to share with All The People.”

Instagram purses her lips and tilts her head slightly.

“It sounds like she is running toward you.”

<3

We had agreed to meet at 2pm, but running late is one of my most consistent personality traits.

<3

“You know I have to ask you why you want this, right? You can answer truthfully. It’s just me.”

The stage curtains on the periphery of my vision grow stronger and stronger, until I can reach out with my right hand and feel the velvet.

<3

Have I...missed...her?

I catch myself. I turn around in the parked car and look at you in the backseat.

“I do know this. The way 15-year-old Audrey is writing here is exactly the same way I write now. Our minds are tapping into the same...like we’re under the same spell, the same influence...it’s hard to describe, but I know it’s the same.”

Some things are hard to unthink, you know what I mean?

Instagram is a machine. Instagram is a stage! Instagram is a stage, and there are more than *a thousand seats* in my personal theater.

Who’s sitting front and center, I wonder?

<3

I pull the hood of my pastel yellow sweatshirt down further over my forehead. She walks closer to the mirror, and turns around again.