

Dear Twitter

*It's been 3 years but that's it, we're over. Finished. Defunct. Ended.*

*It's not you, it's me. No wait, it isn't me, it's you. You and your incessantly irritating twaddle. You and your self-indulged pomp. That splurge of shit you pollute my life with every day has finally driven me to despair. I knew it would eventually.*

*This week you helped me reach a milestone, as the 3,000th disciple joined my merry band of followers. The thing is, I don't care. I don't really know most of them and they certainly don't know me. Especially @saucyhorse from Milwaukee. Why are they interested in me anyway? I mean, how many more tequila-drinking-apathy-loathing-recruitment-writing-Prodigy-loving Spurs fans can there possibly be?*

*When we met you promised me a life of social engagement, where we'd enjoy meaningful ménage à trois sessions with strangers, exchanging thoughts and shared views of a range of common topics. It wasn't about self-gratification, you said, it was about altruistic appreciation, where 'paying forward' would spread love around the world and that, if I was good, I would get rewarded in the end. That's what you said.*

*You lying whore. Okay, fair enough I've met some pretty cool people along the way. And, yes, when I go to a party and recognise their face from their avatar, it helps break the ice. But what about that crap you told me about reciprocal relationships?! When I post stuff up now, nobody retweets it, nobody mentions it, nobody seems to care.*

*Oh but wait, they do care. They care about themselves. They care when they post an update, often so abbreviated it's barely comprehensible, with a stupid little link squeezed in at the end pointing to a poxy video of a cat dressed up as a fucking Elf or something. Oh, they care then! But what about my carefully crafted critique about real-time happenings in real-time life? Do they care then? Do they bollocks. It's not about them, you see.*

*What I used to think was a great alternative to Facebook (sorry, I know you don't like me mentioning her!) turned into a brilliant thing for businesses. Now it seems it's great for individuals again. What the fuck is going on? My head's all over the place with this. My mind's in turmoil. I'm a mess.*

*This is all your fault.*

*How can we go on not knowing what each other is doing?*

*We're on different paths now. I need a relationship with defined goals. At first we had a common focus. At least I thought we did. But now I think you're still finding yourself. Well, I've done my soul-searching. I did it years ago. If I'm honest, I think you're too young for me. It's not just that, either: you're too shallow. Emotive conversation has turned to insincere idiocy with fuck-wits trying to sell me their useless junk.*

*Look, I'm not saying we'll never see each other again - our paths will cross I'm sure. But I need some time to think. And for this we need a break.*

*Please don't contact me. It will only make this harder.*

*And for the record, I'm not having an affair with Google+.*

*Yours truly, [@simonlewisomj](#) xx*