

# Coffee Talk: Two Sugars One Life Haunted Pockets

Clayton M. Myhill

November 2025

I checked my phone fourteen times during a two-hour movie last week. It vibrated exactly zero of those times.

My leg, apparently, has developed its own notification system. A phantom buzzing that exists only in my nervous system, triggered by nothing, signaling nothing, yet demanding immediate attention like a toddler who's learned the word "emergency."

This is what we've become. Haunted by our own pockets.

You know the feeling. You're sitting there, maybe reading, maybe pretending to listen to someone talk about their weekend, when suddenly your thigh lights up with urgency. Zzzt. Zzzt. A message from the beyond. You reach in with the speed of someone defusing a bomb, pull out your phone, and...

Nothing. No calls. No texts. Not even a spam email about extending your car warranty.

Just you, your phone, and the dawning realization that your own body is gaslighting you.

*If you've ever frantically checked your phone in a meeting only to find zero notifications and zero dignity remaining, welcome to the haunting. We're all possessed here.*

It's the 21st-century ghost story. We've become the haunted houses, and our phones are the poltergeists, except these spirits don't rattle chains. They rattle our nerves. They've learned that the scariest thing isn't a bump in the night. It's the possibility that someone texted and we didn't respond within thirty seconds.

Why do we check so fast? What are we hoping for?

The lottery telling us we've won? An ex admitting they were wrong? The dog finally learning to text? (He won't. He's too busy judging us for checking our phones during walks.)

Maybe it's FOMO. Maybe it's conditioning. Maybe our nervous systems have simply merged with our notification settings, and now we vibrate in solidarity with devices that aren't even vibrating.

Here's the uncomfortable truth: the phantom buzz reveals something. We're waiting. Always waiting. For validation, for connection, for someone to reach through the digital void and say "I thought of you."

And when the buzz isn't real, we feel it anyway. Because we want it to be.

The phone has become our pocket-sized Casper. A friendly ghost that occasionally haunts us just to remind us we're tethered to something. Not to torture us. Just to say hello from the other side.

So the next time your leg lies to you, don't be annoyed. Smile at the absurdity. Your body has learned to hope for connection so hard it's started hallucinating it.

That's not pathetic. That's beautifully, ridiculously human.

Now if you'll excuse me, I need to check my phone. I'm pretty sure it just... never mind.

---

*Coffee Talk 2.0: For everyone whose leg has a better imagination than their inbox.*

---

*Want the curated sequence? 7 essays, 21 days, one free chapter. [emotional-navigation.com/coffee-talk](http://emotional-navigation.com/coffee-talk)*