

Re: Mobile Zips Needed tv.133

(a sonnet dedicated to an unnamed Collective employee)

by Carol Lin

The throne of knowledge lies inside his head,
Amid those dusty shelves of memory;
While Collective hangs upon a fraying thread,
His wisdom carries through its history;
For knowledge is but cleverness of art,
A skill to comfort, ease, simplicity,
While analytics 'tis core to Collective's heart,
The will to push through others' stupidity,
Is a price that comes with high cost;
His cheeky wisdom is a certainty,
We can trust the data will not be lost,
So dear is this severe commodity,
My wish for his wisdom has a price
For I must deal with his snarky vice!