

# 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!