

2022

## Dear Data Miner

Carolyn Oliver

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.wayne.edu/woodwardreview>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Oliver, Carolyn (2022) "Dear Data Miner," *The Woodward Review: A Creative and Critical Journal*: Vol. 2: Iss. 2, Article 14.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.wayne.edu/woodwardreview/vol2/iss2/14>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Open Access Journals at DigitalCommons@WayneState. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Woodward Review: A Creative and Critical Journal by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@WayneState.

Carolyn Oliver  
*Dear Data Miner*

absorbing this poem  $x^1$  seconds after I hit send (because even the most inconsequential<sup>2</sup> missives from sub-minor poets to themselves are meat for reading), let me tell you about this dream I had, since *bored* is not a mode in which you experience your reality:

In the middle of a story about his executioner father and the queen his mother, the church organist<sup>3</sup> brayed into a trumpet. A gift shop sinks below ground level. The only objects for sale: obelisks<sup>4</sup> and NASCAR<sup>5</sup> lanyards. But it's lovely, actually, with Romanesque arches of gray stone tinged peach and impossible window embankments flooding the space with cool light. Outside, luminescent deer on leashes<sup>6</sup> browse beneath black apple trees. A warning in a woman's voice wavers over the common because an airship constructed entirely of rotors and parachutes is about to crush a birdwing house. The park swells, greenly.

Given these inputs and your acumen,  
 I look forward to my targeted ads.

Sincerely<sup>7</sup>,

C

<sup>1</sup> Please know that  $x$  was meant in the spirit of insouciance, and furthermore that I am assuredly lying on this score.

<sup>2</sup> In both senses.

<sup>3</sup> Identified by the look on the choristers' faces.

<sup>4</sup> Of course.

<sup>5</sup> See: my promotions folder.

<sup>6</sup> No, I haven't been reading Wyatt lately.

<sup>7</sup> Unable to regard you.