Dear Data Miner

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Dear Data Miner

absorbing this poem $x$ seconds after I hit send (because even the most inconsequential 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 brayed into a trumpet. A gift shop sinks below ground level. The only objects for sale: obelisks and NASCAR 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 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,

C

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1 Please know that $x$ was meant in the spirit of insouciance, and furthermore that I am assuredly lying on this score.
2 In both senses.
3 Identified by the look on the choristers’ faces.
4 Of course.
5 See: my promotions folder.
6 No, I haven’t been reading Wyatt lately.
7 Unable to regard you.