

Oh, my constellations of data points, my terrible darlings, all I've streamed and clicked and scrolled by. I wish I could keep you bundled, mine, like secret letters in a locked box, but you're sold into bondage, selling me. You never sleep, drip by drip you collect my unedited ugliness, soggy wax paper leaking links you hope I click, luring me back to that bright screen. No bright star, no tyger burning bright, just my sore eyes staring into the void. You catch that twitch in my lips, eyes wandering from the video I didn't finish, so you get it better on the next one, then hit me with a Maybelline ad. My wildfire of data, you betray me again and again, growing collection beginning with all the questions I Googled in seventh grade, anything I was too ashamed to ask my mother. Little drones down in the coal mine of my unconscious mind. I hand over my thumbprint, credit card, speed of my heartbeat, how long I laughed like a track, on cue. You cradle my bank statement, the daily traffic heading home, nudge me beeswax candles and reheated rage when you know I'm weak. You lock my sushi take-out in a closet with that reality dating show I devoured, hope they get together by morning when you wake me with the news, compel me to refill my anti-depressants. You know when those pale blue pills arrive at my door. Oh data, I don't understand how much of you is me, fine-tuned to obedient consumer. You'll drive me to a sky where it's too bright to see, a sky I could almost pretend was heaven, if heaven was a place my body was ground to salt, if flavor was what you needed.