Poem In Which The Corporate Power of the A. C. Nielsen Company is Defined, Defied, and Denied

Sara Lindquist*
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Abstract

a.c. nielsen company you are trying to trap me in a web of wire looped coast to coast, to beat me down with a mass of decimals and digits and smother me beneath an eternal pile of pink blue green yellow and salmon colored pages on inconsequenciality...
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by Sara Lindquist
AA GC Soph.

a.c. nielsen company
you are trying to trap me
in a web of wire looped coast to coast,
to beat me down with a mass of decimals and digits
and smother me beneath an eternal pile of pink
blue
green
yellow
and salmon colored
pages on inconsequenciality.

a. c. nielsen company
I shall not confess my numerality,
I shall not knuckle under to your digital demands,
I shall not become one of your worn, mindless cogs,
I shall not whirl-chink
whirl-chink
whirl-chink
into the night.
Rather,
a. c. nielsen company
I shall use you for your money,
toying with the affections of your job security,
waiting my chance to poke through the blanket
of mindlessness with which you hide yourself,
to rise,
a phoenix
born of ash
from the burned-out matrix of your switchboard.

a. c. nielsen company
you shall hear of me
when the others have filed into oblivion,
trailing small (very small) diamonds and 2.4
children.

a. c. nielsen company
you shall hear of me.