

An Ode to Data Control





If you can keep your data when all about you Are losing theirs and blaming it on you; If you trust your metrics when analysts doubt you, But make allowance for their doubting too: If you can query and not be tired by waiting, Or building models, adjust for outliers, Define ETL modules that are self-validating, And require contracts from data suppliers;





If you can report-and not make KPIs your master; If you can forecast-and not make compliance your aim, If you can make the overnight batch faster And ensure the end results are just the same: If you can't bear two versions of truth spoken Produced by silos to make a trap for fools, Or watch systems you gave your life to, broken, And stoop and build 'em up with off-the-shelf tools;





If you would make one lake with all your data And risk it on one vendor's big bang plan, And lose, and start again at invitation-to-tender And salvage from the project, what you can: If you can force your flat files and mainframe To serve datamarts when key DBAs retire, And so hold on when stakeholders proclaim Why (oh why) is our Data Quality so dire?





If you can talk with architects & keep your virtue, Or walk with CEOs — nor lose the accounting touch, If neither UTF-8 nor PII can hurt you, *If all teams count with you, but none too much:* If you can keep Data Owners beholden To uploads that are timely and accurate and whole, Yours is the Earth and clean records (golden), And—which is more—you'll have Data Control!



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