

Changing course!

(A bit of bitterness and bile that I felt necessary to "evacuate" once and for all and never bring back again after having made the choice of pre-retirement: I evoke here a few difficult moments with Caterpillar, my former employer, particularly with the Six Sigma program which was supposed to improve efficiency. I wrote this before leaving for Santiago di Compostela, and I hope now to never feel such bitterness again about mighty Caterpillar)

I was long chained to the tiller
Of mighty Caterpillar.
Merchant galley or destroyer?
You dare not tell when bound to her.

Stuck where I was, I could well see
How she moved over the sea
But the bearing she was taking
Was so little to my liking.

New officers moved up the rank:
I watched in pain, tied to my plank.
If I would shout: "Please, not that way!"
Most would ignore what I would say.

We kept going, in huge circles,
Or back and forth, same cycles.
Efforts were vain against such course:
Profit ruled most, with scant remorse!

They fed us well, I can't deny,
But worked us hard: they sure knew why...
Huge stock options they kept getting,
While mates and me we kept sweating.

Wanting the ship to carry more
(Dead weight that is: burden, not ore),
Some whipped the crew, esteem forgot:
The work increased, the workers not.

Sick, stigmatized, I often felt,
When I was asked to wear a belt
And chant along with crew and all
That this new girth could prevent fall!

I couldn't wait for safer port:
I broke my chain and jumped ashore.
I will soon walk a straighter line
At my own pace, just free and fine!

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