

Survival in an Industry

I never thought
The corporate world had a place for me.
But when here,
I thought I should spend my time over cups of tea!
My fate laughed
And it put me into tasks of pertinence,
To cleanse the operations
That was filled with ill performance.

Business houses won't allow survival
Without a profit at the end.
Though moneyed men had no special place
In my philosophy to mend.
I was groomed to believe
That private owners avoid social responsibility
And they would think day and night
About how to maximize profitability.

Now that I came into it
For a few fatty bucks,
I realized,
On my journey of pilgrimage along their paths...
Generating surplus
Requires enormous passions with longing lusts
That I did not yet possess,
As I had never thus far
Needed those quality killer thirsts.

I wondered how I could transform
To be fitted in the convoy.
Time tested pillars of justice and equity
Would not allow imbibing these in me to enjoy.
I wanted to be seated

Near the structures of nobler faculty
But I was pushed by destiny
Towards the roads so twisty!

Yet at last I found a way:
To come out with discrete novelty!
There would be sale, surplus, power
And the ever satisfying utility.
It's not easy to be enterprising
But it's not unachievable too,
If I could build a team
That was crazy to create and attempted unthinkable to do.

It took a few months to plan;
I picked up from the available and recruited a few
I discussed threadbare with people
From marketing, finance and others who really knew
What was easy to market
What had a demand and what could I really chew.
I planned, acted and introduced six products
With my team, and these were, indeed all new!

The products were accepted well
And these contributed to gain.
The Management became happy
And our people were all contented men.
I learnt from this laborious exposure
That nothing succeeds like success
And no matter where we are,
We survive if we create wealth in excess!