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## **Bad Business**

### **Grotesque & Bloated (& Co.)**

Blurbleschmidt and Grabblington, the principals in the firm,  
Are perfectly content to see their underlings a-squirm  
In battle for the second rung, and third, and even less,  
For privilege, exclusiveness and greed, as you would guess,  
Fill Grabblington and Blurbleschmidt with cruel happiness

The happy underside of this imbalance and oppression  
Is that the scraping underlings have made their intercession  
With Blurbleschmidt and Grabblington's competitors, who've toyed  
With tumbling G&B's success, but rather have enjoyed  
A slower bloody outcome with a certain *Schadenfreud'*—

For as you would imagine, underlings who scrape and bow  
Are also always brewing something deeper anyhow,  
And one fine day toward Grabblington and Blurbleschmidt, to wit,  
Up from the depths will crawl their stooges, spear them on a spit  
Of comeuppance, and that's as cheery as this tale will get.

### **Test My Mettle**

Nickel, aluminum, iron and steel  
Are useful and strong, and each has its appeal,  
But if I should choose just one metal to keep,  
I'd probably opt for a platinum heap,  
Not for its sheer beauty or strength do I care:  
By the time I afford it, it'll just match my hair.

### **Working in the Financial Sector**

The probable outcome of slacking his pace  
Is a five-o'clock shadow adorning his face,  
A dusty decline in a scruffy old shirt,  
A brown-bagged libation, an alley of dirt,

The scorn of his neighbors, his car repossessed,  
And while he is napping, his drool on his chest,  
Yet all of this pales if he cannot embrace,  
Another whole week without slacking his pace.

### **Maybe It can't Buy You Love, But Then Again...**

Money buys you happiness; do not be fooled by those  
Who'd try to preach the opposite to 'keep you on your toes'  
And bless you with benevolent protection from your greed:  
They're merely waiting vulture-like for all that you'll concede,  
To scoop it up themselves the moment that your back is turned;  
Keep hold your cash and latch onto this happiness you've earned!

### **Moderation is a Relative Thing**

I make no distinction between two fine things  
Like sapphire tiaras and emerald rings  
In choosing my dress, my deportment, décor,  
For it seems to me fine just to pile on more,  
And lavish the furs and the frills and the lace  
And the beading, embroidery—so on, apace—  
But it must not be said I'm excessive, a boor,  
For I'm modest and moderate; I'm just not poor.

### **Driven to Despair**

I reveled in wealth, alas, alas,  
Until the great wickedness came to pass:  
Ten-dollars' charge per gallon of gas.

How dare the sheikh from his lofty perch  
Put my cheap transport in the lurch?  
Why, I only drive the old car to church!

(Unless you count the miles I spend  
Traversing the country end to end  
Campaigning to prove he is not our friend.)

After all, it is not my fault that he  
Doesn't want to become my subsidy  
And offer his wealth to enrich poor me.

It's clearly conspiracy, sin, a plot  
To relieve me of all the dough I've got,  
Which—none of your business—is quite a lot...

And on top of it all, shows the sheikh unwilling  
To simply forgive and forget my killing  
His cousins and bombing where he was drilling.

It's obvious he's no diplomat  
If he can't give up petty complaints like that  
To keep my tank full and my wallet fat.

Ay, me, how I suffer such tragic woes  
Of a depth no sheikh understands or knows,  
For that's how unreasonably life goes!

### **Taste for Wealth**

To nibble on a biscuit is divine,  
Along with sips of fortified sweet wine  
And partridge roasted crisp with truffled honey—

Best seasoned, all, with massive heaps of money.

I lack, I will admit, the strangely Zen  
Refinement that would keep my palate's yen  
Confined especially to food and drink—

But lucre's more fulfilling than you'd think.

### **Three Little Words**

Three words strike fear into the heart  
And with a sense of doom impart  
Their horrors in the modern breast—  
On hearing them, we grow distressed  
And fear for love and life and limb  
And see our happiness grow dim—  
There is no palliative retort  
When we are told: Call Tech Support.

### **When Face to Face Meeting is Obsolete**

The business is dead! It's technology's fault—  
the lighting, AC and the big central vault  
Are scrambled and frozen and jolted and jammed—  
the intercom's buzzing, the plumbing is dammed—

Email is blacked out and the network is fried  
and what's in can't escape or what's out, get inside—  
Alarms are all ringing but signals are dead—  
the boss would've canned me and then had my head—  
The one thing that saves me (although you may scoff) is  
she can't recollect how to get to the office.

### **Well Upholstered**

Let us collect our doohickeys and gadgets, gizmos, stuff,  
Into a Babel-tower to see if it's quite enough,  
In case we need to get, amass, acquire, accumulate,  
And otherwise build up, accrue, and overcompensate  
For all the things we lack inside, like heart and soul and mind;  
Being quite vacant is the normal state of humankind,  
At least the privileged few who have so much there is no need  
To fill ourselves with anything  
Except the stuff of greed.

### **Lettuce**

Let us organize our thoughts into neat little rows and  
Snugly tidy categories  
Make charts and graphs to show  
How our remarkably insightful brains are designed  
To create perfection and superlatives

Let us rise up and shake ourselves by the hand  
And pat each other on our nattily attired backs  
And make elaborate air kisses  
In each other's direction  
To demonstrate how delightful and lovable we are

Let us give ourselves a substantial raise to recognize  
Our many and varied accomplishments  
And tack on a bonus or two in case  
The extraordinary income doesn't show quite clearly  
Enough our superior qualities and grandness

Let us roll around in our piles of money a little  
Not only to tweak the noses of our inferiors (and they  
Are so many) but to show as well that we know how  
To enjoy the deeply meaningful things  
We do with our mountains of delectable cash

### **What Fools, These Mortals**

Hester the Jester was not a protester,  
but every semester she stood  
Proclaiming the truth, and she fought, nail and tooth,  
for the right and the ruth and the good,  
And I really should mention her kindly intention:  
dissension and strife she eschewed,  
While meaning to find ways to open the mind  
and the eyes of the blind, not be rude—  
But whatever she meant with her selfless intent,  
there began to foment quite a storm  
Of objection to this, her good aims gone amiss,  
dissertation destroyed by the norm  
Of assuming one's thought was aright and was not  
to be questioned or brought ridicule,  
Called *privilege*, might—for the mighty, a Right  
to be right, day and night, was the rule—  
Her well-meaning japes made the men feel like apes  
and the womenfolk's napes itch with ire,  
And the moment arose when a number of those  
tweaked her nose, set her hairpiece on fire,  
Bashed her quite black and blue with a strop and a shoe,  
swapped her lip balm with glue, stole her hat  
With its jingling bells, threw her in prison cells  
with appalling bad smells—and with that,  
They ended her reign, in despite of the brain  
and the might and the main she had shown,  
And, as Jester no more, she was only a boor  
who got kicked out the door on her own.  
The moral, you ask? Keep your thoughts in a cask,  
in a secretive flask of great tact,  
And instead of Truth, *Charm* will prevent much alarm  
and protect you from harm, and in fact,  
Diplomacy's best, whether true or in jest,  
and at Hester's behest, you should wait,  
Your opinions held fast, silently, to the last,  
lest your presence be past, and you, Late.

### **Pronouncement Announcement**

If the prevailing attitude  
should still allow me latitude,  
I will ignore the platitudes  
that beg to disagree,  
Since all but mine is foolishness,  
the opposition, ghoulishness,

and though it might sound mulish, this  
is clearly about Me.

Say what you will, I'll stay the course,  
and only change my route or horse  
if made to, for unless perforce,  
no reason can I see:

Demand no ideology  
of logic, for phrenology,  
leavened with some astrology,  
is good enough for me.

The running of our nation  
is based more on desperation  
—and a plague of perturbation—  
than on brains;

Elective coronation  
of our leadership's a ration  
of reminders a vacation  
is required, or what remains  
Of sane deliberation  
and of civil conversation  
will go, sans meditation,  
down the  
ever-loving drains.

And on that note, pretentiously,  
appallingly sententiously,  
and would-be president-iously  
as anyone can be,  
I remonstrate with all you twits,  
vulgarians and feeble-wits,  
that, politics or other, it's  
forever about Me.