Would you put icing and cream on a plain cake,

Then eat an ice block instead or throw it in the lake;

Get the right rice from the wheat in paddly's field,

And write all down on paper so that it would yield.

.

These are the dumb things we consider in productivity poetry,

Because you can't please everybody with intelligence and property;

The product will live and the productivity can't die,

And he came back with a fast one and it's a big lie!

.

At the pace that I work with my face in the word,

The letter comes quickly and it's a slow moving world;

The earth is so big with so much productivity to do,

That we all need to get it right and right work to true.

.

I write through my mind with the ink right through the pen,

Like a pig drinking it and the food blood bone and hen;

Chickens lay eggs at such productivity, the cock has to deny,

And I'll eat this poetry whether electronic pulp will try.

.

Productivity means packets and brackets and things in the bin,

And the litter and letter will sell cells and sin cin;

And if you really work hard enough you can put you're feet up and rest,

And the television tell you what you need to know best.

.

Then this is the rubbish that the rest couldn't write,

It is as good as anybody and productivity is right;

For massive amounts of work get done every day for money,

And this little sparrow builds a nest for tomorrow.

.

Signed,

Sleeping in bed