

Management is my subject that I studied in time,

Twelve years of writing poetry and now typing to rhyme;

It's all organised in verse along in the line of my poem,

And I am sitting here writing this in the comfort of home.

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I stand up and sit down and work for a while,

And walk around a shop to see what's in style;

I lead people and pay them as a manager should,

And read books and write them in case danger could.

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Of course time is money in the round revolving world,

And the earth causes trouble as I expect it would;

The store or the floor in the factory to the shelf,

I will sell and keep tidy everything of myself.

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Management is all the things which are required effectively,

And needs people who are fast and can handle it efficiently;

Recycle the rubbish and make everything new,

And remember the past and all the ruins you knew.

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You can spoil a bit badly and be rich at the end,

And it might hurt in the heart or the mind of a friend;

Trouble will come and be fixed as it does need,

When people and things double and you then have to lead.

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Organise and communicate all those things on your heart.

And make things look better and clever and smart;

And when life's good enough you can read and retire,

And enjoy all you've earned and all you acquire.

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Signed,

If it's shop fit.