
The compulsory staff workshop

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We're being fed porridge.
A serve every hour.

I guess it's good for us,
Or that's what they say.
And I think I believe them
As we grind through the day.

But who's being empowered here?
The generals or troops?
And what's the agenda?
Whose purpose is served?
I'm getting that feeling
We haven't been heard.

Still, we got some free lunches
And the coffee's OK.

Snuck in some emails
And texted some mates
While looking attentive
As if pulling my weight.

Soon we'll be out of here,
The workshop long gone,
The lessons unlearned
And memories forgotten.
Three cheers for our freedom.
Porridge gone rotten!

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