

THE FABLE

*O*nce upon a time ...

*T*here was a grand company.

It was far far away,

in a thick corporate jungle



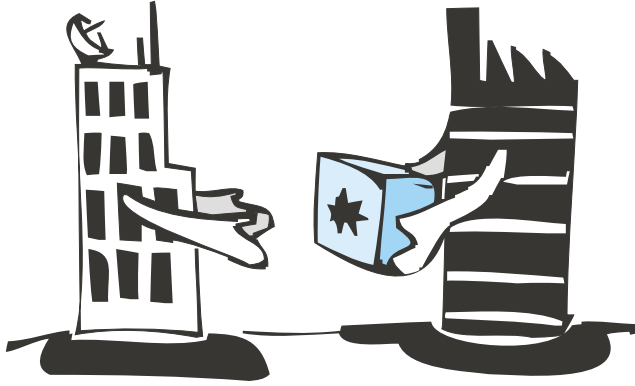
*that hummed
night and day.*

***T**he company did work
on a thing called “the web.”*

*It didn’t make hard things,
it made SOFTWARE instead.*

It sold other companies

vast boxes of goods



that helped their computers

to do what they should.

***B**ig things they had planned
for the next corporate line.*

*New e-ware bells and whistles
that truly were fine.*

*The products brought
musical whirlwinds,
and even made rain.*



*They flashed lightening
and thunder,
and cured lower back pain.*



***T**hey balanced nutrition
with cake and pizza pies.
And built physical fitness
without need for exercise.*

***N**o need to exert effort
or be on the ball.*

*For this line of e-products
alone did it all.*

***A**t least that's the claim
this organization did make.*

*“The best of all products” ...
a miracle for Pete's sake.*

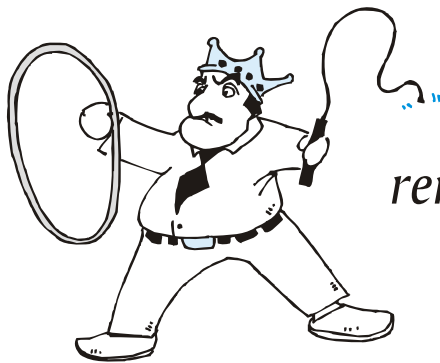
***T**he company was led
by a leader
thought so grand.
The earth seemed
to tremble
wherever he would stand.*





And the workers all knew
their place underneath
the leader's small entourage –
the executives of grief.

*The leader called a meeting,
to speak to his vast troops.*



*A time to
remind them all
of their
worker-jump-through hoops.*