

The Business Consultant

Of all the businesses, by far,
Consultancy's the most bizarre!
For, to the penetrating eye,
There's no apparent reason why
This group of personable men-
With no more assets than a pen
Can sell to clients more than twice
The same ridiculous advice;
Or find in such a rich profusion,
Problems to fit their own solution.

The strategy they pursue-
To give advice instead of do-
Keeps their fingers on the pulses
Without the recourse to stomach ulcers;
And brings them monetary gain,
Without a modicum of pain.

The wretched object of their quest,
Reduced to cardiac arrest,
Is left alone to implement
The asinine report they've sent,
Meanwhile the analysts have gone
Back to the client number one,
Who desperately needs more aid
To tidy up the mess they made.
And on and on - ad infinitum -
The masochistic clients invite 'em,
Until the Merciful Reliever
Invokes the Corporate Receiver.

No one really seems to know
The rate at which consultants grow;
By some amoeba - like division?
Or chemo- biologic fission?
They clone themselves without an end
Along their exponential trend.

The paradox is each adviser,
Should he make some client wiser,
Might inadvertently destroy
The basis of his future joy;
So, does anybody know
Where latter day consultants go?

*From the poetry of Business Life, edited
by Ralph Windle, former multinational
executive and founder of Templeton College Oxford
(and author of Bertie Ramsbottom verse satires).
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