



BUSINESS POEM

BUSINESS

Business Poem by Edgar Albert Guest

Business

*"BUSINESS is business," he said to me,
As he gave me short weight in my pound of tea.*

*'In business there isn't much sentiment,'
Said he, as he charged me the extra cent.*

*'Once I trusted a friend and he didn't pay,'
The bread that he sold wasn't made that day.*

*'Business is business,' he said to me,
Of a dozen eggs we could use but three.*

*O, it seems to me some way, somehow,
There's too much business in business now.*



Edgar Albert Guest



NOBODY'S BUSINESS

Nobody's Business

We travel sometimes in life on rocky road.

Either self-made or made thus by others

(Which is nobody's business).

Along our road we meet angels, demons, ordinary folk.

The angels direct us to good, the devils to bad, folk to both.

(But this is nobody's business.)

We are all given talents by a gracious, loving God.

Some use them for good, some for bad, folk for both.

(But that of course is nobody's business.)

At the end of every life we all met God's judgment.

The good wish for Heaven, the bad demand Hell, folk don't know.

There is a great I AM, whose business it very much is.

If the good have Jesus, they have God and Heaven, forever.

If the evil do not have Jesus, they have not God, but Hell forever.

If the folk have Jesus, they have God and Heaven, forever.

If the folk have not Jesus, they have not God, but Hell forever.

Decide this day whom you will serve, Jesus Christ or the devil.

This definitely makes it everybody's business,

Don't you think?

~Astrid C.





MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Mind Your Own Business...

do not measure me
with your measure
we have the same eyes
you see and i see but
we never arrive at the
same point of view

as you dip your tongue
in salt and pepper
i dip mine in milk
and honey

always remember my dear
fly's hell is spider's heaven

 *RIC BASTASA*





THAT IS THEIR BUSINESS

That Is Their Business

What some others say of me I have been made aware
But since I never do them any harm why should I even care
Since that is their business and their business not mine
I do my own thing and I get along fine.

Some small minded people in every small Town
The middle sized poppies trying to drag the small poppies down
They treat every new person they see with suspicion and fear
They are the victims of localization or so 'twould appear.

Take people as you find them with those words I agree
And what others think of me means nothing to me
And though half truths of others we never should say
We all can be judgemental in our own way.

If they feel that my business is their business with me that's okay
But for my own loaf of bread at the grocery I pay
I am just an ageing bugger who has knocked around
Stranded like an injured migratory bird far from his home-ground.

I am not a criminal I don't wish others ill
And since I am one who has to pay my own bill
I live my own way and I do my own thing
And to my life till the reaper claims me I will cling.

Francis Duggan





A POEM FOR ALL ENTREPRENE URS

A poem for all entrepreneurs

The road to success is paved with tests,
So you've got to believe in yourself above the rest.

Dream big, and let your passion shine,
If you don't, you won't end up with a dime.

Challenge the status quo, disrupt the market and say **YES!**
And remember that innovation is an endless quest.

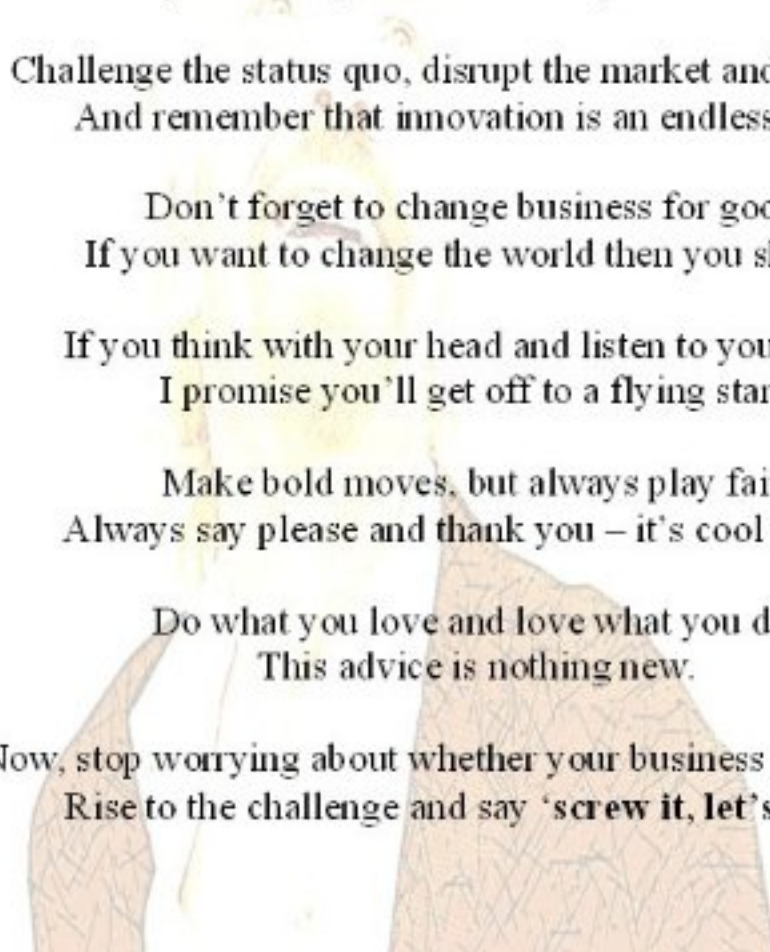
Don't forget to change business for good,
If you want to change the world then you should.

If you think with your head and listen to your heart,
I promise you'll get off to a flying start.

Make bold moves, but always play fair,
Always say please and thank you – it's cool to care.

Do what you love and love what you do,
This advice is nothing new.

Now, stop worrying about whether your business will be a hit,
Rise to the challenge and say **'screw it, let's do it!'**





Jezyl Palapos