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Britney Spears, Iggy Azalea, Ciara, Kelly Rowland,
all sung about work, often too rapping fast
to know exactly what they said. But here in Thomson Reuters,
no chance of song and dance, or phones to bleep our concentration.
We welcome the silence covering our private tasks.
Eighteen minutes to process a company's finances,
fifty eight data fields to traverse before O.K.ing their status.
Better than Sudoku, this daily mental stimulation helps us ride the wheels of business.
Regulations, requirements, change all the time in the race against
a clock scuttering through allotted time at the corner of my screen.
I visit countries like Japan, Korea, China, USA, Spain,
hop through continents without leaving my chair,
one eye on the screen the other on the clock
my eyes on stalks, astounded how quickly time has gone.
Every day's a something day, National Pig in a Blanket Day was on a Monday.
The title's given at our not quite a cuddle, morning Huddle.
Ravioli Day was someday or other, but the Thai Takeaway Day
was cut short by the absence of forks. In five years a hundred have
dug their way out of the building. I lost my fork in Wrexham town,
It sent me a sparkling Facebook photo from holiday in France.
Is there a secret sculptor or scrap metal dealer at large?
In despair, I've locked my solo fork in my drawer.
Cutlery mysteries apart, with Fungeability cakes, the ability to talk or laugh with colleagues
and a hugely supportive staff I'd never work anywhere else.