

Resignation

By Barbara Schiff

I've been longing to write a letter like this
To give you a piece of my mind
To tell you how unfair you have been
You've been really unjust and unkind

Those targets you expected of me
They really made no sense at all
When you set me such impossible tasks
You just set me up for a fall

You give us impossible deadlines
Then blame us when things come in late
This isn't the way to inspire your team
You're someone who can't motivate

Those monthly meetings I had with you
They always filled me with dread
And all those forecasts I had to produce
Predicting so far ahead

What with stating my aims for the future
And compiling my stats of the past
It was often quite near the end of the day
Till I could start my real work at last

Once I had drive and ambition
But that's not the case any more
There's really just one thing I look forward to
And that's going out through that door

I'll play by the rules till I finish
Give you the notice you require
But you know I'll just be biding my time
Till the happy day when I retire

I'm not looking for work in the future
So I don't need your reference or praise
I'll become a lady of leisure
I'll choose what to do with my days

Don't get me wrong there are aspects I'll miss
And colleagues I will miss too
But one thing I can tell you for sure
One person I won't miss is you