

## **Journey of an organizational practice**

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### **About the Work:**

This terse poetic expression involves a candid narration of the journey of an organizational practice as it passes through multiple levels in an organization. Based on my research with organizational practices, this expression captures how the organizational practices (majority of them) take birth at the corporate headquarters which are then passed down (or rather forced upon!) the middle management for implementation. The middle management then gives their own treatment to these practices and somewhere in these processes the essence of the practice gets lost. Thus the practice is narrating its journey in this poem.

### **About the Author:**

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My genesis lies in the minds of strategic elite,  
My fate in the hands of operational fleet.  
The elite defend and nurture me with expectance,  
I become a routine as I gain acceptance.  
As I am passed down to the mid-management,  
They wonder in bewilderment!!  
What to do or not to do is the question?  
The answer varies with my relevance.  
I am appreciated if results are positive,  
Reprimanded and abused if negative.  
I carry on as-is till I meet the ends,  
But chopped, twisted or lost if I lead to dead-ends.  
If chopped, can I regenerate from lower part?  
And, if twisted can I untangle the loop apart?  
These options become elusive,  
Until the elite becomes inclusive.  
In this push and pull game of inordinate and sub-ordinates,  
I am happy with the win of super-ordinate.  
For I was born for a cause and let the cause be-cause.