



turning managers into leaders

This poem very aptly crystallizes the essence of leadership.

Which am I?

I watched them tearing a building down
A gang of men in a busy town
With ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell
They swung a beam and a side wall fell.

I asked the foreman, "Are these men skilled,
The men you would hire if you had to build?"
He gave me a laugh and said, "No, indeed!
Just common labour is all I need.

I can easily wreck in a day or two,
What builders have taken a year to do."
I thought to myself as I went on my way,
Which of these roles have I tried to play?

Am I a builder who works with care,
Measuring life by the rule and square?
Am I shaping my deeds to a well-made plan,
Patiently doing the best that I can?

Or am I a wrecker who walks the town
Content with the labour of tearing down?

- Anonymous