

Committee Meetings

For this and that and various things
It seems that men must get together,
To purchase cups or diamond rings
Or to discuss the price of leather.
From nine to ten, or two to three,
Or any hour that's fast and fleeting,
There is a constant call for me
To go to some committee meeting.

The church has serious work to do,
The lodge and club has need of workers,
They ask for just an hour or two-
Surely I will not join the shirkers?
Though I have duties of my own
I should not drop before completing,
There comes the call by telephone
To go to some committee meeting.

No longer may I eat my lunch
In quietude and contemplation;
I must foregather with the bunch
To raise a fund to save the nation.
And I must talk of plans and schemes
The while a scanty bite I'm eating,
Until I vow to-day it seems
My life is one committee meeting.

When over me the night shall fall,
And my poor soul goes upwards winging
Unto that heavenly realm, where all
Is bright with joy and gay with singing,
I hope to hear St. Peter say-
And I shall thank him for the greeting:
'Come in and rest from day to day;
Here there is no committee meeting!'

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)