

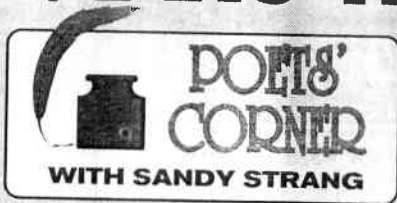
FOR MOVERS AND SHAKERS...

BURNS and Shakespeare could be your boss's best ally next time he faces a crisis at work.

Poetry is the thing to sort you out, claims David Whyte, hot shot adviser to many big US companies. This week he's in Britain at the request of bosses armed with around 250 classic poems to help captains of industry and commerce soothe their furrowed brows.

Top of the list, of course, is the poem voted Britain's favourite earlier this year, Rudyard Kipling's *IF*. My late father gave me the text of this poem many years ago. He saw it as a credo to live by. I still carry it in my wallet.

*If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wide:
If you can dream—and not make dreams your master,*



*If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!"*

*If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!*

Almost unknown, but in the same spirit, is Elizabeth Kenny's *The Sportsman*:

*Here is one who took his chances
In the busy world of men
Battled back and circumstances
Fought and fell and fought again
Won sometimes but did no crowing
Lost sometimes but did not wail
Took his beating kept on going
Never let his courage fail
He was fallible and human
Therefore loved and understood
By his fellow man and woman
Whether good or not so good*

*Kept his spirit undiminished
Never false to any friend
Played the game until it finished
Lived a sportsman till the end.*

Classic poetry can comfort us in times of sadness and death. How many have taken solace on Remembrance Sunday in Lawrence Binyon's dignified verse from *For the Fallen*:

*They grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

And where we came in, who can fail to identify with Dylan Thomas trying to come to terms with his father's death in *Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night*:

*And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray,
Do not go gentle into that good night
Rage, rage against the dying of the light,*