

CAREER CHANGE

Celia Kershaw 2016

When Craig was leaving school, he was thought by some a crank
For choosing to start work as an accountant in a bank.
For school leavers in the 80's, situations were abundant,
And no-one ever thought of being made redundant.
But Craig enjoyed the work. Although not fraught with danger
He knew he was important – a modern Loan Arranger.
Craig now lived in Sydney. He was moving up the ranks
Of the financial department which dealt with all the banks.
So it's no exaggeration to say it came as quite a blow
When the boss informed young Craig that he was being "let go".
Of course there was a package which was meant to dull the pain,
But the package was quite small, so Craig moved home again.

In rural New South Wales jobs were thin upon the ground.
To young Craig's disappointment no job at all he found.
There was but one position to thwart unemployment's spectre -
A junior traineeship with a funeral director.
He was honest in his interview. Quite openly he said
He hadn't much experience of dealing with the dead.
It didn't seem to matter. They had knowledge to impart
And training on the job. Next Monday he could start.
His heart was in his mouth as he got to work that day,
Determined to be nonchalant, should bodies come his way.
They introduced him gently to the secrets of the trade.
He watched and learnt before his first body out he laid.

Granny Phillips was a lovely soul, but her life came to a close.
For Craig's first job unsupervised, she was perfect, I suppose.
He knew there would be answers to any question, should he ask it
About laying Granny out to view in their deluxe, but open, casket.
He washed her very reverently, put on her smartest dress,
Applied some blusher to her cheeks to make her look her best.
He was a trifle worried – her hands wouldn't stay together.
He intertwined her fingers, but asked the question, whether
He should use some wire to lace them good and tight.
His Boss said, "Don't you worry, Craig. I promise – they'll be right".

The family all filed in to farewell Granny dear.
Much hugging, many sighs, in all eyes a grieving tear.
A circle they all formed around Granny, hands on heart,
But the whispers turned to screams when her fingers flew apart.
With panicked cries, stampede ensured, the funeral a disaster.
The viewing room has not been cleared ever any faster!