Who Moved My Job?

In reading information technology publications lately, it is hard to find any technology in the chatter. Most talk is around globalization: H-1B and L-1 visas, offshore outsourcing, and jobs and the lack thereof. If Chicken Little were a software engineer, she would feel right at home. Jobs, like the sky, are falling. Dot-com, happy-go-lucky, techno-entrepreneurs have transformed into puerile quibblers.

Somebody not only moved their cheese, they took it offshore, sliced it up, and served it on crackers, rice, and curry. Many feel offshore outsourcing will send the country to hell in a data dump. Yet their solutions seem to bite the hand that feeds them.

What is going on here? Have you forgotten which side of the parity bit you reside? I suggest before you add more whine to your cheese, you take a good look at yourself, your country, and the freedoms you enjoy. To help, I offer a little ode called "Who Moved My Job?"

First, there was hardware with not much to share and a bit too unbending. Software came along, saw what was wrong, now changes are never ending. It worked like a dream, or so it seemed until modifications became expensive. You got upset about all the debt, and we just got defensive.

We asked for grace and a little more space to house our growing child. Memory filled, the disk over spilled and the infant was now teen wild. The coffers were plump with data you dumped and asked for its safe keep. We stored it away but to our dismay, it was lost in a collosal heap.

We gave you a voice on system choice as long as it was built by Bill. It was not the best but who would know to test the system with much skill? After you paid, your voice did fade and your choice evaporated. We had you hooked on the windows look and did not wish to be debated.

We thought not to annoy when we started to deploy languages by the score. I guess we were wrong and projects prolonged as our languages went to war. Then there was the CASE of automated haste and promised investments returned. It never left crate, crushed by its weight, leaving you again, burned.

As the dust settles, we started to mettle and found out an error we created. Panic and fear spread with good cheer for time had become outdated. We fleeced your stockpile and sent rank-and-file to solve the Y2K pimple. Quick to the task, adding a two-digit mask and saying, "Gee, that was simple?"

Our projects were late, budgets overweight and projections often unreliable. Yet our average intrigued if applied to big leagues would be all-star and very pliable. It is not our fault that the wants you exalt lack detail and clarity. We do what you say and mold your clay then look at it in all hilarity.

We gave you extreme, the CMM regime and the manifesto of agile; also came environments paperless, networks wireless, and applications that were blue-screen fragile. We have wi-fi, cubical sci-fi, and a plethora of spam. Jobs reborn, lots of porn, and a case of identity scam.

We were the butt of your jokes, drank all your Cokes, and programmed with Java Beans. Put forth virus fears, multiple hits on Britney Spears, and raised money for Governor Dean. We know we play and seldom display the air of proper decorum. Our maturity is obvious, while slightly acclivitous, sustained by pervasive cockalorum.

Just give us our jobs decorously robbed; I know we can do much better than Mohandas Gandhi, Sean O'Leary, or even Eddie Vedder. If it's maturity you seek, we can be cool and chic, and get you justification. For the market is there, and they will declare that we have the right certification.

When business was good and venture misunderstood, we loved your capitalist schemes. We were in big demand, six-figure offers were bland, and we bought the house of our dreams. Now why would you turn on your pals hard to learn and force us to compete with another? I know they are cheap but why would you leap when we treated you like a brother?

I knew the free trade would soon fade; can you help me with a tariff? Workers will unite to give you a fright and elect a union sheriff. Yet, it does not seem right to rig the fight and plunder the dreams of the future, by forcing your hand and squelching demand with a protective dissolvable suture.

What hypocrisy, when we export over sea, truths that got us here. Democracy, capitalism, and work ethic, over there we stand to fear. A job guaranteed was not in the creed I truly must confess – just life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

– Gary Petersen
Shim Enterprise, Inc.