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Literature

Consulting, Curry & Canterbury

-Joseph Dolphin

-From the book of poems "The #CEO Diaries"

Flew to London, aisle seat, knees tight,
Jetlagged dreams and Heathrow's fright.
Passport stamped, breeze in the air,
The queen was gone, but Pret was there.



Off to Canterbury, where art met muse,
Wife in college, with avant-garde views.

Or Brighton by the pebbled shore,
Fish and chips? Yes, I asked for more.

English breakfasts, beans so bold,

Tomatoes grilled, toast gone cold.
Then to Tate where Warhol stared,
And tourists Instagrammed unimpaired.

Embankment strolls, with Thames in tow,
While pigeons did the moonwalk show.

Oxford Street – wallets weep,
Shoppers charge, and cards go beep.

Regent's lights, that shopping lure,
"Just browsing," lies we both endure.
Kew Gardens bloomed in fragrant pride,
We sniffed the roses, and nearly died.

Zaika served our Indian crave,



In High Street Kensington, oh how brave!

Spices danced, the naan was charred,

And London's cold, momentarily barred.

BBC days in Shepherd's Bush,

Where jargon flew in one mad rush.
"Digital production," they'd proclaim,
While I just nodded, hiding shame.
Wood Norton came with rolling greens,

Training halls and camera screens.
"Cut! Action!" they would shout with flair,
While I fought sleep in a conference chair.
Weekends meant shopping, bags galore,

While wife said, "Only one more store."
Dinner dates with curry delight,
Then Netflix – well, telly – through the night.
Just when London felt like home,



South Africa rang on the office phone.

A proposal, they said, "Go take the file,"

A consultant bloke had done it in style.

But style was absent, so was work,

He handed me blank slides with a smirk.

“Here’s everything,” he said with cheer,
I stared in horror, suppressing fear.
Through the night, I slogged and swore,
Copy-paste dreams, decks galore.
Submitted junk, with prayers so deep,
Then boarded my flight with zero sleep.

Back in Delhi, just off the plane,
My phone rang loud like a migraine.
"You're shortlisted!" they said with glee,
"Now pack again and fly to Joburg, whee!"

Soon I stood at OR Tambo’s gate,
Dragging slides and airline hate.
Client orals, now the real test,
Somehow defended and did our best.

A few days later, surprise delight,
Played badminton under Wanderer's light.
“Shuttle diplomacy,” I proudly joked,
While rivals smashed and racquets broke.



London travels did not end,
New tickets bought, old maps I'd bend.
Sometimes Istanbul, other times Dubai,
Cheap flights first, I'm that kind of guy.
Back to London, fog and tea,

Consulting life and VAT fee.

Then one day – Maidenhead call,
Boardrooms boring, long whitewall.
Liverpool next – but that tale's long,
Of Beatles pubs and office bong.

For now this rhyme must end in style,
With checked-in bags and Heathrow's mile.
So here's to travel, toast and slide,
To curry nights and consulting pride.
To deadlines met with desperate grace,
And life lived out in every place.

My EMEA tale's just one great spin,
Of chaos, joy, and mild chagrin.
But give me miles, a client's roar,
And I'll be back at that departure door.