

# Kuan

*Hexagram Number 20, Contemplation*

My friend in the bar is fulminating  
against the iniquities of corporations.  
He says they do bad things —  
I have to agree with him. He says  
they are formed for the purpose  
of making indecent amounts of money,  
and that given the choice, a chief executive  
is legally bound to consider his profit  
before he considers the human cost.  
I screw my face up and say, *You're right.*  
He says all the corporate execs he's met  
are hard, dry, boring, two-dimensional...  
I say, *Now hold on a minute there, Jack!*  
*I've just been working with a bunch of people...*

And I think of the woman I overheard,  
shielding her worried people, who fought  
for them like a tigress fights for her cubs,  
and the man who talked about his children  
like a round-the-world yachtsman,  
far from home; the Chief Financial Officer  
with his yearnings, and his abiding love,  
the project manager with his scrupulous honesty,  
the marketing genius with his humble heart,  
the strategist with his quiet integrity —

and I think of the full moon climbing an oak tree  
and twenty-odd people standing around a fire  
and hopes and fears and decencies expressed  
and I know that I'm proud to know these people —  
and I know that my friend has a lot to learn.

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