

A Love Letter to Indeed

It's time to go to the place where dreams
Get crushed slowly and with absolute.
With interviews on Zoom and Teams,
And the recruiter calls you cannot mute.

This place - how magical!- exists online
And feasts upon the needy.
For the soulless and cruel, it is sublime.
A haven for all hateful and greedy.

This hellsite, of course, is called Indeed,
I'm sure you are familiar.
It cuts you inside and makes you bleed,
And suggests jobs that are similar-

To what you do now, only worse.
No offers of happiness or promotion.
For the unemployed, it is a curse,
That pushes you in a downward motion.

Job titles you cannot pronounce,
For companies that do not exist,
With bosses, like tigers, daring to pounce
And tear you limb from limb.

If you want a job, please do not come here.
If you want happiness, do go and leave now.
As I hit plus 5km radius, I shed a tear.
As I select 'Full Time', I wonder how:

Can God exist with this website around?
Is there salvation from such cruelty?
Where trackpads and crying are the only sound,
And there is no such thing as loyalty.

Oh, well, what can you do?
None of it makes sense to me.
I'll either stick my head down the loo,
Or keep sending in my CV.