

# ON THE LIGHTER SIDE – A FORM 5500 POEM ONCE UPON A MONDAY DREARY

By Jennifer Fagan

Once upon a Monday dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,  
Over many a quaint and curious filings of yore;  
While I nodded, nearly sleeping, suddenly there came a pinging;  
As of someone gently pinging, pinging my email once more.  
'Tis some consultant,' I muttered, 'pinging my email once more' –  
Only this and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the humid summer;  
And each data request wrought its ghost upon the floor.  
Eagerly I wished the morrow; - vainly I had sought to borrow,  
From ERISA surcease of sorrow;  
But the Act remained obscure;  
Useless here forevermore.

And the silken sad uncertain loading of Relius,  
Filled me with anxiety never felt before;  
So that now to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating;  
'Tis some consultant seeking my response once more –  
Some consultant seeking my response once more; -  
This it is, and nothing more,'

Presently my unease grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,  
'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your patience I implore;  
But the fact is Relius was crashing, and so gently you came rapping; And so faintly you came  
tapping, pinging my email once more;  
But only questions there, and nothing more.

Deep into the backup peering, long I sat there wondering, fearing, Doubting we would file in  
time to maintain professional rapport;  
But the confusion was unbroken, and the Schedules gave no token;  
And the only query there spoken was "Who is the administrator?"  
This I whispered, and an echo murmured "*the plan sponsor.*"  
Merely this and nothing more.

In my chair I sat turning,  
For the dearth of data I found concerning;  
Soon again I heard a pinging somewhat louder than before.  
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is the participant count,  
What hope of timely filing could this PDF restore?;  
Or will we require the 5558, the form I most abhor?;  
But 'tis the Schedule C and nothing more!

Open here I flung the print outs,  
When, with many wild shouts;  
In Outlook appeared a zip file with data at its core;  
Could this be a July filing? A thought that is most beguiling!

But my hope will not endure;  
For a timely filing we did not secure;  
The 5558 is now assured;

*Quoth ERISA, 'October.'*



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