

The Transcriber

Scouting for clues in the loops and the spaces,
She sits and she ponders and searches for traces
Of sense in the writings and manuscript form,
While hoping in Winter somehow to keep warm,
Focused on squiggles and wiggles and dots,
She hopes she won't finish up just seeing spots;

What's this word in the middle? The one at the end?
How will it make sense if she can't see the trend:?
Some writing is spidery, faint and obscure
Some is cramped and disjointed, too hard to endure;
Will she make it at last to the end of the page
Without flying into a mad, futile rage?

Why didn't some writers learn cursive like her,
By reducing the chances of readers to err?
As a medium, writing, unlike any other,
Should clearly transmit from one mind to another
Without interruptions, like that and like this
Where, if you're not careful, a key point you'll miss;

There was one example, all hastily scrawled,
That looked like a fly from an inkwell had crawled;
Thick and heavy another, each letter a scar,
As Clancy once wrote with his nail dipped in tar;
But through it all she battles gamely on,
Deciphering phrases of writers long gone;
And when she has proved she can crack these specifics,
Then she can tackle abstruse hieroglyphics!