Dr. Esling, You Gave Me a Chance

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There was a day,
Back in 1984
Living with friends,
We students were poor.

Mike came to our class
And said there’s a job
In Dr. Esling’s
Phonetics Lab.

I jumped at the chance
Though I had not a clue
What kind of work
Phoneticians do.

On a VT100
Terminal screen
Joy Division type spectra
Were black and green

The tire-sized disks
That stored all the data
Loaded into a machine
The size of a refrigerata

While bewildering at first
He showed me the way
To do all the steps
I was a Junior RA