My poem describes the role each finger plays as someone writes with a pencil. The title, “A Writer’s Tool,” makes each digit seem like a component of the larger system (the hand). The importance, or lack thereof, is discussed within each stanza:

1. My first stanza is about the thumb, the digit that is least like the rest. Its size and position are noted, and the juxtaposition of its strength compared to that of “a thousand pinkies” makes that clearer. That strength is essential to holding a writing utensil.
2. The index finger is the subject of my second stanza. It has a more stressed, frantic feel. While writing, the finger often ends up in a very unnatural position. That is emphasized by dashes separating the visual and tactile imagery in the middle of the stanza. The onomatopoeia/auditory imagery in the second to last line highlight this as well. The final line brings it back to the idea that the finger is just another piece of the tool.
3. My third stanza moves along the hand to the middle finger. The simple structure speaks to the rather small role the finger plays in writing. The parallelism of “you…, however…” keeps the simplicity, using the diction choices “minor” and “slight.” The two previous stanzas gave the impression that the fingers were crucial, but this stanza is the first that is slightly indifferent.
4. The fourth stanza continues the detached feel from the third stanza. The ring finger doesn’t really play a part in writing, as it neither supports the pencil nor touches the paper. The use of litotes and the basic syntax of the stanza stress the fingers lack of importance.
5. The final stanza (the pinky) returns to the reverent tone. It talks about the hardships the pinky faces, being dragged along. The strong personification and imagery push the significance of the pinky and its undesirable job.