

PDF Document

Poem About PDF

In a world where documents freely roam,
Lies a format Adobe calls its own,
Named the PDF, and widely known,
Preserving visuals in a consistent tone.

Applications many, hardware diverse,
In PDF's sphere, they coalesce, converse,
From text to graphics, interactive verse,
In a flat document, they immerse.

It protects the integrity, so vital,
Of every document's title,
Each look, each view, so very final,
The same on all devices, its recital.

There's Word, there's HTML, there's even Markdown,
Yet for PDF, they all back down,
For when it comes to the printed crown,
PDF takes it, in city and town.

To open a PDF, Python weaves,
Its magic with PyPDF's leaves,
From BytesIO the content retrieves,
In plain text, it then achieves.

Yet with format, PyPDF strives,
As PDFs don't lead simple lives,
They store text in secretive hives,
In unexpected order, it arrives.

To convert to Markdown, oh what a task,
In complexity, it does bask,
Preserving format under a mask,
Is more challenging than one may ask.

So, the PDF stands tall and grand,
A universal format, sweeping the land,
Despite its complexity, it is planned,

In every corner of document land.