

## POET TREE WITHOUT MIST ACHES

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I have a spelling chequer  
It came with my pea sea  
It plainly marques four my revue  
Miss steaks eye cannot sea

When eye strike a quay, right a word  
I weight four it two say  
Weather eye am wrong oar wright  
It shows me strait away

As soon as a mist ache is made  
It nose bee fore two late  
And eye can put the error rite  
Its rarely, rarely great

Ive run this poem threw it  
Im shore your pleased to no  
Its letter perfect in its weigh  
My chequer tolled me sew

Sauce unknown