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 shure your pleased to no
Its letter perfect in its weigh
My chequer toiled me sew

Sauce unknown