A Little Poem Regarding Computer Spell Checkers...

Eye halve a spelling chequer   
It came with my pea sea   
It plainly marques four my revue   
Miss steaks eye kin knot sea.

Eye strike a key and type a word   
And weight four it two say   
Weather eye am wrong oar write   
It shows me strait a weigh.

As soon as a mist ache is maid   
It nose bee fore two long   
And eye can put the error rite   
Its rare lea ever wrong.

Eye have run this poem threw it   
I am shore your pleased two no   
Its letter perfect awl the weigh   
My chequer tolled me sew.